

George Ade's Farm.
When William Lackaye was in Chicago with the Bingham company he was accompanied by Mrs. Lackaye, according to a new story which "Bill" Hall is telling. At a small afternoon party the conversation took the course of many conversations in Chicago these days and reference was made to George Ade and the success he had gained as humorist and playwright. Somebody ventured that the young man was investing his money wisely and had purchased a farm.

"Has he a farm in Indiana that he goes to?" inquired Mrs. Lackaye. And her quick-witted husband replied, blandly:

"No, my dear—he didn't buy it to go to—just to refer to."

No one would ever be bothered with constipation if every one knew how naturally and quickly Burdock Blood Bitters regulates the stomach and bowels.

Fultz Goes to New York.
Dave Fultz, the crack outfielder of the champion Athletics, will not play with that combination next season. Fultz has received an exceptionally large offer from another club for 1903, and, as Manager Mack can not meet the price, Fultz has decided to leave Philadelphia. It is believed the New York National League Club has secured the Athletics' star center fielder. Fultz's contract with Connie Mack expired this year.

While splitting rails the other day our leading poet severely sprained both his hands, and now he cannot lift a glass of "moonshine" to his lips without assistance.—Atlanta Constitution.

"He has been working like a galley slave, hasn't he?" "Worse, like a farmer's wife."—Life.

The way we conduct ourself is the way the world is usually apt to judge us.

It is estimated that there are sixteen tons of microscopic shell fish in every cubic mile of the ocean.

We should not be extravagant in financial or any other of our matters.

In the slough of despond many a fond hope has sunk nevermore to rise.

How fond some of us are of getting into mischief.

CASE NO. 30,611.

C. E. Boies, Dealer in Grain and Feed;
Address, 505 South Water Street, Akron, Ohio—Cured in 1896.
Mr. Boies says: "Ever since the Civil War I have had attacks of kidney and bladder trouble, decidedly worse during the last two or three years. Although I consulted physicians, some of whom told me I was verging on Bright's disease, and I was continually using standard remedies, the excruciating aching just across the kidneys, which radiated to the shoulder blades still existed. As might be expected, when my kidneys were in a disturbed condition there was a distressing and inconvenient difficulty with the action of the kidney secretions. A box of Doan's Kidney Pills, procured at Lamparter & Co.'s drug store, brought such a decided change within a week that I continued the treatment. The last attack, and it was particularly aggravated, disappeared."

Cure Confirmed Four Years After.
Four years later Mr. Boies says: In the spring of 1896 I made a public statement of my experience with Doan's Kidney Pills. This remedy cured me of terrible aching in the kidneys, in the small of my back, in the muscles of the shoulder blades, and in the limbs. During the years that have gone by I can conscientiously say there have been no recurrences of my old trouble. My confidence in Doan's Kidney Pills is stronger than ever, not only from my personal experience, but from the experience of many others in Akron, which have come to my notice.

A FREE TRIAL of this great Kidney medicine which cured Mr. Boies, will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.

Italy has attracted an unusually large number of Americans this year.

Scald head is an eczema of the scalp—very severe sometimes, but it can be cured. Doan's Ointment, quick and permanent in its results. At any drug store, 50 cents.

The man of principle never will lack for friends.

There is no danger of a girl being too modest.

EXPLORERS WORKING OUT THE STORY OF THE WORLD

Long Hidden Secrets of the Famous Mesopotamian Valley, Among Others, to Be Laid Bare—Recent Discoveries Made in Asia Minor.

(Special Correspondence.)
As the second year of the twentieth century nears its end it sees a mighty effort being made in all fields to work out the story of the world—ethnologically, archeologically, paleontologically, and geographically.



COUNT R. DE BORDON DE SEGONZAC

There is hardly a spot on the earth's surface from New Zealand to the Poles that is not being made the subject of energetic exploration. The town of Oran in Algeria recently celebrated a little occasion. It was the one-thousandth anniversary of its existence. Part of the ceremonies consisted in a session of a geographical congress. At that congress a man, burned almost black, arose and told in a dry, matter-of-fact, scientific way of a little jaunt of almost two thousand miles that he had just finished. His trip had been through middle Morocco, which never before had been visited by a European, and which, the inhabiting Berbers had sworn, never should be so visited. This man, whose name is



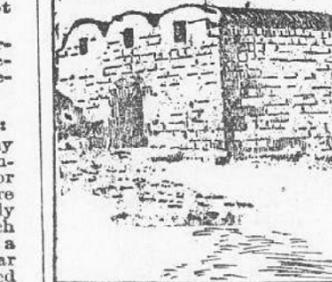
Ruins of Nimrod's Palaces.

Count R. de Bordon de Segonzac, decided differently. So he worked his way as near the unknown land as he could, and then, obtaining disguises, he wandered as an Arab. Despite his excellent knowledge of the manners, speech and customs of the Moroccans and the inhabitants of the Atlas mountains, he feared that they might penetrate his disguise if they became inquisitive as to his business. So he took advantage of the fact that Mohammedans believe that insane persons are under the especial care of Allah, and pretended to be insane. This assured him of respect and good treatment everywhere, and, although he had many narrow escapes, he managed to play his role to the end and made his way back to civilization with his valuable head still on his shoulders.

In Asia Minor the Imperial German Archeological institute has paid for excavations on the site of the famous old temple of Gordium, and enough finds have been made to prove that the workers are digging out an ancient settlement that was great and flourishing 1,500 years before Christ.

Other excavations in the peninsula of Miletus, on the Aegean sea, have produced results so tempting that private German capital has been furnished, with which the great part of the peninsula has been purchased outright to assure successful prosecution of the work. The territory thus acquired comprises the site of the great Necropolis and the Sacred Way leading to the famous Temple of Apollo of Didyma, the greatest holy place of Asia Minor in its day.

This purchase, it is said now, will make a far more wonderful place to visit than even Pompeii, for when the excavations are completed a perfect dream city will have been unearthed. The entire hill in front of the city, crowned by the famous theater, belongs to the excavators, also the ancient harbor basin with its entrance



Ghost Palace of Amra.

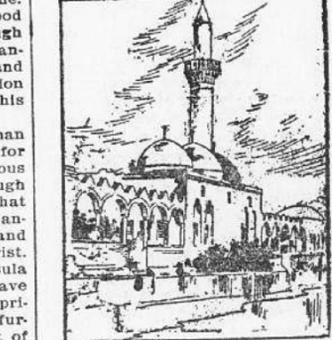
marked with two colossal marble lions and with a port city with halls in it more than three hundred feet long. In the wonderful Mesopotamian valley, the scene of the most intensely interesting history of all mankind, there has been digging in many places. Places that were held against all study and even entry by the powerful, unbeaten Bedouin tribes, who successfully defied exploration party after party in the past twenty years, have yielded at last to the railroad engineer. The valleys of the Euphrates and the Tigris are being crossed and recrossed by Americans and Ger-

mans with surveyors' rods and theodolites. Their steel-measuring tapes gleam on the tawny sands where once the queen of Sheba trod. They are laying out the route of the Bagdad railroad where once the Assyrians "came down like the wolf on the fold." Engineering troops have been climbing around and delving in the ruins of Urfa on a branch of the Euphrates—old Ur, the city of Nimrod, the Hunter, son of Ham, first ruler of Shinar. The engineers have been planning a railroad station on the very site, perhaps, of the place where he used to entertain the great hunters of the Babylonian kingdom that he is said in old eastern tales to have founded. Prosaic mathematicians have been drawing up long statistics on the stone tables that remain intact on the rocks in front of Urfa, and that still are pointed out as the tables at which Nimrod himself used to sit to drink his wine and tell, no doubt, of his narrow escapes and the big game that he had killed.

When the steel rails are laid they may lead over those very stone benches and tables. They will pass by the holy Lake of Abraham, with its sacred fish. By its banks, according to the local Mohammedan tradition of today, Abraham the Patriarch designed to sacrifice his son, Jacob.

Austria has shown remarkable enthusiasm about exploration in Arabia. Besides Dr. Hein's expedition, the Vienna Academy fitted out the expedition of a philologist, the Rev. Dr. Alois Musil, and the painter, Hans Mielich, to explore the land of Edom, in northwestern Arabia. In their first trip they discovered the famous, but, until then, never seen ghost palace of Amra, which the Arab caravans had made known to European generations ago by their marvelous tales. According to them, it was beautiful and deadly. Its walls were decorated by magnificent paintings that were guarded by the Djinns and other evil spirits of the desert. No man ever had approached it and lived, according to the tradition. The Viennese expedition found it, thanks to the friendship of an Arab chief, who turned out to be quite the Arab of romance—lion-hearted, handsome, loyal and the soul of hospitality and truthfulness.

The emperor of Germany is busy with a unique project that will be of value to the historical as well as the military world. Some time ago he dispatched Col. Janke and the Captains Von Bismarck, Von Plessen and Von Mares to Asia Minor to make



Holy Lake in Urfa.

Modern Mosque in Background. Topographical and photographic studies and to draw up complete charts of the famous battlefields of Alexander the Great. Especially good charts and pictures have been obtained of the field of the Issus, where Alexander conquered Darius 2235 years ago, and the battle of the Cranius, where he beat the Persians a year before that.

Even the stolid and not easily impressed or curious Turks have joined the explorers. In Yemen, which is a part of Arabia, where their rule really is more than nominal, so that they can dig without danger of being swooped on by obnoxious desert kings, the Turks have come on the tracks of no less a personage than the Queen of Sheba, the delightful lady of fashion who visited Solomon. The Turks have unearthed fine marble tablets, uncommonly well preserved, with a vast amount of inscription dating back so far that the excavators are encouraged to hope that some of them really will prove to be edicts of the famous queen herself.

The French explorer, De Morgan, who has been excavating in Susiana, in Persia, has found not one buried city, but half a dozen of them, one on top of the other. The conquerors as they succeeded each other there had the amiable habit of destroying everything and building their own city, according to their own tastes, on the ruins. So it happens that, as the De Morgan expedition excavated, it unearthed one city below the other. Gradually the entire lost history of Persia was laid bare. The Dominican Father, Shell, who accompanies this party, discovered a stone column that is covered with cuneiform writings. He has deciphered enough already to know that these writings represent laws and statutes that were promulgated in Persia one thousand years before Christ was born.

POLICE UNABLE TO COPE WITH CARNIVAL OF CRIME

Streets of French Capital Practically Given Over to Organized Bands of Robbers and Murderers Who Laugh at the Authorities.

Once more comes the news, astounding to all except such as are familiar with the corruption which exists among the police of that city, that Paris is terrorized by organized bands of footpads and burglars who do not hesitate to murder if they find the killing of human beings requisite for the success of their operations. Hardly a night passes but some unoffending citizen is set upon by thugs and as many as a dozen revolver, knife and sandbag attacks have been reported in one night. Recently a new method of assault has been introduced. A citizen walking hurriedly along a street on his way home from his place of business or entertainment hears the whirr of a lariat and before he has time to see whence it comes finds himself lassoed and being dragged



The Lariat Men at Work.

Into some dark alley or doorway, where thieves relieve him of whatever of value he has on his person. When he escapes—if he is fortunate enough not to be killed—he hurries to the police in the hope that an effort will be made to recover his property and punish his assailants. His complaint causes no surprise and arouses no official to action. Robbery is such a commonplace affair in Paris that the police do not deem it worth while tracing the offenders in any particular case, unless the grave offense of murder occurs also.

So bold are these Paris thugs that they band together and give themselves names, as secret societies have a habit of doing. The names and rendezvous are, many of them, well known to the police and no other reason for the failure to rid the French metropolis of them can be ascribed than collusion, with profit to the police in the shape of a division of the plunder. As their names differ, so do their purposes and methods. There are at least thirty of these guilds of crime and some of them wield considerable political influence.

As their name suggests the members of the "Habits Noirs" gang are well dressed and, for the greater part, they are also good looking. The term "Habits Noirs" means "evening dress." They frequent the reading and smoking rooms of hotels as well as picture galleries and similar places of entertainment during the day, and cafe concerts at night, always dressed in the very height of fashion. They do not disdain the acquaintance of men, especially if they happen to be foreign visitors, and are only too ready to pilot them to haunts where they can be robbed in one fashion or another with impunity. Yet, as a general rule, they look to women as their legitimate prey. In one manner or another they manage to scrape an acquaintance with their victim, and once they have achieved this the rest is easy. For woe betide the woman who allows even a scrap of writing, a glove, a handkerchief or a card to fall into the hands of one of these adventurers. It is used at once for purposes of terrorism and of blackmail, and unless the woman has the good sense to immediately appeal for protection to some male relative there is no limit to the depth of the degradation to which she will be dragged. In the end she may be murdered.

Another notorious band operates in the Bois de Boulogne. The police supervision of that famous park is of the most inadequate character, and



Bande de Neuilly Thugs Throwing Victim Over a Parapet.

the result is that each clump of bushes, each cove of trees has become the hiding place of bandits of the most audacious description. To such an extent is this the case that it has become positively dangerous for solitary promenaders to turn off into any of the less frequented side paths, and scarcely a day passes without one or more robberies being reported to the police. The coarser thugs beyond mostly to

the Bande de Neuilly, a league whose members make night attacks upon belated citizens returning home through the streets that are badly lighted and little frequented. Their audacity remains almost incredible. They think nothing of attacking a policeman on his beat. In Neuilly and in other similarly infested quarters of Paris the patrolling is done by the police in couples, or even in parties of three. Marquetot, the founder of this gang of thugs, ultimately met with his death on the scaffold for the murder of an old lady, and during the course of his trial the fact was brought to light that he had taken part in no less than seventy separate night assaults with robbery. His hideous society survived him. As a general rule its members content themselves with throttling, pounding and kicking their victims into insensibility. But if the persons thus assailed show fight or lead their assailants to believe for one moment that they have recognized them they will stab them, or beat in their skulls without the slightest hesitation, then drop their bodies over the parapet of the bridge at Neuilly into the swiftly flowing river.

There is no bridge in all Paris that has been the scene of so many murders of this kind as the bridge at Neuilly.

The Cour la Reine bandits are as formidable as the Bande de Neuilly, but are not so coarse. They haunt the fortifications of the city, attacking only selected victims, who, after being plundered are thrown over the walls and killed.

GRATITUDE OF A BLACKBIRD

Absolute Authenticity of This Story Not Vouched For.

We are unable to guarantee the absolute authenticity of the following story; but as truth is often stranger than fiction, we leave it to our discriminating readers to settle the point as to which category it belongs. A well-known charitable gentleman, who was in the habit of taking a "constitutional" every morning, saw on one of his rambles a half-frozen blackbird lying on the snow. He picked it up and took it home, where, with care and proper food, it became a general pet; and its kind master, finding it very teachable, got it to learn a popular song, which, by dint of practice, it was able to whistle from beginning to end without fault. With the return of the spring, our friend set it at liberty, as he could not find it in his heart to detain it in captivity any longer. A year passed, and in the following spring the philanthropist was awakened on morning by certain harmonious tones which proceeded from a tree opposite his bedroom window. It was the song he had taught the blackbird now rendered by four voices. The grateful bird had, during the winter, taught three of its comrades to sing the popular air, and now performed it as a quartet for the delectation of its benefactor.

Safety of the Temple.

There was one famous building of antiquity, which, according to the records, was never once damaged by lightning during its thousand years of existence, although placed high on a hill above a city in a mountain region where thunderstorms are very frequent. It was the temple of Solomon at Jerusalem. The temple was overlaid within and without by plates of gold, writes a contributor to Leslie's Monthly. Now gold is one of the best electric conductors, and in this way the whole building was protected with a perfection and thoroughness that has never been attempted before or since.

Students "Josh" Carrie Nation.

Mrs. Carrie Nation went to New Haven to have "a heart to heart talk with the Yale students," as she expressed it. She made her way to the campus, where she found a number of young men, some smoking cigarettes. This was enough for Carrie, and she proceeded to give the students a scolding. They stood it good naturedly for a while, but finally treated the saloon smasher to a round of "joshing" college yells and choruses, and Mrs. Nation was forced to beat a somewhat undignified retreat.

Record Head of Hair.

A Mexican lady, by name Mercedes Lopez, claims to possess the longest head of hair in the world. She is only five feet in height, but when standing erect her tresses trail on the ground a distance of four feet eight inches. It is, moreover, so thick that she can hide herself in its folds. So quickly does it grow that she is able to cut off large tresses and sell them from time to time, since her husband's position is only that of a poor shepherd.

Zulu in American University.

Pixley Ka Isaaka Seme, the first Zulu to enter an American university, has succeeded in passing the severe entrance examinations at Columbia, and has matriculated for an eight years' course in medicine and surgery. He has been in this country since 1898 and is 21 years old. His purpose is to practice medicine in his native land.



Mrs. Tupman, a prominent lady of Richmond, Va., a great sufferer with woman's troubles, tells of her cure by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—For some years I suffered with backache, severe bearing-down pains, leucorrhoea, and falling of the womb. I tried many remedies, but nothing gave any positive relief. "I commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in June, 1901. When I had taken ten bottles with the result that I feel like a new woman. When I commenced taking the Vegetable Compound I felt all worn out and was fast approaching complete nervous collapse. I weighed only 98 pounds. Now I weigh 109½ pounds and am improving every day. I gladly testify to the benefits received."—Mrs. R. C. TUPMAN, 423 West 30th St., Richmond, Va.

When a medicine has been successful in more than a million cases, is it justice to yourself to say, without trying it, "I do not believe it would help me"?

Surely you cannot wish to remain weak and sick and discouraged, exhausted with each day's work. You have some derangement of the feminine organism, and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you just as surely as it has others.

Mrs. W. H. Pelham, Jr., 108 E. Baker St., Richmond, Va., says: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I must say that I do not believe there is any female medicine to compare with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I return to you my heartfelt thanks for what your medicine has done for me. Before taking the Vegetable Compound I was so badly off that I thought I could not live much longer. The little work I had to do was a burden to me. I suffered with irregular menstruation and leucorrhoea, which caused an irritation of the parts. I looked like one who had consumption, but I do not look like that now, and I owe it all to your wonderful medicine.



"I took only six bottles, but it has made me feel like a new person. I thank God that there is such a female helper as you."

Be it, therefore, believed by all women who are ill that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the medicine they should take. It has stood the test of time, and it has hundreds of thousands of cures to its credit. Women should consider it unwise to use any other medicine.

Mrs. Pinkham, whose address is Lynn, Mass., will answer cheerfully and without cost all letters addressed to her by sick women. Perhaps she has just the knowledge that will help your case—try her to-day—it costs nothing.

FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

\$5000