

Experts have discovered a petroleum oil field in the island of Trinidad.

**Ask Your Dealer For Allen's Foot-Ease.** A powder. It rests the feet. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Sore, Hot, Callous, Aching, Sweating Feet and Itchy Nails. Allen's Foot-Ease makes new or tight shoes easy. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25 cents. Accept no substitute. Sample mailed free. Address Allen B. Olmsted, Lenoir, N. Y.

A woman appeared before the York (England) Guardians the other day who had just buried her seventh husband.

Conductor E. D. Locms, Detroit, Mich., says: "The effect of Hal's Catarrh Cure is wonderful." Write him about it. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

About 14,000 carloads of oranges are annually shipped from Southern California.

FITs permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Elmer's Great Nerve Restorer. 24 trial bottles and treatise free. Dr. B. H. Kline, Ltd., 391 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Fowls are supposed to have been first domesticated in China 1400 B. C.

Mrs. Winslow's Scolding Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

Switzerland has 1700 hotels—seven times as many for its size as England.

Jamsure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. Thomas Robinson, Maple St., Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

The one thing we are sure of accumulating is age.



**Who Is to Blame?**  
"I'm in the saddest sorrow," said the pocket-knife of John.  
"Because, you see, I feel to blame for things that I have done."  
At school on Monday morning last I made my own knife.  
While with my point he slowly scratched his name upon his slate.  
On Tuesday afternoon he stopped to play awhile with me.  
By cutting deep his name again upon a cherry tree.  
On Wednesday—oh, what can I say to tell how shocked I am?  
He used my blade to open wide a jar of currant jam.  
On Thursday I was used to do the saddest deed of all:  
I cut a lock of curly hair from Nelly's pretty doll.  
On Friday I was digging through the side of Willy's drum.  
When suddenly my blade was snapped and cut my master's thumb.  
On Saturday (that is to-day) my blades are nicely shut,  
And John has got a bandage round the place that I have cut.  
And so, you see, I'm sorry for the mischief I have done;  
But tell me, please, am I to blame as much as Master John?  
—John Lee, in Cassell's Little Folks.

to welcome visitors by jumping up, wagging the tail, and giving a low bark. When the visitor leaves, the dog accompanies him to the door, and bows his farewell by bending his head to the floor. He is trained likewise to pick up a handkerchief, glove or fan that has been dropped and to return it to the owner. He is taught, further, to walk with "proud and prancing steps" when out with his mistress.

**The Tight Rope Walker.**  
We need two corks and four matches. The matches we insert into one of the corks in such a way that they form the arms and legs of the little man, as



shown in figure. These arms and legs we can bend in all directions, giving the little man all the possible positions of a tight rope walker. The head we make of a round piece of cork, the nose of a small chip of cork, which we insert into the head; the mouth we cut with a penknife, and the eyes as well as eyebrows we burn in with a red-hot piece of wire.

To balance our little man on the rope we cruelly stick two forks in his body.



**How the "Planet" Came In.**

THE story of the rescue of the scurvy-stricken sailing ship Planet, from Mexico to Queenstown, by Fred W. Bryant, second mate of the steamer Crown Point, of Philadelphia, is one which no invention of Mr. Clark Russell could surpass in interest. The Planet, delayed by head winds and hurricanes, was 167 days out, and her food had "gone bad," when she signaled the Crown Point and asked for a tow. Her erratic movements had already attracted attention; something was clearly wrong. Mr. Bryant was sent aboard her and the case explained. A hawser was then attached, but it parted with the first strain, and his captain decided not to try to tow. If Mr. Bryant would undertake to sail the vessel into port with such help as her sick crew could give.

The young man thought he could do it; it should be but a week to Queenstown. He found that the first mate had already died; the second mate and the captain were dying. There was no well man on board, and some were suffering terribly. The vessel belonged in Hamburg, and of the German crew but one man spoke English, and he employed this language promptly to inform his new officer that there were other foes besides the scurvy on board—the second mate's terrier, which guarded his berth and would not leave it, had hydrophobia, while the vessel was infested with poisonous "small snakes mit feet"—that is, scorpions, which had escaped from the logwood of which the cargo consisted.

Another trouble was that the ship's medicines—and Bryant had to be prescribing physician as well as sick nurse and navigator—proved to be labeled in German, which he could not understand nor his ignorant interpreter translate.

The Crown Point had left good provisions for a week, but the ship was becalmed and they ran short. Worse than lack of food was lack of sleep, which he could not be spared to take. From the log-book which he kept during that dreadful fortnight some entries have been published. They need no touch from any romancer's pen to heighten the picture.

"Friday. Called at 1.30 a. m. to go to second mate, but went on deck first, and found ship staggering under main-royal with nearly a gale of wind blowing. Took in royal, foretopgallantsail, mizzenmast staysail, gafftops and out jib. Saw second mate, who appears to be delirious and wants me with him all the time. I saw that he couldn't possibly last long, poor fellow."

"Second mate died. Nobody but the boy Max and I was with him at the end. I am pleased to say that he lost consciousness about four o'clock and his death was a very peaceful one."

"Took in maintopgallantsail. What with the death of that poor man and a gale blowing, my hands are pretty full. I do wish I could get some sleep. 7.30 p. m. Buried second mate, Max reading prayers for the dead from the German prayer-book. Blowing a gale with mountainous sea. Ship plunging heavily at times."

"Sunday. Breeze dies away again, and we are becalmed. This is perfectly sickening, and I feel nearer death than I have done before. My head is very funny, and I am afraid to lie down at all, for I feel I am thinking of three or four things at once. I hope I shall not go off my head. I don't think I have far to go."

His strength held out, however, and port was reached in safety. The rescued crew, already recovering under his care, thanked their exhausted preserver with three deep-throated German cheers as he left the ship.

The story became public through the testimony necessary to adjudicate the salvage, and Mr. Bryant was thanked by the British Board of Admiralty, and promoted by the owners who employed him—a happy ending to a grim and gruesome voyage.

**Bury Comrade and Eat Dogs.**  
Aboard the steamer Excelsior, which recently arrived at Seattle, Wash., from the north, were Charles E. Lowe and John Griswold, miners. Griswold had not left his berth from the time the steamer left Juneau, Alaska, until he was carried into an ambulance and taken to the hospital. His hands and feet had been frozen.

One of Lowe's feet had been frozen, but he was able to walk and assisted in the removal of his invalid companion.

These men are two of a party of three that started from Nome several months ago in an attempt to reach the outside. While progressing through the northern country in the region of the Kuskokwim they were overtaken by a blizzard and lost their way. They wandered about for days, exposed to the fury of a blinding snow-storm and a temperature that reached thirty degrees below zero. Occasionally one or the other of them would be overcome by an intense desire to sleep—that Arctic drowsiness that knows no awakening—and only by pinching one another and resorting to the sternest measures were they able to ward off the fatal stupor.

Finally compelled them as a last resort to sacrifice and eat their dogs. One by one the huskies were killed and eaten, and the piercing winds continued, and exposed without any shelter as they were their suffering was intense.

They were near Tiklik Lake when the severest storm was encountered. It was while there, on April 6, that one of the party, Dr. Robert Miller, of Whatcom, died. The two survivors built a crib as best they could and placed the body of their companion in it, tenderly covering it with frozen twigs and boughs.

For weeks the other two men trudged on, nursing what little strength they had left with a daily diet of dog's flesh. They finally reached civilization, more dead than alive, and after days of careful nursing were able to board the steamer Excelsior at Juneau to come to Seattle.

Lowe has left for Whatcom, where he will relate to Dr. Miller's relatives the story of suffering and death.

**Ousted by Rattlesnakes.**  
In a little country home in an out-of-the-way place near Seneca, about twenty-five miles from Prairie du Chien, Wis., lives Muns Helgeson with his family. For many years he has lived there on his farm, and two years ago built a new home and was to take life comfortable.

Of late the family have been bothered considerably by rattlesnakes that have infested the house since early spring. Terrified and discouraged by the presence of the reptiles, he has moved his family back into their old homestead and the new home is being torn down. They have been troubled with the rattlers for some time, and at times they feared their lives were in danger.

The snakes were despatched as fast as they made their appearance, but with the summer approaching they grew more numerous and the household was terrified. Occasionally one would get into the house and while none of the family were bitten, they were constantly filled with fear of the dangerous reptiles.

One evening a short time ago, as the family were about to retire for the night, the mother found a large rattler, measuring about three and a half feet, lying on the bed.

Another instance, while Mrs. Helgeson was rocking her baby to sleep, the house cat gave an alarm and a large reptile lay coiled under the chair. It was no unusual occurrence to find them in the cellar and hear them climbing in between the walls and in the ceiling overhead. Last summer the family could stand it no longer, and as soon as spring opened up, moved to the old home and returned in the fall. Early this spring a rattlesnake den was found in a small cave close by, and although hundreds of the reptiles had been killed about the doorway, they seemed to be just as numerous as before, and Mr. Helgeson decided to tear down the house and rebuild it near the site of the old log house on the other side of the farm.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

**Tale of Fire on an Oil Ship.**  
Granville Thompson, assistant engineer of the Philadelphia oil-tank steamship Major Barrett, which was burned at sea off Bodley's Island, on the Carolina coast, tells this story:

The Barrett was a veritable firetrap. We knew that the tanks were leaking soon after leaving New York. She was a wooden ship, which increased the danger. We simply trusted to luck and steamed away on the voyage. Off Cape Hatteras we caught a storm which tossed the steamer about, and caused the tanks to leak still more. There was an inch of oil in the bilge, and we had to build a dam of clay to keep it from running into the fire-room. Occasionally when the ship would roll, the oil would splash over the dam, but by great care we kept it from catching fire.

At four o'clock Saturday morning, when the ship was running ten miles off the coast and almost opposite Bodley's Island, the eruption came. I was on watch in the engine-room when I was suddenly startled by a loud explosion. It came from under the boiler-room, and was followed by a burst of flame from the tank amidships. After sounding the alarm for the purpose of waking the sleeping officers and crew, I tried to get out a hose and turn a stream of water on the fire. Before anything could be done, however, the flames broke into the engine-room. I did not have time to stop the engines, and was badly singed before I reached the deck. With hull all ablaze, she continued to rush through the sea, which made it more difficult for us to launch the boats. An hour after the fire started the steamer sank, leaving a lake of burning oil on the water to mark the spot. It was not long before the New Orleans was sighted and we were picked up.

**A Cyclist's Race with a Lion.**  
An exciting race between a bicyclist and a lion occurred recently on the road between Bienne and Soleure, Switzerland. The animal belonged to the Ehbeck Menagerie, which was traveling by rail from Bienne, and on the journey it escaped from the train. It happened that just at this moment the cyclist passed on the road beside the railway. He saw his danger and pedaled away furiously, with the lion bounding after him. Fortunately he managed to keep well ahead, and the lion, which made its way into a stable on the road, was shot dead by the manager of the menagerie. The cyclist is a man named Spring, living near Bienne.

It's a good thing to be too busy to tell your troubles.

**MISS VIRGINIA GRANES**

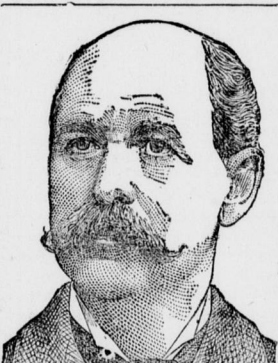
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"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Twelve years continuous service at the sick bed in some of our prominent hospitals, as well as at private homes, has given me varied experiences with the diseases of women. I have nursed some



MISS VIRGINIA GRANES, President of Nurses' Association, Watertown, N.Y., most distressing cases of inflammation and ulceration of the ovaries and womb. I have known that doctors used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound when everything else failed with their patients. I have advised my patients and friends to use it and have yet to hear of its first failure to cure. "Four years ago I had falling of the womb from straining in lifting a heavy patient, and knowing of the value of your Compound I began to use it at once, and in six weeks I was well once more, and have had no trouble since. I am most pleased to have had an opportunity to say a few words in praise of your Vegetable Compound, and shall take every occasion to recommend it."

MISS VIRGINIA GRANES—\$5000 forfeit if above testimonial is not genuine. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has stood the test of time, and has cured thousands. Mrs. Pinkham advises sick women free. Address, Lynn, Mass.



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**RIPANS**

I suffered untold misery for a period of over five years with a case of chronic dyspepsia. I would rise in the morning feeling draggy, miserable and unfit for work. For weeks I would be unable to eat one good meal. After eating I would swell and the oppression would almost drive me crazy. At times I would be troubled with spells of dizziness. Constant vomiting reduced my weight until I was a shadow of my former self. I have been taking Ripans Tablets now for two months and am almost cured. My old symptoms have disappeared. I have gained in weight over twelve pounds.

At druggists. The Five-Cent packet is enough for an ordinary occasion. The family bottle, 50 cents, contains a supply for a year.

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"I was given up to die with quick consumption. I then began to use Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I improved at once, and am now in perfect health."—Chas. E. Hartman, Gibbstown, N. Y.  
It's too risky, playing with your cough. The first thing you know it will be down deep in your lungs and the play will be over. Begin early with Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and stop the cough.  
Three sizes: 25c., 50c., \$1. All druggists.  
Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then do as he says. If he tells you not to take it, then don't take it. He knows. Leave it with him. We are willing. Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

**Cross?**  
Poor man! He can't help it. It's his liver. He needs a liver pill. Ayer's Pills.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use **Buckingham's Dye**  
50 cents of druggists or R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H.

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Cooked Just Exactly Right, then put up in heavy opening cans. You get them at your grocer's store as they are made—delicious and ready to serve. You will never keep home without Libby's Foods when you once try them.  
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**PISO'S CURE FOR** GUINS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in fits. Sold by druggists.  
**CONSUMPTION**

**A PUZZLE PICTURE.**



"SOMEBODY HAS TAKEN MY BALL OF YARN." CAN YOU FIND THE CULPRIT?

times wonder if they will grow up as good friends as they now are, if they will mate and match up as well together ten years from now.

Sometimes the other boys, knowing they are really good friends, like to urge them on and set them to fighting, and they are foolish enough to let those other boys get them to do this, but perhaps some day they will learn better.

Do you know of any other boys who ought to stop quarreling with their friends?—Brooklyn Eagle.

**Horse No Bigger Than a Dog.**  
A French scientific journal announced a few weeks ago that the smallest horse in the world had just arrived in New York City. Sixpence, it said, his name was, and it gave his height as seventy centimetres. Now,



however, the same journal says with some glee that Sixpence has been de-throned since a smaller horse has just been discovered in a French circus.

This horse is four years old and only sixty-five centimetres in height. His name is Prince Asha, and he is the son of two small Iceland horses or ponies. Why his stature is so remarkably small scientists are unable to explain.

A photograph shows that Prince Asha is only about the size of an ordinary dog, and much smaller than the school girl who was holding the dog.—New York Herald.

as shown in figure. If we make an incision in one of his legs and give the thread forming the rope a slight slope to one side, we can make him walk from one corner of the room to the other.—New York Tribune.

**Queer Home of a Mouse.**  
Mice are to be found the world over, and nearly always infest the haunts of men. They often take queer notions into their heads about where they shall make their homes, and one of the oddest of these is here recorded. The mouse built a nest in the tea kettle, and as the lid was not open enough to allow ingress and egress by way of it, even if the mouse could have reached it, the little animal went in and out by way of the spout. This answered very well until the little fellow grew too fat to get through, as he did in time, and one day stuck fast in the spout and died there.

**The Busy Bee.**  
Great, indeed, is the amount of work which a busy bee will do in a day. Every head of clover consists of about sixty flower tubes, each of which contains a very small quantity of sugar. Bees will often visit a hundred different heads of clover before retiring to the hive, and in order to obtain the sugar necessary for a load must, therefore, thrust their tongues into about 6000 different flowers. A bee will make twenty trips a day when the clover patch is convenient to the hive and thus will draw the sugar from 120,000 different flowers in the course of a single day's work.

**One Way to Play Marbles.**  
The boys of Arabia have a curious way of playing marbles. The marble is placed in the hollow between the middle finger and the forefinger of the left hand, the hand being flat on the ground and the fingers closed. The forefinger of the right hand is then pressed firmly on the end joint of the middle finger, which pushes the middle finger suddenly aside, and the forefinger slips out with sufficient force to propel the shooter very accurately.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The number of Jews in New York City is estimated at 650,000