

Eczema

Painful Itching, Burning, Smarting and Swelling—Hood's Cures.
 "My little boy was severely afflicted with eczema, and we gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla which cured him. We always keep Hood's Sarsaparilla on hand, and I have found it very beneficial for palpitation of the heart. My mother has taken it for rheumatism and it has helped her." Mrs. Viana Franklin, E. Otto, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
 is America's Greatest Medicine. 50¢ per bottle. Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25¢ cents.

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.

In Christ, only, is perfect rest.
 Gilt arms shadings with spears.
 The flame of devotion is kindled at the altar of prayer.
 The best secret keeper is the one that does not know it.
 Every man who sells the truth for gain, is a brother to Judas.

Reason is the eye of thought.
 Let sin live, and it will kill you.
 Character is a polyglot linguist.
 History is embalmed humanity.
 Holiness qualifies for immortality.
 A good man must be good as well as do good.

Reformation is the spring-time of thought.
 Christ made no apology for preaching the truth.
 Loose thinking and loose morals, go together.

No fraud is more wicked than cheating in a love game.
 Leisure hours are the best or the worst part of our lives.
 Take your friends, as all else, to God—and leave them there.

Faith is the Christian's lever, and God is the fulcrum upon which it rests.
 Beauty may only be skin deep, but the pride of it reaches into the heart.
 Those who prefer the service of sin must be satisfied with the wages of sin.

Keeping bad company is one way of sending the devil an invitation to visit you.
 Couldn't Eat It.
 Friend—I suppose you've had some hard experiences?
 Returned Klondiker—Oh, yes! I've seen times when we hadn't a thing but money.—Tid-Bits.

When a man refuses to sign a note as security, he says he would like to, but that he has promised his wife never to sign another security note.
 Livesby Labor—not Madam, necessarily compels me to axe yer fer somethin' ter eat. Mrs. Pully—Axe the wood-pile first.—Judy.

In the stony fastness of Portland's rugged side, or rather promontory, there is a sight which tourists often overlook.
 As soon as a man begins to be sorry he got married, he begins to try to trap his wife into admitting it.

At a certain age every girl gets an idea that it is cultured to rave over cut glass.
 Boston objects to the "I. R." on internal revenue stamps and insists on "I am."

OPEN LETTERS FROM
 Jennie E. Green and Mrs. Harry Hardy.

JENNIE E. GREEN, Denmark, Iowa, writes to Mrs. Pinkham:
 "I had been sick at my monthly periods for seven years, and tried almost everything I ever heard of, but without any benefit. Was troubled with backache, headache, pains in the shoulders and dizziness. Through my mother I was induced to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it has done me so much good. I am now sound and well."

Mrs. HARRY HARDY, Riverside, Iowa, writes to Mrs. Pinkham the story of her struggle with serious ovarian trouble, and the benefit she received from the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. This is her letter:
 "How thankful I am that I took your medicine. I was troubled for two years with inflammation of the womb and ovaries, womb was also very low. I was in constant misery. I had heart trouble, was short of breath and could not walk five blocks to save my life. Suffered very much with my back, had headache all the time, was nervous, menstruations were irregular and painful, had a bad discharge and was troubled with bloating. It was a perfect wreck. Had doctored and taken local treatments, but still was no better. I was advised by one of my neighbors to write to you. I have now finished the second bottle of Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and am better in every way. I am able to do all my own work and can walk nearly a mile without fatigue; something I had not been able to do for over two years. Your medicine has done me more good than all the doctors."

BAD BREATH
 "I have been using CASCARETS and a mild and effective laxative they are simply wonderful. My daughter and I were both troubled with bad breath and our breath was very bad. After taking a few doses of Cascarets we have improved wonderfully. They are a great help in the family."
 WILHELMINA LADLE.
 129 Monmouth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

CANDY CATHARTIC
 TRADE MARK REGISTERED
 PLEASANT, PALATABLE, PROMPT, SAFE, GOOD. DO NOT GEESE, HORN, BOTTLES, 25¢ PER BOTTLE.
 CURE CONSTIPATION.
 129 Monmouth Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York, 25¢ PER BOTTLE.
 40-70-900 Sold and guaranteed by all drug stores to CURE Constipation.

OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR.
LAUGHTER-PROVOKING STORIES FOR LOVERS OF FUN.

Comfort—Explanation Demanded—What He Was—Perils of the Bike—Music and Refreshments—A Friend Indeed—Social Barriers—A Helping Hand, Etc.

The flames on wrapped a cottage fair, its owner moaned and cried; A neighbor kind advised that she Look on the brightest side. She quickly said, "Though sad my lot, In deepest gloom I lie, All sides that I now look upon Are far too bright for me."

Explanation Demanded.
 Old Gentleman—"Weren't you kissing my daughter when I came in?"
 Young Man—"Yes, sir. Have you any apology to make?"—Truth.

What He Was.
 "I shouldn't think you would care for my society, Mr. Jibber; I've refused you five times."
 "That's fit; I'm an immune."—Chicago Record.

Music and Refreshments.
 "We told little Dick he could choose his own birthday present."
 "What did he choose?"
 "He said he would take a soda fountain and a bass drum."—Chicago Record.

Social Barriers.
 Caller—"Is Mrs. Smith in?"
 Servant—"I don't know."
 Caller—"Can you ascertain for me?"
 Servant—"No; that is the housemaid's work, and she's out."—Detroit Journal.

A Friend Indeed!
 "A friend in need is a friend indeed—not much!"
 "How is that?"
 "When you find a friend in need it is ten to one he will tackle you for a five."—Town Topics.

A Helping Hand.
 The Landlady (in surprise)—"Why, Mr. Hallname! What are you doing? Putting that butter in your tea?"
 Mr. Hallname—"I was always taught, Mrs. Starvum, that the strong should help the weak."—Puck.

Perils of the Bike.
 Sprocket—"Had my tire punctured this morning."
 Crocket—"Don't say! How did it happen?"
 Sprocket—"Riding in a strange country and ran against the forks of a road."—Boston Courier.

His Mean Revenge.
 She—"Oh, please don't tease me to sing. I'm so hoarse to-night that I can hardly make a sound."
 He—"Yes, I know. That's why I think this would be a good time to have it over with."—Chicago Daily News.

What Changed His Mind.
 "I had supposed, until yesterday, Doctor, that the days of the bleeding of patients were past."
 "And so they are. But what changed your mind?"
 "The bill you sent me."—Harper's Weekly.

An Average Husband.
 Mrs. Willis—"My husband is a very rapid reader."
 Mrs. Waze—"Just like mine. He reads the paper through so rapidly that he isn't able to tell me a word in it when he gets through."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Hurt Her Feelings.
 "No; my wife feels worse since she went to see Dr. Blunt."
 "Indeed?"
 "Yes; he told her there was very little the matter with her, and there was no reason to make such a fuss about it."—Puck.

Was a Mite in Comparison.
 Snips—"Was that you I saw driving about in a carriage the other day? And yet you cannot afford to pay me the \$25 you owe me."
 Splasher—"That's nothing. You ought to see the bill I owe the livery stable."—Pick-Me-Up.

Hopeless Either Way.
 Gulpins—"Remember, James, if anyone calls to collect a bill, I'm away on my vacation."
 James—"But suppose, sir, they see you first?"
 "You can say I've just got back. It's about the same thing."—Life.

An Explanation.
 Cholly—"There's young Euphemia High-head; she passes us without bowing any more."
 Willy—"Perhaps you've grown so much that she doesn't know you."
 Freddy—"More likely she's grown so much she doesn't know you."

Consistent Indolence.
 "Wot'd de use o' wakin' up dis way at 5 o'clock in de morning?" inquired Flooding Pete indignantly.
 "Well, answered Meandering Mike, "I take so much comfort out o' doin' nothin' dat I t'ought I'd like to git an early start."—Washington Star.

After the Elopement.
 The Father-in-Law (severely)—"And you decided to marry in spite of my opposition?"
 The Son-in-Law (calmly)—"Yes, sir."
 The Father-in-Law (calmly)—"Well, I'd have had no respect for you if you hadn't!"—Puck.

Too Bright and Good.
 "I wouldn't marry the best woman in the world."
 "Well, you would be lucky to get a wife like mine."
 "What does she say when you stay out late?"
 "She calls over the banister that there is a watermelon on the ice for me."
 "Then she's no woman—she's an angel."—Chicago Record.

Real Modesty.
 Dribbler—"In my opinion a man who writes an illegible hand does it because he thinks people are willing to puzzle over it. In other words he is a chunk of conceit."
 Scribbler—"Not always. Sometimes a man writes illegibly, not because he is conceited, but because he is modest."
 Dribbler—"Modest? What about?"
 Scribbler—"About his spelling."—Boston Traveler.

OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR.

LAUGHTER-PROVOKING STORIES FOR LOVERS OF FUN.

Comfort—Explanation Demanded—What He Was—Perils of the Bike—Music and Refreshments—A Friend Indeed—Social Barriers—A Helping Hand, Etc.

The flames on wrapped a cottage fair, its owner moaned and cried; A neighbor kind advised that she Look on the brightest side. She quickly said, "Though sad my lot, In deepest gloom I lie, All sides that I now look upon Are far too bright for me."

Explanation Demanded.
 Old Gentleman—"Weren't you kissing my daughter when I came in?"
 Young Man—"Yes, sir. Have you any apology to make?"—Truth.

What He Was.
 "I shouldn't think you would care for my society, Mr. Jibber; I've refused you five times."
 "That's fit; I'm an immune."—Chicago Record.

Music and Refreshments.
 "We told little Dick he could choose his own birthday present."
 "What did he choose?"
 "He said he would take a soda fountain and a bass drum."—Chicago Record.

Social Barriers.
 Caller—"Is Mrs. Smith in?"
 Servant—"I don't know."
 Caller—"Can you ascertain for me?"
 Servant—"No; that is the housemaid's work, and she's out."—Detroit Journal.

A Friend Indeed!
 "A friend in need is a friend indeed—not much!"
 "How is that?"
 "When you find a friend in need it is ten to one he will tackle you for a five."—Town Topics.

A Helping Hand.
 The Landlady (in surprise)—"Why, Mr. Hallname! What are you doing? Putting that butter in your tea?"
 Mr. Hallname—"I was always taught, Mrs. Starvum, that the strong should help the weak."—Puck.

Perils of the Bike.
 Sprocket—"Had my tire punctured this morning."
 Crocket—"Don't say! How did it happen?"
 Sprocket—"Riding in a strange country and ran against the forks of a road."—Boston Courier.

His Mean Revenge.
 She—"Oh, please don't tease me to sing. I'm so hoarse to-night that I can hardly make a sound."
 He—"Yes, I know. That's why I think this would be a good time to have it over with."—Chicago Daily News.

What Changed His Mind.
 "I had supposed, until yesterday, Doctor, that the days of the bleeding of patients were past."
 "And so they are. But what changed your mind?"
 "The bill you sent me."—Harper's Weekly.

An Average Husband.
 Mrs. Willis—"My husband is a very rapid reader."
 Mrs. Waze—"Just like mine. He reads the paper through so rapidly that he isn't able to tell me a word in it when he gets through."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Hurt Her Feelings.
 "No; my wife feels worse since she went to see Dr. Blunt."
 "Indeed?"
 "Yes; he told her there was very little the matter with her, and there was no reason to make such a fuss about it."—Puck.

Was a Mite in Comparison.
 Snips—"Was that you I saw driving about in a carriage the other day? And yet you cannot afford to pay me the \$25 you owe me."
 Splasher—"That's nothing. You ought to see the bill I owe the livery stable."—Pick-Me-Up.

Hopeless Either Way.
 Gulpins—"Remember, James, if anyone calls to collect a bill, I'm away on my vacation."
 James—"But suppose, sir, they see you first?"
 "You can say I've just got back. It's about the same thing."—Life.

An Explanation.
 Cholly—"There's young Euphemia High-head; she passes us without bowing any more."
 Willy—"Perhaps you've grown so much that she doesn't know you."
 Freddy—"More likely she's grown so much she doesn't know you."

Consistent Indolence.
 "Wot'd de use o' wakin' up dis way at 5 o'clock in de morning?" inquired Flooding Pete indignantly.
 "Well, answered Meandering Mike, "I take so much comfort out o' doin' nothin' dat I t'ought I'd like to git an early start."—Washington Star.

After the Elopement.
 The Father-in-Law (severely)—"And you decided to marry in spite of my opposition?"
 The Son-in-Law (calmly)—"Yes, sir."
 The Father-in-Law (calmly)—"Well, I'd have had no respect for you if you hadn't!"—Puck.

Too Bright and Good.
 "I wouldn't marry the best woman in the world."
 "Well, you would be lucky to get a wife like mine."
 "What does she say when you stay out late?"
 "She calls over the banister that there is a watermelon on the ice for me."
 "Then she's no woman—she's an angel."—Chicago Record.

Real Modesty.
 Dribbler—"In my opinion a man who writes an illegible hand does it because he thinks people are willing to puzzle over it. In other words he is a chunk of conceit."
 Scribbler—"Not always. Sometimes a man writes illegibly, not because he is conceited, but because he is modest."
 Dribbler—"Modest? What about?"
 Scribbler—"About his spelling."—Boston Traveler.

MANGOES IN CUBA.
 Why Our Soldiers in the Island Were Forbidden to Eat the Fruit.

In the long list of suggestions from the medical department, all of which were disregarded, the ripe mango was recommended as an article of diet. But somebody at headquarters issued an edict against it and the soldiers were called up by the company commanders and told that if they ate the fruit they would be punished. This is the way the company commanders addressed their men.

"Now, I see that some of you have been eating those mangoes in spite of our advice to the contrary. Do you know what the Cubans call this fruit? They call it 'General Mango,' because they say that the mango has killed more Spanish soldiers than all their generals put together. If you eat it Gen. Mango will kill you, just as it has killed the Spaniards. I am told on good authority that if you eat a mango every day and then get yellow fever you will swell up frightfully and surely die. Now, I give you this positive order, that not one of you shall eat any of this fruit, and I shall punish severely any man that disobey the order."

After such an order the obedient regulars generally let the mangoes alone, although they were abundant, tempting and delicious. The volunteers ate them more freely without any bad result so far as heard from. When the Cuban officers and aides were asked their opinion as to the wholesomeness of the fruit they generally said: "It is perfectly wholesome if eaten ripe; all these bad things apply to the unripe mango, which is sometimes eaten by the Spaniards." Most of the army doctors seemed to think that the only way to prevent the eating of the unripe mango was to prohibit the fruit altogether. There were many cases in which even the most obedient regulars were impelled by thirst and by hunger for a bit of fruit to disobey the order; and, as the clear, yellow mango is always ripe, while the unripe fruit is green or greenish, it did not take a very high order of intelligence to discriminate between the fruit which was fit to eat and that which was unfit.

It is certainly hard to believe any ill of a mango when one looks at it. The tree itself is most beautiful and attractive thing. Imagine a tree as large as a big Massachusetts oak, covered with rich and glossy foliage finer than that of the orange tree, and covered also with golden fruit nestling brilliantly among the green leaves. On such a tree there must often be a hundred barrels of mangoes, fully matured, every one of which is as large as a good-sized pear. In shape the mango is not unlike the short and thick cucumber, and it has a thin, tough skin, which, when matured, reveals a mass of the most delicious juicy pulp. The only trouble about eating the mango is that one needs an ablation afterwards. Some say that the ideal way is to get into a bathtub, take the mango, eat it, and then go on with the bath. But one is perfectly willing to take the trouble to seek the ablation for the sake of the fruit. And imagine the trees which bear the fruit growing wild everywhere, and also springing up in every garden and dooryard; the largest and finest ones were always up on a wild mountain side, where apparently no one had ever gathered the abounding fruit. Nor are they a native fruit in Cuba. They have been introduced from India and clasp gold in the rich soil of the island.—Boston Transcript.

A HAWAIIAN ROMANCE.
 The Story of Ah Fong and His Beautiful Family of Daughters.

There is a dash of romance in the brief announcement telegraphed from San Francisco of the engagement of Dr. J. C. Thompson, surgeon on the United States steamer Mohican, now in Hawaiian waters, to Miss Alice Ah Fong, of Honolulu. The lady's name indicates the curious and sometimes perplexing mingling of races in those islands.

The history of Ah Fong, the father of Dr. Thompson's fiancée, is a most interesting one. He was a Chinaman who came from his native land to Hawaii a generation ago, either as a contract laborer or as a small merchant. He was a man of more than ordinary ability and intelligence. It is said he had left a wife and children in China, but according to Chinese religion and custom, this was no bar to his taking a new wife in Hawaii. He married a beautiful half-caste Hawaiian girl and brought up a large family of daughters. So upright, honorable and just was Ah Fong in all his dealings that he won universal respect. From a plantation hand he became a planter, merchant and millionaire. On the outskirts of Honolulu he built a residence which, with the tropical gardens surrounding it, is described as a dream of loveliness and beauty. His daughters were educated in the United States and became the most beautiful and accomplished young women of the Hawaiian metropolis. To their soft Polynesian beauty was added the brilliancy of the Orient and piquancy and chic due to the admixture of the American blood, and their society was sought by the most aristocratic in the city. One of the daughters married Captain Whiting of the United States navy, another a judge of the circuit court, and others influential merchants of Honolulu, the youngest, Miss Alice, now being chosen by Dr. Thompson.

All this time Ah Fong continued to support his wife and children in China. He was never Christianized and always wore his Oriental garb. It was a curious sight to see this full-blood Chinaman in his magnificent home or driving in it in the family carriage with his troop of beautiful daughters, almost as white as American girls and dressed as such.

The departure of Ah Fong from Honolulu was as romantic as his coming. About ten years ago one of his grown-up sons in China visited his father in the islands and induced him to return to his first wife, whom he had not seen for twenty-five years. He told his Hawaiian family of his intention to go home, never to return, and made the most liberal settlement of his property upon his wife and children, so that they were almost millionaires, while Ah Fong went back to China almost as poor as he came.

Dr. Thompson was formerly surgeon of the monitor Monterey, but went to Honolulu on the Collier. Brutus, being transferred there to the Mohican. Now that the war with Spain is over, Dr. Thompson expects to resign from the navy, marry his young fiancée and settle down in Honolulu to practice his profession.

Umbrellas in the Navy.
 An umbrella is an ordinary, un-dramatic thing, as a rule, but when a stout, weather-beaten old sailor in Uncle Sam's blue rolled along Broadway one recent day with an article of the kind spread over his head, the interest it excited was prolonged and sustained.

"No man in the navy," explained the tar, "ever includes the umbrella in his outfit. Most of the commissioned officers do, however, although it is never raised aboard ship, no matter how much it rains. Any man or officer who would hoist an umbrella at sea would become an object of ridicule so long as he remained in the service. But when an officer arrives at port he may bring out his umbrella, hoist it and even go ashore with it over his head without making of himself what the boys would call a 'holy show.'"

"Down in tropical countries the umbrella is most important, owing to the fierceness with which the sun shines. If an officer has to go ashore he never neglects to take his umbrella, and even the men generally try to get hold of the article at those hot ports.

"Umbrellas used by the officers of the navy are just the same as you people who live ashore use and just as fancy in the handles. No officer comes ashore in his native land rigged up in his sea togs. He dresses like a private citizen, of course, and so makes use of the little conveniences of private folk.

"Looks funny to see a sailor carrying one of these things? Well, I expect it does, and if the lads aboard ship caught sight of it they'd have more sport with me than a bundle of monkeys."—New York Herald.

MANGOES IN CUBA.

Why Our Soldiers in the Island Were Forbidden to Eat the Fruit.

In the long list of suggestions from the medical department, all of which were disregarded, the ripe mango was recommended as an article of diet. But somebody at headquarters issued an edict against it and the soldiers were called up by the company commanders and told that if they ate the fruit they would be punished. This is the way the company commanders addressed their men.

"Now, I see that some of you have been eating those mangoes in spite of our advice to the contrary. Do you know what the Cubans call this fruit? They call it 'General Mango,' because they say that the mango has killed more Spanish soldiers than all their generals put together. If you eat it Gen. Mango will kill you, just as it has killed the Spaniards. I am told on good authority that if you eat a mango every day and then get yellow fever you will swell up frightfully and surely die. Now, I give you this positive order, that not one of you shall eat any of this fruit, and I shall punish severely any man that disobey the order."

After such an order the obedient regulars generally let the mangoes alone, although they were abundant, tempting and delicious. The volunteers ate them more freely without any bad result so far as heard from. When the Cuban officers and aides were asked their opinion as to the wholesomeness of the fruit they generally said: "It is perfectly wholesome if eaten ripe; all these bad things apply to the unripe mango, which is sometimes eaten by the Spaniards." Most of the army doctors seemed to think that the only way to prevent the eating of the unripe mango was to prohibit the fruit altogether. There were many cases in which even the most obedient regulars were impelled by thirst and by hunger for a bit of fruit to disobey the order; and, as the clear, yellow mango is always ripe, while the unripe fruit is green or greenish, it did not take a very high order of intelligence to discriminate between the fruit which was fit to eat and that which was unfit.

It is certainly hard to believe any ill of a mango when one looks at it. The tree itself is most beautiful and attractive thing. Imagine a tree as large as a big Massachusetts oak, covered with rich and glossy foliage finer than that of the orange tree, and covered also with golden fruit nestling brilliantly among the green leaves. On such a tree there must often be a hundred barrels of mangoes, fully matured, every one of which is as large as a good-sized pear. In shape the mango is not unlike the short and thick cucumber, and it has a thin, tough skin, which, when matured, reveals a mass of the most delicious juicy pulp. The only trouble about eating the mango is that one needs an ablation afterwards. Some say that the ideal way is to get into a bathtub, take the mango, eat it, and then go on with the bath. But one is perfectly willing to take the trouble to seek the ablation for the sake of the fruit. And imagine the trees which bear the fruit growing wild everywhere, and also springing up in every garden and dooryard; the largest and finest ones were always up on a wild mountain side, where apparently no one had ever gathered the abounding fruit. Nor are they a native fruit in Cuba. They have been introduced from India and clasp gold in the rich soil of the island.—Boston Transcript.

A HAWAIIAN ROMANCE.
 The Story of Ah Fong and His Beautiful Family of Daughters.

There is a dash of romance in the brief announcement telegraphed from San Francisco of the engagement of Dr. J. C. Thompson, surgeon on the United States steamer Mohican, now in Hawaiian waters, to Miss Alice Ah Fong, of Honolulu. The lady's name indicates the curious and sometimes perplexing mingling of races in those islands.

The history of Ah Fong, the father of Dr. Thompson's fiancée, is a most interesting one. He was a Chinaman who came from his native land to Hawaii a generation ago, either as a contract laborer or as a small merchant. He was a man of more than ordinary ability and intelligence. It is said he had left a wife and children in China, but according to Chinese religion and custom, this was no bar to his taking a new wife in Hawaii. He married a beautiful half-caste Hawaiian girl and brought up a large family of daughters. So upright, honorable and just was Ah Fong in all his dealings that he won universal respect. From a plantation hand he became a planter, merchant and millionaire. On the outskirts of Honolulu he built a residence which, with the tropical gardens surrounding it, is described as a dream of loveliness and beauty. His daughters were educated in the United States and became the most beautiful and accomplished young women of the Hawaiian metropolis. To their soft Polynesian beauty was added the brilliancy of the Orient and piquancy and chic due to the admixture of the American blood, and their society was sought by the most aristocratic in the city. One of the daughters married Captain Whiting of the United States navy, another a judge of the circuit court, and others influential merchants of Honolulu, the youngest, Miss Alice, now being chosen by Dr. Thompson.

All this time Ah Fong continued to support his wife and children in China. He was never Christianized and always wore his Oriental garb. It was a curious sight to see this full-blood Chinaman in his magnificent home or driving in it in the family carriage with his troop of beautiful daughters, almost as white as American girls and dressed as such.

The departure of Ah Fong from Honolulu was as romantic as his coming. About ten years ago one of his grown-up sons in China visited his father in the islands and induced him to return to his first wife, whom he had not seen for twenty-five years. He told his Hawaiian family of his intention to go home, never to return, and made the most liberal settlement of his property upon his wife and children, so that they were almost millionaires, while Ah Fong went back to China almost as poor as he came.

Dr. Thompson was formerly surgeon of the monitor Monterey, but went to Honolulu on the Collier. Brutus, being transferred there to the Mohican. Now that the war with Spain is over, Dr. Thompson expects to resign from the navy, marry his young fiancée and settle down in Honolulu to practice his profession.

Umbrellas in the Navy.
 An umbrella is an ordinary, un-dramatic thing, as a rule, but when a stout, weather-beaten old sailor in Uncle Sam's blue rolled along Broadway one recent day with an article of the kind spread over his head, the interest it excited was prolonged and sustained.

"No man in the navy," explained the tar, "ever includes the umbrella in his outfit. Most of the commissioned officers do, however, although it is never raised aboard ship, no matter how much it rains. Any man or officer who would hoist an umbrella at sea would become an object of ridicule so long as he remained in the service. But when an officer arrives at port he may bring out his umbrella, hoist it and even go ashore with it over his head without making of himself what the boys would call a 'holy show.'"

"Down in tropical countries the umbrella is most important, owing to the fierceness with which the sun shines. If an officer has to go ashore he never neglects to take his umbrella, and even the men generally try to get hold of the article at those hot ports.

"Umbrellas used by the officers of the navy are just the same as you people who live ashore use and just as fancy in the handles. No officer comes ashore in his native land rigged up in his sea togs. He dresses like a private citizen, of course, and so makes use of the little conveniences of private folk.

"Looks funny to see a sailor carrying one of these things? Well, I expect it does, and if the lads aboard ship caught sight of it they'd have more sport with me than a bundle of monkeys."—New York Herald.

The Yukon Mosquito.
 Not only do the Yukon mosquitoes attack men and overwhelm them, but they drive the moose, deer and caribou up the mountains to the snow line, where these animals would prefer not to be in berry time. They kill dogs, and even the big brown bear, that is often mis-called a grizzly, has succumbed to them. Bears come down to the river from the hillside in the early fall to get some of the salmon that are often thrown upon the banks when the "run" is heavy.

If Bruin runs foul of a swarm of mosquitoes and has not his wits about him his day has come. The insects will light all over him. His fur protects his body, but his eyes, ears and nose will soon be swollen up and bleeding, and unless he gets into a river or a strong wind he will be driven mad and blind to wander about hopelessly until he starves to death.

Although the Alaska summer is short, two broods of mosquitoes hatch out each year, and are ready for business from one to ten seconds after they leave the water. It rains a good deal along the Yukon, and rain is welcomed, for it drives the mosquitoes to cover. They hide under leaves and branches until the shower is over, then they come out boiling with rage at the time they have been forced to spend in idleness and the miner has a harder time than ever after his respite.

Mosquitoes and snowflakes are not contemporaries in the States, but in Alaska it is different. Snow does not bother them so much as rain, and an early snow may fall while they are still on the wing. Fog does not choke them, either. They appear to like it. They float about in it as in ambush and take the unwary prospector by surprise.—Denver Times.

Merits of Steel Sleepers.
 The question of the relative merits of steel sleepers as compared with wooden ones has long been a vexing question to the railroad officials having to do with such matters. There is no doubt now, however, that steel sleepers are superior to those of wood in some cases, according to the report of an official of the Northern State railroad. From this report it appears that the Gothard Railroad company of Switzerland, now has 70 per cent. of its own track laid with iron or steel sleepers. They began to use the metal sleepers 16 years ago and have kept a careful watch upon them all the time. The road is crooked and has long tunnels and steep grades. When the sleeper of average weight is put in it costs about \$1.90, but when taken out it is still worth something, and the net cost would therefore reach about \$1.68 each. After the first two years the cost of keeping the track in order is decidedly lower with metal than with wooden sleepers, and the lateral displacement of the tracks on curves is less. In long tunnels the steel sleepers rust, so that they last only eight or ten years, and on tangents in long tunnels wooden sleepers are still used. The reports state that except in long tunnels, the sleepers of metal will last as long as the rail.—Chicago Daily News.

When a man refuses to sign a note as security, he says he would like to, but that he has promised his wife never to sign another security note.

Measurements in the Klondike.
 Citizen—By the way, I have been told that the Klondike gold is not worth so much to the ounce as some other brands.

Returned Klondiker—I couldn't say as to that. We were measured by weight on a ton. I haven't any idea as to ounce values.—Odds and Ends.

Ancient Japanese Beverage.
 Next to grape wine it is believed that Japanese sake, or rice wine, is the oldest alcoholic beverage known to man. Its use in Japan dating back over 2,000 years.

Museum Diversions.
 "What all the glass-eyes?"
 "He got a bit of bone in the turkey hash."

"Does my whistling disturb you?"
 "Oh, not in the least. I'm used to hearing men whistle. I'm a collector for a millinery house."—Brooklyn Citizen.