# The Marble Hill Press.

J. S. Hill, Business Manager.

MARBLE HILL, - - MISSOURI

The new boy has convinced Grover that marriage is a grand, sweet yell.

The forty women who want to marry Luetgert unavoidably suggest a tremendous temptation to the father of wickedness.

Miss Willard wants workingmen to have palatial clubs where they can lounge and rest as in a saloon. Isn't that kindness at the expense of their women and children?

Trials for "lese majeste"—which, in practice, means criticism of the emperor—are so common in Germany that William II. appears to be a law unto himself. A well-known diplomatist affirms, however, that it is not so.

A writer in the Living Church saw this sign on the door of a Chinese laundry in Chicago: "Please help us to remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy by bringing your clothes to the laundry before ten o'clock on Sundays." Only one of the Chinamen was acquainted with the English language, and all were apparently heathen. The irony was obvious, and the lesson for people calling themselves Christians quite as plain.

There is a time-honored notion that a nap after meals promotes digestion, and, filled with this belief, a large number of persons habitually take a nap after dinner, and think they are doing precisely the best thing for their health. There are other good authorities, too, who claim that sleep during digestion clouds the mind and predisposes those who indulge in it to apoplexy and stupidity. A French scientist has made this subject a study, and by exhaustive experiments has discovered that sleep does not aid digestion, but rest and a horizontal position are of great advantage in promoting the proper conditions for perfect digestion and assimilation of food.

The Society for checking the Abuse of Public Advertising, founded four years ago in England, has been highly successful in awakening the sentiment of reform. The Thames River is by act of parliament protected from any advertising whatever on its banks; a series of guide-books calls attention to recent advertising disfigurements of beautiful scenery; the council of London has condemned some monster boardings erected for advertising purposes, and the superior courts have enforced the prohibition of sky signs. America stands no less in need of such an association and such a sentiment. "The way in which I shall help," exclaimed a young matron recently, "is by never buying such articles as I see advertised amid natural scenery or in objectionable methods. They shall be impressed upon my mind as something to be shunned."

What a great mistake it is to contend that time taken from toil for sleep and recreation is time lost! There is no greater fallacy, for sleep and recreation form, as it were, the cement put in to fill up the joints in order to keep out the weather and preserve the edifice. A man does not necessarily require riches, honors or office—although the majority of us naturally have an ambition to attain one of these desiderata—but he does need food, work and sleep. It follows, therefore, that he should use every means to promote life, and among these there are three things to be kept in mind. When a man denies himself sleep, food, and the exercise work gives both to brain and body, he is robbing his life of its full term. Let him be cheerful also, for the body is like an engine—it will run well and long if it is well oiled. Contentment and cheerfulness are the oil which keeps the nerves from wearing out.

Special Agent A. J. Wedderburn, of the department of agriculture, has just issued the following circular: "By direction of congress the department of agriculture is investigating the character and extent of the adulteration of foods and drugs. It is generally believed that adulteration, sophistication, imitation and misbranding of foods, drugs and liquors exist to a very great extent. Many of the states have enacted laws to prevent such practices, and it is very desirable to know how these laws have been enforced, and with what results. As the general public is largely interested in this matter, as it affects health, morals and legitimate trade, it is thought proper to ask the co-operation of the press in securing accurate information on the subject. The publication of a simple request for information on this subject, to be furnished the newspaper asking it, or sent direct to the chemical division of the department of agriculture, will in all probability secure a large amount of valuable data which will materially assist in properly carrying out the work.

One alderman in Minneapolis sentenced to six years at hard labor for soliciting a bribe, and two more in Taunton, Mass., indicted for the same offense is enough to convince almost any one that the life of an alderman is not all it is cracked up to be.

A discharged hired man in Michigan sued his employer for back wages, and the employer "offset" by charging $8 a barrel for three barrels of cider the hired man had drunk. Which is further evidence that there is more than one way of skinning a cat.

The former husbands of a Nebraska woman meet annually with her and always have a good time. It is not quite certain that this is a proper application of the direction to forget and forgive; but, anyhow, it is better than the inharmonious gathering whose purpose is a row.

Think of ten policemen being sentenced to be shot in the City of Mexico for killing a hapless chap who tried to assassinate the president of the republic! Would such a thing be possible in a country like ours?

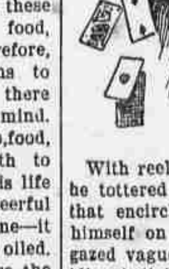
Miss Alice E. Lowery of Cassopolis, Mich., has undertaken a great work—that of establishing societies of young women pledged to refrain from marrying young men who use tobacco. Man sees many a rosy vision in the fragrant smoke of his meerschaum, but what are they compared with the imaginings of love's young dream?

General Miles urges Uncle Sam to employ more soldiers. But Uncle Sam, being a very peaceful fellow, is naturally doubtful about their necessity. Why not enlist a few more Indians?

## REGINA COELI.

SAY, did his sisters wonder what could Joseph see
In a mild, silent little maid like thee?
And was it awful in that narrow house,
With God for babe and Spouse?
Nay, like thy simple, female sort, each one
Apt to find Him in Husband and in Son,
Nothing to thee came strange in this,
Thy wonder was but wondrous bliss;
Wondrous, for though
True Virgin lives not but does know
(Howbeit none ever yet confessed)
That God lies really in her breast,
Of thine he made his special nest
And so,
All mothers worship little feet
And kiss the very ground they've trod,
But, ah, thy little Baby Sweet,
Who was indeed thy God!

—Coventry Patmore.



WHEN Lucien de Hem had seen his last 100-franc note raked in by the banker and had risen from the roulette table where he had just lost the remains of his small fortune he experienced a sort of vertigo and almost fell.

With reeling brain and failing limbs he tottered over to the leather bench that encircled the room and threw himself on it. For some minutes he gazed vaguely about this private gambling hell in which he had wasted the best years of his youth, recognizing one by one the plundered heads of the players in the bold glare of the three great green shades. He heard the soft friction of the gold on the felt and realized his loss, his ruin; but he remembered that at home, in a bureau drawer, there were two army pistols which had been bravely used by his father, General De Hem, in the attack of Zaatcha. Then utterly worn out, he slept profoundly.

He awoke with parched throat and glancing at the clock saw that he had barely slept a half hour.

An imperative need to breathe the night air came over him. The hands marked a quarter to midnight, and, on rising and stretching his arms, Lucien recollected that it was Christmas eve, and by an ironical freak of memory he saw himself a little child again putting his shoes in front of the chimney at bedtime.

Just then old Dronski, the Pole, a fixture of the place, in threadbare, braided livery, came up to Lucien and mouthed a few words in his dirty beard.

"Lend me five francs, Monsieur. Here are two days since I have been out of the club and 17 has not turned up once. * * * Laugh at me if you will, but you may cut off my fist if 17 does not come out in a few minutes, when the clock strikes midnight."

Lucien de Hem shrugged his shoulders; he had not even the wherewithal in his pocket to pay the tax known by the house habitues as "The Pole's Pence."

He passed into the hall, put on his hat, his coat, then descended the stairs with the haste of a fevered person. During the four hours he had been in doors heavy snow had fallen and the street, a central one, walled in by high houses, was all white. Multitudes of cold stars shone in the blue-black purged sky.

The ruined man walked rapidly, revolving desperate thoughts in his mind, and was more than ever drawn to the pistol box in his dressing case drawer. Suddenly he stopped. He was confronted by a heart-breaking scene.

On a stone bench, placed according to the old-time custom beside the monumental door of a palace, a little girl of 6 or 7, barely covered by a ragged black frock, was sitting in the snow. She had gone to sleep there, in spite of the cold, in a painful attitude of utter weariness, with her poor little head and shoulder propped in an angle of the icy stone.

One of her old shoes had fallen from the foot which hung over and lay in the snow.

Lucien de Hem felt mechanically for his vest pocket, and was suddenly reminded that a moment before he had not even found a forgotten franc, nor a pourboire for the valet.

However, stirred by an instinctive pity, he approached the little girl, and would perhaps have carried her in his arms to give her a night shelter, had he not seen something shining in the 44 shoe as it lay in the snow.

He bent over. It was a gold louis.

Some charitable person, a woman, doubtless, in passing by this Christmas eve had seen the shoe in front of the sleeping child, and had remembered the touching legend. This generous alms had been given so that the little one might believe in the gifts of the holy child, and in spite of her distress retain some hope in the goodness of Providence.

A louis! It meant many days of plenty for the beggar, and Lucien was about to waken and tell her so, when he heard a voice in his ear, a drawling, thick voice, mumbling:

"Here are two days since I have been out of the club. You can cut off my fist if 17 does not come out when the clock strikes midnight."

Then the young man of 23, coming of honest stock with a magnificent military record, never failing in honor, this young man suddenly conceived a dreadful thought, fell prey to a wild, hysterical, monstrous desire. Assuring himself with one glance that the street was deserted he swiftly stooped, advanced a trembling hand, and stole the louis from the old shoe. With a wild rush he reached the club again, cleared the stairs in one impetuous rush, flung open the door of the reeking hall, and threw the gold piece on the green, just as the clock chimed the first stroke of midnight.

"All on 17!"

Seventeen won.

With a turn of his hand he shoved the 36 louis on red.

Red won.

He left 72 louis on the same color. Again it appeared. Three times he put up the doubled stakes with the same luck. There was now a great heap of gold and bank notes in front of him, and he began frantically to sow them broadcast over the table. Every combination favored him. The little ivory ball jumping about the divisions of the roulette seemed to be magnetized by the gambler's gaze, and obeyed it. In 10 plays he had recovered the few thousand francs, his last resource, that he had lost early in the evening. By punting 200 or 300 louis at once he would soon have far more than the heritage he had fooled away.

In his haste to play he had kept on his heavy coat, and the great pockets were already crammed with rolls of bank notes and gold pieces. He now had to stuff them into his inside pockets, his vest and trouser pockets, his cigar case, his handkerchief, and everything that could hold them. He still played. He still won; like a lunatic, like a drunken man! He threw the gold anywhere on the table with disdainful certainty.

In his heart a redhot iron was burning; he thought only of the child asleep in the snow; of the little beggar he had robbed.

"She is still there, of course; certainly, she must be there! In a minute, when it strikes I—I swear it—I will leave here and carry her home sleeping in my arms. I will bring her up, love her as my own child, and care for her always, always."

The clock struck 1, the quarter, the half, the three-quarters, and Lucien still sat at the table. A minute before 2 the banker rose abruptly and said in a sharp voice:

"Enough for the day, gentlemen; the bank is closed."

Lucien leaped to his feet. Roughly he pushed the players aside as they lingered about, eyeing him with envious admiration; hurriedly he cleared the stairs and ran to the stone bench.

"Thank God!" he cried; "she is still there!" He seized her hand.

"Ah! how cold she is, poor little one!"

As he lifted her in his arms the child's head fell back limp, and she did not waken. How children sleep, he thought, pressing her to his breast for warmth; and, vaguely anxious, he was about to kiss her lids to draw her from this heavy slumber, when he saw with terror that the child's eyes were half open, showing glassy pupils, extinguished and motionless. With terrible suspicion Lucien brushed her little lips with his own, and no breath came from them. While Lucien had been winning a fortune with the louis stolen from her, this little beggar had died of cold.

HE APPROACHED THE LITTLE GIRL.

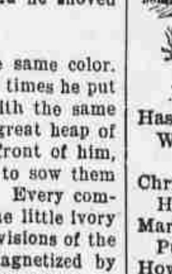
His throat contracted in awful agony, he tried to cry out * * * and in the effort—he awoke from a nightmare on the bench at the club, where he had fallen asleep before midnight, and had been left undisturbed by the kindness of the old valet, who had gone off last of all at 5 o'clock. His heart had been touched by the poor bankrupt.

A noisy December dawn was peering through the panes. Lucien went out, pawned his watch, bathed, breakfasted, then went to the recruiting office, where he enlisted in the First African Chasseurs.

Lucien de Hem is now a lieutenant; he lives on his small pay and never touches a card.

It appears that he saves something, too, for not long ago, in Algiers, he was seen by a brother officer who was walking behind him in a winding street of the Kasha giving alms to a little Spanish beggar asleep under a doorway. The officer had the indiscretion to look at the money which Lucien had given to poverty.

He had put a gold louis in the child's hand.



CHRISTMAS bells are ringing,
Ringing glad and gay,
Voices sweet are singing
Songs of Christmas Day.
Heart, what joyous music,
For thy part dost bring?
Hast thou filled sad places
With love's carolling?

Christmas bells are ringing,
Heart, what gift of thine
Marks the day's sweet meaning
Purposes divine?
How dost tell the story
Of the heavenly birth
With its streaming glory
Filling all the earth?

Christmas bells are ringing,
Ringing joyfully,
Heart, a holy helper
Thou thyself must be;
Thou must follow, follow
Him who is the way—
Be love's advent angel
Bringing Christmas Day.

From every spire on Christmas eve,
The Christmas bells ring clearly out
Their message of good will and peace,
With many a call and silver shout.
For faithful hearts, the angels' song
Still echoes in the frosty air,
And by the altar low they bow
In adoration and in prayer.

A thousand blessed mem'ries throng,
The stars are holy signs to them,
And from the eyes of every child
Looks forth the Babe of Bethlehem.
But there are others, not like these,
Whose brows are sad, whose hopes are crossed,
To whom the season brings no cheer,
And life's most gracious charm is lost.

To whom that story, old and sweet,
Is but a fable at the best;
The Christmas music mocks their ears,
And life has naught of joy or rest.
Oh! for an angel's voice to pierce
The clouds of grief that o'er them rise,
The mists of doubt and unbelief
That veil the blue of Christmas skies

That they, at last, may see the light
Which shines from Bethlehem and unfolds
For Christ the treasures of their hearts
Richer than spicery or gold.
Hope of the ages, draw Thou near,
Till all the earth shall own Thy sway
And when Thou reign'st in every heart
It will indeed be Christmas day.

—Eleanor A. Hunter.

### Hungary's Christmas Feast.

Goulasch is the national dish of Hungary and consists of meat cut into small pieces and cooked with onions, tomatoes and powerful paprika, a species of pepper peculiar to the country. This dish is naturally the most attractive in the Christmas dinner, and with it are fried cabbage, fish, soup, farina cakes and cakes made from the poppy seeds. Dividing the honors with the goulasch there will be found upon the table a roast pig invariably decorated with roses between its teeth. This meal eaten as an evening dinner before midnight mass, and when the worshipers return from their church after midnight the table is set with cold pork, bonbons and corn brandy as a drink.

Bizley—"You must dislike Newcomb very much." Grisly—"I hate him as fiercely as a barber hates a bald headed man with a full beard."—Truth.

## OUR BUDGET OF FUN

SOME GOOD JOKES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

Up to His Old Tricks, or a Tragedy of the Force of Habit—Like a Girl of Eighteen—How a Thoughtless Remark Led to a Domestic Cyclone.

### A Wonderful Baby.

SAY, 'papa,' darling,' the mother cooed
It opened its big eyes blue,
With wondering look the visitor viewed
And crowed and said "Goo-goo."

"Say, 'mamma,' darling," the mother said;
"Say 'mamma,' sweet one do;"
It tugged at the hair of its curly head
And laughed and said "Goo-goo."

"Now, say, 'good-by,'" and the mother smiled;
With a joy that was pleasant to view
"Now, say 'good-by,'" and the winsome child
Responded and said "Goo-goo."

Then the mother embraced the little dear
And kissed it again and again,
As she gurglingly said, "Did you ever hear
A baby that talked so plain?"

T. E. McGrath.

### Why He Went Up.

"John! John!" exclaimed Mrs. Perkins; "wake up! I hear a burglar down stairs!"

Mr. Perkins jumped up, hurriedly put on his trousers and slippers and rushed from the room.

After he had been silent for a minute or two Mrs. Perkins called:

"John! John! Where are you John!"

"Here I am," Mr. Perkins answered

"What on earth are you doing in the attic?" Mrs. Perkins shrieked.

"Confound it," replied Mr. Perkins "didn't you say he was downstairs?"

### Presence of Mind

Mrs. F. (petulantly)—You never kiss me now.

Mr. F.—The idea of a woman of your age wanting to be kissed. One would think you were a girl of eighteen.

Mrs. F. (suspiciously)—What do you know about girls of eighteen?

Mr. F.—Why, my dear, weren't you eighteen once yourself?

### Up to His Old Tricks.

He had been a real-estate boomer in a western town, but when the reaction came he was compelled to accept a clerkship in a dry goods store in order to make both ends meet, but he couldn't quite forget his old habits.

The first day he was behind the counter a lady came in to look at some dress goods.

"How much did you say there was in this piece?" she asked, pointing to one she had selected.

"Fifteen yards, madam," replied the ex-boomer.

"Oh, but that is entirely too much I only need half that quantity."

"Madam," replied the clerk, lapsing into the familiar vernacular of his former calling, "I am offering you a bargain and if you fail to secure control of the entire property you will miss the opportunity of a lifetime You can cut the tract up into town lots and realize 300 per cent profit on your investment inside of six months."

Then it suddenly occurred to him that he was not making a deal in real estate and he began to apologize.

### That Settled It.

"Why has Mrs. Langdon left her husband and gone back to her parents?"

"She got to rummaging through his papers the other day and found the receipt for his first wife's engagement ring. It cost $20 more than he paid for the second one."

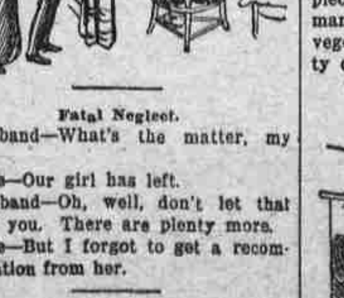
### A Calamity Howler.

"Prosperity here? Nothing of the sort. I'm a good deal worse off than I was before the election."

"What business are you in?"

"I'm not in any business. I was running the straw vote department for the Daily Blowhorn."

### Nothing Ventured, Nothing Won.



### Fatal Neglect.

Husband—What's the matter, my dear?

Wife—Our girl has left.

Husband—Oh, well, don't let that worry you. There are plenty more.

Wife—But I forgot to get a recommendation from her.

### Too True.

Isaacs—"The early bird catches the worm."

Walton—"And then tells his friends about the snakes that got away."

### Called.

Boreton—"Say, old man, have I told you that story about the man and the thirty beers?"

Loreton—"Not lately."

### Not Very Roomy.

Haskins—"Isn't Rogers' new house rather small?"

Perkins—"Yes; there's not even room for doubt in it."

### Half Way.

Ninna—"Have you been to church lately?"

Minus—"No; but I have read 'The Christian.'"

The earliest American theaters were at New York and Annapolis, 1753; Albany, 1769; Baltimore, 1773.

UNDER THE MISTLETOE! TO THEIR CHEEKS THE WARM BLOOD FLIES
AS INTO HER EYES LOOK HIS, BUT—THERE ARE OTHER EYES.

## WHEN SANTA CLAUSE ARRIVES.

With a rub,
And a dub,
And a rub-a-dub dub,
And a rub-a-dub-dub on the drum,
The boy comes a tramping
And stamping
And ramping
And a rub-a-dub drubbing his drum.

With a rink,
And a tink,
And a rink-a-tink tink,
And a rink-a-tink tink of the bell,
Number Two comes a flashing
And dashing
And crashing
"Fire injin, an' horses, an' bell."

With a whoot,
And a toot,
And a whoot-a-toot toot,
And a whoot-a-toot on the horn
The youngest comes blaring
And r'aring
And tearing
And raising the roof with his horn.

With a whang!
And a bang!!
And a whang-a-bang bang!!!
And a whang-a-bang bang all aroun',
Hurrah for the noise!
And the joys
Of the boys
When Santa Claus cometh to town:

—Carl Currie.

Christmas in the country forty years ago was a different affair from what it is now. I never think of Christmas in those days without thinking of a lovely winter day, bright with sunshine, and snow everywhere; large drifts, through which the horses floundered as they drew the stout sled, on which was the wagon-bed filled with hay, and covered with blankets and buffalo-robes, where we cuddled down, as we rode merrily away to spend Christmas at grandpa's. We could hardly wait till the horses stopped, so eager were we to wish grandpa a merry Christmas; but he was generally ahead of us with his greeting of "Christmas gift." That entitled him to a present instead of us; but a kiss all around was usually the way we paid off our indebtedness, while some striped sticks of peppermint candy, laid up for the occasion, were given us. Our aunts, uncles and cousins came next for their share of good wishes and merry jokes.

A bright fire burned in the fireplace, and there, suspended by a stout string from the ceiling, was a great turkey packed full of dressing, and sending forth a most delicious odor as it turned round and round, gradually browning before the fire, the juice dripping into a great pan on the brick hearth; and from this pan grandma occasionally dipped the juice with a huge iron spoon and poured it over the crisp sides of the turkey. Other preparations were going on meanwhile in the kitchen, where a cooking stove held the place of honor, as cooking-stoves were very rare in those days. The neighbors had come miles to see it, and express their fears as to the probability of its "blowing up." This cook-stove, however, was not equal to cooking such a large turkey in its small oven. A coffee-boiler sent out an odor of coffee strong and fragrant, while a long table covered with snowy linen (the work of grandma's own hands) stood at the farther end of the long kitchen.

As soon as the turkey was pronounced done and the gravy made in the dripping-pan, the chairs were placed near the table and we were called to dinner. No one was left to wait, and such a merry time! After grandpa had asked a blessing on the food, he carved the turkey and supplied our waiting plates bountifully with any piece we wished, together with all manner of good things in the way of vegetables. A rice pudding with plenty of raisins, pumpkin pies and rosy-cheeked apples served for dessert, and our only sorrow was that we could eat so little. After dinner we children played games in the kitchen, around the fireplace that was used when there was no fire in the cook stove. Here we popped corn, cracked nuts, told fairy stories and played blind-man's buff while the older ones "visited" in the "keepin'-room" until the time came to return home.

A BRIGHT FIRE BURNED.

## PURITAN CHRISTMAS.

The riotous celebration of Christmas day prejudiced the early Puritans against the holiday. In Scotland Knox set his face against the special observance of the day with such sternness that to this day the holiday in Scotland is but slightly observed; and much the same feeling animated the Nonconformists of England. Naturally in the New England settlements this sentiment prevailed. Cotton denounced the "wanton Bacchanalian Christmases spent in reveling, dicing, carding, masking, mumming consumed in compotations, in interludes, in excess of wine, in mad mirth!"

Of the first Pilgrims' Christmas, but little was known, except that it was spent, as was many a later one, in work. Bradford said: "Ye 25 day begane to erect ye first house for comone use to receive them and their goods." On the following Christmas the Governor records with grim humor "a passage rather of mirth than of waight." Some new company excused themselves from work on that day, saying it went against their consciences. The governor answered that they would spare them until better informed. But returning at mid-day and finding them playing pitch-the-bar and stool-ball on the streets, he told them that it was against his conscience that they should play and others work, and so made them cease their games.

By 1659 the Puritans had grown to hate Christmas more and more. The very name smacked to them of incense, stole and monkish jargon; any person who observed it as a holiday by forbearing of labor, feasting or any other way, was to pay five shillings fine, so desirous were they to "beate down every sprout of Episcopacie." Judge Sewall watched jealously the feeling of the people with regard to Christmas, and noted with pleasure on each succeeding year the continuance of common traffic throughout the day. Such entries as this show his attitude: "Dec. 25th, 1685.—Carts come to town and shops open as usual.

"Some somehow observe the day, but are vexed. I believe that the Body of people profane it, and blessed be God no authority yet to compel them to keep it." When the Church of England established Christmas services in Boston a few years later we find the judge waging hopeless war against Governor Belcher over it and hear him praising his son for not going with other boy friends to hear the novel and attractive services. He says: "I dehort mine from Christmas keeping and charge them to forbear."

## LEGEND OF THE MAGI.

The legend of the Wise Men of the East, or as they are styled in the original Greek, "the three Magi," became, under monkish influence, one of the most popular during the middle ages. The Scripture nowhere informs us that these individuals were kings, or their number restricted to three. The legend converts the magi into kings, gives their names and a minute account of their stature and the nature of their gifts. Melchior, we are thus told, was king of Nubie, the smallest man of the triad, and he gave the Savior a gift of gold. Balthazar was king of Chaldea, and he offered incense; he was a man of ordinary stature. But the third, Jasper, king of Tarshish, was of high stature, "a black Ethiope," and he gave myrrh. All came with "many rich ornaments belonging to king's array, and with a multitude of people to do homage to the Savior, then a little child 13 days old."

OFFERING OF THE MAGIS.

The barbaric pomp involved in this legend made it a favorite with artists during the middle ages. The picture of "The Offering of the Magi," which we publish, is from a circular plate of silver chased in high relief and partly gilt, which is supposed to have formed the center of a morse or large brooch, used to fasten the decorated cope of an ecclesiastic in the latter part of the fourteenth century.

The Empress Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, found what she considered the burial place of the three kings, and their remains were removed to Constantinople and interred in the church of St. Sophia. Later they were removed to the Cathedral of Milan, and in the twelfth century to Cologne, where they still lie, in a magnificent reliquary, enriched with gems and enamels. These relics are enveloped in velvet and decorated with embroidery and jewels, so that only the upper part of each skull is seen.

### Reliable Data About California.

An American geography printed in 1812 contains this interesting information: "California is a wild and almost unknown land, covered throughout the year by dense fogs, as damp as they are unhealthy. On the northern shores live anthropophagi and in the interior are active volcanoes and vast plains of shifting snow, which sometimes shoot up columns to inconceivable heights." The book adds that some of these statements would seem incredible were they not so well authenticated by trustworthy travelers


## Weak Stomach

Feels Perfectly Well Since Taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I have been troubled for over two years with a weak stomach. I concluded to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. After taking a few bottles I felt perfectly well, and I cannot speak too highly of Hood's." Mrs. M. H. Wright, Akron, Ohio.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills are the favorite cathartic. 25c.


### No Chinese in Leadville.

There are no Chinese in Leadville. The atmosphere is too rare for them, and in other days when a Celestial would stray into the camp something or some one soon told him to stray out again, and he quickly obeyed the still, small voice. Some years since a resident of the camp brought in a Chinese cook. Within an hour the cook and his employer were waited upon by a committee of public-spirited citizens full of information as to railroad time tables and the hour for the departure of the next train. The employer was careless as to train time, and so announced.

"Very well," replied the committee; "we will leave the time-table with you and will be at the station to see your friend off, to speed the parting guest, so to speak. If he is not there on time it will probably be necessary to hang him, and if you should get tangled up in the rope you will have no one to blame but yourself." And then the committeemen went placidly away to their respective gold and silver propositions.

At 3 p. m. the Chinaman and the afternoon train departed from the camp in each other's company. That was quite a good while ago, but never a Chinaman has since been seen here. —Louisville Courier-Journal.


### Beauty is Blood Deep.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic cleans your blood and keeps it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets,—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.


Bicycle-lawyers bid fair to strike a specialty and form a class of themselves, the same as real estate and other branches of jurisprudence; the number of cases concerning collisions, etc., have increased with amazing and portentious rapidity.


### To Cure a Cough

Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey cuts the mucus, heals the lungs and bronchial tubes quickly. Cures grip cough in one night. 25c, no cure, no pay, is the way all good druggists sell it. Get the genuine.


An Illinois town has changed its name in honor of a dancer who was born there. Brush Hill, Ill., is now Fullersburg, in honor of "La Loie Fuller."

The wife of Li Hung Chang has a thousand servants, and no feet of any consequence.

A person to old too learn is also too old to teach.


**5 DROPS** Is the name of a simple but effective remedy for rheumatism, neuralgia, asthma and kindred ailments. The trade mark is self-explanatory. Five Drops make a dose. The effect is magical. In days gone by other alleged cures have been marketed with the promise to take effect in thirty days or more. Five Drops begins to cure at once. Immediate relief is felt. The manufacturers of Five Drops have thousands of testimonials from reliable people, copies of many of them gladly sent upon application. In order to more effectively advertise its merits the company will for the next thirty days send out 100,000 of their sample bottles of this positive cure for 25 cents a bottle by mail prepaid. Large bottle, 300 doses, $1 (for thirty days 3 bottles $2.50.) Those suffering should write to the Swanson Rheumatic Cure Company, 167-169 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill., and take advantage of this generous offer. This company is reliable, and promptly fill every order

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This Magical Treatment may be taken at home under their directions, or they will pay railroad fare and hotel bills to all who prefer to go to there for treatment, if they fail to cure. They are perfectly reliable; have no Free Prescriptions, Free Cure, Free Sample, or C. O. D. fake. They have $250,000 capital, and guarantee to cure every case they treat or refund every dollar; or their charges may be deposited in a bank to be paid to them when a cure is effected. Write them today.

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