PRESIDENT TYLER'S DAUGHTER,

A Venerable Lady of Noble Lineage Speaks a Timely Word.

WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

"One of the most aristocratic faces seen in Washington is that of Mrs. Semple, daughter of President Tyler. She has passed her 80th year and yet retains an exceedingly youthful complexion. Personally she is charming, and impresses one as a stately relic of the Surrogate courts," so says The National Magazine, under the heading "... Sobriquets at the Capital."

The following is a letter from this interesting lady, written from the Louise Home, Washington, D. C., to The Peruna Medicine Co., of Columbus, Ohio, concerning their great catarrh tonic, Peruna. Mrs. Semple writes:

The Peruna Medicine Company, Columbus, Ohio:

"Gentlemen—Your Peruna is a most valuable remedy. Many of my friends have used it with the most flattering results and I can commend it to all who need a strengthening tonic. It is indeed a remarkable medicine."

Sincerely, Letitia Tyler Semple.

Peruna is a specific for catarrh ... the depressing effects of hot weather. A free book entitled "Summer Catarrh," sent by The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O.

THE GENIUS OF COUNT ITO.

Modern Japan is Indebted to Him for Its Transformation.

The third great constructive mind living today is an Asiatic, Count Ito Hirobumi, the creator of modern Japan. He, too, has been a dreamer all his life, and a transmitter of dreams into substance, an alchemist of statecraft who has converted obsolete systems into modern institutions. Everybody knows, of course, that modern Japan is the work of the last forty years. Today one of the best, if not the best, quarantine services in the world, one of the best modern armies of any nation, a system of schools that will almost compare with our own, a tariff scheme nicely adjusted to the needs of the empire, thousands of miles of railroad and many thousands of miles of telegraph lines, the beginning of a great navy, as well-equipped steamship lines as traverse the Eastern seas, a foreign policy conducted with a skill and comprehension not surpassed even by Russia or England, manufactories in all cities and many villages, bookstores every few feet along the principal streets of great cities, her young men distinguishing themselves in all the great universities of the world; Japanese hotelkeepers, even in the interior, able to speak to you in English, French or German; free speech, security of property, equality before the courts—this is Japan today.

Yet forty years ago the same systems, customs, laws, that had almost bonded down for centuries?—no, but for thousands of years. To make this transformation was the dream of Ito. For its achievement Japan is indebted to him more than to all other men combined.—Saturday Evening Post.

Few Words Went a Long Way.

While "Uncle Dick" Oglesby was governor of Illinois the second time a state senator opposed to him charged that the money in the "governor's fund" had been illegally used. This "governor's fund" contains usually about $10,000 dollars, to meet the incidental expenses of the office for the purchase of stationery and such things. Soon after this charge was given currency the governor was in the next county to the senator, making a speech, and he referred to the charges thus: "There's a little sapsucker senator over in the military tract who says I have misused the money of the 'governor's fund.' It's a lie." That was all the explanation or refutation he ever made, but it was enough.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

Ask your grocer today to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. One-fourth the price of coffee. 15c and 25c per package. Sold by all grocers.

Aids to Siberian Emigrants.

The Russian Government is distributing large numbers of pamphlets in which the advantages of Siberia for colonists are described in tempting language. Since 1893 nearly a million peasants have emigrated to the regions opened by the new railway. They receive reduced rates, get land at low rates, and even advances of money, while 73 schools and more than 100 churches have been built for them.—New York Post.

—A 9-foot vein of coal carrying a large percentage of carbon has been found at Chestnut, Mont., and as a good coal producer is as profitable as an ordinary gold or copper mine, the owners are preparing to develop the find to its full extent.

Tender chicken—just exactly right—cooked and pressed; then put up in key-opening cans. You get it at your grocer's—just as it leaves us—dainty, delicious and ready to serve.

LIBBY'S BONELESS CHICKEN

That's but one of the 70 foods that we prepare. And nobody knows how to prepare food any better. You will never keep house without Libby's foods when you try them.

LIBBY, McNEIL & LIBBY
Chicago

Ask for our booklet, "How to Make Good Things to Eat."

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief & cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 DAYS' treatment FREE. Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, Box 8, Atlanta, Ga.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
25 CTS.

Rewarded with a Haircut.

Nearly every man of eminence has his double—someone who looks so much like him as to be frequently mistaken for the original Jacobs." Sir Henry Irving has not escaped. A short time since he received a letter from a man in Paris who told of his marked likeness to the great actor. At first, the stranger wrote, it was a pleasure to be taken for so distinguished a man, but in time the novelty wore off and he had been both annoyed and embarrassed by the continual necessity of explaining that he was he and not Sir Henry. The letter concluded by mentioning that $25 or $50 would be of considerable service to him. Would Sir Henry remit by return of post and thus in a measure atone for the annoyance to which the likeness had subjected him?

Irving happened to read the letter to Bram Stoker, and then said that he thought he must send the man something, not $50, perhaps, but—

"If ye'll let me, I'll answer the letter for you," said Mr. Stoker, who has an Irish agent to match his Irish wit. A few days later Irving said:

"You answered that letter, Mr. Stoker?"

"I did, then, and wrote him advice of a friendly nature, besides the money I sent to him."

"You sent him money, ha! I hope it was enough—"

"Twas, then," murmured Stoker, beaming, "and the letter to boot. Shall I tell you what was in it? Well, then it was half a crown I sent to him" (half a crown is about 60 cents), "and I just wrote him that since it was his likeness to you was vexin' him, well, then, to take the half crown and go and have his hair cut."

Something New.

It has always been conceded that no ordinary paint equalled an enamel for all interior decorative purposes, as the former does not give the beautiful, smooth, mirror-like surface that the latter does.

The economical housewife of to-day has the walls, bath room and bedrooms enameled, as once done it lasts for years. Rubbed with a soft cloth once in a while, such rooms are kept clean and healthy with practically no labor. Old articles of furniture are made to look like new with a coat of enamel and give good service for years when otherwise it would have been necessary to discard them.

In the past the price of enamel has been almost double that of paint, but Florentine Enamel Colors are sold at the same price as ordinary mixed paint and come ready for use. This brand of enamel is put up in twenty-three colors and comes in all size packages from pint to gallon cans, and we understand that nearly all dealers of paint carry it in stock on account of the great demand that exists for it. By writing to the manufacturers, Bradley & Vrooman Co., 2629-31-33-35 Dearborn street, Chicago, and stating what color is desired, anyone can get a sample package free of charge.

Needed Soap and Water.

At one of their joint discussions, which took place in Kentucky some years ago, Tom Stuart, then editor of the Winchester Democrat, gave his opponent, I. N. Boone, a descendant of the great Daniel, a blow that fairly knocked him out of the race for the legislature. Boone was making his regular speech, and at the proper place in it he referred to the matter of his relation to the toiling masses. "My friends," said he, holding up a pair of hands that looked as if they had not been washed in a week, "to let you see for yourself that I am a horny-handed son of toil, I ask to look at these hands, and," turning to Stuart, "I would ask my pale-faced young friend from the city what he thinks of them?" Stuart was on his feet in a minute. "I do not desire to embarrass my distinguished opponent, ladies and gentlemen," he said with a bow, "but I would say that I think that they need soap and water." It was such an apparent case that the crowd took hold at once with a shout, and Boone was completely floored, and later Stuart was elected.

A Sharp Colored Teacher.

Out in Kansas City the negro principal of a school for colored children has proved himself to be slick enough for election to the City Council. He has been buying poorer grade houses in select white neighborhoods, where owners of adjacent property bought him out at an exorbitant advance in order to keep out colored neighbors. He admits having done all this, but claims to be within his rights. The Board of Education is considering removal from the principalship.

Motor Fire Engine.

The new motor fire engine of the Paris municipality is doing excellent work. It carries six men, and travels at the rate of thirteen miles an hour.

—A large body of ore running $40 in gold per ton has been opened up in the Dillon mine, on Battle Mountain, Cripple Creek district.

—A native priest says of the Chinese articles of religion: "The men believe them, the women don't. There is no religion in China."

SPINNING WHEEL.

THE DOG'S SOLILOQUY.

Wow!
But it's hot.
I want to say [illegible]
There isn't any fun if you're a dog.
On days like this [illegible]
You can't escape the [illegible]
Why,
Everybody looks
At me [illegible]
As if they were afraid.
And boys [illegible]
Threw stones and clubs [illegible]
Each time I seek
The shade,
I'm not clear through.
Some gentle lass [illegible]
Just chased me down the street,
[illegible]
[illegible]
I wish I had
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
What is that fellow
Coming here?
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Me.
He takes this [illegible]
What scares [illegible]
Those people so?
Look at them shy away from me.
I guess I'd better go.
What's that blue following to-[illegible]
Now?
He says: [illegible]
"Keep back that gang."
He's pointing that [illegible]
Bright thing
At me.
I wonder what [illegible]
Bang!

—Harry Wink in Baltimore American.

—:o:—

Here is another of Walter Wellman's Washington stories: Two members of the cabinet were discussing the situation in China. One of them said that now the legations had been rescued it looked as if the Christian powers were tired of standing by one another in the work of averting a great tragedy and were determined to go in and see how much they could make out of the disorder. "The situation reminds me of an old story," said the other. "When Lincoln was assassinated the late Benjamin P. Hutchinson, 'Old Hutch,' was a dealer on the board of trade. Every one wanted to know what 'Hutch' was doing, and many operators made a specialty of guessing what he was up to and then trailing after him. Among the most expert of these was a clever, shrewd trader named Moses Bloom. When the news came of the death of Lincoln there was crushing sorrow in Chicago. Meetings were held and bells tolled, and when men met on the street they shed tears. Hutchinson and Bloom happened to come together near the board of trade. 'Oh, Mr. Hutchinson,' said Bloom, in a sad voice, 'this is most awful news, most awful! It makes mine heart as heavy as lead! I can t'ink of nothing but this great national calamity. What do you think the price of wheat will be tomorrow?'"

—:o:—

The sudden demise of an aged mule has moved a very youthful bard to send in the following stanzas:

"He was in our family
Since first he drawed his breath;
He took my father through the war,
Kicked Uncle John to death.

"An' just before he breathed his last
The death had made him wild;
He kicked a nigger through the roof
[illegible] the nigger smiled."

—Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

—:o:—

"If you and I were alone out on that little speck of green," he said, pointing toward the distant island, "with no means of escape at hand and no promise of rescue in sight, what would be your first thought?"

She gazed away across the blue water and sighed, but did not answer him. After he had picked up a pretty shell and then tossed it away, he continued:

"I suppose the picture is not pleasing to you. Forgive me for suggesting such a thing. I spoke without proper consideration. I hope I have not given irreparable offense."

"Oh, no," she said, looking into his anxious face. "I am not in the least offended. I have merely been trying to think what my first thought would be under such circumstances as you suggest."

"I am so glad you are not provoked," he answered. "I would not for the world suggest a thing the possibility of which would give you a moment's unhappiness."

"And do you still care to know what my first thought would be if we found ourselves alone out there?" she asked.

"Well—if—if you care to tell me," he replied.

"It would be of you," she told him.

"Oh, Miss Faddlethwaite!" he said, turning very red. "I—I am so—I am—I assure you, I—"

"Yes," she continued when he stopped, confused, "my first thought would be: 'How can the poor thing bear up, knowing that he is out here with a lady and no chaperon within four miles?'"

Then she ran back alone to the hotel, and he smoked three cigarettes in rapid succession before he could regain his composure.—New York News.

—:o:—

WAITING ON VON WALDERSEE.

After all that Von
Waldersee has done,
He expects to get
Value for his mon.

Shall he now refrain?
Shall he now turn back?
Never get there? Nit
On your haversack!

With his bombproof house
And his artist, he
Would in old Pekin
The great mogul be.

Let the world then wait
Waldersee's dayboo;
China's future fate
Hangs on what he'll do.

—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

—:o:—

On one occasion Lord Russell went to help the Liberals in a certain campaign. He began his speech with some very badly pronounced Scotch. After the confusion caused by his blunder had subsided Sir Charles Russell (as he was then) said:

"Gentlemen, I do not speak Scotch, but I vote Scotch."

Tremendous applause followed, whereupon Sir Charles proceeded: "And I sometimes drink Scotch." With this his hold on the audience was secured.—Ex.

—:o:—

"Did you ever hear," asked one of "Black Jack's" men during the Grand Army meeting in Chicago, "how Gen. Logan once met his match right here in Chicago? It was just before the capture of Savannah, and Gen. Logan and three members of his staff went down to the railroad station to take the train for the East on his way to rejoin his command. The general, walking a little ahead of his staff officers, started to enter a car, but was stopped by an Irish attendant. 'You'll not be goin' in there,' said the Irishman to the general. 'And why not?' said Gen. Logan. 'Because that's a leddies' car and no man'll be goin' in there widout a leddy. There's wan seat left in the next car there you kin have ef ye want it.' 'Yes, I see there's one seat vacant, but where will I put my staff?' 'Bother your staff,' answered the Irishman, 'go you and take the seat and stick yer staff out of the windy.'"

—:o:—

Horace Greeley once had a discussion with an advocate of woman suffrage shortly before the American Civil war. He was urging as his chief argument the inability of women to fight. "What would you do, for instance," he asked his friend, "in the event of war?" "Just what you would do, Mr. Greeley," she replied promptly. "I should stay in an office and write articles urging others to fight."—Woman's Journal.

—:o:—

"Your remarks on Hall Caine's recent [illegible]," writes a bank manager in the Isle of Man to a London periodical, "recall a conversation I once had with two old friends of mine, a farmer and his buxom wife, who live within a few yards of Greeba castle, our great Manx author's residence. Hall Caine had just taken up his abode in his new house, and I started the conversation by saying to the worthy farmer and wife:

"'So you have the great Hall Caine near you now?'

"Farmer and Wife—'Aye, man.'

"Farmer's Wife—'And what tremenjus style they are keeping. It's amazing.'

"Farmer—'And what's he doing for a living, Mr. ——?'

"Bank Manager (greatly astonished)—'What! don't you know he is a popular author?'

"Farmer—'And what's that?'

"Bank Manager—'Why, he writes successful books.'

"Farmer (with a fine show of contempt)—'The lazy beggar!'

"I need hardly say," continued my correspondent, "that I collapsed."

—:o:—

"When I get on the farm," said young Mehgin,
"I'll arise in the morning and plough;
I'll hoe the potatoes
And gather tomatoes,
To say nothing of milking the cow."
But his labors he found rather rough,
And of them he soon had enough.
"This talk about farming
As being quite charming,"
Said he, "is all nonsense and stough."

—Brooklyn Life.

—:o:—

He entered a Blake street lodging house slowly and suspiciously, says a Denver exchange. The landlady responded to a vigorous ringing of a gong hanging in the hallway.

"I want a room," he said. "I want it only for the night, and say——"

"Say it," said the landlady, encouragingly.

"I have a horror of bugs. Are there any bugs in the house?"

"Only wan, chist wan," replied the landlady. "Shure me an' th' two chambermaids an' th' porter spends all av yistiddy afthernoon a-chasin' av 'im, an' on me worrud he's th' only wan at large."

"Oh, well, I guess one bug won't disturb me," and he retired.

In the morning he met his landlady in the hallway.

"Well, I caught your bug last night," he said.

"Arrah, an' may th' saints rest y'r bones. An' did y' kill 'im?"

"I did that, my friend, and every bug in Denver was present at the inquest."

—:o:—

A Golfer's Last Wishes: "You know Frisby, the golf enthusiast, don't you?" "Of course. What about him?" "I witnessed his will last night. It's very characteristic of the man." "How so?" Why, in one clause he directs that his body be interred in the approximate center of the links, and that the grassy mound above his grave be converted into a bunker."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

—:o:—

Anthony Hope Hawkins believes very much in men of letters standing by each other, and he has worked tremendously hard to help on the fund which the Authors' Society of London is trying to accumulate, from which pensions are to be paid to authors whose literary merit has not brought them a corresponding income, and who view increasing years with fear. Recently an unfortunate writer, who visited Mr. Hawkins at his rooms in Buckingham street, by the Embankment gardens, exclaimed on leaving with something in his pocket: "Oh, sir, I feel that Providence must have sent me to you!" And the reply came with a twinkle in his benefactor's eye: "Let us hope, however, that Providence will not acquire the habit of doing so."

—:o:—

M. Calino sent a new servant girl on an errand. Green to city ways, she lost her way and did everything wrong. "You've no sense at all!" M. Calino stormed, when she returned. "The next time when I want an idiot to do an errand for me I'll—I'll go myself!" Success.

—:o:—

"It's all right, Mary," he said, pleasantly. "Go into politics if you want to. But remember one thing—the cartoonists 'll be after you as soon as you're a candidate."

"I don't care."

"And they'll put your picture in the paper with your hair out of curl and your hat on crooked."

"Do you think they would do that?" she inquired apprehensively.

"Of course. And they'll make your Paris gowns look like calico and say that your sealskin coat is imitation."

"William," she said, after a thoughtful pause, "I think I'll stay here and make home happy."—Tit-Bits.

—:o:—

According to Experience—Farmer B. "This 'ere paper says they ain't nothin' f'r an appetite like a long tramp." His Wife—"Land! They don't know what they're talkin' about. A short one 'll eat just ez much."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

—:o:—

"When I put my little girl to bed last night," said a young mother, "I whispered to her: 'Now mamma will turn down the gas and go away, but don't you be afraid here alone in the dark, for whole flocks of white angels, with gold wings, will hover around you, and they won't let any harm happen.' Then I went into the next room. The little girl lay with her doll in her arms, and after a while I heard her saying to it: 'Now, go to sleep, dolly. Don't bother about the dark. There's a lot of white angels with gold wings hovering around your head. They'll take care of you, dolly, but it's funny how afraid of those white angels I am!'"—Philadelphia Record.

—:o:—

First Tramp—"Why don't you go in? 'E's all right. Don't you see 'im a-waggin' his tail?" Second Tramp—"Yus; an' don't you see 'im a-growlin'? I dunno which end to believe!"—Punch.

—:o:—

On the Links.—"You ought to be ashamed to swear so dreadfully at the caddy. He is the minister's little boy." "It's all right. His father believes in infant damnation."—Life.

—:o:—

Watered Stock.—Costigan—"Av Oi had a boonch of money Oi'd never put any of it in the Ice Trust." Bystander—"Why not?" "Bekase there's too much water in the stock."—Judge.

Hypocrisy—French and Anglo-Saxon.

The Frenchman's hypocrisy is of a far more subtle sort than ours. What is worse he cannot admit it as we can ours; if he did all the vaunted logic of his life's formula would vanish at once into thin air, and he would have no ground (ethical or otherwise) left to stand on. His formula sins at the base. And, he being logically unable to admit this, his only available resource is to carry the war into the enemy's country, rail at our hypocrisy, and, should we retort, face us down with an effrontery so completely and inalienably his own that it takes a French word adequately to designate it, with ungarnished cynisme. Between this cynisme of his and our hypocrisy anyone is free to choose.—Scribner's Magazine.

Best for the Bowels.

No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. CASCARETS help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. CASCARETS Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C. C. C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

Fortifications Going to Ruin.

Since 1871, when troops were withdrawn from the garrison at Quebec, the fortifications there have been going steadily to ruin, in spite of the efforts of the Canadian authorities. The sudden collapse recently of a large section of one of the walls has aroused general attention, and it is now expected that the entire race of the famous old bastion will be taken down and rebuilt.

What Do the Children Drink?

Don't give them tea or coffee. Have you tried the new food drink called GRAIN-O? It is delicious and nourishing, and takes the place of coffee. The more Grain-O you give the children the more health you distribute through their systems. Grain-O is made of pure grains, and when properly prepared tastes like the choice grades of coffee but costs about ¼ as much. All grocers sell it. 15c and 25c.

Powerful Electric Locomotives.

The new electric locomotives for the steepest portions of the Jungfrau Mountain railway will be the most powerful electric rack-wheel locomotive ever constructed. The two motors will each have 125 horse power and will make 800 revolutions per minute driving the toothed wheels.

Lane's Family Medicine

Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50c.

Girls Preferred.

In Germany and Holland girls are chosen in preference to young men in all employments in which they can be advantageously employed.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Another storage battery road has gone under, namely, that at Turin, Italy, which is now to be converted into an overhead system.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a constitutional cure. Price 75 cents.

The old Russian city of Riga will celebrate next year the 700th anniversary of its foundation.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. Samuel, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

Cromwell's medals for naval and military services were the first given to officers and men.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES do not stain the hands or spot the kettle.

The crowd of Scottish excursionists to Ireland this season is unprecedentedly large.

Wisconsin Hair Grower and Dandruff Cure. A guaranteed dandruff cure and hair producer. Send for booklet, Wisconsin Pharmacal Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

When they strike some streets bicycles seem to be on the road to ruin.

Fisher's Flavoring Extracts are endorsed by pure food laws and the U. S. government for their PURITY and STRENGTH. A. J. Bilbert Co., Milw.

No novelist of the present day works like the Dickens.

LeRoy's Harmless Headache Tablets cure all headaches, by mail anywhere, 25c. Seidl's Drug Store, 4th and Chestnut sts., Milwaukee, Wis.

The champion baker is what we call a breadwinner.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Is the personal column a newspaper's spine?

Women Think About This

In addressing Mrs. Pinkham you are communicating with

A Woman

A woman whose experience in treating female ills is greater than that of any living person, male or female.

She has fifty thousand such testimonial letters as we are constantly publishing showing that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is daily relieving hundreds of suffering women.

Every woman knows some woman Mrs. Pinkham has restored to health.

Mrs. Pinkham makes no statements she cannot prove. Her advice is free.

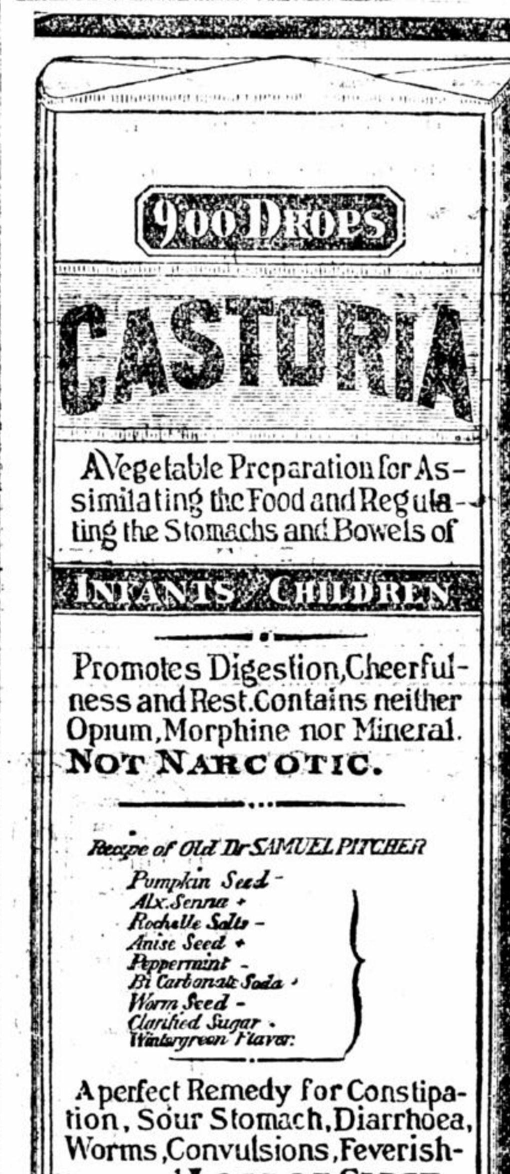
Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

LACE CURTAINS 25 to 40c pair. Ladies' and Gents' Clothes and all kinds of **Family Dyeing** at reasonable prices. Mail orders promptly attended to. Write HACK & ALTEN, 534 Clinton Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

M. N. U. .... No. 37, 1900

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water



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