

GAVE HIS LIFE TO SAVE ANOTHER

Young Man Drowns After Rescuing Companion From Death. A story of splendid heroism in a youth who gave his life to save that of his friend comes from Fraserburgh in Scotland. The hero of the story is St. John Dick Cunningham, son of Lieutenant Colonel Dick Cunningham V. C., of the Second Battalion Gordon Highlanders, stationed at Aldershot. Young Cunningham and the master of Saltoun (son of Lord Saltoun) left Perth together, and went to the sea to bathe. Evidently the lads were unacquainted with the treacherous nature of the sands at the point at which they entered the water, for they walked out at once to easy swimming depth. Suddenly both found themselves in deep water, a strong undercurrent having drawn them into one of the many "pots" or pools which constitute the chief danger of the place.

To the lad Cunningham the situation was not desperate, but the young master of Saltoun was quickly exhausted and was on the point of giving up the struggle when his companion, forgetful of his own danger and eager only to save his friend, devoted all his remaining strength to the work of rescue. After a desperate struggle Cunningham succeeded in getting his friend into shallow water, through which the latter dragged himself in a terribly exhausted condition to the beach.

Turning to thank his rescuer, the master of Saltoun was horrified to find that he had disappeared. Frantic with excitement, he ran as fast as his condition would permit to some fishermen who were working some distance along the beach, but although they lost no time in making search for the lad no trace of him could be found. He had given all his strength to save his friend, and the cruel sea had sucked him back to his death.—London Mail.

No Klondike for Me! Thus says E. Walters, Le Hayville, Pa., who grew (across) to 252 bushels of corn per acre. That means 2,520 bushels on 100 acres at 25c a bushel equals \$7,560. That is better than a prospective gold mine. Salzer pays \$400 in gold for best name for his 17-inch corn and oats prodigy. You can win Seed potatoes \$1.50 a Bbl. SEND THIS NOTICE AND 10 CENTS IN STAMPS TO JOHN A. SALZER, Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and get free their seed catalogue, and 11 farm seed samples, including above corn and oats, surely worth \$10, to get a start. A. C. 5.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, Ohio, and State of Ohio, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 26th day of December, 1910. SEAL. A. D. 1898. A. W. GILSON, Notary Public. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use. Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. 25c. Trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 310 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

I cannot speak too highly of Pilo's Cure for Consumption.—Mrs. FRANK MORRIS, 216 W. 23d St., New York, Oct. 29, 1904.

A man's idea of tough luck is to play cards with a woman and win every time, when there is nothing at stake.

Weak Stomach

Indigestion Causes Spasms—Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures. "I have always been troubled with a weak stomach and had spasms caused by indigestion. I have taken several bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and have not been bothered with spasms, and I advise anyone troubled with dyspepsia to take Hood's Sarsaparilla." Mrs. HORTON, Prattsburg, N. York. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier

Hood's Pills cure nausea, indigestion, 25c.

POTATOES \$1.50 a Bbl. Largest Seed POTATO grown in America. The "Rural New Yorker" gives Salzer's Early Wonder a high praise. Write for more prices, etc. Salzer, Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis. Send for seed catalogue free.

FENCING For poultry, half cost of netting. Also farm, yard, cemetery fences. Freight paid. Catalogue free. K. L. SHELLBERGER, 87 F. St., Atlanta, Ga.

Ladies Wanted. TO TRAVEL for old established house. Permanent position. \$40 per month and all expenses. F. W. ZIEGLER & CO., 28 Locust St., Philadelphia.

AFTER NEARLY 1/4 OF A CENTURY The record is unbroken. The record still goes on. ST. JACOBS OIL Is the Master Cure for RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO. "A Handful of Dirt May be a Houseful of Shame." Keep Your House Clean With SAPOLIO

An Afflicted Mother.

From the Times, Paso Paso, Ill. A resident of this town who has lost two children during the past six years, by violent deaths has been utterly prostrated by the shock, and seriously sick as a result of it. One child (aged 9) was killed by a cyclone in '03 while at school; another, three years later was run over by a Burlington R. train. That grief and misfortune may so prey on the mind as to lead to serious physical disorders has been well demonstrated in this case. As a result of them, her health was shattered and she has been a constant sufferer since 1890. Her principal trouble has been neuralgia of the stomach which was very painful, and exhibited all the symptoms of ordinary neuralgia, nervousness and indigestion. Physicians did her no good whatever. She was discouraged and abandoned all hope of getting well. Finally, however, a certain well known pill was recommended (Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People). She supplied herself with a quantity of them and had not taken them two weeks when she noticed a marked improvement in her condition. She continued taking the pills until seven or eight boxes had been consumed and she considered herself entirely cured. She can now eat all kinds of food, which is something she has not been able to do for years. She is not troubled in the least with nervousness as she was during the time of her stomach troubles. She is now well and all because of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People a complete cure has been made.



A Constant Sufferer.

If any one would like to hear more of the details of her suffering and relief gained by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People they may be obtained probably by writing the lady direct. She is one of our well known residents, Mrs. Ellen A. Oederkirk, Paw Paw, Ill.

Immigration from Europe.

That we live in an age of wonder is proved by the bare statement of figures with regard to the immigration from Europe to this country during the present century. Statistics previous to 1820 were not kept, but it is estimated that between 1789 and the last named year the immigration from Europe to the United States did not exceed 250,000. In 1820 the Government began a systematic collection of data with regard to immigration, and from that time to the close of 1896 17,544,692 people came from Europe and were welcomed on our shores. These figures do not include the immigration to British America, to Mexico, Central or South America, but solely to the United States. The smallest number of immigrants during recent years was 177,826 in 1879, the largest 623,084 in 1892; in 1896 the immigration was 343,207. No such movement of population has ever been known in history. The migration of the German nations over the territory of the Roman empire did not comprise more than 4,000,000 of people and covered 400 years; the exodus of the Jews from Egypt was with 600,000 able-bodied men or counting five to each family, about 3,000,000 of people. Compared with the exodus from Europe the depopulation of Goshen was a trifle.

Outwitted the Laird.

In the absence of a family, says Spare Moments, the private grounds of a certain Scottish lord were often used by the natives of the two neighboring villages, as thereby a saving of fully a mile was effected. Occasionally, too, when his lordship was at home, attempts were made to "run the blockade," for, whenever any trespasser was caught by his lordship he had to obey the command to "go back the way he had come."

A local hawk, when cautiously wheeling his barrow along the forbidden path one day, happened to see his lordship before the latter saw him, and coolly turning the barrow round sat down with his back to the dreaded laird, who, coming up, gave him a severe reprimand and then ordered him to "wheel about and go back by the road by which he had come."

The wily hawk did as he was bidden, thereby turning his barrow in the direction in which he wished to go, and so effectually outwitting the unsuspecting laird.

The Question. "And," continued the physician, as he was about to leave, "eat only what agrees with you." "But, doctor, how am I to know whether it agrees with me until after I eat it?"—Yonkers Statesman.

FIELDS OF ADVENTURE.

THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.

A Naval Cadet Steps on a Twenty-Foot Shark While Bathing Off the Coast of Mexico—A Woman Clubs a Deer to Death—Daring Work of Life-Savers.

"I stepped on a twenty-foot man-eater once," said a naval officer in the New York Sun, "and I have never been quite so much surprised, before or since. It was when I was a cadet, and it happened at Acapulco, Mexico. The men had been jumping over the side of the ship at swimming call without paying much attention to the sharks that are as thick in Acapulco harbor as 'gators in an Orinoco swamp, but when a seaman serving on a British merchantship in the harbor had got eaten up by a school of sharks one afternoon—he was swimming alone near his ship at the time he was grabbed—the skipper of our ship decided that swimming right in the middle of the harbor was no longer safe for the crew, and he ordered that thereafter they'd have to take their plunges from the beach. Now, I can't say that the old gentleman exhibited any great amount of sea sense in making this order, for it is a fact pretty well known to tide-water folks in the south country as well as to old-time seagoers that man-eating sharks make it their business to patrol the waters close to the beaches occasionally just in order not to let anything good get by them."

"A while before sundown on the day this beach-spurning order was issued, I was ordered to take charge of a big party of the men forward, who were going in the sailing launch to have a swim from the shore. When we got over to the beach the men stripped in the jungle that grew almost down to the water's edge, and were paddling in the sea, that shelved down gradually, with a fine bottom of clean white sand. It was in the month of February, and blazing hot, and the fun the men were having in the water made me envious. It was, of course, not the proper military thing for me to go in the water alongside the men forward, but I wanted to go in mighty bad, all the same, and I did. I walked a couple of hundred feet down the beach from where the men were splashing around, stripped, and paddled in. The water was just right, and I wasn't thinking much about sharks. I got out to where the water about reached my middle, and then my attention was attracted by the magnificent sunset through the palms. In order to get a better view of the paling splendor of the western sky, I craned my head forward to gaze through the trunks of a couple of view-obstructing palms, and I made an extra step out with my right foot. The foot landed on something that was not sand. It was like a very fine grade of emery paper—a comparison that I afterward thought out for at the time I didn't have much chance to think—and it was alive. It gave a twist that threw me off my pins and head foremost into the clear water, and then I knew that I had committed the impolitic act of stepping on a sleeping man-eater—for sharks always sleep on the bottom of the sea when in business in harbor.

"There was a swish and a rush in the water, and a mighty churning, and said I to myself, 'My boy, you'll never have a chance to write that flowery letter that you intended to send home by the next steamer.' I kept my head about me, however, and remembered what the old flatfoot up forward said about splashing in the water when sharks hover near you, and so I set up a kicking and a splashing worse than a small boy makes in a bathtub, and kept on making for the beach as fast as I could get through the water all the time. I expected the shark to grab my legs every minute, and it was only when I stepped into water up to my ankles that I turned around to look. The water is as clear as glass in Acapulco Harbor, and when I turned around I saw the big fin of a bulky twenty-footer cleaving the water about fifty yards away, and going in exactly the opposite direction at the rate of about a knot a minute. When I stepped on him that shark was just about as much surprised and scared as I was, and he was too much of a coward to see that I was his meat for the taking. Some sailors say that it takes a shark a long time to regain its wits after being roughly or suddenly awakened from a snooze, but I believe that this shark of mine exhibited nothing but pure cowardice."

A Woman Clubs a Deer to Death.

Mrs. Dixon, who lives in the Coast Range of mountains, some fifteen or twenty miles east of Salinas, Cal., has done something which it is not likely any other civilized woman now alive has ever done. She has had a fight with an angry deer and killed it with a club. On horseback, and alone, followed by her dog, she started to visit a neighbor in Kelis canon. On the way she sighted a deer, a big buck. Mrs. Dixon is something of a huntswoman and a very good shot with either rifle or shot-gun. She was unarmed, but she started after the buck, and they all went clattering up the canon. Suddenly the deer doubled on its tracks and shot across the road directly in front of Mrs. Dixon, its flanks almost grazing her horse's nose. The horse gave one wild leap, which threw Mrs. Dixon to the ground, and was off at a dead run.

The deer turned again and came rushing back. It almost jumped over Mrs. Dixon as she lay on the ground, and then, either because it was angry at finding its passage interrupted or because it had sense enough to attempt revenge, it attacked the prostrate woman. It struck at her with its fore feet, first one and then the other, and tried to gore her with its horns. She managed to wriggle away so that she

The Hartford's Colored Hero.

John H. Lawson, of No. 602 Lombard street, says the Philadelphia Record, is the only colored man in the country who possesses a medal of honor from the United States Government, granted for distinguished bravery in action during the late war. It was presented to him by Admiral Farragut in person. Lawson distinguished himself in the battle of Mobile Bay. He was stationed in the ammunition department of the steamer Hartford. Every one of the twenty-three men working with him was killed or badly wounded by the bursting of two shells which entered the compartment in rapid succession. Lawson remained at his post passing up ammunition to the gunners.

An officer called down from the deck: "Why don't you hurry up with that ammunition?" Lawson answered that he was doing the best he could, and if quicker work was wanted help must be sent to him. "What's the matter with the rest of the men?" demanded the officer. "Dead," said the man laconically, and the officer, entering, found him with a load of shells; his arms, stepping coolly over gaily piled of motionless bodies

was not badly hurt. Then the deer arched its back and drew itself up as if it were preparing to jump on her with all four small sharp hoofs at the same time, the way a deer kills rattlesnakes and other enemies which it can get under its feet. But the dog came to the rescue. It had been barking furiously at the deer and gradually edging nearer, and just at the critical moment it dashed in and began biting the deer's hind legs. The angry animal then turned its attention to the dog, and Mrs. Dixon had a chance to get up.

Most women would have been thankful for the opportunity to pick up their skirts and run or do their best to climb a tree. But Mrs. Dixon's fighting blood was up and she merely looked for a club. She found a stout, goodly sized limb of a tree, and, taking it in both hands, whacked the deer over the head with all her strength. It went down on its knees at the first blow, and while it struggled to get up another brought it to the earth. She pounded away on its head with all the strength she could muster, while the deer struggled in vain to regain its feet, and the dog barked and worried its legs, and her hat came off and her hair came down. At last the buck stretched out its legs and died and Mrs. Dixon rested for a few minutes and got her breath again. Then she hunted up her horse, which had stopped to graze a little way up the canon. She dragged the deer up to the top of a bank beside the road, and leading the horse alongside, tied the deer fast to its back with strips which she tore from her petticoat. Then she walked home, leading her horse, and exhibited her prize and her blistered hands in triumph.

Brave Life-Savers.

On Friday, May 19, 1894, the schooner William Shupe, owned by her master, Nelson Little, of Port Huron, drifted down Lake Huron before a northeast gale blowing 50 miles an hour, water-logged, her canvas carried away and her crew lashed to the rigging. Passing steamers could give her no aid, so fierce was the gale and so heavy the seas. When Saturday awoke it found the doomed schooner on a reef eight miles above Port Huron and 100 yards from shore. The news was carried quickly down to Port Huron by landmen, and the powerful tug Thompson was sent up, with her own crew and half a dozen sturdy fellows from Port Huron and a yawl. At noon they arrived abreast of the schooner, but dared not go close owing to the shallow water. There was nothing to do but attempt the rescue with the yawl. It was floated and manned by a volunteer crew consisting of Captain Little, brother of the master of the Shupe; Daniel E. Lynn, Barney Mills, Angus King and William Lewis. The schooner was reached. The seas swept high over her, and an attempt was made to tail the yawl astern. She was alongside the schooner, the painter made fast, and was working astern when suddenly three big waves struck her in rapid succession. The line tightened up with the first, the second enveloped her and the third turned her over and threw every soul into the boiling sea.

The attempt at rescue was all this time being watched by hundreds of people ashore. Lynn struck out for himself. The others could not save themselves, for they disappeared, one by one, and were never seen again. Lynn's one object was to avoid the death embrace of any crazy man trying to keep his head above water. He knew by experience what that meant. Being of powerful physique and a skillful swimmer he headed for the beach, and had gotten close to it when the undertow began to carry him out. But a life line was being let out by Charles Conkey and Mark Randall, of Port Huron, and they reached him in time to save him from the fate of the rest.

In response to a dispatch the Sand Beach surfboat was loaded on a flat car, and with its crew carried down to Port Huron. It was quickly hauled to a wharf, shoved off and towed by the Thompson to the scene. Captain George Plough and his crew of eight had a good seabat beneath them and plenty of experience to back them, and in less than an hour had every one of the Shupe's crew aboard and headed for Port Huron.

Lynn, who led the volunteers, and who occupied the most conspicuous position in the affair, was afterward, at the request of the citizens of Port Huron, awarded a gold medal by special act of Congress. He was then twenty-four years old, and in his career along the water front of Port Huron had saved twenty-two lives.

How to Guard Beauty.

Sleep is a wonderful beautifier. Nothing so rounds out hollows as sound, healthful sleep; nothing so soothes and mends irritated and broken nerves; nothing so restores the tissues of the tired body as plenty of natural sleep in a well-ventilated room, and nothing is fairer and softer and peachlike than the delicate flush on the cheeks of one who has just stepped out of the realm of dreams, where all things are rose-colored.

If the hair is disposed to fall out the following is recommended as an excellent remedy: Two ounces of cranberry vaseline, melted, and mixed with a quarter of an ounce of tincture of benzoin. Apply every night for a week, rubbing well into the scalp. Then wash the head and hair with egg and quinine tonic, which may be obtained at any good hairdresser's. Apply the pomade until the hair has lost its tendency to fall out.

The dry-air "bath" is highly recommended by those who have tried it and



Return of the Bustle.

Some of the couturiers have assured me that in three months the women of fashion will be wearing good-sized bustles, writes the Paris correspondent of the New York Press. The little cushions that they sew at the back of skirts now they allude to as pads or cushions, for the very word bustle has grown distasteful to women who used to wear extravagant great affairs not ten years ago.

The Newest Collar Bands.

The new black collar bands which are selling so well in the shops can easily be duplicated at home. Purchase one yard and a half of velvet ribbon. It should be exactly an inch and one-half wide, but it may be of satin or gros grain ribbon if they are more becoming than the dull-finished velvet. From this you measure and cut out one-quarter of a yard. Fold the ends under to make a two-looped bow as soon as you have passed it through the side of a fancy buckle. Your long piece of ribbon, now measuring a yard and a quarter, must have the ends properly slanted instead of being mixed. Find the exact middle, and here stitch down the bow with a buckle. The collar band is now ready to be worn with any or every costume. Tie the ends in the back, and you will have the proud satisfaction of being up to date.

A Girl Station Keeper.

"Kentucky is the home of many business women, but I think no one of them is prettier or more energetic than the lovely girl who is station agent at Rowland, in the Bluegrass," said a Stanford friend. "I refer to Miss Susie Lasley, who is perhaps the youngest station agent and ticket seller in the country. Two years ago, when her brother, who had been the agent at Rowland, died, Miss Susie was given the appointment, and though less than twenty, she has earned a deserved reputation for capacity and faithfulness. Her home is a mile from her post, but she is always at the little ticket window to sell tickets for every train and is on the platform, lantern in hand, to sign for all the baggage and express, it matters not how cold and disagreeable the night in winter. She rides a wheel, but is fit to die in no other respect, there being too much of the matter of fact about her for any foolishness. She is a brunette, with nut-brown hair, hazel eyes, and is as attractive as she is courageous and independent. Everybody at Rowland knows and loves the sweet-tempered station agent, who will earn a better place in the company's employ before many months have elapsed."—Louisville Post.

Little Biscuit Woman.

There is a charming dame in Atlanta, Ga., says the Chicago Times-Herald, known as the "little biscuit woman." She was born in America, Ga. Her father, Professor Butler, was at different times President and Professor of Mathematics in the Louisville High School. His wife was Elizabeth Holt, a member of a prominent Georgia family. Martha Butler-Lapsley is a delightful woman with gracious manners. She is very dark and she has luminous deep brown eyes. She was educated in Hollidaysburg, Penn. She inherited her father's mathematical talent, and her examination papers in that study won for her the highest honors during the years she was a teacher in that college. After her marriage, while residing in a small Georgia village, a church society, of which she was an active member, served luncheons one day at a horse fair. Mrs. Lapsley's contribution of beaten biscuits established her reputation as an expert cook. At various times large trays of these delicious biscuits were sent to be sold for the benefit of the Church Aid Society, and it was not until the village was visited by a cyclone, which swept everything before it, including Mrs. Lapsley's possessions, that she began to support her family. Later she went to Atlanta and put her biscuits on trial at the Woman's Exchange. The demand for her dainties increased rapidly. At first she sold four dozen a day. Now she considers 400 biscuits a small daily sale, and on Saturday she sells 1000. Women are always bound to succeed in the domestic branches of employment, and Mrs. Lapsley's success is only one more proof of the fact.

Women in France have just secured a slight addition to their legal rights.

They may henceforth be valid witnesses to registration of births, marriages, and deaths, and to the signatures in legal documents.

Lady Ranford, wife of the newly-elected Governor of New Zealand, recently displayed great courage in a fire in Auckland. She rescued a baby from the flames and worked with the men in pouring water on the fire.

The Duchess of Marlborough opened the annual sale of work in connection with the National Orthopaedic Hospital, Great Portland street, London, the object of which is to assist the patients and provide funds for the extra comforts for those afflicted.

It is not plain at first glance why a fire in London should have any effect on a New York woman's ball costume, and yet it will, for since the recent great fire in that city the already fearfully expensive ostrich feathers will, it is said, advance fifty per cent. in price.

A university for women is to be established at Tokio, Japan. The plan has the support of the principal officials and nobles of the empire, and the emperor and empress have contributed money toward it. It will cost, according to the estimates, about \$175,000 to start it.

The biennial convention of the general federation of women's clubs will be held in Denver, Col., June 21, 1898. The chairman will be Mrs. Edward Longstreth, the active leader among Pennsylvania women's clubs, who, with Mrs. Hanrobin, of Chicago, the President of the general federation, will make the necessary arrangements.

What Fashion Dictates. Blouses of black moire velours. English walking hats trimmed with violets and eagles' feathers. Girls' frocks trimmed with plaiting of satin-edged striped ribbon. Corset covers in bolero style of em broidered chiffon edged with lace. Tiny handkerchiefs having a line of embroidery above the very narrow hems.

Dressy waists of satin covered with alternate rows of mousseline ruche and jet or jet-embroidered mousseline bands. Sheer handkerchiefs from eight to twelve inches square to be edged with fine imitation Valenciennes lace one inch or more wide. Little girls' cashmere frocks with rows of satin ribbon on the skirt and a glimpse of brighter colored silk overlaid with piece lace and tiny frills of edging.

No. 088. This highly polished oak... \$3.39. Order now and avoid disappointment. Drop a postal for our lithographed Carpet Catalogue which shows all colors with exact distinctness. If carpet samples are wanted, mail \$c. in stamps. Why pay your local dealer 60 per cent. more than our prices when you can buy of the mill? The great household educator—our new 112 page special catalogue of Furniture, Draperies, Lamps, Stoves, Crockery, Mirrors, Pictures, Bedding, Refrigerators, Baby Carriages is also yours for the asking. Again we ask, New York City location, when you can buy of the maker? Both catalogues cost you nothing, and we pay all postage.

Julius Hines & Son BALTIMORE, MD. Please Mention This Paper.

Land and a Living. Are best and cheapest in the New South. Land \$3 to \$5 an acre, with good schools and churches. No blizzards. No cold waves. New illustrated paper, "Land and a Living," 3 months for 10 cents in stamps. W. B. HARRIS, 208 S. P. A. Queen & Crescent Roads, Cincinnati.

The Austrian Minister of War has issued orders for dogs to be trained for service as messengers, carrying supplies, and also to assist in discovering the wounded on the field of battle.

To Cure A Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Brown Quinine Tablets. Ad Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. \$C.

There is an immense garden in China that embraces an area of 50,000 square miles. It is all meadow land, and is filled with lakes, ponds and canals.

The Castle of Heidelberg is the largest in Germany.

Chester Star Tobacco—The Best. Smoke Sledge Cigarettes.

In Cheshire about 21,000 tons of cheese are made annually.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, \$c. a bottle.

Parisian Lady Wears Men's Clothes. Mme. Dieulafoy is one of the best known women in Paris and one of the most famous archaeologists in the world. She discovered the superb ruins of the Temple of Darius, now in the Louvre, at Paris, and for this notable achievement the French gave her the decoration of the Legion of Honor and the privilege of wearing men's clothes at all times. She avails herself of this freedom, and is said to wear the most stylish trousers, coats and hats in Paris. She and her husband have the same tailor. The couple are thoroughly congenial, and have a most beautiful home and salon, where the savants assemble and many brilliant discussions take place. Mme. Dieulafoy wears short hair and conducts herself like a man, though showing many little feminine ways.

Miss Mary E. Byrd has charge of the astronomical observatory at Smith College, and Miss Celeste Hollis, of Topeka, has won a scholarship in the royal school of music at Berlin.

Miss L. M. Johnson, M. D., Baltimore, has just been admitted as a student to the Maryland College of Pharmacy. She is the first woman to be admitted since the establishment of the college in 1841.

Women in France have just secured a slight addition to their legal rights. They may henceforth be valid witnesses to registration of births, marriages, and deaths, and to the signatures in legal documents.

Lady Ranford, wife of the newly-elected Governor of New Zealand, recently displayed great courage in a fire in Auckland. She rescued a baby from the flames and worked with the men in pouring water on the fire.

The Duchess of Marlborough opened the annual sale of work in connection with the National Orthopaedic Hospital, Great Portland street, London, the object of which is to assist the patients and provide funds for the extra comforts for those afflicted.

It is not plain at first glance why a fire in London should have any effect on a New York woman's ball costume, and yet it will, for since the recent great fire in that city the already fearfully expensive ostrich feathers will, it is said, advance fifty per cent. in price.

A university for women is to be established at Tokio, Japan. The plan has the support of the principal officials and nobles of the empire, and the emperor and empress have contributed money toward it. It will cost, according to the estimates, about \$175,000 to start it.

The biennial convention of the general federation of women's clubs will be held in Denver, Col., June 21, 1898. The chairman will be Mrs. Edward Longstreth, the active leader among Pennsylvania women's clubs, who, with Mrs. Hanrobin, of Chicago, the President of the general federation, will make the necessary arrangements.

What Fashion Dictates. Blouses of black moire velours. English walking hats trimmed with violets and eagles' feathers. Girls' frocks trimmed with plaiting of satin-edged striped ribbon. Corset covers in bolero style of em broidered chiffon edged with lace. Tiny handkerchiefs having a line of embroidery above the very narrow hems.

Dressy waists of satin covered with alternate rows of mousseline ruche and jet or jet-embroidered mousseline bands. Sheer handkerchiefs from eight to twelve inches square to be edged with fine imitation Valenciennes lace one inch or more wide. Little girls' cashmere frocks with rows of satin ribbon on the skirt and a glimpse of brighter colored silk overlaid with piece lace and tiny frills of edging.

FOR 14 CENTS. We wish to gain 100,000 new customers, and hence offer...

"BIG FOUR" ROUTE. BEST LINE TO AND FROM CINCINNATI, OH. Direct connections in Central Union Station with all lines to the South.

INDIANAPOLIS, PEORIA, TERRE HAUTE, ST. LOUIS, Avoiding the Tunnel. "SOUTHWESTERN LIMITED." Buffet Parlor Cars, Wagner Sleeping Cars, Elegant Coaches and Dining Cars.

Be sure your tickets read via "BIG FOUR." E. O. McCormick, Warren J. Lynch, Pass. Traffic Mgr., Asst. Gen'l Trk. Agt. CINCINNATI, O.

CANCER AND TUMOR. Without knife, plaster or pain. All forms of BLOOD DISEASES thoroughly eradicated from the system. Six weeks Home Treatment for \$10. Book of Information free. NATURAL REMEDY CO., Westfield, Mass. PATENTS. Watson E. Gilman, Attorney-at-Law and Solicitor of Patents, 322 S. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa. PENSIONS, PATENTS, CLAIMS. JOHN W. MORRIS, WASHINGTON, D. C. WORK FOR YOU. For per cent. profit and a chance to win hundreds of dollars in Gold and Silver. Send for particulars address, W. T. Chestnut, Jr., Henderson, N. C. P. N. U. 98. ALSO'S CURE FOR GUMS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best CURE FOR GUMS. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION.