"THE GOLDEN IDOL."

—BY FERGUS HUME.—

AUTHOR OF: "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," "Monsieur Judas," "The Nameless City," "The Dwarf's Chamber," "The Red-Headed Man," etc.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters—The scene opens on Fletmouth pier, where Norah Wharton is awaiting the arrival of her lover, Lieut. Jayne, just home from Chinese waters. Among other things the young sailor has brought home with him is a six-inch idol of beaten gold, which Norah seizes eagerly to place on the mantelpiece. Accidentally, however, it gets dropped into a tall Chinese jar, where, for the time, the tale leaves it. Next day Lieut. Jayne is missing, and Norah remembers that on the pier he had noticed a Chinaman waiting, and that afterwards he had seemed less willing to give her the idol. A boat is found on the beach somewhat damaged, and with blood marks on the white paint. Rowland Gaskell, a cousin of Jayne's, who also loves Norah, threatens to foreclose a mortgage on Jaynes' property. He also suggests that Philip Wharton, Norah's brother, is responsible for Lieut. Jayne's disappearance.

CHAPTER XII.

UNEXPECTED INTELLIGENCE.

The next day Norah rose early. She found Jael already stirring and busy. Evidently Mrs. Wharton's paragon was "thorough" if nothing else for in her "doing" of the drawing room she had found it necessary to open all the cabinets, as well as to turn out the contents of a small writing table which stood in one corner of the room. Nothing escaped her. Into every vase and ornament and receptacle did she pry. If a desire for cleanliness prompted her, she was indeed a paragon; and in the face of the highly excellent character bestowed upon her by Mr. Marks and Mrs. Henders it was impossible to impute to her any other motives.

Although of a nature far removed from suspicious, Norah was somewhat taken aback at finding her in the act of taking a header into the Chinese jar and probing it with the handle of her broom. Indeed, so extraordinary a proceeding did it seem to Norah that she stepped into the room and brought Miss Jael to lock.

"What are you doing?" she asked, sharply.

The paragon jumped lightly from chair to floor, and recovered her momentary confusion with presence of mind truly remarkable.

"La, miss, how you startled me!" she cried. Her voice was unusually refined. "I was just wondering if I could not clean the inside of that jar, it's so dusty and full of paper."

Norah knew well Fancy's habit of using the jar as a waste paper basket. It was impossible to deny that the jar was full of paper and rubbish.

"Even so, I think you had better leave it alone, Jael," she said, quietly. "Your mistress won't like your touching it. It is very valuable and you might break it. If the rest of the room is thoroughly done, you needn't trouble about the jar."

"Very well, Miss, I'll leave it alone," and the obedient Jael began to collect the sheets of music scattered on the floor. Norah glanced round the room to see what else she had been up to in her zeal, but Jael had already closed the writing-table drawers and there was nothing to show she has been there. After a second glance at the woman's impassive face Norah turned to go.

"I am going out for an hour, Jael," she said, putting her hat straight in the mirror. "Tell your mistress I shall be back to breakfast."

Jael watched her leave the house, waited for a few minutes, and then ran, broom in hand, out into the street, where she began diligently to sweep the doorstep. A most industrious girl was Jael Moss.

"H'm!" she reflected, as she saw Norah vanish round the corner of the road leading into Fletmouth. "I wonder where you're going to so early, my lady. I'm afraid I can't very well follow you, or I would. Never mind. Thank goodness I've got my eyes and ears about me. They weren't given me for nothing, and it won't be my fault if I don't make good use of them."

Norah pushed briskly on down the Fletmouth road. She was careful to observe closely each vehicle coming in the direction of Oldport. In about fifteen minutes she beheld a small ragged figure trudging along the road with a bundle of newspapers under its arms. It did not need any great perspicuity on her part to recognize the youthful Nebuchadnezzar. He had, to judge by the opinions he was passing very freely upon them, failed to induce any of the local tradesmen to give him a lift. Not till Norah was almost upon him did he see her.

"What ho! She? Ho, no, 'tain't, by no means, Gummy! If I'd a warm bed 'tain't me as 'd go chuckin' round the dysy field 'fore breakfast. I should smoile."

"Nebby, you can give me the paper," said Norah, producing a six pence.

The boy's ferret-eyes glistened. He knew that the Wharton family paid by the week, and that the unexpectedly-produced coin was not in payment for six papers. He whipped out a Telegraph from the bundle under his arm. Norah passed him the six pence. There was nothing surprising in a pretty young lady buying a daily paper. In wartime the Oldport inhabitants constantly met their newsboys half way.

"Ho! 'Im agin:" asked Nebby, biting the coin. "Yuss, I know. Wot's it?"

"My brother. Where is he?"

"Laidy Bill's crib. Lordy, y' ain't goin' to look 'im up there, are yer?"

"No, no, but I want you to tell Mr. Philip to meet me tomorrow instead of today at the same place—you know—and at the same time."

"I'm fly." Nebby winked villainously and indulged in other antics meant to be expressive of a complete comprehension. "Ho my! Wasn't 'e in the sun larst night! No, not at all, by no means."

"In the sun! What do you mean, boy?" What a horrid little urchin he was, thought Norah.

"Boozed. Why 'e an' laidy Bill they 'ad a foight. Teacher 'ad to pull 'er orf 'im, 'e 'ad. Crickey! I never did see sich iarks. 'E's a dolsy an' no mistake."

"Give him my message and hold your tongue, Nebby. Was Mr. Gaskell at—at—at the place last night?"

Nebby nodded. "I doss there, so I knows. Teacher 'e went to see ole Ching-a-ring-a-ring-pig-tail. Don't 'e smoke hoplum! No, 'e don't, not 'e. 'E loike a puss snarlin' in 'is sleep 'e is. Miaw! Yah, 'e'd make y'die o' larfin'."

"Nebby, tell me, did you ever hear the name of Wang-Ho?" asked Norah, impulsively.

The boy's face grew pale under its grime, and with a sudden cringeing he began to back away from her, keeping his eyes on her face the while. His fluent tongue said no word and his eyes were filled with animal terror. Then without a word he turned and fled towards Oldport.

Norah was something more than perplexed. What could the boy mean? Why should the mere mention of that name have terrorized him so? She had felt a qualm of dread herself at the sight of the abject fear upon his face. Norah was now thoroughly scared and it was some moments before she recovered herself sufficiently to return to Trafalgar Villa. And though she walked many times through the streets where Nebby was in the habit of delivering his papers she saw no sign of him. He had either disappeared or kept rigorously out of her way. The more she thought about it the less was she able to come to any conclusion. One thing only was certain—the mention of the name Wang-Ho had done it. The mystery surrounding the idol—presuming its name to be Wang-Ho—seemed to be deepening day by day, hour by hour.

She reached home in a state of high nervous tension, which was in no way improved by the greeting she received at the hands of her mother.

"Well, I am sure, Norah, how can you be so ridiculous, so fool-hardy as to go out at this hour of the morning, in this frost! And you with your delicate chest! Fancy, sit straight at the table!"

They were at breakfast, a lively meal for nobody save perhaps for Mrs. Wharton, who always managed to relieve herself of some part of her night's store of bed temper before it was ended.

"Make the tea, Norah. Dear me, what horrible bacon this is! These plates are stone cold, filthy, too! Jael!" Mrs. Wharton polished a plate with her napkin, and held it out to show a slight grimy deposit which she had succeeded in rubbing off. "You call these plates clean, do you? How dare you bring them up! Answer me!"

"Please, ma'am, Martha—"

"Don't answer me! Martha, Martha, of course it's Martha. You're a pair! What do you think I pay you for? To stand there looking like a fool!"

Thus did Mrs. Wharton hold forth, the while Fancy and Norah, well used to her, got through their breakfast as they best could.

As for Jael, she stood it like a soldier under fire. The more shrill the voice of Mrs. Wharton the more stolid did the Jewess seem to become.

And what at length she was sent about her business she went without a word, and only just the merest suspicion of a smile upon her face. Mrs. Wharton pushed her plate from her as though it held poison.

"I can't eat a thing," she exclaimed, as though the fault were anyone's but hers. "Not that either of you care. I really do believe that you'd be glad if I died. It might every bit as well be dead as in this house."

"Oh, mother, dear, how you do go on," protested Fancy.

"Go on! Go on! And I'd like to know, please, where you would be if I didn't? A pretty pig-sty this would be! It's bad enough now, goodness knows! You're just like your father, Fancy ungrateful—horribly ungrateful."

"What is your name, waiter?"
"George Washington, sah."
"George Washington—George Washington—seems to me I've heard that name somewhere before."
"Yas, sah. 'Spect yo' have. I'se been a waitah heah fo' near ten years, sah."

If I had Grip I would use Dr. Miles' Pain Pills and Dr. Miles' Nervine.

Sold at all druggists.

RECOVERIES FROM GRIP.

Mrs. E. I. Masters, at her home in Monitor, Ind., used Dr. Miles' Nervine and Pills to cure after effects of grip.

Mrs. A. E. Lopeer, in the little town of Medella, Minn., used Dr. Miles' Pain Pills and Nerve and Liver Pills and was well in a few days.

George J. Flannery was relieved of the awful pains in his head in fifteen minutes, by the use of Dr. Miles' Pain Pills. Now he is rapidly recovering at his home in Buffalo, N. Y.

J. C. Helfrey, foreman of the Westinghouse factory in East Pittsburg, had a severe attack of grip, but he used Dr. Miles' Nervine and Pain Pills and was soon back in his place.

Rev. C. Body was in a serious condition at his home in St. Paris, O., but Dr. Miles' Nervine and Nerve and Liver Pills pulled him through all right.

THE WHIMS OF HER GRACE

DUCHESS OF MANCHESTER HAS SOME TRAITS OF A SPOILED CHILD

YOUNG COUPLE COO AND TALK

Newspapers Bother Them, but They Serve Tea to an Interviewer to Whom They Complain.

"Fire away!" said the Duke of Manchester when a humble, untitled newspaper reporter went to interview him. "Ask me any questions you like."

"Ask him how much he lost at"—interrupted Lord Lambert, significantly. A quick remonstrance from his grace was followed by a gale of laughter, that swept all restraint before it.

His grace the Duke of Manchester, Lord of Tanderagee, etc., does not meet you half-way, says the San Francisco correspondent of the Inter Ocean. If you have the open sesame he is frankly cordial and charmingly informal. "Awfully uncomfortable chair, that," he says, pointing disdainfully at the Palace hotel's best. 'Come, try this one; the 'Lamb' won't bite."

Lord Lambert takes careful aim at the duke and fires a center shot. Five minutes of this merry verbal battledore and shuttlecock, then a request to see the Duchess of Manchester creates a sudden lull. The duke considers. The lord looks a protest with his eyes.

"Say, honestly," says the duke, 'she hates this sort of thing. Besides, she's not feeling well, poor little thing! You'll excuse her, won't you."

For answer there is the frou-frou of silken ruffles and a plaintive voice comes floating in: "Gracie, where are you The horrid doctor says my throat is very bad, but I m going to dress for dinner, anyway.

The speaker is dangerously near the door. His grace and his lordship make a dive for it.

Too late. The portieres part. Enter her grace, Helena, Duchess of Manchester.

DUCHESS TAKEN BY SURPRISE.

The duchess looks surprised; the lord is evidently annoyed; the duke does the act and does it gracefully. It smooths the little pucker in her grace's brown and scissors her "another reporter" in two.

The Duchess of Manchester sinks into an armchair. Her pink satin negligee trails, in shimmering folds, revealing a petticoat of cream lace, under which feet like little pink mice peep in and out. This Anglo-American duchess, despite her Teutonic papa, has a Spanish instep. Her grace has two feverish spots of pink burning on either cheek. Her voice is sweet and slow, but it is evidently with difficulty that notes issue from her scarlet, pouting mouth. "My throat hurts so," and she raises a slim, jeweled hand to her white throat.

Lord Lambert closes a window and adjusts a blind. The Duke of Manchester stirs the fire. His lordship wheels up a chair and insists on her grace taking it. The duke brings a footstool and arranges the folds of her gown. The maid fetches a wrap and places it on her shoulders. The valet rushes for a firescreen. Her grace accepts it all with the air of—well, not so much that of a duchess as of a girl with a very sore throat who wants to be petted. For when one's throat is raw and rasped ducal coronets don't count.

In the soft fitful glow of the firelight this new American duchess is very pretty. In the sunlight? Well—rather pretty. But that's a guess at best, for though it was only 4 o'clock in the afternoon the blinds were drawn and the fire and a soft-shaded lamp or two did duty for illumination.

This young woman, whose portrait will soon be hung beside those of the famous beauties of the house of Montague, need fear nothing by comparison. She has not the faultily faultless beauty of the poet. Her mouth and nose are just irregular enough to be piquant. Her large gray eyes are rarely beautiful, with an expression half laughing, half wistful, that is very captivating.

HAIR OF TITIAN SHADE.

Her hair is of that indefinable shade, which is neither brown nor gold nor red, but a mixture of all three—a combination which usually produces a "sandy" result, but in this case has achieved the "French blonde." Her complexion is good, though over the pink and white of her cheeks there is a sprinkling of "sun kisses" that proves her love of out-door life. Where the sleeve falls away from the wrist there is a hint of an arm white and beautifully rounded. She is neither "divinely tall" nor yet "divinely slender." Just a healthy, fresh-colored girl, who even when she has a sore throat can be gay.

Lord Lambert attempted a funny story apropos of nothing. But it served the purpose of making the duchess smile. His grace tries to discount it with a funnier one. The duchess forgets her sore throat.

"How you English can punish a good story," she laughs.

Her grace, the Duchess of Manchester, has an American sense of humor. London climate may be bad for it, but it won't kill it. It's bred in the bone.

"Cards for your grace," and the bell boy shoves in a tray full. The duke regards them with an amused smile. He gathers up a handful and impressively reads the names of a dozen reporters representing every paper in town from the big dailies to the weeklies. Her grace comes to the rescue. "Here, Buttons," she says, "tell them that we're out; tell them that we've gone to Europe; tell them anything, but don't let them up.

"The duke is so soft-hearted to the press," she explains.

"Well, I've been there myself," replies the duke. "I s'pose you know I wrote for one of the New York papers last year. I used to curse upstairs and down cellar if I sent a man out on a story and he came back without it.

DUKE KIND TO REPORTERS.

"I like to treat a reporter like a white man. Some of them, instead of appreciating it, dub me 'dead easy,' and write me down."

"Do you like newspaper work?" interrupts her grace. "My aunt, Miss Evans, has written a great deal for the press."

"There isn't a tinge of ostentation about this ducal pair, nor the taint of cheap pride. hTe duchess is ever careful to put on the brakes when describing Tanderagee castle, her husband's ancestral home.

"Perhaps I oughtn't to go into ecstacies over our own home," she says, "but it's really just the most beautiful place I have ever seen. We arrived there in the evening, and the castle and the grounds were brilliantly illuminated, and the tenants, about 1,500 of them, turned out to give us a rousing welcome.

"It was a strange feeling for an American girl. I was overcome at the thought of what my advent might mean to those people. I hope to do everything within my power for them."

The duke patted her hand approvingly and the lord smiled his satisfaction.

"Oh," conintued the duchess, as enthusiastically as an American schoolgirl, "I wish you could see the castle. And the most beautiful room in it is to be my own. It has always been called the duchess' boudoir, and has the dearest antique oaken bed, with figures from the chase carved upon it. Just imagine, there is a brass railing all around it, after the old fashion of a king's. There is nothing somber about the room, for much of the furniture is in white and gold, and the windows are draped in blue silk and white lace. There are sixteen of these windows in the room, with a lovely view of the duchess' walk and the gardens."

"The duchess' walk," explained the duke, "is a delightful walk fifteen feet wide, bordered by a hedge and gay with flowers. The ladies of our house make it a custom to take their morning walk along this charming path."

TEA IS BROUGHT IN.

Tea was now brought in, and the duchess with a pretty air of langor, born of her indisposition, presided.

"Politics?" repeats her grace, in answer to a question. "Well, perhaps I may take an interest in politics. But I've never had a chance yet to test my likes or dislikes in that line. Here, Willie-boy," and she graciously hands her lord a cup of tea a la Russian (in fact, the tea is memerly incidental).

"Don't call me 'Willie,'" pleads the duke, "it's worse than Gracie. Billy, or even Bill, if you like."

The duchess makes a laughing little moue at him, and some one starts the ball rolling over the links. They are all intensely interested in golf, though the duke confesses to being a "duffer" at the game. "But her grace is the real thing at it," he says, proudly, if rather slangily.

"But he's not a 'duffer' at all sports," puts in the duchess with a pretty wifely defense.

"Well, I've done of bit of shooting," says the duke. "There is bully shooting at Tanderagee. I'm very keen about boating, too. I rowed in the Trinity crew when I was a first year man, and we moved up three places in the river. I belong to the Leander Boat club of London, to which only those are eligible who have rowed three winning races, either in single sculls, doubles or in a crew."

"Stand up and show your muscle," says Lord Lambert, and with all the airs and graces of the spieler for the strong man his lordship feels his grace's muscle. "Two hundred and eight pounds and hard as rocks," is his final tribute to the duke's brawn.

DUKE'S COMPLEXION PASTY.

Except for a rather pasty skin, the duke is a fine specimen of young manhood, as little like the pictured puny duke of the pen as can be imagined. He has the basso profundo voice of the Englishman, but none of the cockneyism of the cad. He has annexed no small amount of American slang to his English. Above all the duke has an easy, informal manner, and if there is any ego in his make-up is it not aggressively apparent.

A request that the duchess allow herself to be photographed brings a storm of protests. "I loathe it," says the duchess. "I sat in New York twice, and I made up my mind positively never to do it again."

No, no, no; they hadn't any photographs with them. "Honestly," said the duke, "we're not just saying this; we really haven't one. If we had we'd give—"

"No, we wouldn't," says her grace, and knits her brows in open disapproval.

"I had one of her grace, but I tore it up," confessed Lord Lambert, "just so I couldn't be tempted into giving it to the papers. They've made such a mess of her photographs."

"Do you know," says the duke, "the greatest thing in this country is the press? Talk about the sleuths on the police force. Why, in New Orleans the reporters gave us news of matters which we received hours afterwards in sealed telegrams. It's very enterprising and all that, but it destroys all privacy of life.

"Look at the way we have been pestered. Don't you suppose now that the bigger and better part of the American public—the part that has made this country what it is—don't give a rap for me or my doings? Then why do the papers thrust it at them. I confess I can't understand it.

NEWSPAPERS BOTHER THE DUKE.

"Here is a sample of the way some reporters do things. We were crossing the border into California, when just at the screech of dawn some one jabbed at my curtains and handed me a telegram. 'I am on my way to greet you in the name of the press of California,' it read. 'Will meet you at Mohawk.'

"'I'll meet you in hades first,' I said, and rolled over to sleep.

"But at 4 a. m.—a. m., mind you—some one pulled at the curtains again.

"'Did you get the telegram I sent you?' asked a voice.

"'Well, what do you want?' I grunted.

"'I'd like to interview your grace,' answered the wideawake reporter. 'But if you don't care about talking just sign this,' and the thoughtful young man pulled out a long manuscript and handed me a fountain pen.

"I knew I was up against it, so I read half the stuff, scratched out some of it, and signed just to get rid of him.

The sound of approaching footsteps arrests the laughter. "The doctor!" says the duchess. "Oh, dear! And he told me not to talk. Don't let him see me, Gracie."

And like two children who had been caught at the jam, his grace, the Duke of Manchester, and Helena, Duchess of Manchester, fled the room.

"I was given up to die from heart and nervous troubles caused by grip. Six bottles each of Dr. Miles' Heart Cure and Nervine cured me."—Mrs. John Wollet, Jefferson, Wis.

FUNERAL OF MILAN.

Last Obsequies Over Body of Servia's Former Ruler.

KARLOWITZ, Austria-Hungary, Feb. 17.—Large crowds assembled at the railroad station yesterday, awaiting the arrival of the remains of former King Milan, of Servia. Funeral arches, draped with black and flying mourning flags, were erected at the entrance of the town, the principal square and elsewhere. Many houses were draped, and the patriarchal palace was profusely decorated with emblems of mourning.

A special train was in readiness at the frontier town of Semlin, to bring any guests of Servia desirous of attending; but it is understood the authorities of Belgrade were placing difficulties in their way.

Great trouble was experienced in carrying out King Milan's wish to be buried by the side of his great grandmother, Ijubicza Obrenovitch, wife of Milos, founder of the dynasty. The whereabouts of the vault could not be located, until a certain centenarian was discovered who had attended the funeral of the princess. When the vault was opened they found that the wooden coffin had fallen apart and that the corpse was exposed. It was in a most remarkable state of preservation. The features were quite recognizable and the pearl ornaments and silk robes of the princess were intact.

KARLOWITZ, Feb. 16.—The special train bearing the body of the late King Milan was received with military honors. A detachment of military was drawn up at the station and the band played the Servian royal hymn. The coffin was borne to the metropolitan church in a state hearse. There the patriarch, assisted by many of the clergy, pronounced the benediction in the presence of a large assemblage, the bells tolling during the ceremony.

The coffin was carried to the Kruschidal monastery at 1 p. m., representatives of thirteen monasteries being present. The remains were buried beside those of Princess Ljubicza. Prayers were recited at the grave side.

Two hundred carriages followed the coffin over the snow-clad mountain. It took two and one-half hours to drive from Karlowitz to Kruschedal.

BELGRADE, Feb. 16.—A grand requ'em mass for the repose of the soul of King Milan was celebrated today by the metropolitan. All the Servian bishops, King Alexander and the high officials attended. Queen Draga, who is indisposed, was absent.

Nasal Catarrh quickly yields to treatment by Ely's Cream Balm, which is agreeably aromatic. It is received through the nostrils, cleanses and heals the whole surface over which it diffuses itself. Druggists sell the 50c size; Trial size by mail, 10 cents. Test it and you are sure to continue the treatment.

Announcement.

To accommodate those who are partial to the use of atomizers in applying liquids into the nasal passages for CATARRHAL TROUBLES, the proprietors prepare Cream Balm in liquid form, which will be known as Ely's Liquid Cream Balm. Price including the spraying tube is 75 cents. Druggists or by mail. The liquid form embodies the medicinal properties of the solid preparation.

CONSTITUTION MAKERS.

Work of the Convention Now Sitting at Havana.

HAVANA, Feb. 17.—The Cuban constitutional convention had a secret session lasting several hours this afternoon, considering the question of the future relations between the United States and the republic of Cuba. The commission, which met Gov. Gen. Wood, at Batabano, offered no formal report, but asked that the matter be considered in committee of the whole. A majority of the delegates opposed the granting to the United States of the right to mainain naval stations in Cuba and a large number favored leaving the relations between the United States and Cuba for the future republic to settle. The right of the United States to intervene at any time for the present preservation of peace was also the subject of strong discussion. The subjects of regulating loans and the foreign relations developed no opposition. Senor Giberga presented a formula of the regulations adopted at a meeting of the national party last night, authorizing the United States to intervene with reference o all loans, to keep the peace and to maintain an army here if necessary; to maintain naval stations and to provide furthermore that if these concessions are not satisfactory that the United States may dray up others that are. Senor Giberga sated that special regulations should be made regarding railway and other property holders and pleaded with the delegates not to do anything that would interfere with the welfare of the island. No vote was taken and a further discussion will be held on Monday. One of the delegates, in the course of an interview, said that the convention would never agree to allow the United States to establish and maintain naval stations, as the people look upon this concession as unpatriotic and a practical giving up to their independence. The only way the United States can obtain this right the delegate said would be by insisting upon the concession, the responsibility for making which the convention does not want to take.

"Grip robbed me of my sleep and I was nearly crazy with neuralgia and headache. Dr. Miles' Pain Pills and Nervine cured me."—Mrs. Pearl Bush, Holland, Mich.

BEGGAR KINGS IN CHINA.

One Way in Which Certain Mongolians Become Rich.

Philadelphia Times.

If you want to grow rich in China become the head of a guild of beggars, thieves or lepers. Nanking, Pekin, and Tien-Tsin are the headquarters of the most powerful of these guilds, and their rulers are wealthy and respected. The "king" of a clan of Chinese vagabonds of these classes derives his income from a tribute rendered him from his wretched subjects, and also levies a sort of blackmail on traders and merchants by undertaking to keep their shops, stores and houses free from the particular pests which he controls.

From these two sources he realizes a large income, and is enabled to live in a large house, and keep up a great style in his mode of life. Each clan has a particular district of the city given over to its operation, beyond which its members are forbidden to stray.

Horrible self-mutilations are practiced by the beggars of China in order that their deformities may excite compassion and lead to profit. On certain days the beggars go about in gangs from fifty to 150. On these occasions shopkeepers are only too glad to comply with the "king's" demands for blackmail, in order that his subjects may be kept out of their shops.

A king of Chinese thieves knows everything that goes on in his district. He knows who committed certain thefts and where the stolen property is. He, like his brothers of the beggars, has a double source of income. A large percentage of the profits made by his subjects is claimed by him. If a foreigner is robbed he generally can, by paying the "king" a certain sum, recover his property. Property stolen from Chinamen is never brought back.

Every Chinese city has a leper-house outside its gates, and most of them have two or more. As in the cases of the beggars and thieves, there is an executive hand, called the "king of the lepers," who controls all lepers, and makes rules and compacts, which must be observed. These unfortunates are numerous throughout the empire. When in the first stage of the disease they are brought to the leper houses. Good care is taken of them as long as their relatives can meet the demand of the "king."

But no matter how wealthy their families may be, the "king" eventually drains them of every penny, and both the leper and his relatives often have to turn beggars.

Toys of English Children.

Chambers' Journal.

The ingenuity displayed in the production of penny toys is marvelous, novelties coming out nearly every week. The foreign producers are quite alive to the fact that a child soon tires of a plaything, and wants another; so they keep up a supply of things bright, novel, and ingenious. Moreover, each toy has its season. As the summer approaches, when children delight to be out of doors, the Germans send us musical rollers and jingling carts; and for the long winter evenings they supply novel indoor games and intricate puzzles—amusement for many evenings—at the cost of one penny. Then the United States sends leadpencils, wood blocks, and colored toy books; the French, dolls and tin toys, as well as all the more expensive articles of this class.

However much or little the Germans may have sympathized with the Boers, the toy manufacturers did not fail to profit by the struggle. They dressed dolls in khaki and caricatured Mr. Kruger—his top-hat and pipe were exaggerated, and his teeth extracted. Were these playthings the outcome of British malice and English spite? The answer is on the toy itself: "Made in Bavaria."

"I was in bed five weeks with the grip—nerves shattered, stomach and liver badly deranged. Was cured with Dr. Miles' Nervine and Nerve and Liver Pills."—D. C. Walker, Hallsville, O.

New Service, Fast Time to Hot Springs

Call at offices of North-Western Line, 413 Nicollet avenue, Minneapolis, 382 Robert street, St. Paul, for full information as to new service and low rates to Hot Springs, Ark. Limited trains, choice of seven routes, via Chicago and Kansas City. Daily service.

California Via the "Sunshine Route" (C., B. & St. P. Ry.).

Every Wednesday a fine Pullman tourist sleeper leaves Twin Cities (St. Paul 8:00 a. m., Minneapolis 7:50 a. m.) via C. M. & St. P. Ry., and run through to Los Angeles, arriving there every Sunday morning.

Price of double berth in this car $6.00.

Before making your arrangements for California get particulars as to "Sunshine Route."

Hundreds of Northwestern people patronize this popular service every season—it traverses one of the most interesting portions of America.

For comfort and convenience it is not surpassed.

Cheapest rates are obtainable via this route. Inquire of ticket agents, or write J. T. Conley, Asst Gen Pass Agent.

Get the laugh on the other fellow by reaching Omaha earlier over the Minneapolis & St. Louis R. R.

DEATHS

WEBER—Died, Feb. 17, 1901, Bertha, beloved wife of Julius Weber. Notice of funeral hereafter.

DOWNEY—In St. Paul, at St. Joseph's hospital, Saturday, Feb. 16th, at 11:45 p. m., Willie P., aged 9 years, son of John H. and Annie Downey. Funeral from family residence, 120 Magnolia street, Tuesday, Feb. 19th, at 9 a. m. Service at St. Patrick's church at 9:30.

900 DROPS CASTORIA

A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Recipe of Old Dr SAMUEL PITCHER
Pumpkin Seed - Alx. Senna - Rochelle Salts - Anise Seed - Peppermint - Bi Carbonate Soda - Worm Seed - Clarified Sugar - Wintergreen Flavor.

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac Simile Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. NEW YORK.

At 6 months old 35 DOSES—35 CENTS

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The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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The Kind You Have Always Bought In Use For Over 30 Years.

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TONIGHT. Matinee Wednesday 25 & 50c
JAS. A. HERNE'S GREAT PLAY, "HEARTS OF OAK."
Night Prices—25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00.
Next Week—"THEODORA."

Grand. THE.... BRIGHTEST FARCE ..OF THE.. SEASON.
Chas. H. Hoyt's "A BRASS MONKEY"
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STAR THEATER ALL WEEK, HARRY MORRIS' 20th Century Maids
Next Week—IRWIN BROS.' BIG SHOW.
Matinee Daily at 2:30. 1,175 Seats at 10c and 20c

EMPIRE THEATER. ALL THIS WEEK
THIRD AND WABASHA.
Trouble in the Family.
McCall & King Sisters, Odell and Gilmor, Fred Shaw, The Ledegar Trio, Harry Pink and Willey Williams. Admission 15c.

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The Doctor Prescribed Ripans.

Mrs. Charles Runer, Sr., sixty-five years of age, living at Twentieth and Federal streets, Cramer Hill, P. O., Camden County, N. J., writes: "I go out nursing for a living, and some places are very easy and others very hard. Sometimes I have to be on my feet from early morning until very late at night, and very often all night. I was troubled with sick headache, caused by constipation and dyspepsia, due to change of food. In one place I told the doctor in attendance and he told me to try Ripans Tabules. I got one package but had very little faith in them. I took three the first day and they gave me a good cleaning out. Then the next day I took two, one early in the morning and one at bedtime, and have continued to do so ever since, and find that I am never bothered with any ill-feeling any more. This was seven months ago. I have taken them with me to every place I have been called to, and very often find them good to give to the children when they toss and turn in their sleep. You may use my name for advertising the medicine, and any information I can give I will do so with pleasure. I also find them good for children when teething—one-quarter of one dissolved in water."

There is scarcely any condition of ill health that is not benefited by the occasional use of a R.I.P.A.N.S Tabule, and the price, 10 for 5 cents, does not bar them from any home or justify any one in enduring ills that are easily cured. For sale by Druggists.

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