

Historic Canonchet, "House of Tragedy," Will No Longer Be Home of Spragues

FOR SALE — A HIGHLY improved estate at Narragansett Pier, R. I., consisting of 350 acres of land, with a beautifully furnished mansion, upon which are the stables, green-houses and other buildings about \$1,000,000 have been expended. This property is historically known as "Canonchet," the palatial home which Kate Chase Sprague (daughter of Salmon P. Chase) built about 35 years ago at the cost stated.

So runs the circular—the house of tragedy goes under the hammer! Who wants to buy it?

You may have it, with the story of the loves and hates of men and women of a half century ago. With it go memories of other days; of duels and divorces; of elopements, suicides, scandals and law suits without number.

Here Roscoe Conkling was once an honored guest; and here law, diplomacy and political strategy were made and unmade. Blaine, Garfield, Beecher, Tilden, Ben Butler, Greeley, Dana, Grant were all honored guests here. Its rooms and halls are redolent with memory to-day as they were three decades ago.

Who wants to buy? Name your price.

Canonchet, once the handsome estate on the Atlantic coast, is for sale to the highest bidder. It is on the market because a girl chose to defy her parents—Inez Sprague has eloped with the son of her grandfather's bitterest enemy.

As last of the direct line of the Spragues, she was to have inherited this baronial estate, worth at least \$1,000,000 to-day. But she broke her engagement with J. Harold Winpenny, of Philadelphia, stayed in seclusion a year and then eloped with Harry Williams Stiness, son of Judge Stiness, associate justice of the supreme court of Rhode Island.

Can Never Forgive Her.

"He did his utmost to accomplish my financial ruin," declared William Sprague, who was war governor of Rhode Island when the north and south decided to discuss their differences at the cannon's mouth. "I can never forgive her."

The governor and Mrs. Sprague, his second wife, retired to Canonchet to make their plans. In order to gain time they said not a word when it was asserted that they had forgiven the eloping bride and that she and the bridegroom would be welcomed there.



INEZ SPRAGUE STINESS.
HARRY WILLIAM STINESS.

and that eventually she would inherit the house of tragedy, the home of a thousand memories of bygone days.

But their silence did not mean consent. For when all their plans had been formulated, Gov. and Mrs. Sprague instructed their lawyer, Henry Wellington Wack, of New York, to arrange for the sale of the historic estate. Just as it now stands. A great inheritance has been forfeited because a young girl saw fit to make a shopping trip to Providence and then suddenly make up her mind to get married.

Fall back 44 years and march along with the events of the time, a time

when Lincoln had that able and ambitious man, Salmon P. Chase, in his cabinet as secretary of the treasury; a time when Kate Chase dominated Washington society and influenced her father's eminent associates by the force of her beauty and the spirited brilliance of her wit.

Then and there William Sprague, a dashing young fellow from Rhode Island—his civil war governor and later its United States senator—brave, handsome, clever, entered upon a career which makes fiction seem tame and tragedy commonplace.

Kate Chase is dead—she died in the direst poverty. Her only son lies in a suicide's grave. Her daughters tried the stage, but did nothing of consequence. But the life of "Gov." Sprague, as they call him still in Rhode Island, is as eventful to-day as it was in the times of war.

William Sprague's membership in the A. & W. Sprague Manufacturing company, doing business in all parts of New England in the sixties, afforded him in wealth the power which made him at the age of 28 the governor of Rhode Island. This was in 1860.

The civil war was on. Sprague was a mere youth, and one of the heads of business enterprises involving the employment of 22,000 workmen. His shops, mills and foundries beclouded the sky with their industry, until it was said, "Whenever you see smoke in Rhode, it belongs to the Spragues."

He was governor—the youngest war governor. As chief in command of the state's military forces he insisted on taking the field in person.

He went to the United States senate in 1863 and served 12 years.

Brilliant Kate Chase.

While United States senator he married Katherine Chase, famed as Kate Chase, the beautiful daughter of Salmon P. Chase, Lincoln's secretary of the treasury. With this brilliant marriage began the social career which sent the name of Chase-Sprague to the greater salons of Europe and America.

Kate Chase in that day was accounted the most brilliant woman in the society of her own country. She was beautiful, she was a diplomat of marvelous methods, the homage of the greatest statesmen of that time was

paid to her. Domestic discord and estrangement now intervened to madden the principals in this drama. The three daughters of Gov. Sprague and Kate Chase were being educated abroad. "Willie" Sprague, as he was called, the only son, a strange composite of genius and impulsive youth, was still at home.

Robert Thompson had been appointed trustee for the personal estate of his mother. On November 6, 1883 Willie was arrested for shooting at Thompson as he attempted to visit Canonchet. The boy was largely given to impulse all his life. A court inquiry resulted in his discharge.

Separated by Divorce. Meantime, Kate Chase brought her sensational suit for divorce. Gov. Sprague filed counter charges. Society glugged itself with gossip of the case. A compromise was finally effected by which both these charges were withdrawn and a charge of cruelty interposed. On May 27, 1882, Kate Chase-Sprague got the decree divorcing her and giving her the right to resume her maiden name and the custody of the three daughters, Ethel, Portia and Kitty.

On March 8, 1883, the governor married his present wife. She was Dora Inez Weed, of Virginia. She was then 25 and Gov. Sprague 53. They immediately went to Canonchet, where Mrs. Sprague has since reigned as its chatelaine.

Unfortunate Willie Sprague. After a few silent and pathetic years down there by the sea, the household of Sprague was again disrupted. Willie Sprague had again come under the influence of his mother. He became a reporter on a Washington paper, then shifted to a similar position in New York. A beautiful girl was born to his wife—Inez Sprague—and the present Mrs. Sprague became at once an aunt and a grandmother.

great care, as carvers and decorators they were untraveled in the execution of rock paintings and in carving the ornamental figures of their dwellings, their boats and sacred enclosures.

But the Maoris were also noted for their remarkable tattooing, which was designed to clothe as well as to decorate the body. The Maori artist knew how to give endless variety to the curves of his drawing, the natural furrows, the movements of the countenance, the play of the muscles—everything was made to enhance the charm of the design, and a hale young man certainly presented a fine sight draped only in this delicate network of blue lines on the ruddy brown of his skin.

There are about 35,000 Maoris left. These have retired to the northern provinces of New Zealand, where certain reservations have been set apart as their exclusive property.

Schools have been established, which the Maori children attend regularly. It is said that such of them as continue into the higher branches of learning are worthy rivals of white students.—National Geographic Magazine.

the grandest mansion on the coast. It stands on the favorite camping ground of Canonchet, chief of the Narragansett tribe of Indians. It cost a million dollars. Its furnishings were brought from the stores of many countries. It is a palace within, strangely, voluptuously featured, a labyrinth of halls, nooks, salons, chambers, towers, cedar dens, a theater, library—68 rooms in all.

It had \$40,000 worth of hand carving in the dining-room, and other appointments of a similar extravagance. It stands to-day, dark but proud; heir of its hospitality to the distinguished men and women of two continents.

Horace Greeley used to visit there and toast his shins before the library grate; Conkling's name is indelibly stamped upon the place and time, and the man whose memory goes back to the early seventies will recall the high jinks and the Sprague-Chase-Conkling episode, which culminated in Conkling's flight from the governor's gun by way of a window and a barred and booted boudoir door.

Sprague's Business Downfall.

It was in 1873 that the political and social forces at work to ruin Senator



KATE CHASE SPRAGUE.

Sprague succeeded in accomplishing their design. It soon became evident that the fate of the A. and W. Sprague concerns, estimated to be worth \$60,000,000, would be destruction. The Spragues had been ambushed. When the concerns failed in 1873, with more than \$30,000,000 in actual assets and less than \$11,000,000 in indebtedness, the state of Rhode Island was almost prostrated. Z. Chaffee was appointed trustee of the estate. The courts wrestled with it for more than 20 years, and enterprises which once involved all of Rhode Island were laid waste.

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Willie's wife procured a divorce from him and married Gerrit S. Wheaton, a welcome guest at Canonchet for three years. Wheaton was a millionaire; Willie Sprague was an erratic genius, at times exceptionally brilliant, always impulsive, loving and affectionate.

Canonchet was having its house parties and the halls were aglow with oriental splendor. The Florentine fountain off the dining-room was trickling its crystals to the idle after-dinner chat of a surfeited company.

It was October, 1890, and the night was chill when this self-absorbed party suddenly learned the news of Willie Sprague's death. He had shot himself in a laborer's tent in the suburbs of Tacoma. The sign of blood was again upon the house of tragedy. A few days thereafter, when the poor boy's wasted body was being brought home, a final letter which he had addressed to his father came to light. It had been written in a tent assigned to young Sprague as one of a gang of road laborers. In it he recited some of his hardships. The boy complained of the coarse quality of his breakfast that day. Here the letter abruptly terminated. His body was

found beside the barrel on which he had written his farewell.

Fate's Relentless Pursuit.

In the autumn of 1897 Mrs. Inez Sprague, having studied grand opera with some of the best French and Italian masters, appeared in Boston and made her debut with the Boston Symphony orchestra. Among other numbers she sang the suicide aria from the opera "Gloconda." Boston critics caused Mrs. Sprague to quit her proposed tour and return to France. Defeat lay in ambush wherever a Sprague ventured forth. That same year Mrs. Kate Chase died in poverty in Washington.

Five years ago Gerrit S. Wheaton died and left his large interest in Standard Oil to his young widow, sister of Mrs. Inez Sprague, one-time wife of Willie Sprague, and mother of Inez Sprague the second. The latter was a beautiful girl. And she has just blasted the great hopes of the "little war governor" and his wife, by eloping with Harry Williams Stiness, son of Chief Justice John H. Stiness. Sprague's implacable enemy in the Rhode Island supreme court, between whose family and the clan Sprague a feud has existed since 1874.

Many had courted the girl. Finally last year, when she was 21, she became engaged to young Winpenny, member of a prominent Pennsylvania family. By this marriage, the Wheaton fortune, coupled with Canonchet and its acres, might yet make the score even between the Spragues and their enemies.

But fate was against it. One day last spring Miss Inez announced the breaking of her engagement to Mr. Winpenny. On a day in June she left Canonchet to go shopping in Providence. There on June 21, at St. Stephen's church, she married Harry Williams Stiness without previous announcement. Rev. Herbert Barker performed the ceremony. W. C. Rhoades and Wurst White were witnesses. The spirited young lady was not to be bothered with the forms and frills of a conventional marriage. It is merely a matter of theory that the acquisition of a husband on her shopping tour was the item of chief concern to Miss Inez. There was a new hat, for instance.

And because of it Canonchet goes under the hammer at once. The Spragues are to quit Rhode Island and America forever.

enemies. Again I come with five stones; but they are stones of love." He then read them five verses out of the Bible and returned all the money he had stolen.

No one, said Rev. Mr. Denison, has ever dared to cross the island of New Britain, even at its narrowest point, where it is only eight miles wide. It is one of the most active seats of cannibalism and has never been explored ten miles from the shore. The lecturer was told by reliable witnesses on the island that the chieftains often killed as many as 200 persons at a time and hung them up to keep, cutting them down one by one as they were wanted. Tobogo's exploit of five bodies was one of the milder cases.

Mr. Denison also exhibited a skull obtained from the top of one of the poles, which are known among the natives as tapu signs. He was told that it had once been the property of a boy who had come down from the mountains and had been knocked on the head for decorative purposes. Rev. Mr. Denison also had many other curios and implements of peculiar native use.

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STRONG FOR TEMPERANCE.

Catholic Society Adopts Strong Resolutions Against Drink Evil.

The Catholic Total Abstinence union held in Cleveland a convention that brought together 400 delegates who manifested the strongest tokens of militant earnestness in the cause of temperance. The resolution adopted by the convention were of the most virile and positive tenor, and in several places designedly phrased to rebuke practices which the majority of Catholic laymen and priests endorse. The convention said: "We insist that public duty is a part of every Christian's duty. He who maintains a thief in office is a thief, and he who upholds by his ballot drunkenness and licentiousness is a sharer of both. Catholics in their social as well as their political life must be shining examples of temperance. Some so-called Catholic clubs have helped to hurry men to drunkards' graves. Catholic societies at even church bazaars, by advertising liquor dealers on their programs, have made decent Catholics hold their heads in shame. When the Catholic name is synonymous with sobriety and every honest pursuit after Christian virtue, then will the kingdom of God come quickly. No man can promote the interests of that kingdom and the interests of the saloon. No man can serve two masters; it must either be God or mammon." Still more remarkable than these strong words was the resolution adopted endorsing the Anti-Saloon league, which has of course been by force of circumstances—not by intentional exclusiveness—largely a Protestant organization. This resolution read as follows: "Our blessed Master rebuked his apostles because they complained of the food done by those who were not with them. The Lord said: 'He that is not against us is with us.' We must obey Christ and work with all those who serve the cause of Christ. Therefore do we congratulate the Anti-Saloon league for its many splendid triumphs over the rum power."

Stringent Regulations.

Among the rules and regulations of a prominent American drug firm are the following:

"Honesty, temperance, courtesy, energy, cleanliness and new ideas are expected of each employee.

"An employee seen in or coming from a bar room will be discharged without notice." This is only one of many indications showing how business men regard the liquor menace as touching their business interests. Even where such stringent rules are not enforced employers are wont to note and compare the efficiency and reliability of their abstaining and nonabstaining employees and to deal accordingly, to the general disadvantage of the latter.

Leading California Daily on the Saloon. "There is not a thing in the world that can be done with liquor business that will prevent its being a public evil and a private menace.

"There never was a moral saloon or a saloon that was striving to make human conditions better for its having existed.

"It cannot be said that a saloon safeguards anything or anybody. It militates against everything and everybody, its hand is against every man, woman and child the world around.

"The great liquor dealers' association of America see the handwriting on the wall, but the saloon man does not. He goes nothing beyond the chance to sell liquor to one more customer."—Sacramento (Cal.) Union.

Not Lady Somerset's Idea. A correspondent writes us that the late Dr. Sarah J. A. Brown, an American woman, and not Lady Somerset, was the pioneer who first proposed the establishment of industrial homes for inebriate women. She suggested the idea of the Duxhurst home, which was afterwards carried out by Lady Somerset. Dr. Brown established (1893-94) Bramble hall, an inebriate women's home in Essex, England, which was the first institution of the kind. She was a most gifted woman, an earnest Christian and an ardent temperance advocate.

Evil Active. At a meeting of the Gideons, a religious organization of the abstaining traveling men in the United States and Canada, a member once testified that after his conversion within a specified time he had 500 invitations to drink, 200 to drink whisky, 92 to gamble and 2 to go to church. Who is busiest, the Christian or the worldling?

WHY? The Burglar has his mask The Footpad his unlighted corner The Seducer his secluded spot The Murderer his hidden weapon The Saloon its screened windows and private rooms

WHY? Connecticut Citizen. Reform Movement in Alabama. Alabama saloons will hereafter close at nine, eight or seven o'clock at night, depending whether they are rated as in first, second or third class cities. This reform is but a trifle of what the state may be expected to do at the next session of the legislature. Prohibition of the liquor traffic is morally certain in Alabama.

An Up-to-C to Temperance Movement. A movement has recently been started by interested reformers in St. Louis, Mo., to establish coffee-houses in the city to take the place of saloons. Wholesome food, an agreeable atmosphere and interesting and instructive methods of passing the time will be provided.

Temperate Employes. There are 10,000 employes of the Sears, Roebuck company, Chicago, and each of these is a total abstainer. The neighborhood of this great establishment is under local option.

GOOD SUBSTITUTE FOR MILK.

Vegetable That is Appreciated by the Natives of China.

A vegetable substitute for milk, used largely in China, is made there from the seeds of the soja hispida, or oily Chinese bean (soy-bean), we are told by Francis Marre in La Nature (Paris, June 8). He says:

"To obtain it the seeds are first boiled and then pressed, making a sort of puree which, when dissolved in water, makes a very nourishing vegetable milk. When treated with a mineral salt . . . it coagulates and may be made into a kind of cheese (to-fou) which plays an important part in the dietary of the Chinese and Japanese. . . . It is generally eaten fresh . . . but may be cooked and preserved by salting or smoking. In commerce three principal varieties of vegetable cheese are found; one, which is fermented, is white, yellow or gray, and has a piquant taste like that of Roquefort; the second is salty and white, resembling goat's milk cheese, and the third is smoky and like Gruyere. . . . Soy-cheese is so cheap that enough to serve a man for a day costs less than a centime (one-fifth of a cent), or 50 or 60 times less than an equal quantity of animal cheese.

"As for the food value of soy-milk, it is sensibly equal to that of cow's milk; it contains important quantities of legumin, whose chemical constitution is very close to that of casein. Mr. Li Yu Ying, an attaché of the Chinese legation at Paris, in endeavoring to introduce the culture of soy into France."—Literary Digest.

Its Identity. See the two Gentlemen! They approach rapidly from opposite directions, and meet abruptly and with such force that each tumbles down on his back. Ah! How unfortunate!

Oh, yes! It is said they should have met at all, and there is worse yet to come. As they scramble to their feet each succeeds in kicking the other on the Sly, whereupon one instantly smites his assailant so furiously with a large Bludgeon that he actually spreads the whole top of his head out like a Mushroom. The unfortunate Wretch immediately retaliates by seizing a Barrel and smashing it to splinters on the antagonist's brow, and the latter returns the Compliment by sticking a Pick-axe into his Back.

No, no, my child! This is not a Political Argument or a Religious Discussion. It is merely a bit of Polite Vaudeville, with the accent on the "Polite."—Pack.

Germany's Mask Industry. Consul T. H. Norton of Chemnitz writes regarding Germany's mask industry: "There is an extensive demand for masks throughout Germany for the carnival season and other merry-making occasions. In central Germany there are several large establishments devoted exclusively to manufacturing this article. They not only meet the needs of Germany's trade but also supply a very large demand from foreign countries. The materials used in mask making are chiefly pasteboard and gauze, with small amounts of silk and wire. Each establishment employs its own artists, and there is a constant effort to place novelties on the market. It is largely due to the great variety of these novel designs that a promising trade with the United States has grown up during recent years, which is reported to be steadily increasing.

The Comparison. Lesec and Lemaigre, who were both as thin as laths, were discussing a mutual friend.

Lesec—I met our friend Durand this morning. He has grown so thin. "Really! And he was so stout."

"Yes, it is dreadful. He is thinner than both of us put together now."

Use Limestone. For soils that puddle easily, that, that glaze over easily after a rain, ground limestone is one of the best things that can be applied.

Training Divers. The British Admiralty divers and every British warship carries at least one representative of the craft and frequently more. There are training schools at Portsmouth, Devonport and Sheerness.

Deceitful Humanity. "You can't allus gib a man credit for a clear conscience," said Uncle Eben, "because he looks cheerful. Dar is some people dat smiles de hardest after dey has put through de crookedest deals."

MARKET REPORTS. Cincinnati, Nov. 2.

| | | |
|------------------|--------|---------|
| CATTLE—Extra | 84 85 | @ 5 00 |
| CALVES—Extra | | @ 8 25 |
| HOGS—Choice | 6 25 | @ 6 30 |
| SHEEP—Extra | | @ 5 00 |
| LAMBS—Extra | | @ 6 50 |
| FLOUR—Spring | 5 70 | @ 5 85 |
| WHEAT—No. 2 red | 98 | @ 1 00 |
| CORN—No. 2 mixed | | @ 58 |
| OATS—No. 2 mixed | 47 1/2 | @ 48 |
| RYE—No. 2 choice | 81 | @ 80 |
| HAY—Ch. timothy | | @ 16 75 |
| BUTTER—Dairy | | @ 18 |
| EGGS—Per doz | | @ 23 |
| APPLES—Choice | 2 75 | @ 3 25 |
| POTATOES—Per bbl | | @ 12 75 |
| TOBACCO—Burley | 6 50 | @ 25 |

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|-------------------|------------|---------|
| WHEAT—No. 2 red | @ 95 1/2 | |
| CORN—No. 2 mixed | @ 59 1/2 | |
| OATS—No. 2 mixed | @ 49 1/2 | |
| PORK—Prime mess. | @ 13 90 | |
| LARD—Prime | @ 8 47 1/2 | |
| NEW YORK. | | |
| FLOUR—Win. patent | 5 40 | @ 5 90 |
| WHEAT—No. 2 red | 1 07 1/2 | @ 1 09 |
| CORN—No. 2 mixed | | @ 70 |
| OATS—No. 2 mixed | | @ 54 |
| PORK—Prime mess. | 19 00 | @ 20 00 |
| LARD—Steam | 8 90 | @ 9 00 |
| BALTIMORE. | | |
| WHEAT—No. 2 red | @ 95 | |
| CORN—No. 2 mixed | @ 53 1/2 | |
| OATS—No. 2 mixed | @ 54 | |
| LOUISVILLE. | | |
| WHEAT—No. 2 red | @ 88 | |
| CORN—No. 2 mixed | @ 63 | |
| OATS—No. 2 mixed | @ 47 1/2 | |
| HAY—Ch. timothy | .17 00 | @ 17 50 |
| HOGS—Extra | 6 00 | @ 6 15 |
| LARD—Steam | | @ 8 50 |
| INDIANAPOLIS. | | |
| CATTLE—Prime | 5 00 | @ 5 75 |
| HOGS—Extra | 6 10 | @ 6 30 |
| SHEEP—Extra | 4 00 | @ 4 75 |

Syrup of Figs
and Elixir of Senna
Cleanses the System Effectually, Disperses Colds and Headaches due to Constipation; Acts Naturally, acts truly as a Laxative.
Best for Men, Women and Children—Young and Old.
To get its Beneficial Effects Always buy the Genuine which has the full name of the Company.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS.
one size only, regular price 50¢ per bottle.

GEORGE KEPT HIM BUSY.
Matrimonial Engagements Seemed Aways in Order.

A well-known Virginia clergyman, onetime president of William and Mary college, was married three times and on each occasion the ceremony was performed by his brother, an even more renowned bishop. When the first marriage took place, the bishop had to refuse a tempting invitation from an old friend because—the so the letter ran—"I am going up to Williamsburg on that date to marry my brother George."

The same friend happened to be on the train with him, years afterward, when he was traveling to the second ceremony. "I am going to marry my brother George," the bishop explained, benignly, after the business of greeting was over. Again many years passed, and the same journey was taken once more for the same purpose. By a strange coincidence, the identical friend ran into the bishop as they hurried through the depot to their respective trains. "Where go you, bishop?" the former sang out as they grasped hands and dashed by each other.

"I am going where I am always going," the answer came back, ponderously. "to marry my brother George."—Harper's Weekly.

The Bright Firstborn. They were discussing the law of entail—the English law bequeathing the bulk of the family property to the eldest son.

"There is 50 per cent of logic in that law," said a physician, "and if the family property went to the firstborn, whether son or daughter, the law would contain 100 per cent of logic. For the first born child is practically always the best—best in brain, in build, in beauty, in everything.

"Why is this so? It is because married people love one another more profoundly at the beginning than afterward; for love, like all things, grows old, grows weak, often dies.

"Mrs. Craigie—John Oliver Hobbes—was a first born child. So was Marie Corelli. So was Richard Mansfield. So were Joseph Chamberlain, Lord Kitchener, Max Muller, Henry Irving, George Meredith.

"Look back into the past, and we see again the prominence of the first-born, among them Mohammed, Confucius, Raphael, Milton, Dante, Goethe, Byron, Shelly and Heline."

Slight Misunderstanding. They had been engaged just seventeen minutes by the clock, yet for the last three-seventeenth of that period there had been a proud, scornful look upon her fair face that was calculated to wither the orange blossoms.

"I can't imagine, dear," he said, sadly, "what has come over you so suddenly. I simply asked if you were romantic, when—"