Willmar Tribune.

TRIBUNE PRINTING CO., Publishers.

WILLMAR, - - - - MINN

IN THE DAYS OF QUEEN ANNE.

If you were but living two hundred years back
You'd wear a brocade and a flowered silk sacque;
You'd powder your tresses and buckle your shoes,
And little black patches you freely would use;
You'd revel in satin and yards of gold lace,
And put a black mask on your dear little face—
You'd simper and curtsy, and carry a fan,
If you had been born in the days of Queen Anne!

If I were to live at the time I record,
I'd wear a cocked hat and a gold-hilted sword—
My head would be covered with soldierly scars,
And glory new-gained in the Marlborough wars;
And I'd sport a red coat, and I'd mount a white wig,
And quote the Spectator, and talk very big—
In short, I'd be wholly a different man
If I had been born in the days of Queen Anne.

And you would be stanch to the Jacobite cause,
And I should be meddling with newly-made laws—
But still I should whisper: "Let Strephon proclaim
In the ear of his Chloe his rapturous flame!"
And I'd clasp you so close, and I'd love you so true,
And I'd kiss you as now at this moment I do—
For love is yet love, since the round world began,
And hearts have survived since the days of Queen Anne.

—M. C. Gillington, in Overland Monthly.

Turtles Went on Strike

They Were Pushed Beyond the Limit by a Mean Man.

"SNAPPING turtles was always a fad with Si Evershed," said Deacon Ellis, reminiscently. "'Train a turtle in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart therefrom,' Si says to me the other day. 'A man with brains and a couple of snapping turtles can supply the whole village with ducks without doing but mighty little work.

"'Snapping turtles have their rights, as well as other people,' I replies. 'And it's a shame to be working them overtime, now that the nights are getting cold.' But Si just laughed and said he wasn't afraid of his turtles going on a strike. They did, though, and that's why Si is mourning the loss of a toe and four valuable trained turtles.

"Ducks are plentiful in the lake and there is a big demand for them, but, owing to the amount they have been shot at, they have got mighty shy. This spring Si was gunning for ducks when he saw one light down and start feeding. Si was wondering whether to try a shot at him when the duck began to squawk and flop around and act as if something was holding it down.

"'Danged queer,' says Si, 'that duck acts as if it was caught in a trap.'

"So Si started over to find out what was causing the duck so much trouble. Sure enough, it had been caught in a trap, but not the kind Si thought. While Mr. Duck had been mooning around in the soft mud, looking for food, he had stepped on a snapping turtle, which was lying partly under the mud. Snapping turtles are not fond of being walked on, and this particular turtle just shot out his long neck, got a good grip on the duck, and hung on after the calm, impartial manner of snapping turtles.

"Si carried duck and snapping turtle back to his house, and, as there wasn't any way of making the turtle let go, he cut off the part where the turtle had fastened his grip on the unlucky duck. Now Si is the happiest, contentedest man in the world when he can get somewhat else to do his work, and he figured over the duck-and-turtle problem for quite awhile.

"'Ducks is inquisitive by nature,' he says to his wife, 'always wanting to find out just what anything new is. Snapping turtles have no particular feeling against ducks, but they might be taught to have. Blamed if I don't think I've struck a great combination.

"So Si goes over to the creek and catches four young snapping turtles. Then he gets a stuffed duck and begins the work of training. He would take the duck and poke it right in the face of a turtle. Out would come the turtle's head, and he would make a snap at the duck. Then Si would pull the duck back, and with a little stick he had been holding back out of sight of the turtle he would give the turtle a whack on the back or hind legs. The turtle's attention being concentrated on the duck, he wouldn't blame Si for the blow with the stick, but would lay it all to the inoncent stuffed duck. Snapping turtles ain't any too lovable by nature, and these young ones of Si's soon began to connect the appearance of a duck with a whack of a stick. Ducks just drew out all the evil in those snapping turtles' natures. The sight of a duck had the same effect on them that a red rag does on a bull. You could see their little eyes gleam, it made them so mad. But a snapping turtle knows that running ain't its main hold, and Si's turtles would just lay back with their heads under their shells, as innocent-looking as could be, until a stuffed duck was near enough for them to have a chance to grab it. Then they would shoot out their heads, and if they got a hold, heaven and earth wouldn't make them let go. They tore up a considerable number of ducks before Si got them trained, but Si didn't care.

"'Don't you worry,' he says to his wife. 'The snapping turtle is an underestimated animal. They will furnish the snapping qualities and I will supply the brain work, and the combination will make Pike county ducks weary.'

"Si always fed the turtles and gave them fresh water and soft mud to lie in. The result was that, while these misguided turtles hated ducks worse and worse each day, they thought the world of Si. They would scramble out of their mud whenever Si came into the pen he kept them in, and follow him about like a lot of unusually clumsy puppies. By and by Si thought he had his turtles trained all right, so he got ready to put his duck-catching plans into operation. First he made four little floats, like little rafts. Then he slipped a ring over a hind leg of every turtle and fastened a turtle on each float. Then he put some mud on the floats and scattered corn over the mud. When night came he set the rafts floating out in the lake, each being fastened to the shore by a long cord.

"'The nights being cold,' said Si, 'those intelligent turtles of mine are going to bury themselves in the mud. Ducks are curious and hungry at this time of year, and they will be sure to go nosing about those innocent looking floats with the corn on them. But when any intruding duck in picking up corn treads on one of these turtles something entirely new to ducks is going to be sprung on him all of a sudden.'

"The next morning Si went around to look at his turtle-traps. Sure enough, each turtle was holding a duck. Si drew the floats to shore and was cutting the ducks loose, preparatory to wringing their necks, when along comes a game constable.

"'See here,' says the constable. 'What do you mean by catching ducks out of season?'

"'I ain't catching them,' growled Si. 'Anybody but a dang fool constable could see the turtles caught the ducks.'

"'You mustn't let your turtles catch ducks,' replies the constable, sort of doubtful.

"Si just grinned. 'I ain't a lawyer,' he says, sarcastic like, 'but I never heard of anything in the laws of the state of Pennsylvania making a closed duck season for snapping turtles. Them's the culprits,' he says, pointing to the four snapping turtles. 'Go explain the law to them. They've got more intelligence than some officers of the law who ain't so very far off at the present minute.' And he went on gathering in the captive ducks.

"The constable was madder than a hornet, but not knowing of any law applying to trained snapping turtles he went without saying a word. Si took his ducks to the village, and, ducks being scarce, got a good price for them. Then the real nature of the man showed up.

"'If these pet turtles of mine can gather in ducks at night, why can't they in the day?' he says to his wife. 'They've been taking things easy all spring and summer. Let them do some work now to pay for the care I've lavished on them.'

"So Si put the turtles out on the floats again that afternoon. He hid in the bushes alongside of the lake and after four more misguided ducks had got tangled up with the turtles Si pulled in the floats. Instead of giving the faithful turtles a little rest from their labors, he shoved the floats out again.

"'Those turtles are doing their duty faithfully,' I said to him. 'Don't work them to death. Even a snapping turtle has its rights, which ought not to be trampled on.'

"But no, that didn't suit Si. He had a good thing and he was going to work it to death. All that night and all the next day Si kept the patient little animals at work gathering in ducks. There ain't an animal in the world that will stick to a job better than a snapping turtle, but when Si finally gathered up his ducks and started for home, it was plain those turtles were about worn out. They seemed puzzled, too. There they had been catching ducks for two days, nights and days, and not a duck did they have that they could call their own.

"'Si is running this show, and it must be all right,' they seemed to be saying to themselves, as they waddled home, 'but it is blamed queer where all our ducks are.'

"If Si had acted half-way decent about the matter he might have kept the love and trust of these turtles and accumulated ducks for himself all the year around. They weren't unreasonable turtles and they thought the world of Si. A duck here and there would have satisfied them, and Si could have had the rest. But when Si routed the turtles out early the next morning and started them off on the floats, anyone could see they were not feeling cheerful and satisfied.

"'Be careful, Si,' I says to him, 'or you will lose the esteem of those turtles. A snapping turtle that feels his confidence has been misplaced is an ugly animal to deal with.'

"But no. Si was after ducks and ducks he would have if he worked those turtles until they dropped. All day and al night he kept them on the floats, tearing the ducks away as soon as a turtle caught one. Then, after giving them only a couple of hours' rest, he tried to start them at work again. Then the strike began. Si tried to get the turtles to come out of their mud in the pen and start for the lake, although they were so tired their poor legs would hardly carry them. But he had reached the limit of snapping turtle good nature. Not a turtle would budge out of the mud, but when Si made a quacking noise like a duck, which was the signal for the turtles to start for the lake, each turtle tried to bury himself deeper in the mud. Then Si was mad.

"I'll teach these loafing turtles that while ducks are plentiful they've got to work. No tramp turtles are going to be allowed on the Evershed farm, dozing in the mud and neglecting their opportunities to make hay while ducks are plentiful.' With that Si gets a stick and, having routed the turtles out of the mud, he began to pound them.

"Well, they were the most surprised turtles you ever saw. At the first blow of the stick each turtle stuck his head out from under his shell and looked around for a duck. They had been accustomed to connect blows with the stick and ducks. First, they poked their heads about in a wondering way. Then the turtles looked at Si as if asking him: 'Where are the ducks?' Si didn't appreciate the mix-up he was causing in the minds of those turtles, but kept on hitting them with the stick, and trying to persuade them to go to the lake and resume their labors at duck hunting.

"Don't tell me that turtles, and especially trained turtles like those of Si's, can't think. It was plain how those poor turtles felt. First it was just surprise at not seeing any ducks when they were hit with the stick. Then it was disappointment, a sort of reluctant loss of faith in human nature. Could it be that the poundings they had experienced from their youth up had been due to Si, the man they looked up to and reverenced, and not to the hated ducks? Why, it was just like telling a man that his whole religion is a lie. A turtle's mind doesn't work any too quickly, and these turtles were thrown all in a daze at being beaten by Si Evershed, the man who had fed them and whom they had trusted and loved. Finally the turtles gave it up in a despairing sort of way and waddled off toward the pond and their daily task. But it was plain they were doing some mighty hard thinking.

"When they got to the pond Si, being out of humor at the strike of the turtles, just tied them on their floats and tossed the floats out in the lake in a careless way, as if he didn't care whether his faithful turtles drowned or not. The floats turned up all right in the end, but not before the turtles had got good and wet. That added to the grievances of the turtles and helped turn them from respectable, hard working duck catchers into vagrant snapping turtles, ready to bite the hand which fed them.

"The ducks were getting cautious of those turtle floats, and it wasn't until nearly night that each turtle had caught a duck. The wait didn't improve Si's temper. When the floats were full Si hauled them in shore. Then he grabbed a duck and tried to yank it away from the turtle which was clinging to it. Of course, this only made the turtle hold on the harder.

"'Pesky little varmint,' says Si. 'I'll teach you to hold on to my ducks.' So, taking a stick, Si began to whack the turtle over the head.

"Patience isn't the main virtue of a snapping turtle, even of a trained one. And these turtles had a list of grievances which they had been brooding over all the time they had been on the floats. First, they had been worked overtime; then they had made the discovery that Si Evershed and not the ducks was responsible for the beatings they had suffered; they had been tossed out in the lake, as if no one cared whether they were drowned or not; and finally, after they had laid aside malice and each caught a duck, the oldest and best turtle had been pounded over the head with a stick. That settled the matter. Each turtle was determined he would do no more work for Si Evershed. It may take a trained snapping turtle quite awhile to decide what to do, but they are mighty quick to act when their minds are made up.

"Si was pounding the long-suffering turtle over the head when all of a sudden the turtle let go of the duck. The next second he had his jaws settled in Si's big toe. Si forgot all about the duck. For the next few seconds he was busy dancing about, swearing and trying to get his toe free from that once faithful but now exasperated turtle. Ordinarily a snapping turtle hangs on like death. But it was different with this turtle. He didn't so much want to have revenge on Si as to emphasize the fact that he hadn't been fairly treated. Pretty soon the turtle let go of Si's toe. Si dropped on the ground in a heap, holding on to his injured toe and cursing the ingratitude, as he called it, of the turtle.

"But while that particular turtle had been making things interesting for Si, the others had been busy in a way which showed they appreciated the strike was on. Each turtle helped bite off the cord by which another turtle was tied to a float. Then, when the turtle which had been pinching Si let go, the other turtles waddled over and set that turtle free. Each turtle could then go where he pleased. And each turtle made up his mind that his days of duck catching for Si Evershed were over then and there. By the time Si had a little recovered from the pain in his toe the four turtles had reached the edge of the lake. There they stopped for a second, turned around, took a last look at Si and then plunged in the lake. And that was the last ever seen of Si Evershed's duck catching snapping turtles.

"'Them turtles never would have struck if I had treated them half-way decent,' Si says to me mournfully. 'That last look they gave me was more dumb reproach than anger.'"—N. Y. Sun.

MYSTERY OF A PAUNCH.

Quaint Story of a Big Belted Man from the East End of London.

For many years a typical East end "character," whose real name was Solomon Sackruni, lived at No. 9 Green Dragon yard, E. He was never called by his real name, however, because the children of the district had invented another name for him which they thought more appropriate. Solomon Sackruni had an immense paunch, and it was to this fact that he owed his nickname The Hebrew youths who knew him were mostly afraid of him, and to account for their fears they invented a pleasing legend to the effect that he was accustomed to slay and eat all children who fell into his grasp. Hence also his appropriate cognomen, Shechet (the slayer).

In the course of time Solomon Sackruni, the slayer, died, and when his body was prepared for burial it was discovered that his immense paunch was not a natural development, but a huge roll of cloth which he wore around his midst. Coins of all sorts fell out of the slayer's artificial paunch—gold and silver of various denominations. With the last roll a folded document fell upon the floor. It was a post office savings bank book, and in it were entered deposits amounting to £80, all in the name of Solomon Shechet.

The mourners were surprised that Solomon Sackruni should have kept his account with the postmaster general in his nickname of Shechet, but they assumed that it had been his whim to do so, and in due course Mrs. A. Morris, next of kin to the deceased, applied to the savings bank for the money.

She was promptly informed that the bank book was never the property of her father, but belonged to quite another Solomon Shechet, who lost it in 1896 and duly reported the loss at that time. Mrs. Morris placed the matter in the hands of a Liverpool street solicitor, who made due inquiries and found that the heirs of the late Solomon Sackruni must rest satisfied with the statement of the post office authorities, which is well supported by evidence.

Mrs. Morris' very natural claim, in fact, has faded away like the immense paunch of her deceased parent.—London Mail.

The Difficulty.

Pedestrian—You say your wife is starving? Can't you get work?

Beggar—Yes, sir; but she can't.

The Cause of Free Silver.

THE STANDARD HOCUS-POCUS.

Choose Between Scarce Money with Low Prices and More Money with Higher Prices.

Double standard is a misnomer. So also is single standard, monometallism and bimetallism. The word standard presupposes stability, but in federal money there is no stability. By the concurrence of the American government bankers and importers will sometimes in the course of a month or two export many millions of dollars in gold or silver coins which are coined into legal tender money to "provide for the general welfare" of the people, thus destroying the standard of value; and a large consignment of gold from the Klondike or Cripple Creek will inflate prices, making our standard as unstable as the wind. No man can refute Bryan's logical reasoning that "if an influx of gold from the Klondike will make times better for business, more money will make times still better." Suppose that increase of our money is silver or greenback legal tender. "All the same" it makes more money and bigger prices for labor and products, and if we do not promise to redeem them in gold they will not be presented for redemption. Take the silver dollar as example. They are not presented for redemption. Why? Because there is no law for their redemption. Yet they stand at par with gold money which the government so much delights to honor. Let any man take off his political eyeglasses and look at the question logically. Is his interest better subserved by the government promising to redeem his silver money or his greenback money, or to make it a legal tender and compel every other man in our government to take it at the face value from him? The truth is, we have no business with an international agreement on the ratio of weights in our coins, as they are not coined and made a legal tender in any other country but our own. If a man wants to buy goods or pay a debt in Europe he does not send gold money or silver money or paper money, but bills of exchange, and one kind of money will buy as much exchange as another, and the price of the metal in it cuts no figure in the transaction because the money he has is left in this country that created it, and it was intended to serve the people here and should stay here. It is as much of an injustice to "the general welfare" to export gold or silver coins, thus contracting our money and reducing prices of labor and property, as it is to suffer counterfeiters to inflate prices without authority of congress. The Gresham law, cited by Mr. Keeler, is a kind of hocus-pocus in finance. If congress controlled money as it ought to do there would be no money worth more or worth less than another kind, and no basis for the hocus-pocus Gresham law. Congress should make it the same crime to melt or export our money which it had prepared for our use as to counterfeit it and make more. The whole equation of money can be relegated to two equivalents, scarce money and low prices (as per gold standard, for that is the meaning of it), and more money with higher prices (as per free silver and legal tender paper, for that is the object of that). Do you want higher or lower prices? "Choose you which you will," and vote that way.—Mississippi Valley Democrat.

GOLD AND THE PEOPLE.

Practical Working of Theory That the Money Hardest to Get Is the Best Money.

Mr. Edison has invented a process that successfully extracts the small particles of gold that are known to exist in the sands of New Mexico, Arizona, Southern California and doubtless elsewhere. The sands of the Yellowstone and Missouri rivers also contain gold, but not in quantity sufficiently large to pay for working by any process in use before Mr. Edison's invention. Now if this invention should result in bringing all this gold into commerce it will prove an estimable blessing to mankind, and incidentally prove the truth of bimetallic argument, namely, that an abundance of money makes times good and brings comfort and luxury to the people. Recent new discoveries of gold and our large balances of trade, also in gold, have done this in the United States for those who were already rich; but gold does not come down to the poor, and consequently they have felt its benefits only as the crumbs fall from the rich man's table. Silver is the poor man's money—the money that circulates among the masses, and it is the only money that does or can fill the place. The rich have been blessed with an abundance of gold—"the rich man's money"—now they should be generous and give the poor a chance.

It is said that the salt water of the sea is also largely impregnated with gold, and if this be true some wizard of invention will find a way to get it out. And who will say that the dream of the old alchemists, who imagined they could compound gold from its natural elements, may not soon be realized? When that time shall come, each citizen can have his private gold mine in his back parlor, and compound enough for his daily needs before breakfast in the morning. Then what will become of the "intrinsic" value theory? and will the money changers still insist on having all other kinds of money "redeemed" in gold? Hardly! When those golden days shall have arrived, the misers will demand that their money be "redeemed" in diamonds, or some other product equally as hard to get—their ideas of redemption being that the redeeming factor should consist of something which they hold as a monopoly and which nobody else can get without playing the character of "hands up" in the old highwayman's game of "stand and deliver." For that is precisely what is meant by "redeeming" money; and any man who sincerely believes that money ought to be redeemed in some one particularly scarce and hard-to-get commodity is at heart a highwayman—or a Simple Simon who doesn't know enough to know better.—Mississippi Valley Democrat.

A MATTER OF COURSE.

Money Power No Longer Carries on Its Work Secretly and by Intrigue and Bribery.

At the recent convention of the American Bankers' association in Cleveland, O., the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

The bankers of the United States most earnestly recommend that the congress of the United States at its next session enact a law to more firmly and unequivocally establish the gold standard in this country, by providing that the gold dollar, which under the existing law is the unit of value, shall be the standard and measure of all values in the United States; and that the obligations of the government and all paper money, including circulating notes of national banks, shall be redeemed in gold coin and that the legal tender notes of the United States, when paid into the treasury, shall not be reissued except upon the deposit of an equivalent amount of gold coin.

There was a time when the Rothschild money power carried on its work secretly and by intrigue and bribery. It was at that stage of its progress when it bribed Senator Sherman to secure by stealth and fraud the demonetization of silver in the United States, and he carried out the will of his masters by employing the forces of falsehood, fraud and forgery. If any object to the vigor or explicitness of these terms, let him possess his soul in patience, for a book is now in press that will contain the proof of each of these several charges. But the crime of enslaving the world to the money power has advanced to a point where it can afford occasionally to act in the open, to advance out of ambush and declare plainly what it means. And therefore we have this resolution of the Bankers' association—composed of abject slaves of the money power—boldly published to the world.

It means that at the approaching session of congress the entire influence of the money power, acting under the command of Baron Rothschild, will be exerted to secure the enactment of the infamous Gage-McCleary bill, or something equally as bad. It means that another turn in the death-screw of the gold standard garrote is to be made; that the people's money, silver and greenbacks, is to be destroyed, and government bonds substituted in its place as a basis for additional issues of national bank shinplasters, by which means the people will be forced to pay double interest for the currency that they ought to have free. Interest on the bonds and interest on the money bottomed on the bonds. Double interest concentrating the single standard gold basic money all the more rapidly in the vaults of one family. This is the Rothschild plan.

Meanwhile, as a future protection against anticipated vigorous protests on the part of the cheated and debt-enslaved populace, an imperial army of 100,000 roughs and desperadoes has been organized, ostensibly to subdue the Filipinos, but in fact for the suppression of liberty at home. All single standard advocates are monarchists at heart, and monarchy is the pill that is being capsuled for the American people to swallow in the not distant future. Much will depend on the action of congress.—Mississippi Valley Democrat.

NOW ONE OF THEM.

Attitude of Carlisle as a Member of the House and as Secretary of the Treasury.

John G. Carlisle, when a member of the house of representatives, declared in a speech delivered in that body that the demonetization of silver was "the most gigantic crime of this or any other age," and that it was a greater calamity than war, pestilence and famine combined. Such was the strong language of Mr. Carlisle before he was taken in and made secretary of the treasury, for the specific purpose of fastening that "gigantic crime" upon the people of the United States.

The demonetization of silver created a pretext for the sale of United States bonds. It was while a vast amount of silver was in the treasury in the form of bullion that Mr. Carlisle and Mr. Cleveland met J. Pierpont Morgan and the agent of the Rothschilds in Washington, at the dark hour of midnight, and made a sale of bonds to them, which yielded a clear profit to the parties to the transaction of more than $8,000,000. The government, of course, lost that amount in the bargain. How this enormous swag was divided may never be known outside of the parties to the infamy.

But what has become of Carlisle? Instead of returning to his home in Covington, Ky., when his term of office as secretary of the treasury expired, he pointed for Wall street, New York, and became the attorney of Morgan and other large money-changers.

"Actions speak louder than words."—Los Angeles Herald.

THOSE SILVER DOLLARS.

Why Only 8,000,000 of Them Were Coined in the United States Previous to 1873.

Many people think that because there were but 8,000,000 silver dollars coined in the United States previous to 1873 we were not upon a bimetallic standard. The reason no more silver dollars were coined in the United States was because the ratio of fifteen and one-half to one prevailed at the French mint, which made silver worth $1.33 an ounce, whereas our ratio of sixteen to one made it worth $1.29 an ounce. The holder of silver bullion in the United States, at the expenditure of one cent per ounce, could transmit his silver to the French mint and thus make three cents more per ounce than he could make by having it coined into American dollars. Is it any wonder, then, that there were no more silver dollars coined in America than 8,000,000? But during that period the great quantity of silver that we transferred to France was doing duty and service as money in Europe, and was therefore relieving the strain upon gold equally as much as if that silver were in circulation in the United States.—Illinois State Register.

CURRENT TOPICS.

PANAMA canal construction employs over 3,000 men.

JOHN BULL uses 1,700,000,000,000 matches annually.

POULTRY and eggs yielded $9,000,000 in Missouri in 1898.

ARROWROOT comes from the bulbs of South American cannas.

THE strike of the Boston upholsterers is now in its twentieth week.

THE imports of Irish linen into Germany has diminished very much.

DENVER (Col.) has more bicycles in proportion than any other city in the country.

HAWAII'S unofficial territorial delegate in Washington is a graduate of Harvard.

A FEATHER of an eagle shot by Dewey has been turned into a pen by a Cincinnati man.

BRITISH recruiting officers are said to be engaging German under-officers for service in Africa.

RAIN has never been known to fall in that part of Egypt between the two lower falls of the Nile.

PARIS municipality erected France's chief labor temple. It cost $400,000, and is used by 82 organizations.

A LAW requiring corporations to pay wages at least monthly has been declared constitutional in California.

HAWAII is said to have more telephones in proportion to the population than any other locality in the world.

AN attempt on a large scale is soon to be made to stock the abandoned farms of Maine with cattle from the west.

THE British Association for the Advancement of Science has granted £1,000 toward the expenses of an Antarctic expedition.

ALL the European navies are practicing shooting. Our soldiers taught them the necessity for good shooting in the Spanish war.

AMONG the French, formerly, to make even the most casual reference to a handkerchief, was considered the height of vulgarity.

EMPEROR WILLIAM wants an enormous increase made in the German navy to make it the equal of any sea force except that of England.

IN London the various underground electric systems for rapid transit involve the expenditure of about $100,000,000 for their completion.

THE anti-British crusade of the German press on the Transvaal war is said to be greatly against the wishes of the emperor and the government.

REGINALD D'IBERVILLE is the only holder of a Canadian title. It was granted by Louis XIV. in 1700 and confirmed by Queen Victoria in 1880.

HORSESHOES in Japan are simply slogs of twisted straw, and during a journey many have to be carried to replenish those which are worn out.

ACRE once meant a field of any size. The Germans still use the word in this sense. God's acre, meaning a cemetery, is an instance of the old meaning.

MRS. LE BRETON, Mrs. Langtry's mother, lives in Jersey and is still one of the best looking women in the island in spite of her advanced age.

THE heart of a vegetarian beats on an average 58 to the minute; that of the meateater 75. This represents a difference of 20,000 beats in 24 hours.

NEARLY 50,000 claims resulting from the Spanish-American war have been filed at the war department, and they are still coming in at the rate of 60 a day.

IN the king of Saxony's museum at Dresden there is a cherry-stone upon which, by the aid of a microscope, more than 100 faces can be distinguished.

THERE are parts of Spain where the hat is unknown except in pictures. The men, when they need a covering, tie up their heads, and the women wear flowers.

ON the Queensland, New South Wales boundary line, on the edge of the Australian desert, an artesian well has struck a yield of water of 4,000,000 gallons a day.

BERLIN booksellers are strictly forbidden to sell school children books stitched with wire, as several cases of blood poisoning have been traced to scratches from rusty wire.

THE Spanish are among the most charitable people on earth. Without a poor-tax, Spanish communities of 50,000 self-supporters feed a pauper population of 5,000 or more.

PRESIDENT KRUGER is said to be able to write as well with the left hand as with the right, but detests pens and ink so much that he uses indelible lead pencils whenever possible.

GEN. JOUBERT'S wife has gone with him in all his campaigns and is said to have aided with her counsel the development of his strategic plans.

A NEW cotton spindle is said to be capable of running 20,000 revolutions per minute, and, if so, will indeed revolutionize the spinning process.

A CONNECTICUT Yankee has received permission from the king of Siam to erect a $200,000 hotel that will be 1,000 feet long and four stories high.

SENATOR HANNA is said to have paid for his suite of apartments at Claridge's hotel, where he stopped while in London, 175 guineas a week. This is about $925.

ALL the personal paragraphs and society news that appear in the London papers is paid for, except that which relates to the royal family, the nobility and the diplomatic corps.

THERE is a lemon grove of 1,000 acres in San Diego county, Cal., and it is said to be the largest in the world. It was begun in 1890, when 170 acres were planted, and it has been annually added to, until it has reached its present size.

A thoroughgoing egotist is usually devoid of the sense of humor.—Chicago Daily News.

Ayer's Pills

Does your head ache? Pain back of your eyes? Bad taste in your mouth? It's your liver! Ayer's Pills are liver pills. They cure constipation, headache, dyspepsia, and all liver complaints. 25c. All druggists.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Then use BUCKINGHAM'S DYE for the Whiskers

50 CTS. OF DRUGGISTS, OR R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

"You Can't Catch the Wind in a Net."

Neither can you cure catarrh by local applications. It is a constitutional disease, and is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla because it is a constitutional remedy. It expels from the blood the impurity which causes the disease, and rebuilds the inflamed membranes.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Never Disappoints

PEACE OFFERINGS.

They Preceded Him and as His Wife Predicted He Was Home with His Purchases.

She received a large box full of American beauty roses by messenger from her husband along toward four o'clock the other afternoon.

"James is absorbing Martigny cocktails again," she mused shrewdly.

Half an hour later another messenger brought her five pounds of expensive candy from her husband.

"James has ordered that $80 overcoat he was talking about, but said he couldn't afford," she mused again.

Half an hour later a wagon drew up, with a florist's name painted on the sides thereof, and two handsome, full-grown palms were delivered at her door marked as coming from her husband.

"Olive branches preceding him," she mused some more. "He'll be home by dark."

He was home by dark. He had been absorbing Martignys. He had ordered the $80 overcoat. The prescience of the modern married woman is sufficiently awe-inspiring to persuade any man to raise his bonnet thereto.—Washington Post.

Under Two Flags.

"What a grand picture it must have been," remarked the boarder who had seen Dewey, "to have seen the Olympia steaming home, the stars and stripes on one mast and the homeward pennant on the other."

"Magnificent!" echoed the man in black suspenders, "but think what a picture it would have been to have seen the stars and stripes on one mast and the baseball pennant on the other."—Chicago Evening News.

When a man says he wants work, he does not always mean that he is willing to do the work he is capable of doing, at the market price.—Atchison Globe.

SYRUP of FIGS

ACTS GENTLY ON THE KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS

CLEANSES THE SYSTEM EFFECTUALLY, DISPELS COLDS, HEADACHES & FEVERS

OVERCOMES HABITUAL CONSTIPATION PERMANENTLY

TO GET ITS BENEFICIAL EFFECTS.

BUY THE GENUINE - MAN'F'D BY CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

LOUISVILLE KY. SAN FRANCISCO CAL. NEW YORK N.Y.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. PRICE 50c. PER BOTTLE.

INSOMNIA

"I have been using CASCARETS for Insomnia, with which I have been afflicted for over twenty years, and I can say that Cascarets have given me more relief than any other remedy I have ever tried. I shall certainly recommend them to my friends as being all they are represented." THOS. GILLARD, Elgin, Ill.

CANDY CATHARTIC

Cascarets

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant. Palatable. Potent. Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c. 25c. 50c.

... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...

Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 318

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

WE WANT MEN TO SELL Our Northern Grown Stock. Best Wages. Pay Weekly. THE JEWELL NURSERY CO., Lake City, Minn.

Top Snap Complete Double Breech Loader $9.99 GUNS FISH-TACKLE SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES CHEAPER than ELSEWHERE Send stamp for catalogue. POWELL & CLEMENT CO. 418 Main St., CINCINNATI.

SOLDIERS Add. Homestead rights bought. If you entered less than 160 acres before June 22, 1874, write to MILO B. STEVENS & CO., 817 14th St., Washington, D. C.

Two famous pictures

free

printed in ten colors, ready for framing, will be given free to any person who will send a quarter for Three Months' subscription to Demorest's Family Magazine, the great paper for home life. Thousands subscribe for Demorest's as a gift to their daughters. Demorest's is the great American authority on Fashions. For forty years it has been read in the best families of America, and has done more to educate women in true love of good literature than any other magazine. The special offer of these two great pictures and Three Months' subscription to Demorest's for 25c. is made for 60 days only.

Write at once.

Demorest's Family Magazine,

Art Department,

110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

DEFECTIVE PAGE