

THE CLARION.

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GEO. BOURDIER, Business Manager.
OPELOUSAS, LOUISIANA.

Flattery sometimes acts like too many lumps of sugar in a cup of coffee.

Young Kingdon could should be earnestly advised not to rhot as long as he can run.

A Jersey hen that had lost her cackle has developed a crow. There is hope for Patti.

It is found to be much harder to exterminate the German carp than it was to germinate it.

A New York judge decided against a man suing for a dog bite. Every dog has his day in court.

If any motion is needed, we move that the Chadwick matter be laid on the table for a few days.

Much may be forgiven the inventor of that thinking machine if he doesn't develop it into a talking machine.

There be two individuals who cannot be reasoned with—a girl in love and a man who is determined to run for an office.

The average woman thinks it's just horrid if her husband is jealous of her, and just horrid if he isn't, so there you are.

A man who thinks he understands women is just as likely as not to invest his money in a perpetual motion invention.

No doubt poor old Franz Joseph of Austria sympathizes with the czar in the latter's resolve not to add a parliament to his troubles.

John Barrett says shirts cost \$12 apiece in Panama. Still, for most Panamanians a shirt constitutes approximately a suit of clothes.

The United States has thirteen battleships in commission—a very un-lucky number for any nation that is rash enough to run up against them.

Dr. Spitzka now announces that Lombroso has given to the world only a "hodgepodge of generalities." And \$7,912 sensational Sunday stories, doctor.

The explosion of that Galesburg woman's false teeth marks the advent of a new terror. To their well known falsity such teeth have begun to add treachery.

It is just beginning to be understood by some people that it will be impossible to dig the Panama canal and have it full of water inside of two or three months.

If Tow Lawson is patronizing a clipping bureau there is a prospect that he may be driven into bankruptcy when confronted by the necessity for paying the bill.

George Meredith says America has not produced one great man of letters. Evidently he hasn't heard of the Ohio sign painter who recently was victorious in a pugilistic contest.

Edmund Russell has a series of rules on "How to Get Rid of a Lover." We select the most cogent: "Never laugh when he laughs." That is enough for any girl to work on.

First cabin rates to Europe are to be made \$10 higher. That, however, will not be serious. The important thing is to have money enough to get back after one has reached Europe.

A Cincinnati man is mourning the loss of a sample case of Bibles which was stolen from a saloon. So far no reports have been received of anybody stealing a case of whisky from a church.

Representative Henry proposes a bill to prevent rural free delivery carriers from "carrying packages more than six feet in length." The package should not be more than six fingers deep, either.

The world isn't informed exactly what progress Mr. Andrew Carnegie is making in his noble effort to save the disgrace of dying rich, but his gift of \$1,000,000 to St. Louis for a library will help some.

Cincinnati has a citizen 110 years old who walks three blocks every day to a saloon. He must be fond of exercise. There is no place in the city where he would have to go so far if he didn't want to.

However, the London Lancet's learned opinion to the effect that turkey is a superior food was unnecessary. In his own unscientific fashion the average American had groped his way to the same great truth.

The clergyman who recently bought more than \$4,000,000 worth of New York real estate appears to have a shrewd suspicion that it is not so difficult for a camel to go through the eye of a needle as it is cracked up to be.

New York has an employer in court charged with working children 68 hours in a six-day week, paying them \$3 for the week, and docking them 10 cents for talking and 2 cents for being five minutes late. Is there any shame left in New York?

Perhaps the New Jersey man who swapped horses "unsight and unseen" and led his living bag of bones to the other man's stable, to find a rocking-horse in his own stable on his return, got the best of the bargain, after all. He won't have to feed the rocking-horse.

A story is going the rounds that a Nashville hotel clerk recently inherited \$10,000 from a stranger guest to whom he had been polite and attentive. What clever things the T. P. A. does put in circulation!

A Pretty Girl

She's not particularly bright. At school they called her dull. A boy in such case would bemoan the thickness of his skull. But now, when young men look at her, their brains are in a whirl. She's no Misera—what of that? She's such a pretty girl!

She hasn't very much to say. And doesn't say it well. And yet, men readily admit. She weaves a wondrous spell. No man denies her facile charm. Unless he is a churl. She's slow and stupid—what of that? She's such a pretty girl!

—Somerville Journal.



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A carriage rolled by the Harp coming from the sea. Captain Stover lay down his pot of beer and looked at a very commonplace countenance peering with a wistful expression at the inn. Mr. Twitcheit had no pot to lay down, but he looked and so did the landlord.

"That's 'im," said the landlord, "never notices nobody."

"He's rich," explained the captain, "he could put down a pun for every farden in Portham. He's above poor people."

"Why do they call 'im, 'onorable'?" inquired Mr. Twitcheit, winking at the landlord as if he had propounded a poser to the captain.

"Because he's made his money clean," replied the skipper, "when a man's rich and didn't steal his money the king lets 'im call hisself honorable."

Dazed at this sudden solution of the problem Mr. Twitcheit subsided.

"E's a stuck up, nasty aristocrat," snapped the landlord.

"I'm goin'," announced the skipper. "I'll sail on the ebb and I've lots to do. Next Monday week Ellyz gets married."

And the captain gulping down his beer, hastened toward the wharf.

Mr. Adolphus Walker had leased Penn Lodge for an indefinite time. Portham at once dubbed him "Honorable" and bowed down to him. The nearest approach the town had had, hitherto, of talking about its aristocratic citizens was to allude vaguely to a marquis who lived thirty miles inland and who had carefully avoided setting his foot in the town. But Mr. Walker was exclusive. He spoke to no man and naturally no man in Portham dared to speak to him. Portham boasted of him and, in its heart hated him for the haughtiness of which it boasted. Very little was known of Mr. Walker. The servants, brought from London, were creatures of rigid staidness and never came to the Harp. Portham, as a dire necessity, wrote the history of Mr. Walker to suit itself.

"I'm goin' to have Ned Butts to the wedding," remarked the skipper, as the schooner dropped down Portham Bay, bound for London.

"Ow, when your people won't 'ave 'im?" inquired the mate, who had been addressed.

"He's comin'," retorted the skipper, resolutely, "I've a printed invite in my pocket to send 'im."

"I'll get drunk and 'owl' expostulated the mate.

"Let 'im," replied the skipper, "a wedding's a place for enjoyment."

Eliza Jane, the pretty daughter of Captain Stover, was to be married on the next Monday a week, and the startling innovation had been made of inviting Portham to the ceremony by printed invitations. The family, however, made a stand at Mr. Butts, but the skipper secretly resolved that he should grace the occasion.

When the schooner was discharging in London the skipper dropped into the owner's office one afternoon.

"I'm sending a letter to your town, captain," said the clerk.

"Who to?" asked the skipper, without interest.

"Mr. Adolphus Walker. He has

and rushed to his craft, dropping the missive in a post box as he ran.

"Hil I could see people like Mr. Walker at my daughter's wedding I'd die 'appy," said Mrs. Stover to her husband, as the guests gathered. Captain Stover was watching for Mr. Butts and preparing to weather the family storm which would follow, so he said nothing.

A timorous knock sounded at the door.

"It's Ned," muttered the skipper, and he opened the portal guardedly.

But he started back, petrified, for Mr. Adolphus Walker stepped in. He was most fashionably attired, but grasped the skipper's hand with unction. "Many thanks for your invitation, Captain," said he, "all my folks are in London, so I came alone."

In a dense cerebral fog the skipper gasped, "Come in."

Portham assembled, turned green with jealousy. The wealthy aristocrat of Portham, refusing to notice even the landlord, at the skipper's house a guest. Was Stover a traitor, or had he discovered a tree of nobility.

"Better read it," the tall girl advised. "You'll be pretty sure not to send it if you do."

The top-floor girl opened the envelope and perused her letter slowly.

"I think," she said, "that I will go upstairs and write another."

THE WRONG KIND OF LOVE.

Youngster's Recitation of Text Showed Bent of Thought.

William H. Maxwell, the superintendent of the public schools of New York, believes that free meals should be provided for such school children as get insufficient nourishment at home, on the ground that a child suffering from hunger cannot learn its lessons.

Mr. Maxwell was describing the other day the free-meal system of the Paris schools. Suddenly he paused and smiled.

"When this system was introduced in Paris," he said, "a teacher at an English Sunday school explained it to her pupils, and told them that love had caused the system's adoption, and without love the world would be a poor place for children and for all helpless and infirm persons."

"Next Sunday," she said, "I want each of you to come prepared to recite a scriptural verse about love."

The next Sunday duly arrived and the children had all prepared their verses. One had "Love your enemies," another, "Little children, love one another," and so on.

"Finally a small boy with red hair arose. He began in a loud, shrill voice:

"Song of Solomon, second chapter, fifth verse.

"And then he recited:

"Stay with me, fagons, comfort me with apples; for I am sick of love."

In Chateo.

When Ambassador Choate was leader of the New York bar many a fledgling lawyer had a fling at him. There was scarcely an attorney who was not afraid of him in open court, but elsewhere an occasional display of courage and impudence would be made. One day in the Lawyers' club a budding pundit, now a highly successful practitioner, observing Mr. Choate at a neighboring table, asked in a voice meant for others to hear:

"Ah, counselor, why was your luncheon so rudimentary?"

"Perhaps you can explain," said the legal light, dryly.

"Because it's in Chateo," was the reply.

"Your play upon my name," returned Choate, drawing out the words with keen emphasis, "painfully exposes the profoundness of your ignorance. The luncheon, sir may be in Chateo, but your right to address me is in-ko-ate."

There was a general laugh as the offender departed with a bad case of try gins.

Rondelet.

That love is dead I know not who to name. For I am sure now, I sometimes think, instead of my own self, you are the one to blame.

That love is dead.

The rose for me will never be as red. Now that we separate; no more the same.

The joy of summer on the hills be spread.

That love is dead.

And grief above enjoyment now will claim. The moon of night, when dimmer o'er a head.

The silver crescent hides in mist, for shame.

That love is dead.

—Alonso Rice, in Lee's Magazine.

Execution Checks Outrages.

The execution of two of their leaders has put a temporary check to the machinations of a new Chinese sect named Tsai-Yuan, in Honan, whose program was to destroy all railways and all foreigners on a day to be announced. They hate the present ruler of China, declaring that the real emperor is now residing on the "Mountain of Nine Dragons," and will make his appearance in due time.

Refused to Authority.

Congressman, Cooper of Texas tells about a distinguished army officer who on one occasion offered prayer before a regiment. He summed up the causes and objects of the war—the war with Mexico—and asserted that it was no war of conquest, but annexation only, concluding his supplication to the throne of grace with: "I refer you, good Lord, to Polk's message on this subject."

Merely a Virginian.

Two men in a yellow car on Pennsylvania avenue were disputing about the proper method to find the cube root of a certain number. One held to one plan and one to another, and they became earnest.

Senator Daniel of Virginia sat across the aisle, engrossed in his own thoughts. He was staring straight out of the window when one of the disputants leaned over and touched the senator on the knee, saying, "Excuse me, sir, but are you a mathematician?"

The senator came out of his reverie with a start.

"No, sir," he replied with dignity; "I am not; I am a Virginian."—Washington Cor. New York World.

Had His Own Little Doubts.

"Say, ma," asked little Willie, after he had been in conjunction with the paternal slipper, "did anybody besides pa ever ask you to be his wife?"

"Oh, yes. I had lots of proposals before your father came along."

"Well, do you think you gained any thing by waiting?"

NEVER WRITE AT NIGHT.

Girl Philosopher Gives Good Advice to Her Chum.

From 8 to 10 p. m. the tall girl wrote letters. The next morning immediately after breakfast she announced that her time up to 12 o'clock would be devoted to correspondence.

"Surely you are not going to write more letters," said the top-floor girl. "You wrote a dozen last night."

"I know I did," was the reply, "but I am not going to send them. I never mail a letter that I write at night. It isn't safe. I say too many idiotic things. I only write them as a kind of safety valve. There are certain things that I must say to relieve my mind. After I get those surging thoughts put down on paper I feel better, but you couldn't hire me to mail the letters."

"I used to, but that was before they got me into so much trouble. We let our emotions run away with us when writing at night. We get entirely too confidential. Under the witchery of a shaded gas jet we tell things that wild horses couldn't drag from us by the light of day. Hopes, aspirations and the history of deeds accomplished are described in tropical language. Next morning we realize what geese we have made of ourselves, but if the letters have been mailed it is too late to do anything, and we just have to sit down and wait for the avalanche to strike us. It has struck me so many times that it has endowed me with a little caution."

"I still write letters at night, but only as a relief to my surcharged heart. This morning I shall write to the same persons I wrote to last night, but the letters will not be even first cousins to those emotional lubrications. These will be safe and sane and warranted innocuous enough to be read aloud in the best-regulated family without producing a ripple. I can't say the same for the ones I wrote up before going to bed."

"The top-floor girl looked uneasy. 'I wrote a letter myself last night,' she said.

"Better read it," the tall girl advised. "You'll be pretty sure not to send it if you do."

The top-floor girl opened the envelope and perused her letter slowly.

"I think," she said, "that I will go upstairs and write another."

WITH MARKED CARDS

SWINDLERS MADE IMMENSE SUMS IN HAVANA.

One of the Most Elaborate and Expensive Schemes Ever Carried Out Successfully Was That of Spaniard Named Blanco.

The amount of money and labor which "high-class" swindlers will expend in bringing their plans into operation is remarkable. The ordinary burglar will consider \$25 a large sum to spend on a job. Not so the artist in crime. He spends thousands. He risks much because he plays for high stakes.

One of the most remarkable swindlers was that instituted by a Spaniard named Blanco. No novelist has ever penned a tale so romantic as the account of this sharper's roguery in the cast of the great Havana card swindle.

Blanco commenced operations by buying an immense number of packs of cards. He opened every pack, carefully marked each card and skillfully fastened the packets so that it was impossible to detect that the pack had been opened. These operations were tedious, and a couple of years were occupied by them. Then Blanco shipped his vast stock of marked cards to Havana, where they were sold at such low prices that the island dealers would stock no others.

By the time Blanco himself had reached Havana his cards were distributed all over the place. He joined the best clubs and with the aid of the money he possessed and his cards soon became rich. All was going well until a Frenchman named Laforece informed him that he was a sharper.

Laforece was also a rogue, a lower kind of rogue than the Spaniard. He had obtained possession of several packs of cards from one of the principal clubs. His intention was to mark the cards and then replace them in the club stores.

To his astonishment he discovered that somebody had marked the cards already. He obtained several other packs and found that they were marked also. He went to the dealers and bought packs; every card was marked. Thus he discovered the great fraud.

He soon tracked the man who always won and compelled him to share his gains. Blanco had to do the sharpening while Laforece spent the money.

When Blanco came to the conclusion that the original stock of his cards was becoming exhausted he laid his hands on every penny he could find and bolted, leaving the Frenchman in the lurch.

Laforece being left without funds was compelled to abandon his idle ways. He cheated at cards, bungled and was detected. When brought before the tribunal the whole of the remarkable facts of the gigantic swindle came to light.

The Real Adrienne Lecocqeur.

The great success of the new Italian opera, "Adrienne Lecocqeur," has set a good many people wondering whether the actress who is its heroine (as she is the heroine of the French play called by her name) ever really existed. She certainly did. She was popular in Paris toward the end of the seventeenth century. She charmed the contemporaries of Louis XIV., and particularly the famous Prince Maurice of Saxony, who used to leave the wars (which then went on pretty continuously) and pay her flying visits in Paris. Unfortunately the duchess of Bouillon, a very great lady, indeed, was also fond of Maurice. So, when one day Adrienne suddenly died, her friends all hinted that the duchess had something to do with her death. It was never proved, but there is no doubt that Adrienne died very soon after receiving some flowers from her grace. Were those flowers poisoned. It is safe to say that a great duchess would not have thought much in those days of removing a rival if the rival happened to be a mere actress. Everybody despised actresses then. But Adrienne has her triumph over the duchess now. She is regarded as a charming martyr to love, while the duchess universally is execrated.

Modern Tendency to Hurry.

President Farnce of Brown university tells an amusing story illustrative of the hurry tendencies of the age. "Even the children," he said, "discount the future these days. Recently I noticed two little boys and two little girls much engrossed in a game they were playing. The boys and one of the girls, the elder, were together in one corner of the room, and the other little girl, who was hardly big enough to walk, was behind the door.

"What are you playing?" I asked one of the boys.

"We're playing family," he replied. "The father, Tommy's the doctor, and Sadie, here, is the mamma. Tessa, over yonder behind the door, is the baby, waiting to be borned."—New York Times.

Japanese Retort Courteous.

Nagahaki, the celebrated Japanese juggler, was a great favorite wherever he went, and just before tax present war broke out he was performing in St. Petersburg.

When hostilities commenced he had to clear out, and his admirer, among whom were many officers of the garrison, gave him a farewell supper.

At the close of the banquet they were wishing him "Godby" when some of them exclaimed, "Not goodby, but only au revoir, for we shall be drinking your health in champagne in Tokio before the year is out."

"I am afraid not," replied Nagahaki, gravely. "Japan is a poor country, remember, and I fear we shall not be able to give our prisoners champagne."

The Voyage.

Each night I launch my caravan Upon the soulless sea of sleep; My sails with freshening breezes swell, I cleave a pathway through the deep; And, sick of mind, I leave behind The old world, weary grown, and sad, And on and on I sail to find The stranger coast, the islands glad!

At morn the voyage ends—I wake! Look through my cabin window. (That's right near my bed!) The sun doth break In silver splinters through the slats! What strange new land lies there at hand!

What gladness fills the wondering sight! What leagues of sea I must have spanned From that old world of yesteryear! —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

White Cattle to Be Sold.

A herd of aboriginal wild white cattle, which has been confined for nearly seven hundred years in Chartley Park, Staffordshire, England, on the hereditary estate of the Earl Ferrers, is to be sold. The park, consisting of nine hundred acres, is to be divided up. The herd has numbered as many as forty-three, but numbers now only nine. It was shut up in 1248.

Elephant Memory Good.

Elephants never seem to forget the lessons they learn in captivity. A traveler tells of one which had been trained to carry baggage and which escaped from his keeper and ran wild. Eighteen months afterward it was recognized in a herd of wild elephants. It seemed at first as savage as any of the herd, but when its old keeper boldly seized it by the ear and told it to lie down it obeyed.

Underground in a Gold Mine.

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HIS EXPERIENCE TEACHES THEM

That Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure Bright's Disease. Remarkable case of George J. Barber—Quick recovery after years of suffering.

Estherville, Iowa, Jan. 23d.—(Special)—The experience of Mr. George J. Barber, a well known citizen of this place, justifies his friends in making the announcement to the world "Bright's Disease can be cured." Mr. Barber had kidney trouble and it developed into Bright's Disease. He treated it with Dodd's Kidney Pills and to-day he is a well man. In an interview he says:

"I can't say too much for Dodd's Kidney Pills. I had kidney disease for fifteen years and though I doctored for it with the best doctors here and in Chicago, it developed into Bright's Disease. Then I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills and two boxes cured me completely. I think Dodd's Kidney Pills are the best in the world."

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One of the best tests of a sound man is that he possesses great wealth and is not arrogant.

All Up-to-Date Housekeepers use Defiance Cold Water Starch, because it is better, and 4 or more of it for same money.

A French professor is the owner of a collection of 920 human heads, representing every known race of people.

Youngster Too Imaginative.

A London clergyman held a children's Bible class recently and afterward talked to his young friends about the terrible suffering of the poor in cold weather. "What is that place," he asked one of the boys, "where many old people have to go for warmth, although they try to keep away from it?" The lad, without a moment's hesitation, said, "Hell."

The clergyman, however, had meant the workhouse.

ITS WINTER SLEEP BROKEN.

Big Catfish Disturbed by the Intrusion of a Lot of Buffalo Fishes.

The Aquarium's big Mississippi river catfish, which in winter lies on the bottom of its tank motionless for weeks at a time in a state of hibernation, woke up in great shape on Monday last when some other fishes were introduced into its tank.

For years this big catfish has had a tank all to itself, but when the fishes from the St. Louis exhibit, a big lot, were received on Monday, it was necessary to double up the stock here in a few of the tanks, and then the buffalo fishes, which have been in the Aquarium about six months, were placed in the tank with the big cat.

The buffalo fishes came from the same waters as the big catfish, but the catfish regarded their coming into its tank as an intrusion, for all that, and it got up out of bed—out of its bed of sand on the bottom of the tank—to say so, chasing the buffalo fishes about with a liveliness quite unwanted to it at this season. The buffalo fishes are sizable specimens, but not nearly so big as the catfish, and they fed at its approach.

When it had driven the buffalo fishes all into the upper waters of the tank, the big catfish went back to bed again, and once more settled down and went to sleep. And so it has since remained, the buffaloes keeping well away from it.

Apparently it is now sleeping well and soundly again, but when it dreams—if catfish ever do dream—its sleeping visions doubtless take the shape of those unmannerly buffalo fishes, which so rudely broke in upon its long winter slumber.—New York Sun.

CHARITIES OF HELEN GOULD.

Her Gifts Bestowed With Unswerving Business Instincts.

Her law school course illustrates another trait in her character. She is careful, judicious, an excellent business woman even in the bestowal of her charities. The misdirected fervor of the sentimental giver of gifts is not hers. She is fortunate that it is not. Emotional philanthropy would long ago have made her a bankrupt. Her fortune, at a conservative estimate, is about \$15,000,000; if she complied with all the requests for money which she receives it would take her something less than two years to dispose of it. She receives about 100 letters a day asking for sums which make a weekly total of about \$150,000. She is asked to buy vessels for old sea captains, to raise mortgages on western farms, to train the voices of embryo Patis on the prairies, to educate young men for the ministry, to contribute to ladies' aid society fairs in country villages, to endow all sorts of institutions. Herself a strikingly unextravagant woman in matters of dress and all personal expenditure, she is asked by prospective brides to provide sums ranging as high as \$2,000 for their modest trousseaux. Parents write her enthusiastic letters describing the charms of young Helen Miller Gould Smith or Joneses and saying how gratefully a nucleus for these young ladies' future dowries will be received. In one banner week the begging public—including, of course, the respectable beggars, of worthy charities, as well as the mere prayers on unsophisticated kindness—asked for a million and a half dollars.

—Harper's Bazar.

Woman Rules Snake Indians.

Alexander Posey, interpreter and diplomat of the Dawes commission, who recently spent some time among the Snake Indians to secure evidence needed in making record of Creek Indians, tells of a strange discovery he has made.

Among the fullblood Snakes he found a woman who is the modern Zenobia of her race. Her Indian name is Fahnee. She can not speak English, but is considered a woman of wisdom among her tribesmen. She is 50 years old, and for years there has not been a council of war, or any other matter of import to the tribe, at which she has not been present and given advice.

She is always listened to by the men of the tribe, and seldom has her judgment been at fault. She has been in sympathy with the faction, which has always resisted the allotment of lands.

She has never led a band of Indians in a fight, but she has taken a very active part in shaping the policy of the tribal government for the last twenty-five years.

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Much oil has been discovered in Texas within the past few years, but none to equal Hunt's Lightning Oil. Others gush for a little while and then go away. It goes on and on forever, curing aches, pains, burns, bruises, cuts and wounds. In fact, a sore spot Hunt's Lightning Oil will not make happy can't be found.

One of the best tests of a sound man is that he possesses great wealth and is not arrogant.

All Up-to-Date Housekeepers use Defiance Cold Water Starch, because it is better, and 4 or more of it for same money.

A French professor is the owner of a collection of 920 human heads, representing every known race of people.

Youngster Too Imaginative.

A London clergyman held a children's Bible class recently and afterward talked to his young friends about the terrible suffering of the poor in cold weather. "What is that place," he asked one of the boys, "where many old people have to go for warmth, although they try to keep away from it?" The lad, without a moment's hesitation, said, "Hell."

The clergyman, however, had meant the workhouse.

CONSTANT ACHING.

Back aches all the time. Spalls your appetite, wearies the body, worries the mind. Kidneys cause it all

and Doan's Kidney Pills relieve and cure it.

H. B. McCarty, of 201 Cherry St., Portland, Ore., inspector of freight for the Trans-Continental Co., says: "I used Doan's Kidney Pills for back ache and other symptoms of kidney trouble which had annoyed me for months. I think a cold was responsible for the whole trouble. It seemed to settle in my kidneys. Doan's Kidney Pills routed it out. It is several months since I used them, and up to date there has been no recurrence of the trouble."

Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents per box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Elephant Memory Good.

Elephants never seem to forget the lessons they learn in captivity. A traveler tells of one which had been trained to carry baggage and which escaped from his keeper and ran wild. Eighteen months afterward it was recognized in a herd of wild elephants. It seemed at first as savage as any of the herd, but when its old keeper boldly seized it by the ear and told it to lie down it obeyed.

Underground in a Gold Mine.

Few people realize the extent of the underground workings of a gold mine. One mine in the Colorado Cripple Creek district, Colorado, has over twenty-six miles of development underground, and is adding to this territory about four miles a year. It would require a week of walking, riding and climbing to inspect even half of this mine.

In Lapland the crime which is punished most severely, next to murder, is the marrying of a girl against the express wish of her parents.

Rats have eaten \$25,000 worth of bearer bonds belonging to a Paris company. The bonds were kept in an old hat box.

HIS EXPERIENCE TEACHES THEM

That Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure Bright's Disease. Remarkable case of George J. Barber—Quick recovery after years of suffering.