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**CASTORIA**

Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

**INFANTS & CHILDREN**

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. **NOT NARCOTIC.**

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Pumpkin Seed -  
Rice Syrup -  
Rockwell Salt -  
Anise Seed -  
Peppermint -  
Elix. Ferrous Sulfate -  
Warm Syrup -  
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Whitening -  
Flavor.

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*Dr. H. H. Fletcher*  
**NEW YORK**

At 6 months old  
**35 Doses - 35 CENTS**

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Use For Over Thirty Years

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THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

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**THE COLONIAL TRUST COMPANY**

317 Fourth Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

By our System of Banking by Mail that is, making deposits and withdrawals, is just as easy and far more time saving than banking in person. A little booklet telling why, awaits your request. Our capital and resources speak for themselves. Our advice, embodying the successful business experience of years, is at your command.

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Dealers in Pumps and Pump Pipe, Drillers of Artesian and Ordinary Water Wells, Test Wells for Mineral and Air Holes for Shafts.

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Samuel B. Holbert. Edward F. Holbert.

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CAUTION Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine is put up only in paste-board Carton with fac-simile signature on side of the bottle. Thus send for Circular to WILLIAMS' MED. CO., Sole Agents, Cleveland, Ohio.

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**THE WONDERFUL SUN.**

Some of the Things We Know About That Mysterious Star.

A very wonderful and in some respects mysterious object is the sun, a typical star, the nearest one, and not so far away as to prevent us from studying it in detail, and yet presenting conditions so different from those we can obtain in our laboratories that we can only consider it as a mystery, and our conclusions merely conjectural.

Certain facts, however, have been established beyond any possible doubt and must necessarily form the foundation of all reasonable theories and opinions.

We know, for instance, that its mean distance from the earth is very closely 93,000,000 miles; that its diameter is about 866,500 miles, or 109½ times that of the earth, and its bulk about 1,300,000 as great.

We know also that its mass is about 330,000 that of the earth and that consequently gravity upon its surface is about 27½ times as powerful as here. A man who here weighs 150 pounds would weigh more than two tons upon the sun, and there a squirrel would not be able to jump any more friskily than an elephant here.

Experiments with burning glasses make it certain that the effective temperature of the sun's surface taken as a whole (doubtless the actual temperature varies widely at different points) is much above any which we can produce by artificial means. Not even the electric furnace can rival it. Carried to the sun and kept there for a few hours only, the earth would melt and pass into vapor. The estimated temperature is about 12,000 degrees F., but cannot be regarded as exact.—Professor Charles A. Young in Harper's Weekly.

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"I'll try it," he said.

Three months later they met him again.

"Well, how did it work?" they asked him.

"Didn't do any good," he replied. "I lie awake all night now thinking of other people's troubles."—Chicago Tribune.

**With Humboldt's Notes.**

Auctioneer—This book, gentlemen, is especially valuable, as it contains marginal notes in the handwriting of Alexander von Humboldt. A hundred marks are offered. Going—going—gone! It is yours, sir."

(The autograph marginal note by the renowned scholar was as follows: "This book is not worth the paper it is printed on.")—London Telegraph.

**One Good Reason.**

Hogg—Well, I'm mighty glad I ain't got no children. Kaustick—It's just as well, Hogg.—That's what! Kaustick—Yes, for in these days of free education they wouldn't be able to escape some knowledge of grammar, and they'd be forever correcting you.—Catholic Standard.

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Wife—Do you recollect that once when we had a tiff I said you were just as mean as you could be? Hubby—Yes, darling. Wife—Oh, James, how little did I know you then!—Glasgow Times.

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He—I wonder if there is another girl in the whole wide world so sweet as my little sweetheart? She—What's that? How dare you think of another girl? I shan't speak to you for a week.

Some people have an idea that they comfort the afflicted when they groan over them. Don't drive a hearse through a man's soul.

**THE DEMON PRINCESS**

LEGEND OF TAMARA OF RUSSIA AND HER SUITORS.

The Story, as Narrated in the Mythical Folklore of the Transcaucasus, of Why This Beautiful Royal Woman Reigned Alone.

Outside the skazkas or folk stories of Russia no woman is said to be more beautiful than anything in all the world. In the skazkas this expression is used only concerning the princesses and the queens, those marvelous women who have from time immemorial held first place in the heroic literature and the legends of every country on the face of the earth.

The princesses in the English fairy stories were more beautiful than anything, and the queens in all the folk tales of literature have been most wondrously beautiful. In the Russian folklore the expression of great beauty is used only concerning the princesses and queens, while in other countries it is used to describe all the heroines of folklore stories.

In all the legends relating to early history of all the Russians there is no story which is held in higher regard than the tale of the Princess Tamara, who reigned over the Georgian state of the Transcaucasus in the twelfth century. Her story holds a high place in Russian or Georgian literature, and Lemontoff has made a play about her that is more thrilling in its suggestion even than the story of Ivan the Terrible.

Sir John Maundeville in his travels abroad found references to her terrible beauty, and he has written in his books as to how she slew her suitors.

The legends are not easy in the translation, but so far as they may be told in modern English this is the story, coated in the mysticism of the far east:

Ye shall know, then, that the Princess Tamara dwelt in a high mountain place—up against the clouds—where the rains come down and where the winds sweep from the crags of the mountain tops.

It is told in the countries hereabout that she was the most beautiful woman in all the whole world. Nowhere was ever one more beautiful, not even Sheba's queen. In the great castle she dwelt, and there came to her suitors from the farthest ends of the earth to sue for the hand of Tamara, the princess who dwelt in the castle high in the mountain tops where meet the east and the west. A great road has been built which leads to the castle, and along this road journeyed the suitors who would have her for wife—kings and princes and knights of high degree. But the Princess Tamara was a proud princess, and she would have none of their favor—no, not a favor, even from the king of farthest Ind. She would have none of him, and she caused to make let a great joust and tourney, and he was slain.

So that was the end of that king.

Now, upon a day the Princess Tamara performed a great magic. She let make herself into the form of a dragon, and nowhere ever in the world was ever seen a dragon so terrible as she. Then she caused messages to be sent to all the princes of the earth, and all the kings, and all the knights, and all the nobles of great degree, and she said in this message that whosoever, be he king or prince or noble, should come and kiss her on the mouth while she was in the form of the dragon, then he should be king over her dominions and rule with her on the throne.

Now, upon another day the Princess Tamara was in a room in her castle combing her hair—black, like the night—and into the castle came a man who had ridden from a great ship somewhere, and he had heard of the marvelous beauty of the Princess Tamara, and he would have her to wife. Now, in the mirror when she was combing her hair she saw the image of this man, and she asked of him if he were knight, and he said, "Nay, I am no knight, but only a sailor come from a ship."

Then she told him to return to his fellows and cause them to make a knight of him, for he was fair of favor and a man such as might reign as king in her dominions.

Then he returned to his ship, and his companions made a knight of him.

But before he had gone from the castle the Princess Tamara had said that he should find her upon his return in shape like a dragon, but that he was to have no fear. He was to come to her and kiss her upon the mouth, however dreadful might be the appearance which she should assume.

Now, when the man returned to the castle, after he had been made a knight by his fellows he rode upon a palfrey, by his fellows he rode upon a palfrey, and he was attended by his squires and his retainers and a great cavalcade of others who had come from far countries by ship with him.

And he rode into the castle yard, and there he saw a dragon of many yards of length and of aspect most fearsome, and he knew that the princess had done what she told and that she had taken form of dragon to fright him.

He would have kissed her on the mouth as she had said, but his palfrey took fright and reared terribly and threw the knight to the ground.

Then the princess, thinking that he was afeared of the kiss of the dragon, let cry a sacrifice, and the knight and his horse and his cavalcade were thrown into the river a thousand feet below.

And the princess reigned alone, and never came man who would dare kiss the dragon on the mouth.—New York Press.

**WILL GO TO FAIR IN AUTO**

WHEELING MEN WILL MAKE TRIP TO ST. LOUIS OVER THE NATIONAL PIKE STARTING THE FIRST OF JULY.

WILL CHANGE THEIR GARB FROM GENTLEMEN TO TRAMPS FOR "EDUCATIONAL PURPOSES."

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The car in which the long trip will be made is sold by H. S. Sands' Electrical company, of this city. In a like car thirty-five horse power, made under his own management, Archie Paul, of Wooddale, will probably follow, as he is seriously contemplating the trip.

It is the intention of the party to leave this city early in the morning and sleep in Columbus the same night, although Mr. Colvig stated to a Telegraph reporter yesterday that a great deal of running would be done at night. If the roads are in good condition the trip will be made in good time unless an accident of some kind befalls the machine.

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The party will spend about ten days in St. Louis and during their stay there will continue to wear the dress of an engineer—consisting of a blue blouse, jumpers and black tight fitting cap.

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"That portion of the road between Zanesville and Cumberland, which passes through Wheeling, on the Ohio river, is the best road, conditions, scenery and historic interest considered of any road of similar distance which I have ever traveled. We had the satisfaction of knowing that it was a road upon which \$7,500,000 had been spent by the government as the connecting link between the Potomac and the Ohio at Wheeling, W. Va., many of the iron milestones are still standing though in a good many places they have been removed from their proper positions and installed in door yards." Further Mr. Post talks of the historic interest and of old relics he has seen along the way.

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**PENSION CLERKS AGOG**

A NUMBER OF THEM TO BE OFFICIALLY DECAPITATED—TO SAVE \$25,000 EACH YEAR.

MR. WARE PROBABLY WILL FOLLOW THE SPIRIT IF NOT THE LETTER OF THE LAW.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 18.—Clerks in the Pension Office are trembling in their shoes in anticipation of the fall of Commissioner Ware's ax, which is scheduled to drop across the neck of 25 employes of that bureau on July 1.

Some months ago the Post-Commissioner notified Congress that he could run the Pension Office with fewer clerks, and recommended that 25 of the \$1,000 class be dropped from the rolls. Congress acted on this recommendation and cut \$25,000 off the annual appropriation. Gossip around the Pension Office has it that he will not decapitate 25 clerks of the \$1,000 class, but will do a little juggling. It is claimed that he will reduce some of those in the class mentioned and promote others. Some he will remove. In order to make things come out even he will dismiss a few clerks of the \$900 class, and also a few from classes higher than \$1,000.

The attention of the Secretary of the Interior has been called to the matter by clerks who have influence, and when the time comes it is highly probable that the Commissioner will find his views in conflict with those of Secretary Hitchcock.

Mr. Ware has first to recommend to the Secretary whatever he wishes to be done. If the Secretary agrees with his plan it can be carried out. It is more than probable that there will be changes in the recommendations of the Commissioner upon the subject of the proposed dismissals, and every clerk who can command Senatorial or Congressional influence is seeking out his benefactor and asking him to "fix it" with Secretary Hitchcock.

When the postoffice scandal was at its height and retrenchment in the expenditures of all the executive departments were the order of the day, "Uncle Joe" Cannon and his lieutenant decided it would be well to cut off the carriages which many of the department officials were allowed. The appropriation bills, when passed, did not contain items covering the cost of maintaining many of the equipages, and Commissioner Ware's was among those cut off. Under last year's appropriation, however, these vehicles were taken care of, so they have continued in service. On July 1, the beginning of the fiscal year, they will go out of commission.

A provision of the bill which eliminated them was to the effect that no vehicles were to be used by government officials save those on which were painted the name of the department to which they belong. Ware now comes forward and announces that he will be willing to have "Interior Department" painted on the doors of his public carriage, if he may be allowed to keep it.

The request that he be permitted to do so was made to Secretary Hitchcock, who has not yet acted upon it.

**Charming Bedroom For a Little Girl.**

Little girls are really but the reflections of older women, for as Wordsworth says, "The child is father of the man," and we usually find the small girl loves beautiful objects and surroundings quite as well, although not as understandingly, of course, as does her grown-up sister or her mother.

Particularly does a little girl desire a dainty and attractive room that she may call her own, and the room once inhabited by the little daughter of Charles Francis Daubigny, the famous artist, was most charming, and may serve as a hint for some little one's mother.

The room is in the artist's house at Auvers-sur-Oise, a town not far from Paris, and once in a while when visitors are going through the house the room is thrown open for inspection. On the wall, just back of the bed, with its dainty French hangings, the artist father painted an apple tree. Birds are fluttering about it, and tucked away in the leafy boughs there is a robin's nest filled with tiny speckled eggs. The whole room is divided into panels, and on each is painted a fairy tale scene. Red Riding Hood is there with the wolf beside her. Another panel is devoted to Pop o' My Top, on all around the room. These panels are painted on a frieze on all the walls. The room is decorated with pictures of the artist's own work.

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Yost Billiard Hall, South Side Pharmacy, The Health Cigar Company, Johnson's.