THIN CHILD

If a child is thin, let him take a little of Scott's emulsion of cod-liver oil.

Some children like it too well; begin with a little. A half- or quarter-teaspoonful is enough at first, if the stomach is weak; but increase, as you find the stomach will bear.

The effect is: the little one takes on strength; gets hungry; eats and is happy; gets fat—he ought to be fat—and gets healthy.

We'll send you a little to try if you like.
SCOTT & BOWNE, 409 Pearl street, New York.

ONCE MARIE ANTOINETTE'S

SIDEBOARD TREASURED BY A NEW ENGLAND MAN THAT HAS A ROMANTIC HISTORY

STORY OF THE VALUED ARTICLE

Plot to Have Brought the Owner Frustrated by the Removal of the Unfortunate Queen.

Now and then one is led to wish that some inanimate object might for once be endowed with the power of speech, that its story might be heard at first hand; although the unexpected sometimes happens, however, the impossible is quite another thing, and in regard to the subject of this article a plain statement of facts is all that can be given, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

An interesting piece of furniture whose history—could we hear it from itself—would be well worth the hearing is a sideboard which may be seen in the dining room of Hon. James P. Baxter, ex-mayor of Portland, Me. It was in 1881, when, as its present owner was in Thomaston, Me., he saw on exhibition a somewhat imposing sideboard, and with his well known love of the antique admired, and, at length, purchased the piece, which was sent to his Portland residence.

The sideboard is of French marquetry, semi-circular in form, the apparent drawers of which open like small doors by silver handles, each handlepiece being engraved with an acorn and oak leaf. Some time after its removal to Portland a woman called to see Mr. Baxter, and, speaking of the piece of furniture, asked if he knew its history. No, he did not know it, and upon this assertion the woman made known the surprising fact that it had once been the property of no less a personage than the French queen, Marie Antoinette, and came from the Louvre. Incredulous as this at first sounded, subsequent investigation brought to light facts which proved beyond a doubt the truth of the woman's statement.

STORY AND A PLOT.

How it came about that the personal property of the unfortunate queen was found for sale in a little New England town is a story that must be told by itself, the plot of which, had it succeeded, would have added a page of romance to the history of two nations.

During the years 1793 and 1794 there hailed from Wiscasset, Me., or an island in the Wiscasset harbor—called by the Indians "Jeremy Squam," and later known as Edgecomb island—a man by the name of Stephen Clough, gentleman and shipmaster. Aside from his fine old mansion, Capt. Clough had inherited by marriage the stanch ship Sally, with which during 1793 he was engaged in carrying lumber, under contract, from Wiscasset to France; that Capt. Clough's interests were somewhat divided about this time is shown by a portion of his family record, which reads as follows: "Stephen Clough was at Paris during the reign of revolutionary terror under Robespierre and actively engaged in the aid of the victims of Revolutionary vengeance." The Sally, being noted for her speed in all weathers, was, as may readily be seen, an efficient ally in his work of rescue.

That the captain was well acquainted with the condition of affairs in France was due not alone to the fact of his frequent presence there, but to the additional fact that a neighbor and friend down on the Maine coast was at the same time a trusted and wideawake French officer in the military service of his country. This man, Bennete Claude de St. Pry, had in 1789 established a salt factory on the shore of the Sheepscot, and while nominally engaged in trade in America was nevertheless in intimate touch with the affairs of state in France.

CARGO OF THE SALLY.

So it came about that in the year 1793, while the Sally lay in a French harbor awaiting a cargo for her return to the Sheepscot, Bennete Claude de Pry suggested to a few loyal friends of the monarchy a most remarkable and unexpected freight from the little American ship. As every student of history will remember, the poor, deposed queen, Marie Antoinette, was at this time in prison, suffering from the indignities of her brutal jailers, and St. Pry's suggestion was nothing less than that the Sally's return cargo should consist of the queen and a few of her closest friends, with clothing and other provisions of comfort of residence in a strange land.

Disguised as longshoremen, St. Pry and his confederates called upon Capt. Clough one day and made known to him their plan. It was a bold and dangerous one, but this did not discourage the sturdy captain; he was as eager to begin its carrying out as were the instigators themselves. It was not long before the ship's cargo began to come aboard, there were many "purchases for the captain," so called, but could these packages and cases have been opened and examined these "purchases" would have seemed to indicate a wild extravagance, to say the least. There was furniture of royal make, and most elaborate design, with other household decorations, and splendid court gowns much too handsome to be suited to the simple social requirements of the Wiscasset dames, even though they did belong to the family of Stephen Clough, gentleman and shipmaster.

WAIT IN VAIN.

At length everything was in readiness, and the Sally waited only for the signal which should tell her master that the plot had succeeded, and the queen was ready to embark. The waiting was in vain. Marie Antoinette had been removed to a deeper dungeon, and when she once more came out from this it was not to journey by means of the broad Atlantic, but set out upon another sea which we call eternity. For, after several days of waiting, Capt. Clough formed one of that crowd which on the memorable 16th of October, 1793, saw the unfortunate queen led to the scaffold, where a tragedy was ended.

It was not until early in the following year that Capt. Clough reached again his native shore, and then it is said that the Sally, though deprived of one royal passenger, yet brought no less a personage than the prince and statesman, Talleyrand. Certain it is that he, with a companion arrived in Wiscasset about this time, and no other Maine ship so far as known was then in the French commerce, and all other vessels were subject to the French inhibition.

When the Sally once more dropped anchor in the Wiscasset harbor, fabulous stories were soon floating about as to the cargo she brought, many of which have come down to the present day. A Boston man, named Capt. James Swan, was owner of the lumber trade in which the Sally and her master were engaged, and if he had no other hand in the plot for the rescue of the unhappy queen, he at least, as contract owner, was entitled to a share of the ship's unclaimed cargo. A little later we find him building a fine mansion in Dorchester, which, when completed, was furnished in so elegant and costly a manner as to become the wonder and admiration, as well as envy of all his neighbors. This unprecedented display of magnificence naturally caused no little comment and surmises; so great a sensation, in fact, was created that a certain historian observes that "between the guillotine which took off their heads, and Swan, who took off their trunks, little was left of the French."

A son of Capt. Swan was an officer on board the Sally on her memorable return from France, being, in fact, supercargo, and portion of his share of the royal belongings was the sideboard which furnishes the subject of the present sketch; this young man, James Swan, Jr., not long after his return, married Miss Caroline Knox, a daughter of the revolutionary hero, Gen. Henry Knox, of Thomaston, and the sideboard went with him to the Knox mansion, and was there purchased by a friend of the family, whose ownership continued until its purchase as already stated.

The woman who called to tell its history to its present owner had at one time been the maid of Mrs. Thatcher, another daughter of Gen. Knox, and was well acquainted with its story. With it, she said, upon its arrival in America had been a large silver urn, which in course of events had been lost sight of by those most interested; learning of this Mr. Baxter set about a search for its recovery, a search which was for several years unavailing. At length, however, it was traced to Chelsea, Mass., where it had become known as the "Washington and Lafayette urn," and was used in serving coffee at various church functions.

URN SECURED LATER.

The urn was purchased and brought to Portland, where it was reunited to its old-time companion, and where it now stands a handsome piece of silver, touched off with ivory, surmounting the ancient sideboard.

A few years since, at a meeting of the Portland Historical society, Mr. Rufus K. Sewell, of Wiscasset, exhibited a piece of white brocaded silk, said to be a bit of the robe made by the queen's own hands, in which she so bravely met her death, and that this is vouched by so well-informed a man as Mr. Sewell, carries conviction to others less qualified to judge.

A house now standing on the east side of the Scheepscot, in the town of Edgecome, is known as the Marie Antoinette house, this, acording to tradition, having been built for the occupancy of the French queen upon her arrival in America. In 1838 this house was removed from its original site to its present location.

One's fancy is allowed full play in picturing the peaceful days that might have been passsed by the Queen within the walls of this old house had not that daring plot failed. But, is it fancy alone which, as darkness and silence fall about the old sideboard, gives us a glimpse of the moving figures, and flashing gems of lords and ladies, a breath of perfume, the rustle of silks, the clink of glasses, or the echo of laughter long since dead?

An Alarmed Father.

Indianapolis Press.

"Mandy," said the old gentleman, "I am afraid that boy of ours is goin' to be a poet!"

"He ain't writ nothin', has he?" asked the old lady, in alarm.

"No, he ain't writ nothin' yet, but I notice he is doin' less an' less work every day, an' doin' it carelesser."

THEORY OF SOLAR SYSTEM

NEBULAR HYPOTHESIS IS COMBATED BY PROF. CHAMBERLAIN, OF CHICAGO

HAS ENDURED FOR A CENTURY

And Has Furnished Argument for Deists and Atheists Alike—Photographs of Spiral Nebulae.

Chicago enterprise is trying to put the nebular theory, which has withstood the onslaught of science for decades, in the shade, and will succeed if the views of Prof. T. C. Chamberlain, of the University of Chicago, are accepted, says the Philadelphia Times. The investigation which he has recently conducted and the deductions which he has drawn seem to presage its acceptance. The views he advances are intensely interesting, and are explained by Dr. Chamberlain thus:

"The general result of our inquiry is to show, if we have not somehow fallen into error, various relationships of mass and momentum which are seemingly altogether incompatible with an evolution of the solar system from a gaseous spheroid controlled by the laws of hydrodynamic equilibrium and developing by secular cooling. The argument is equally cogent against an evolution from a meteoroidal spheroid controlled by the laws of convective equilibrium.

"The results point to an unsymmetrical distribution of matter and of momentum. It should go without saying that we assume a nebular origin in the broad sense of the term, but the inquiry seems to show that the original form of the nebula and the mode of its development are to be sought along new lines.

"The data which we have put together on masses and momenta seem to constitute criteria of a rather rigorous nature to which a working hypothesis must conform. They are thereby aids in the construction of the Laplacian theory.

"They seem to require the assignments of some mode of origin by which the peripheral (outer) portion of the system acquired all but a trivial part of the moment or momentum while it possessed a trivial part of the mass.

"The first suggestion of these conclusions was the possible formation of the system of the collision of a small nebula upon the outer portion of a large one, the smaller one having necessarily a high ratio of momentum to mass, while the larger one may have had little or no rotary momentum, or even an adverse rotation. The low degree of ellipticity of the present orbits seem to present grave difficulties in the framing of a consistent hypothesis of origin along this line, but these may not prove insuperable.

"The results also naturally turn thought anew toward existing nebula for an exemplification of the evolution of the solar system. It is not a little significant that of the thousands of nebula now known no one, I believe, closely represents the annular (that is, the ring) process; certainly none represents the secondary annulation coincident with the primary. To bring the current hypothesis into consistency with observed nebular states it seems necessary to assign it to so late a stage of concentration and to such small dimensions as to be beyond observation—at most, a hypothetical resort.'

SPIRAL NEBULAE.

But Dr. Chamberlain believes valuable observations can be made today. He says: "Following a purely naturalistic and inductive method, it would seem that the spiral nebulae, whose abundance is attested by the recent notable success of Prof. Keeler in photographing numerous small ones, offer the greatest inherent presumption of being the ancestral form. While present knowledge of their dynamics is almost inappreciable, the suggestions of their forms and the distribution of their matter do not seem necessarily incompatible with the criteria deduced in our inquiry."

It will not surprise the professors at the University of Chicago and the friends and admirers of Prof. Chamberlain and Dr. Ira Moulton if they develop thoroughly a theory which may take the place of the Laplacian.

The nebular hypothesis has been a common belief for a century and is regarded by people in general and scientists as one of the fundamental laws of all science. This theory is as well known and has been believed almost as much as Newton's law of gravitation.

Deists firm in their belief that God created the heavens and the earth take this as a detailed account of the way in which He did it. Atheists, scorning the idea of a creating deity, have regarded the nebular hypothesis as a logical theory of cosmogony, that is of the development of the system.

Evolutionists find that the nebular hypothesis not only fits into their system, but is a strong foundation for it. And, finally, scientists, astronomers who spend their nights peering at the heavens through their wonderful telescopes, believe in it.

LAPLACE THEORY.

This theory was proposed in the last part of the last century by three different philosophers, who developed the idea independently. One was Swedenborg, another was Kant, the famous German philosopher, the founder of modern "critical philosophy," and the third was Laplace, the celebrated French astronomer, prominent in the life of Paris from the time of Napoleon until his death in 1827. Because he was an astronomer his exposition of the theory in his famous work entitled "Mechanique Celeste" and in another, "Exposition de Systeme du Monde," was received as authority. The nebular hypothesis has been credited to him, and has taken another name from him. Among scientists the hypothesis is generally spoken of as the Laplacian theory.

According to Laplace's theory there were five distinctive steps in the development of our system. First, he supposed that at some past time, which is considered as a starting point in the system's history, though not considered as the beginning of existence of the substance of which it is composed, the matter now collected in the sun and planets was in existence in the form of a great nebula—that is, in the form of a wonderfully wide spreading cloud. This nebula was a cloud of intensely heated gas, perhaps hotter than the sun is now. Laplace supposed that this nebula under the action of its own gravitation assumed approximately the form of a globe with a rotation around an axis. To account for this motion of rotation he supposed that before the time which he considered as the starting point the different portions of the nebulae had motions of their own. Then, unless these motions happened to be balanced in the most imperfect and improbable manner, a motion of rotation would set in of itself as the nebula contracted, just as water whirls in a basin when drawn off by a hole in the bottom. The velocity of this rotation would become continually swifter as the volume of the nebula grew smaller, the so-called "moment of momentum" remaining constant.

FLATTENED AT THE POLES.

As a result of the rotation of the nebula the mass, instead of keeping its form as perfect sphere, would become flattened at the poles, just as the earth is. As the rotation went on and the motion became accelerated the time would come when the centrifugal force at the equator would become just equal to the force of gravity. Then rings of nebulous matter would be abandoned. Scientists object to the words "thrown off" in this connection. The rings of matter would not be forced off, but would not be kept with the spherical cloud because the force of gravity would not be sufficient.

This ring feature of the theory is considered as one of the most interesting parts. These rings would resemble the rings of Saturn. In fact, this part of the theory, and a most essential step, was suggested by the rings of Saturn.

The fourth step explains why the ring of nebulous matter abandoned by the rotating nebula would then do. A ring would revolve for a while as a whole, but in time would break. Then the material would conect into a single globe. According to the supposition of Laplace, the ring would revolve as if it were a solid, the outer edge moving at much more rapid rate than the inner. As a consequence, he declared that the lobe of matter formed from the collection of the broken ring would rotate on its axis in the same direction as the ring had revolved. This would be a planet.

The fifth step explains the action of the planet. According to the theory the planet thus formed would continue to revolve around the central mass, and might in turn abandon rings which might break, and thus the planet would get a retinue of satellites.

This theory in its details explains the many questions which arise about the way in which the present condition of the universe came about. It tells how the moons and earths and Jupiters and Saturns came to their present state and into their relation to the sun. It gives their past history and indicates their future, and gives an explanation for the nebulae, star-clusters and stars seen in the heavens.

TWENTY MILLION YEARS.

Taking into consideration the Laplacian theory, astronomers have asserted that the sun's past history must cover 15,000,000 or 20,000,000 years. Then looking forward they have prophesied that at the present rate of contraction and radiation the sun must within 10,000,000 years become so dense that life on the earth will become impossible.

Even before Laplace formulated his theory, Herschel had showed the existence in the sky of all the intermediate forms between the nebulae and the star. However, up to the middle of the present century it was generally believed that all the nebulae were nothing but star-clusters too remote to be resolved into individual stars by existing telescopes. But the introduction of the spectroscope into astronomical research has proved Herscel's supposition, and demonstrated that there are substantial differences between the gaseous nebulae and star-clusters. The result is that many are disposed to believe that the rarest even of nebulous matter, instead of being purely gaseous, is full of solid and liquid particles like cloud or smoke, so that probably the original nebulae was rather a cloud of dust than a "fire-mist," and each particle was enveloped in gas.

ON HIS TOMBSTONE

Missouri Man Had Inscribed the Words "Vote for Bryan."

Special Dispatch to the Enquirer.

MEXICO, Mo., Nov. 3.—B. H. Morris, a life-long Democrat, recently died here, and over his grave was erected a slab of marble, on which is inscribed this remarkable epitaph.

To the Memory of
B. H. MORRIS.
Died
April 9, 1900.
Kind Friends I've
Left Behind.
Cast Your Vote for
Jennings Bryan.

Morris was an ardent supporter of Bryan and the ideas which he represented, and it was his wish that if death should prevent him from taking part in the 1900 campaign he might still help in the work by this "voice from the tomb."

The tombstone is three feet by one, mounted on two stone bases, the second smaller than the first. The above inscription, three oak leaves on a stem and a single acorn, are on the stone.

Maladies Reported on Decline.

ST. PETERSBURG, Nov. 6.—According to private dispatches received today, typhus and other fevers are beginning to abate in the Russian army and in Manchuria.

FRENCH-CANANDIAN EVENT

PROPOSED REUNION OF DESCENDANTS OF FAMILIES DRIVEN FROM ACADIE IN 1755

SCATTERED OVER MIDDLE WEST

Some Towns Still Maintain Characteristics of the Past, Notably Bourbonnais in Illinois.

An event of great importance to the Acadian families in the United States will probably occur during the autumn. It is expected that the Canadian congress will issue an order calling together all the descendants of those old French families, that were expelled from Acadie in 1755, for a reunion.

It is little known that hundreds, perhaps thousands, of families tracing their descent directly to Acadian sources are scattered in small agricultural communities all over the Middle West, from Wisconsin to Louisiana. They are called Acadians even today in the upper portion of Louisiana, where the majority has settled.

In fact, the only points of picturesque and historic value now remaining in that section of the country are these little French-Canadian settlements, scarcely ever visited, seldom written of, yet of such unique interest and charm. They are situated all along through the valley of the Mississippi, quaint, isolated, French-speaking villages, fringing the borders of little rivers like the gentle bend of fleur-de-lis over the streams of Normandy and Brittany.

Many of them, settled by the descendants of those Acadians who were expelled from Port Royal in 1755, hold today all the charm, the manner and custom that Longfellow chants in "Evangeline," as, for instance, Kaskaskia and Bourbonnais. Some that were established as fur-trading posts have grafted on them other calls of commerce and of settlement, and have so mingled bloods and forged ahead that the French physiognomy is dwarfed and all but obliterated, as in Chicago, St. Louis, and Prairie du Chien. Kaskaskia, Momence, Bourbonnais—these have lost nothing of the fragrance of the fleur-de-lis, and of these Bourbonnais is first.

This small French village is situated in Kankakee county, fifty miles southwest of Chicago. It is thrown, just the handful of it, like les fleurs des cerises, off from the banks of the Kankakee river, quite in the heart of the little hills and groves of trees three miles beyond the city of Kankakee. A church spire, dark as French eyes, slender and full of grace, embraced by the misty tops of soft willows; a gold statue of le Coeur Sacre, high on the doomed turret of St. Viateur's college; the tender leaning of flowers against the stained walls of old Acadian fashioned houses; in the spring time such a feverish burst of apple blossoms, white and tremulous, against a sunset sky, and then at vespers the low voice of a young French priest chanting the "Ave Maria,"—this is Bourbonnais, Bourbannais in the month of May, gentle and full of quiet, overflowing with the "new wine of the wind of spring." The sky is blue as the robe of the Sainte Vierge, the air is clean and cool, and all the village penetrates like those sweet notes of the meadow lark as it nestles to quiet in the fields at night.

There are stories here. Every house on la rue de l'Eglise, from Sanasec's portique past le barbier, l'entrepreneur de tombe, le docteur, le marchand, la presbytere, to les barriere du couvent, each is a story all to itself. Then the timber road, the old mail highway, on which the first settlers used to drive their oxen loads of grain clear to Chicago, this still remains as it was, Flageole's stone house and the old Legris tavern nodding gray and sleepy over its edge like les viex settleurs themselves. And les vieux settleurs! They are the sons and daughters of les voyageurs, les coureur des bois, the fur traders, whose adventurous histories light up the waters of the Mississippi and all the Middle West. They still preserve in all its Acadian fervor and simplicity the faith of their forefathers. It is remarkable that within so short a distance from St. Louis and Chicago a settlement like Bourbonnais should exist. It is so entirely out of things, as clois tered from "the pomp of the world, the flesh, and the devil," as though it, too, like its young sisterhood, had avowed itself to virginity, and, clothed in the white veil, consecrated its beauty to oblivion.

It was named from Francois Bourbonnais, a Canadian Frenchman, who settled there with an Indian wife at the beginning of the century. It was but a log cabin deep in the forests, this beginning of Bourbonnais. For all the growth it had it might as well have been still-born, for not until the advent of Noel Levasseur did it achieve a spark of life. Levasseur was a Frenchman, with the qualities of the Chouteu, who founded St. Louis, the energy, the executive ability, the personal force. Thus at the start Bourbonnais had promise. The French gathered from all parts of Canada and settled in the new Acadie. Lacasseur was a trader and Bourbonnais became one of the posts of the American Fur company, as well as an agricultural community.

The Granger family settled there sixty years ago. That family has had a most interesting history, holding anew another story of Evangeline.

The founder of the family was an English gentleman, Lawrence Granger, who came to Port Royal, Nova Scotia, with an English squadron late in the seventeenth century. He married a beautiful French girl, daughter of one of the first families in Acadia, Marie l'Andry. Their descendants suffered the fate of all the Acadians in the expulsion of 1755, and Charles Granger, his grandson, was cast ashore in the woods of Connecticut with his cousin, whom he afterward married. Their son, Jean Baptiste, became a comreur de bois and voyager. He came to St. Louis and was present at the naming of that city. He married Marie Angelique Gregoire in 1734, and their son, David Granger, settled in Bourbonnais Grove with his family. The Rev. Adolphus Granger, pastor of the largest French church in Kankakee, is the son of David Granger. Father Granger is an authority on French Canadian history, and has made a special study of the old Acadian families and settlements in the United States.

The first glimpses of the village are charming. An electric car line extends from Kankakee through Bradley, a small manufacturing town, quite to the end of Bourbonnais. It is like passing along the bare, stripped branch of a November tree and suddenly leaping into a sweet fullness of flowers—comme les fleurs des cerises. In May it is best, when it is all gold with sun and dandelions, and green with the wonderful color of spring, and the houses under the fretted shadows of the young leaves are painted in soft colors, are white and rain-washed, and do not stare hard at the eye. One passes swiftly the house of Hypolite Gousset, the dairyman. It is like a fluff and a whiff of scented lace under the trees, with its curves and turns of minute wood carving, but it is gone like a French grisette, and then gray toned, quiet with clean white trimmings like Evangeline turned nun comes the house of Moses Marcotte, simple, stately. Each little house is adorned with flowers, each with white curtains, each is blinking sleepily like the old French towns of Normandy and Picardy and along the shores of the St. Lawrence. All the French towns except St. Louis have the sleepy tone, and yawn from the crowing of the cock and the Kyrie Eleison until the Ava Maria at night. But they are such good little places. Here there is a swift glimpse of la gallerie de cuisine of de la Montagne, even that drooping with flowers and a little girl dressed in her first communion dress steps out of the door, her white veil, her wreath, her little rosary—then the houses of Baisse, Gravelin, Darch, Bergeron, Tetrault, Flageole, Loiselle, Rois, Le Sage, such a litany of French names musical as the litany "Sainte vierg edes verges, mere, toujours vierge," and the rest of it.

Then up out of a triangle of pis-en-lis, as the dandelions are called, jumps the white face of the town hall, smudged and mud spattered, but stiff and stubborn, like a small boy who won't wash. And that does indeed stare—it is the only thing in Bourbonnais except the people which does stare.

The main road branches into two or three twigs of ways, one becoming la rue de la Riviere, the other la rue de l'Eglise, and here the priests and brothers walk under the trees in their long black cassocks.

There are no poor in Bourbonnais, but the two or three hundred families there have comfortable incomes, are thrifty and economical.

St. Viateur's college was established in 1865 by the clerics of St. Viateur, sent from Joliet, Canada. It was the first classical institution founded by the French in this country.

But more interesting than the college and the convent, more interesting than the history of Bourbonnais, are the people. As in all villages, there are some three or four central characters of interest, so here. They are Mme. Savole, Captaine Beirnere and Simon de Lonais.

De Lonais is the "police officer." His star of office is brighter than Jupiter. He patrols his beat on the sagging porch of the Legris tavern. The Bourbonnais people will always keep him in office.

"Pourquoi?" they say; "ah, c'est de Lonais!"

Then, too, he would never arrest anyone! His heart is too good, and that they like. Once he did lock some tramps up in the calabboose, but he unlocked them right off again. The calaboose is a mite of a bastile, with terrible padlocks and iron hinges that make a noise.

De Lonais looks like a fighting cock, sauvage, grenadier. He wears a frown, his gray mustache bristles, he waves his arms frantically when he sees tramps. "Mon Dieu!" he cries. "Mon Dieu! You!" Then, "Qu'est que t'aime mieux, faire ici, ou bien aller chez, vous?" And quite naturally the tramps choose to go home.

Mme. Savole lives in the little window house on la rue de l'Englise. She is quick-eyed, tanned and wiry. She is the Sibyl of the village. But bonnes could not give the stories in Bourbonnais. It is never forgotten, especially at night, when the music of the Misere is chanted in the chapel of St. Viateur's.

Says He Is Bankrupt.

Henry A. Williams, a clerk, has filed a petition in the district court asking to be adjudged a bankrupt. His liabilities are given as $1,830, and his assets at $262.90. Of the latter $131.45 is given as exempt. Household bills constitute the greater portion of his liabilitits.

Near the Head of the Class.

Denver News.

The Governor—So you are making the acquaintance of soubrettes, you young renegade? How far along have you got?

The Son—Tolerable; I was only three men behind you at the stage door last night.

The Heart Cry of the Motherless Maiden.

"Mother, come back from that echoless shore
And take me again in your arms as of yore."

When the mother is taken from the home, the loss falls heavily on each member of the family. But in time kindly Nature heals the wounds, dulls the memory, and comforts the heart. The little girl turns anew to her dolls and her plays and her mother becomes a memory. The real loss that she has sustained comes to her much later in life, when "standing with reluctant feet where womanhood and girlhood meet," she feels the need of a mother's counsel.

She is perplexed about conditions of which she cannot speak to any other. She thinks of the family physician. But her delicate nature shrinks from the questions she might be called upon to answer. And so without counsel or help she drifts along while every day time tightens the fetters of disease.

Young women instinctively know that certain conditions are abnormal. They know that heads and backs were not made to ache. But they do not know where to turn for relief.

ANY MOTHER WOULD SAY

what almost every mother knows, that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best medicine for the cure of womanly ills. It not only cures headache and backache but it cures the womanly ills which cause these pains.

"I am so much better since I commenced taking your 'Favorite Prescription,'" writes Miss Jessie Simmons, of Thurston, Frederick Co., Md. "I am very much improved in health, and feel as though I had a new lease of life. It was just what I needed. Am more than thankful to you for the kindly interest you have taken, and hope that others will find the same benefit from your valuable books and medicines that I have."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is not offered as a cure-all. It is a woman's medicine, and it accomplishes perfectly the cure of womanly diseases. It establishes regularity. It dries unhealthy and offensive drains. It heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. It is a purely vegetable preparation, containing no alcohol, neither opium, cocaine nor any other narcotic, and cannot disagree with the most delicate constitution.

Young women especially do not realize how intimately the general health is related to the health of the delicate womanly organs. When the local diseases are cured by "Favorite Prescription" the general health at once improves. The appetite is restored, sleep is enjoyed, the form rounds out, the cheeks regain the hue of health. Miss Simmons says in the letter as a result of using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription she feels as though she had

"A NEW LEASE ON LIFE."

This is not only a feeling but a fact, as is shown by thousands of testimonials which say "'Favorite Prescription' has made a new woman of me."

"I am still improving more and more every day. I am just as well now as I was when I came into the world," writes Mrs. P. A. Graham, of 617 Race Street, New Orleans, La. "I will put it at that, anyway, for *I cannot remember ever seeing a well day since I became a woman* (twenty-five years ago), until six months ago when I began the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Pellets.' They are the best medicines on earth made for women and their complaints. No matter what the disease may be even if called incurable by the doctors. If any suffering woman will write Doctor Pierce he will write her a fatherly letter and give her good advice and if she will follow his instructions will find out in a very short time that she has been mistaken by putting her trust in home doctors. I had been sick for eight years until six months ago I commenced with Dr. R. V. Pierce's medicine and it brought me out to where I am now, from ninety pounds to one hundred and thirty-five. Any lady may write to me, enclosing stamps, and I will answer."

Women suffering from diseases of long standing are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter, *free*. All letters are read in private and answered in private, and the written confidences of women are guarded by the same strict professional privacy observed in personal consultations with Dr. Pierce, at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute. Address correspondence to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

A great many women who have taken advantage of Dr. Pierce's offer of free consultation by letter, have expressed their gratification at being able to escape in this way the indelicate questionings, the offensive examinations and obnoxious local treatments, considered necessary by some local practitioners. Dr. Pierce's wide experience and wonderful success in the treatment and cure of womanly diseases, enables him to obtain accurate knowledge of diseases by the written statement. In a little over thirty years, assisted by his staff of nearly a score of physicians, Dr. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has treated and cured hundreds of thousands of weak and sickly women.

The dealer who offers a substitute for "Favorite Prescription" as "just as good" does so to obtain the little more profit paid by the sale of less meritorious preparations. Accept no substitue for "Favorite Peescription," the medicine which makes weak women strong and sick women well.

WHAT MISS GREER THINKS.

"I think that your 'Adviser' is a fine book," writes Miss Flora I. Greer, of 10 Howe Street, Akron, Ohio, "and a book that everyone should own. If more girls would read it instead of trashy novels there would be healthier women and children than there are to-day."

The book referred to is Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. It contains 1008 large pages and over 700 illustrations, and is sent *free* on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. Send 31 one-cent stamps for the cloth-bound volume, or only 21 stamps for the book in paper-covers. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

HOMER ON GOLF.

Chicago Times-Herald.

Patroclus having been killed by Hector
before Troy, Achilles decides to do hon
ors to the dead body by making sacrifices
and holding games.

The unrelenting grave Patroclus claims,
And now behold the glorious funeral
games:

Vases and shaving mugs in heaps are
seen,
With bags of costly leather, on the green;
Balls of the various brands are there to
view,
With brassies, bulgers and midirons, too;
These constitute the prizes to be won—
The pairs are drawn, and now the sport's
begun.

First, wise old Nestor stands beside the
tee,
His suit is something wonderful to see!
With trousers rolled high on his withered
calves,
He drives away, and with Eumelus
halves.
Next Diomed of Tros heaps up the sand
And makes a drive that all agree is
grr-and!
Tydides slices, fiercely grinds his teeth,
And rolls into a hazard on the heath;
Diomed takes the hole and loudly laughs
To see the way his great opponent sclaffs.

And now Antilochus, with nice survey,
Observes the compass of the hollow way;
He wiggles for a while above the tee—
First of the Spartan amateurs is he.
The ball goes high, he stands and watches
it—
Alas! he's bunkered, and falls in a fit!
Atrides gains the green in three, to roll
In spasms when he's stymied at the hole!

Oileus and Ulysses next appear—
St. Andrew! how the latter whangs the
sphere!
It flies out over molehills, whins and
gorse,
And high above the bunker takes its
course;
The players holler "Fore!" with all their
might,
And still the ball continues in its flight,
Until, where Nestor stoops to make a
putt,
It strikes him full upon the "cokernut!"
He falls upon the green—they drag him
hence,
The things he says are awful and intense!

Thus, from the breaking of the rosy
dawn
Till twilight falls, the noble game goes
on;
Calypso, paired with Pallas, steals away,
Defeated seven up and six to play;
Fair Daphne wins from Briseis one up—
The victor's prize a costly shaving cup!
Niobe lost to Vesta; how she wept
As from the links, alone in shame, she
crept!

Ulysses has the lowest score, his boast
Is heard all up and down the sandy
coast,
While Ajax, frowning, tells the crowd
about
The chances that combined to knock him
out,
Till Zeus, wearied, groans and yawns and
blinks,
And says: "I'd blast him who invented
links,
If I could catch the fool—I would, by
jinks!"

Chicago Record.

"What makes you avoid that girl so, even if you do not intend to propose to her?"

"I'm afraid she'll take a notion to make me propose."

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Buys a regular $25 Gun Outfit. It consists of one High-grade, Double-barrel, Breech-loading Shotgun.

25 U. M. C. Best Quality Brass Shells, a box of U. M. C. Primers, a Fine Recapper, a Hardwood Reloader, a Nickel-plated Shell Extractor, a Graduated Shot and Powder Measure, and a Fine Steel Wad Cutter.

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Detailed description of the Gun—This gun is guaranteed to be high-grade in every respect, embracing as it does the **very latest and best devices** necessary to make up a perfect gun. The barrels are fine Damascus or Twist finish steel, made and bored most accurately, for strength and durability. The left barrel is full tapered bored, while the right barrel is modified. Matted extension rib, patent compensating snap, fore end handsomely finished, barrels are beautifully tapered and balanced. The stock is elegantly finished, having a fine checkered pistol grip and with fancy butt plate. Drop of stock is about 3¼ inches. The action is the best, bar rebounding locks with steel works, new style low circular hammers, improved patent plungers. The parts are so well and accurately made that it is almost impossible for them to get out of order. The **springs are extra strong, and sure fire is a certainty.** SEND US 97c DEPOSIT with your order as a guarantee of good faith, state whether 30- or 32-inch barrels are desired, and we will ship this high-grade gun to you by express C. O. D. for the balance due, subject to examination. When the gun arrives give it a careful examination—subject it to a critical inspection, and pay the express agent the balance due ($12.00 and express charges) only after you find it exactly as represented, and the equal of guns which other dealers sell for $18.00 and $25.00. If unsatisfactory in any respect—if not everything we claim—refuse to accept it, tell the express agent to return it to us, and we will refund the 97c deposit as soon as the gun reaches us. Truly this is a liberal offer, one whereby you run no risk whatever, for we assume all the chances.

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