## WHERE PILLS REIGN.

**Complicated Machinery Which Fairly Rains Pills.**

At St. Helens, Lancashire, England, there is a factory containing intricate machinery which turns out 7,200,000 pills every eight working hours. These pills cure constipation, and the people know it. The name is Beecham's.

There never has been a signed testimonial published, as the proprietor believes Beecham's Pills should make headway on their own merits. The advertising is confined to moderate statements of what the pills actually do.

They cure Bilious and Nervous Disorders, Stomach Troubles, Female Ailments and hundreds of minor complaints, which are the result of constipation. They have the largest sale of any patent medicine in the world.

Beecham's Pills are a true tonic, a harmless stimulant from which there is no reaction, a painless, effectual laxative, and a specific for the cure of fifty per cent of all diseases. They probably come as near being an elixir of long life as anything created by human hands.

The virtue of Beecham's Pills does not result from any lucky combination of standard remedies, but rather from some beneficent, occult power, inherent in itself.


## DUE TO GREAT NORTHERN

### EFFECT OF BIG BOND REDEMPTION BY THAT ROAD

**It Is Reflected in the Statement of the Associated Banks of New York—Big Increase in Loans and Deposits—Falling Off in Surplus Reserve—Remarkable Activity in the Bond Market.**

NEW YORK, Aug. 6.—The Financier this week says:

"The statement of the associated banks of New York shows some rather heavy changes for the week ending Aug. 6, loans having increased $12,733,100 and deposits $15,371,500. The gain in cash for the week was $1,831,800, and the surplus reserve has fallen off about $2,000,000, owing to increased requirements due to the expansion in deposits. The statement seems to reflect as much as anything else the progress of the recent financial operation of the Great Northern railway, which has increased its preferred stock by $25,000,000, of which $15,000,000 is issued to stockholders at par for cash to redeem the outstanding collateral bonds, and $10,000,000 in exchange for the stock of one of the leased lines, which had been previously distributed as a stock dividend. The Chase National, through which this operation has been transacted, showed a gain of over $6,000,000 in deposits, and its cash holdings have also expanded over

FOUR MILLION.

"The National City bank accounts for more than a third of the total increase and has lost about the same in specie.

"The deposit gain seems to be confined for the most part to the larger banks, but in loans an increase runs rather well through the list.

"The remarkable activity in the bond market last week has probably operated to produce some of the changes in the current exhibit. The banks are still gaining from the interior, and little, if any, rediscounting is reported. The season for this business is now close at hand; and, while it is not anticipated that the movement will be heavy, it is interesting to note that the surplus reserves of the banks are now below the point reached last year at this time. The decrease in surplus reserves between July and October 1897 was at least $32,000,000, bringing the excess $13,000,000. In the last six or seven weeks the New York banks have reduced their reserves over $22,000,000, and have not begun to ship money to the West. Of course, this decrease is due to bond payments from all over the country, which have reduced bank reserves in New York. The government holds heavy deposits in this center, so that what might be called available and permanent bank money is not as heavy as has been estimated. But that anything approaching a stringency or even long-continued hardness is possible is out of the question. Gold exports would check the latter in any case."

## ASKED FOR A DIVORCE.

**Now Wants the Decree Set Aside for Conspiracy.**

From the New York Journal.

Mrs. Louise M. Walker, who was divorced from her husband, Herbert H. Walker a year ago, has sued in the supreme court, Brooklyn, to be reinstated as a wife. She asked Judge Dickey yesterday to set aside the decree on the ground that she had been induced to begin the action through a conspiracy.

Walker is a prominent lawyer and real estate speculator in Manhattan. His fortune is said to be $150,000.

The Walkers were married ten years ago. At the time Mrs. Walker was wealthy. Shortly after they were married Mrs. Walker says he husband began to scheme to get hold of her money. She was represented by Lawyer Philip F. Carpenter, a former assistant district attorney in New York, who was the bosom friend and college chum of her husband.

Mrs. Walker alleges that about a year ago her counsel, Carpenter, called her to his office and there she met her husband. Mr. Walker then said that he would not testify for her in several suits she had over property unless she consented to sue him for a divorce.

In fear of losing in this way a large share of her property, Mrs. Walker says she consented to bring the action.

The case was heard before Wm. L. Snyder, of No. 33 Wall street, as referee, in June, 1897.

The referee reported in favor of granting the decree, but made the request that the papers be sealed. On the recommendation of the referee, Justice Keogh granted the divorce on June 10, 1897, and the facts were not made public.

Counsel for Walker denied tht there was a conspiracy, and Lawyer Carpenter, who is alleged to be a party to the scheme to get a divorce for his chum, Walker, made a statement in court yesterday denying any complicity in the case.

Walker has married since his wife secured a divorce, his bride being a Miss Gertrude Cohn. Justice Dickey reserved his decision.

**Queer Food Strike.**

A food strike is going on at the London general postoffice. 3,000 of the clerks refusing to patronize the official caterer and taking their lunch in with them in pail. They object to the quality and price and to the long wait. Formerly the clerks clubbed together and managed their own catering, but the government took the matter out of their hands. They are not allowed to leave the building during office hours.


## $100 REWARD $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.


## LORD ABERDEEN IN ST. PAUL

### GOVERNOR GENERAL OF CANADA HERE YESTERDAY

**Lady Aberdeen and a Considerable Retinue Accompanied His Excellency—They Are En Route to Quebec, Where They Will Spend the Summer—His Lordship's Term Expires in November.**

His excellency, the Earl of Aberdeen, governor general of Canada; the Countess of Aberdeen, and a suite that was modest enough for the entourage of a traveling vice royal party, spent yesterday in St. Paul. Their coming and going was almost unnoticed. They slipped into town and out without half of the noise that would have been made over the sojourn of a railroad magnate. As Lord Aberdeen said: "We just dropped in to see my good friend, the archbishop of St. Paul, and now we are going on about our business, which is not very urgent. I like the states very much, and perhaps ought to spend some time here now that I am over, but we are very tired of traveling, and I think we will go direct to Montreal from here. I want rest—we all do, in fact."

The party came in on a special train of three cars over the Great Northern from Winnipeg yesterday morning. Lord and Lady Aberdeen were traveling in the governor general's private car Victoria. Miss McLeod, the superior of the Victorian order of nuns for the Dominion, was with them. The Canadian Pacific special car Satsuma was occupied by Capt. G. Thorpe, R. A., aide-de-camp to the governor general; C. E. Moss, private secretary, and the servants of the party, six in number.

Lord Aberdeen was in St. Paul once before, about eleven years ago, but has few personal acquaintances here. He has very considerable personal interests in the Northwest, and at one time was interested in some local ventures. He is a dark man, on the sunny side of fifty yet; wears a black beard, which is somewhat streaked with silver threads. He does not look the Englishman by any means, for he wore a Prince Albert coat that fitted him very well and a pearl-colored Fedora was crushed well down on his head. He is spare-boned, loose-jointed and looks very much like an American man of affairs. His reserved manner is not different from that of the busy man, but when he speaks it is quickly and to the point. Yet he has made something of a reputation in diplomacy as well as an executive. He is a Scotch baron and an English peer, and has been in politics all his life. He was in the colonial office twenty years ago and was later in Paris as secretary with Lord Lytton, the British ambassador. His first trip to this country was during the time the Marquis of Aberdeen was governor general of Canada, and on his return to England he was appointed lord lieutenant of Ireland by Gladstone. That was in the 80's, just after the killing of Lord Cavendish and Burke. On leaving that post he returned to England, and was out of office until, in 1893, he was appointed to the governor generalship of Canada. Lord Aberdeen is a man of considerable wealth, and the loss of income he suffered by the shrinkage of rents in Scotland he more than made up by large investments in the lumber and salmon canning interests in British Columbia.

The Countess of Aberdeen is the British matron as she is known through the prints. She is a large woman, quite commanding in stature. She was a Miss Majoribanks, daughter of the late Baron Tweedmouth and sister of the present Lord Tweedmouth. She has two brothers in the Northwest, one of them, Hon. Coutts Majoribanks, being a pioneer in the cattle business in the Mouse river country, where he made an eminent success of the British younger son system of feeding a steer $600 worth of fodder and then selling the beast for $18 cash. This brother is now in charge of Lord Aberdeen's lumbering interests in British Columbia.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen drove out to call on Archbishop Ireland soon after lunch, which they took in their own car. On the box with the driver of the hired open barouche, was a British flunkey of the most pronounced type, wearing a blue and silver livery, and having a cockade in his hat. It was the only insignia of exotic origin about the party, but the flunkey attracted some attention.

Lack of time in the city prevented the visitors accepting any more than passing hospitalities at the hands of the archbishop, and he drove them about the city to various points of interest. Later they returned to the archbiscopal residence and remained there until 5:30, when they took another drive and arrived at the depot at 7:10 to catch their train.

A Globe reporter found his excellency's gentleman on guard at the governor general's coach.

"What, hees ex" referring thus airily to the potentate," no, 'e 'asn't returned as yet." He was the typical gentleman's gentleman, with an intimation on each side of his face that he could grow a lovely pair of mutton chops, if it were quite the proper thing.

"I say," he continued, "don't you know we like this part of the country. The railway service is really h'exquisite. Why, they poke us h'along with no trouble at all," and he looked benignantly down on the reporter and was getting ready to be interviewed when a carriage swung into sight at the foot of Sibley street. "Ha," he ejaculated, losing his air of superiority at once, "there's hees ex. now."

Lord Aberdeen said that he was traveling very quietly and not stopping for anything in the way of formalities, and he really did not know that he desired to talk to the press.

"You see," he said, "I am very nearly through with my duties in the Dominion now, and it would hardly do for me to talk about politics over there. My official life in Canada comes to a close Nov. 12, and I just wanted to have a look at the country before I went home. That is all there is to my trip. I have been to the coast and looked up some of my own affairs in the neighborhood of Vancouver. We have made our way back leisurely and have stopped only at the territorial capitals. It is some years since I was in the Northwest, and I have done nothing but marvel at the development of a few years in the prairie country on the other side of the line. I apprehend that the progress has been equal to it, at least on this side, but, you know, one must sleep, and I slept all the way down through Minnesota."

"Yes, my successor has been named, the Earl of Minto, and he will arrive in the Dominion presently, before Nov. 1, I expect. I like Canada immensely, I may say that I like everything on this side of the water, but my time is up. We go in for rotation in office and I have had my term of five years."

Lord Aberdeen was asked as to his views of the proposed Anglo-American alliance and declined to be quoted on the subject, saying that it would scarcely become him, as an official of the government, to give utterance to opinions that might be rendered as official.

Asked as to the condition of the Dominion, he said that it was in excellent condition financially; that crops were again fine and the people altogether prosperous; that there was nothing of great importance pending politically—forgetting for the moment that there had been a plebiscite on local option proclaimed. He was reminded of it.

"Ah, yes, there is an election ordered. The proclamation was made by an order in council and has just been issued. That, however, is a matter of more or less local and not general interest politically. There is no great political disturbance in the Dominion and the people are much more interested in the outcome of your war than they are in anything of a political character having to do with themselves."

He said many kind things about St. Paul, and Lady Aberdeen added that she thought it an extremely beautiful place.

"It is picturesque to a degree that reminds me of some of our show places at home. Since I was here in 1887, I have always advised my friends to come to St. Paul and go into the country about the sources of the Mississippi," said Lady Aberdeen. "We saw as much truly magnificent scenery in the course of a couple of hours driving this afternoon, as one could see anywhere out of Ireland, I believe."

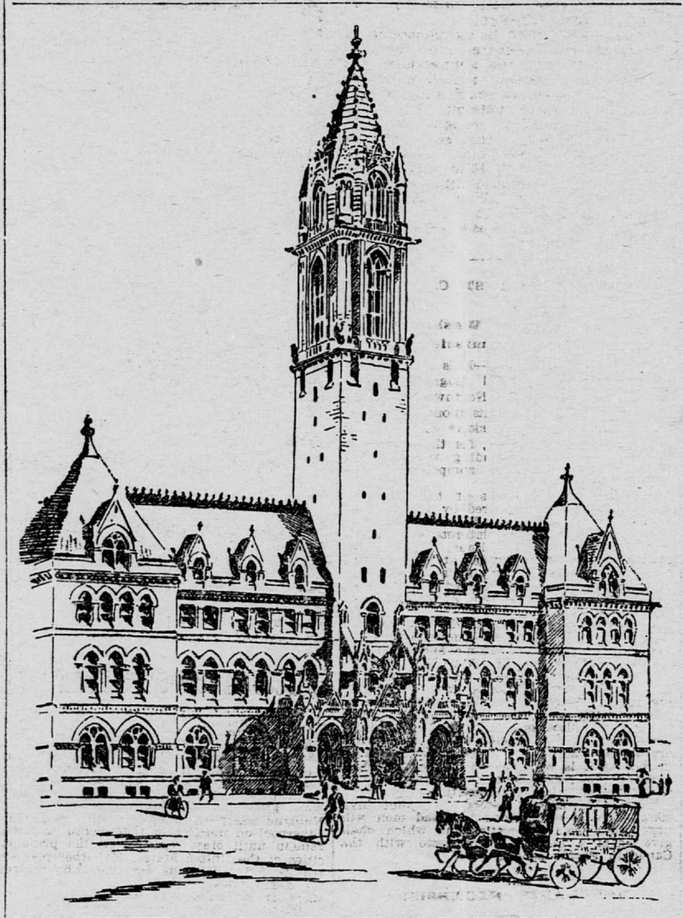
The three cars occupied by the party, were attached to the regular Soo line train, which left at 7:20 last evening. They go to Montreal, and thence to Vale des Chaleurs, Que., where Lord Aberdeen has a summer place.

**NEW POSTOFFICE PLANS.**

**Radical Changes to Be Made in the St. Paul Building.**

WASHINGTON, Aug. 6.—Under the new plans, now well under way, the St. Paul federal building will present an entirely different appearance when completed from what the original plans contemplated.

Instead of making Sixth street the mail chute and driveway for the massive mail wagons, that side of the building is to be completely overturned and all work done thus far is to be torn down in order to make the principle entrance for the general public on Sixth street.



PLAN SUBMITTED FOR THE SIXTH STREET FRONT OF THE ST. PAUL POSTOFFICE.

This new entrance on the main thoroughfare of the city is to be surmounted with a magnificent tower. Its dimensions will be forty-six feet square, and it will be over 400 feet in height. Probably a mammoth clock will be placed about midway in the tower and directly above the top story of the building.

Supervising Architect Taylor says that the Sixth street side of the building will be the most conspicuous, and, that in order to preserve the symmetry, the tower feature will make the building a very handsome one. Mr. Taylor's visit to St. Paul has been delayed owing to the great amount of work before him just now. He expects to go to St. Paul during the month. By the 15th of September, work will be in full blast and the interior finish on the completed portion of the building will be in progress. That finish will now be of much better and more enduring material than it would have been, had not the additional appropriation been secured. There will be an enlargement of the district attorney's office and ample rooms for any officers the government may designate to locate in the capital city of Minnesota.

St. Paul will have a building when completed that will be the equal and very probably the superior of the federal structures at Milwaukee, Detroit, Kansas City, Omaha or Buffalo.

The accompanying cut is the main entrance of the Buffalo building. The tower on Sixth street will be very similar in design.


## CURED AT LAST.

*A Chronic Invalid Thought to Be Incurable.*

Mrs. Marie Hanson, of Niebull, Wis., was a chronic invalid whose case excited much attention. In a recent letter to Dr. Hartman, she writes as follows: "I had been troubled with dyspepsia for many years and was very much reduced. I was treated by my nearest physicians, but only for a little time did they help me. I seemed to be growing worse instead of better. I had that tired feeling and suffered awful distress in my stomach. I would often seem hungry, but when I ate, no matter how little, it caused me such distress that I was often wicked enough to wish myself dead. About two years ago I had disease of the kidneys and womb. I was in a weak, nervous condition, and began to have dreadful palpitation of the heart. I was confined to the bed. I had given up all hope of ever being well again. I saw an advertisement in a newspaper of a similar case having been cured by the use of Dr. Hartman's remedies. I commenced taking the medicine. I found relief when I had taken the first bottle. Now I have taken seven bottles of Pe-ru-na and two of Man-a-lin. I thank you for your advice, and I am glad I can say that I am well now. I have been well for one year. I can eat and drink, sleep and work without afterwards suffering."

Send to Dr. Hartman, Columbus, O., for a free book written expressly for women.

*Summer Shoes at Half Price.*

All $3.50, $4 and $5 Ladies' Bicycle Shoes $2.48 while they last, at Lovering's. Children's White Linen Shoes, 98 cents.


## MONARCHS ENVY RICH MEN

### QUEEN VICTORIA, RULER OF A MIGHTY EMPIRE

**Poorer Than Many of Our Wealthiest Citizens—Her Savings Come to America—The Income of the Royal Potentates of the Continent Are Not So Vast as Those of Some of Our Rich Men.**

Correspondence The St. Paul Globe.

NEW YORK, July 29.—Both at home and abroad the lavish way in which American millionaires scatter their wealth has been gratefully acknowledged by tradesmen large and small. This is a democratic country, but our monied men have certainly acquired royalty's taste for expensive living. We have palaces in this country that the kings and queens of the old world would consider fit abodes for the mightiest monarch, and our men of vast means lack nothing that royalty enjoys beyond empty honors.

Nor does the wealth of those rulers of nations surpass that of some of our rich citizens. The queen of England, though the ruler of the biggest and richest empire the world has ever seen, is by no means the richest person on the earth. In fact, her salary, $1,925,000 a year, is one of the smallest paid to any ruler on the globe. And of the $1,925,000, all except $480,000 is spent by the lord chamberlain, the master of the house, and the lord treasurer, who are responsible for the maintenance of the royal household.

And of the $480,000, $180,000 is put by for a rainy day, so that the exact amount received by her majesty is only $300,000, as fixed by parliament.

Compared with the big incomes of the American millionaires this is paltry indeed. Hers, too, is the smallest salary that any British sovereign has ever received. Most of the queen's predecessors on the throne had at least $4,000,000 a year.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S LAND.

By economy and frugality the queen has been able to purchase 87,000 acres of good land in Great Britain, yielding a rent roll of about $125,000 a year. She also owns considerable property in Germany, a large quantity in New York and thousands of acres in Manitoba and "out West." But with all these savings she is poorer than many of our wealthy men.

Claremont House, Osborne and Balmoral are the private property of the queen. The first named, standing in its estate of 460 acres, she bought for $370,000—a decided bargain, for it originally cost Lord Clive $750,000. Balmoral and Osborne are said to be worth $2,500,000. In addition to her property at Coburg the queen also possesses a villa at Baeden, bequeathed to her by the Princess of Hohenlohe.

The royal family of England is not only the cheapest that country has ever had, it is also the most inexpensive in the world. The entire expense of the whole British royal family amounts to only $825,000 a year, for against he total expenditure of $2,900,000 must be set the receipt of $2,075,000 from crown lands, leaving the above net cost.

Nearly all European sovereigns receive much higher salaries than the queen. The emperor of Russia has complete control over the revenue of his country, but he only draws $12,500,000 a year. The sultan takes $7,000,000, the emperor of Austria, $4,650,000, and Kaiser Wilhelm, $3,650,000. The king of Italy receives $2,925,000—the same sum as the whole British royal family—and the king of the Belgians gets only $625,000 a year.

The private property of sovereigns is also very great. The Russian imperial family is the richest of all royal houses, and probably among commoners also. Apart from his salary as a ruler, which amounts to $12,500,000 yearly, the czar, as head of the house of Romanoffs, owns 21,000,000 acres of land in different parts of Russia. These yield more than $10,000,000; $2,500,000 of this is paid in allowances to forty-six grand dukes and duchesses, and the remainder is at the disposal of the czar, who thus enjoys the enormous income of $17,000,000 a year—$2,000 per hour.

The czar is also the owner of much valuable property all over the world, and especially in the United States. The daughters of the czar and czarina, the infanta grand Duchess Olga, is the richest heiress in the world. The week she was born $5,000,000,000 were settled upon her. The sum was invested in British, French and foreign securities as a precaution against the possibility of a revolution in Russia.

The Hapsburgs, the royal house of Austria, are very little, if any, poorer than the Romanoffs. They own immense landed estates, and have also inherited large private fortunes. The income of the Austrian imperial family is not less than $7,500,000, in addition to the grants from the state.

The Hohenzollerns have a private income of nearly $5,000,000 per annum, partially derived from large investments in New York. The Italian royal family have a private income of $3,000,000 a year, also derived from American property. Thus the British royal family is by far the poorest of the great ruling houses.


# THE PRUDENT BUYERS.

The wide-awake home lovers who appreciate the very great opportunities presented in the **Tenth Semi-Annual Clearance Sale** at this, the store where Household Furnishings, Furniture and Supplies are always cheapest in price and best in quality, are rallying in great numbers and are making our store a busy place. This sale continues but a short time longer. Better come and see for yourself. Freight paid one hundred miles. No charge for packing.

**BLUE TAG** Everything in our stock with a Blue Tag at exactly half-price..... **50 Per Cent Off.**

**GREEN TAG** Everything in our stock with a Green Tag at 66⅔c on the dollar.. **33⅓ Per Cent Off**

**YELLOW TAG** Everything in our stock with a Yellow Tag at 75c on dollar. **25 Per Cent Off.**

**RED TAG** Everything in our stock with a Red Tag at 85 cents on the dollar ..... **15 Per Cent Off.**

You can make the discounts. All prices plainly marked. No other sale ever held in St. Paul like it.

# WALLBLOM FURNITURE & CARPET CO.

**400-402-404-406 Jackson Street, St. Paul.**


## AN EPISODE.

**From Today.**

Surely the high water mark of human affection is the love of an impecunious young man for a girl whom he has only known for a fortnight, and whom he expects never to see again. Such a love is concocted of the best-selected circumstances—novelty, despair and a lack of consequences. Also, the brevity of a fortnight concentrates the emotions, and concentrated emotions are a kind of mental bovril. Not only are they sustaining at the time, but you can scrape the tin afterward, and manufacture quarts of excellent memories. Of course the fortnight, to be complete, ought to occur in summer and to possess a climax, and the young man and young woman should be sufficiently intelligent to take advantage of their opportunities. The might-have-said so often spoils the delicious memory of the might-have-been.

This particular young man and young woman had enjoyed their fortnight to the full, and the arrangements for the climax were above reproach. Some kind person had provided a dance; there was an old garden at the back of the house, and the moon was turned on mulberry trees, box hedges and lavender beds in front of them. It was a situation where a man might almost have quoted Browning.

"I suppose," the young man began, "that that was nearly our last dance—our very last—at least for a long time."

"You're going tomorrow, then?" the young woman said.

"I have to see my people before I join my regiment," the young man answered. "What a good time I have had here!"

"I hoped," she said, "that you were above this kind of thing."

"What kind of thing?"

"Oh, the going-going-gone business!" she replied. "I hate last anythings. Aren't they just a little—shop-soiled?"

"Does nothing ever matter?" he asked.

"I feel that I ought to come in with a conversational waltz refrain," she replied, "but it's difficult even for me always to be obvious."

The young man looked grieved and made no answer.

"You were about," she observed, "to say something about the Southern Cross."

"The Southern Cross? Why should I?"

"Surely," she said, "you won't throw away your opportunities? Aren't you going to gaze on the Southern Cross in a few weeks and think of me?"

"Very likely," he answered quietly.

"That's right," she pursued. "No young man of feeling, within sighing distance of the Southern Cross should neglect it. I, on the other hand, shall looks at the Great Bear and think of you."

"Have you been to any theaters lately?" he asked.

"No," she said, "but you must have visited some really pathetic melodramas."

"I only meant that it's been rather a warm July; and are you fond of bicycling? and it's not a bad floor tonight."

"Aren't you just a little ungrateful?" she said. "I only wanted"—

"I understand. A nice, cold shower bathos," he answered. "You needn't be afraid I shall bother you. Only I should like to thank you for having given me the happiest fortnight of my life, and to wish you good luck."

"You are," she said, softly, "rather a nice boy."

"Some day," he answered, "I trust that I shall be a nasty man. A nice boy is a thing that is supposed neither to mind nor matter."

"Jack," she said, putting her hand on his arm, "without prejudice, as the lawyers say, would you mind less if it did matter?"

"Is it quite impossible?" he asked.

"Well, isn't it?" she answered.

"Of course, we should have to wait," he said; "but couldn't you wait awhile, Kitty?"

"Please don't think me horrid and mercenary," she said. "It isn't altogether that; but don't you know what a long engagement means? It's the longest thing on earth. It's a marriage on the hire-purchase system, where you pay three times as much as it's worth for a thing that's worn out before you really get it."

"If I left the service," he urged, "we should have enough to live on quietly."

"You'd be so content if you did," she said, "and our castle in Spain would be a villa in West Kensington. No, Jack, it wouldn't do. I'm sorry, but it wouldn't do. Can't you see?"

"Oh, I see clearly enough," he said, bitterly. "I hope that, some day, you'll have a nice, large paper marriage, a la modiste, with real golden wedding bells, and the full approval of the family solicitor."

"Don't Jack, don't," she answered. "Can't you see that it takes two to make a muddle like this? Don't let's spoil the little time that's left us. Let us at least part friends."

"I'm sorry," the young man said. "I suppose nothing I could say would make any difference?"

"Nothing, I'm afraid."

"Very well. May I, at least, have all the other dances tonight?"

"Yes, if you want them now," the young woman said, sadly.

The young man and young woman enjoyed themselves immensely for the rest of the evening, although they imagined themselves heart-broken. The young man said several things which he considered really cynical, and the young woman wallowed in a sense of martyrdom. They said goodby in the cold morning light, and she allowed him to kiss her. The kiss they regarded as a kind of sacrament.

Now, in the ordinary course of events, the episode might have ended satisfactorily here. The young man would have blown his nose violently when the band played "The Girl I Left Behind Me!" and murmured the young woman's name when he felt seasick, and then relapsed in remembering the whole thing with a sigh and a complacent smile. The young woman's recollection would have expended on her attitude toward her husband. Till her husband occurred, she would have practised recollection but little.

Unfortunately, the Angel of Death, with his habitual disregard of the fitness of things, disturbed the even course of the affair. The young man had possessed a mercantile cousin, and the cousin, having gone, two or three days before, to a land where mercantile possessions are rigidly excluded, had left the whole of his property to the young man. His reasons for this unexpected act of generosity were probably that he had never met the young man, which, in view of the old gentleman's temper, was an advantage, and also that the latter cultivated martial aspirations underneath his mercantile soul, even to the extent of being at one time a captain of volunteers, and regarded the young man with favor, as being the only military specimen of the family.

Therefore, when the young man rose from his brief sleep on the following morning, he found a solicitor's letter informing him of his good fortune. At first, the information appeared too good to be true, but the additional information that he was at liberty to draw on the firm for any reasonable amount put the truth beyond question. The fact that he was rich, portentously rich, at first filled him with an insane desire to shout. As a silent relief to his mental tension, he took his slippers off, and threw them at the door. Then he put them on again, and lit a pipe. All his life the young man had been in straitened circumstances. He had never had enough pocket money at school, or a satisfactory allowance since. Now he felt that he possessed no single desire which he could not satisfy. Visions of infinite possibilities rose before him. He even looked at his pipe with contempt.

"And now," he said to himself, triumphantly, "I shall be able to marry Kitty."

Oddly enough, the young woman had not stood in the forefront of the possibilities. He noticed the fact with something of a start. Romance was not at its strongest in his mind that morning, because the kind person who provided the dance had also provided a pale pink champagne, which punished even the most abstemious with the after horrors of excess.

"Yes," he insisted to himself, "I shall marry Kitty. Not much fear of being poor now."

Then his mind wandered away again to the more inanimate possibilities. Should he stay in the service or not? On the whole, he thought he would for a while, but he would be inclined to exchange into a cavalry regiment. A few racehorses? Yes. He had just begun to contemplate himself leading in the Derby winner, when he again returned to the young woman.

"Yes," he said to himself, "of course, that's the best part of it." As a matter of fact, it was not at all the best part of it. Marriage, in a way, means the end of youth, and the young man was just entering on a new world which he had never known before. It is impossible to be satisfactorily young on a limited income. The rosy dreams that came trooping before his eyes were not domestic. To be adequately domestic, you must be a little tired of other things—not necessarily vicious things, but you must know the sunshine to appreciate the shade. Half against his will, the dream pictures told him this. He wanted, though he would not admit it to himself, to enjoy his own sweet will without any clog.

These things were hidden as yet from anything but the young man's subconsciousness. As he finished dressing slowly, he decided to go at once after breakfast and tell the young woman of his happiness. The thought ought to have suggested a triumphal procession, but only presented itself as a logical and obvious proceeding. Also, if his feelings had been what he imagined them to be, he would have babbled out his good fortune to the other late comers at breakfast. He believed that it was romantic to reserve the news for the young woman, but the belief was artificial.

He found the young woman sitting in the sunshine on the lawn. She was looking, too, preposterously healthy and happy, considering the circumstances. He was able to explain quite intelligibly what had happened, and the young woman listened and watched him quietly. In some ways he was a very transparent young man, and she was a young woman of preception.

"So, now," he concluded, "of course, we can be married just as soon as ever we like."

"Married? You want to marry me?" she said, dreamily, as though he had suggested a new idea, which, as a matter of fact, was the case.

"Why, what's the matter, Kitty? Aren't you glad?" he asked.

"I'm very glad that you'll be rich?" she answered, with a smile. "What are you going to do?"

"Oh, have a good time, generally," he answered.

"A good time, generally—generally," she repeated, slowly.

"What is the matter, Kitty?" he inquired, in a puzzled way. "I don't understand."

"I'm not sure that I do yet," she said.

"Surely, after last night"—he burst out.

"Last night," she said, "I refused you because you were poor. And last night was years ago to you."

"You surely don't think I'm such a cad as to let that make any difference. Of course, I know you were right last night."

"No, I know you're not a cad, Jack. You happen to be a gentleman. That's what complicates things so," she said.

"I don't understand you at all," he said.

"You're very, very young, Jack," she answered. He did look very young that morning, in his new aspect of a possible husband.

"I'm no younger than I was last night," he urged.

"If I said yes"—she went on, quietly.

"If you said yes? Don't you care for me still?" he asked.

"Wait a moment," she answered. "If I said yes, we should be married soon. Then we should settle down to a quiet, humdrum, unexciting life. Do you realize that? Next year, you wouldn't want to dance with me all the evening."

"Then, do you mean you don't care for me?" he asked.

"No, I don't care for you," she said, deliberately. She had watched his eyes for 'the light that never was on sea and land,' but it had died away since the night before. "And I'll tell you why. Last night I was a great deal to you. I should have been the prettiest thing in a life that wasn't very pretty. Now I'm only a very, very small part of your life. That wouldn't satisfy me."

"Surely, you don't mean what you say?" he pleaded.

"Oh, yes, I do," she said, with a little laugh. "I shouldn't be adequate, and you wouldn't be adequate. It wouldn't do. Believe me, Jack, it wouldn't. We like each other, but we don't love each other. Don't let's be foolish any more. Let the dead past bury its dead. You've a lot of arrears of enjoyment to draw, and you'd better go away and play now, without making too much of this."

"I never thought"—he burst out.

"No, Jack, I don't think you ever did," she said, "or you'd agree with me. I know you want me just for the moment, because I've said no, but that's the only reason. Run away and play. Goodby, Jack; I'd rather you'd go now."

"Kitty!" he exclaimed.

"Goodby, Jack," the young woman said, with a smile, holding out her hand.

The young man took it, and strode away angrily. For several days he said evil things to himself about the young woman, and decided that she was not worth caring for. Soon afterward, he decided that he never had cared for her. After another brief interval, he came to the conclusion that she was an unusually nice girl, and that, some day, perhaps, if he met her, he might try his luck again. When the young woman married another man, he felt sorry for her and the other man, being under the impression that he held a permanent first mortgage on her affections, which was a mistake, because the only mark which he left on the young woman's mind was a capacity for appreciating the other man.

But the whole thing was a pity. It might have been such an excellent little peace of romance in two people's lives, and it degenerated into the exposure of a flirtation.

## CLEVER SCHEME

**To Make Money, Illustrated, as Well, With Comic Pictures.**

From the Detroit Free Press.

The man whose necktie was partially untied and who had ink on his index finger came into the office of his busy friend. He took a lot of old envelopes and scraps of paper out of his pocket, and, after seating himself, began to sort them over.

"What's the matter?" inquired the busy man.

"I have something here that I wish to read to you."

"Something of a business nature? I'm a little crowded today, but, of course, I'm always ready to make room for whatever is of real importance to you. Is there any money in it?"

"That's what I have come to see you about. I wish to ask your advice. It's a god idea, I think."

Clearing his throat, he read aloud:

"The love of money is the root of all evil. He who steals my purse steals trash. Wealth is an imperious mistress; she requires the whole heart and life of man—"

"Look here," interrupted his host, "What's the use of reading that sort of thing to me? Here I am coming down to this office every day and spending the best years of my life trying to get money. Go ahead and despise wealth if you choose. You're a free agent. But, as long as I have gone in for that sort of thing, let me follow out my fad without trying to humiliate me."

"But I wanted to ask you what you thought about my scheme."

"Have these quotations anything to do with it?"

"Certainly. You know the public is always on the lookout for something novel, and I thought that, if we were to get a lot of these things together and publish them with appropriate comic illustrations, we might make a lot of money out of it."

**A Growing Stone.**

From the Lewiston Journal.

A West Gouldsboro (Me.) man tells a queer story about a stone that grows. It is an egg-shaped, flinty-looking rock, which he picked up in a cove near his home over thirty years ago. Then it weighed about twelve pounds, and from its odd shape was kept in the house and on the doorstep as a curiosity. As the years passed, the stone increased in size. Six years ago it weighed forty pounds, and now it tips the scale at sixty-five pounds. The owner swears it is the same stone, and tells a likely story, with numerous witnesses to back him up.

**Royal Castle.**

Large portions of the old royal castle in Berlin are to be remodeled to make it habitable. The emperor's desire is to be able to offer a comfortable abode to his guests on great festival occasions, who have previously been quartered in various Berlin hotels at great expense to the imperial exchequer. Many hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been expended in altering and repairing the old castle.

**Coffin as a Present.**

Among the Chinese a coffin is considered a neat and appropriate present for an aged person, especially if in bad health.


# DYSPEPSIA

**"For six years I was a victim of dyspepsia** in its worst form. I could eat nothing but milk toast, and at times my stomach would not retain and digest even that. Last March I began taking CASCARETS and since then I have steadily improved, until I am as well as I ever was in my life."

DAVID H. MURPHY, Newark, O.

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. 311

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