



"Did you say the man was shot in the woods, doctor?" "No, I didn't; I said he was shot in the lumbar region."—Yonkers Statesman.

The hostess—I want you to meet Mr. Cawker. So interesting, you know. He believes in nothing. The blase one—What enthusiasm!—Life.

"Diamonds are getting higher and higher." "Yes, dearie, but we can fix that all right." "How?" "We won't buy any."—Indianapolis Journal.

Sunday school teacher (in Chicago)—Why did the wise men come from the East? Bright scholar—Because they were wise men.—Philadelphia Record.

Percy—Where were you on your vacation last summer? Harold—Oh, I went to Niagara Falls. Percy—What! Is that place running yet?—Chicago Journal.

First M. D.—What a lot of things have been found in the vermiform appendix. Second M. D.—And look at the money that's been taken out of it!—Life.

A life of terror: "What is a bachelor, Aunt Martha?" "Oh, he's a man who thinks every girl that looks at him intends to marry him."—Indianapolis Journal.

Hogan—Do you believe in dreams, Mike? Dugan—Faith an' I do! Last night I dreamt I was awake, an' in the mornin' me dream kem thrue.—Princeton Tiger.

"What is bad form?" "It is doing things in a way other people have quit doing them, or doing them in a way they have not yet heard of."—Indianapolis Journal.

Rounder—I see by the papers that Russell Sage takes a deep interest in American expansion and the Boer war. Flounder—What per cent?—Town Topics.

Losing Her Grip.—Blanche—Her former football training didn't prove of any use to her. May—How's that? "Why, she let a millionaire slip through her fingers."—Brooklyn Life.

"How is your brother, Tommy?" "Sick in bed, miss; he's hurt himself." "How did he do that?" "We were playing at who could lean farthest out of the window, and he won."—Tit-Bits.

She—You hesitated when I asked you if I were the only girl you had ever loved! He—Yes; I couldn't tell from your expression whether you wanted me to say "no" or "yes."—Indianapolis Journal.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what's the difference between an optimist and a pessimist? Pa—An optimist enjoys a thing he can't like, and a pessimist likes a thing he can't enjoy.—Chicago Daily News.

Talker—Remarkable! Remarkable! The weather man says the mercury will drop to zero in twelve hours. Choker—That's nothing. Talker—Eh? What's nothing? Choker—Zero.—Philadelphia Press.

Reporter—Mr. Greatman refuses to give his views. Editor—Then write a two-column article attributing your own views to him. We will then get his views when he repudiates your article.—Town Topics.

Servant—A gentleman at the door wants to know if Mr. Brown lives here. Mr. Brown—Tell him no; that Mr. Brown boards here. Mrs. Brown is probably the person he wishes to see.—Boston Transcript.

Mike—McLusker passed twenty-five saloons yesterday widout shtoppin' in wan av thim, an' him wid a pocketful av coin. Pat—Hilvins! Wor he in a thrance? Mike—Naw; he wor in th' patrol wagon.—Exchange.

Con Ceet—Yes, I'm going to the reception. I understand the beautiful Miss Hilton is to be there. Cold Fact—Well, you don't expect her to speak to you, do you? Con Ceet—Why not? Is she so very bashful?—Philadelphia Press.

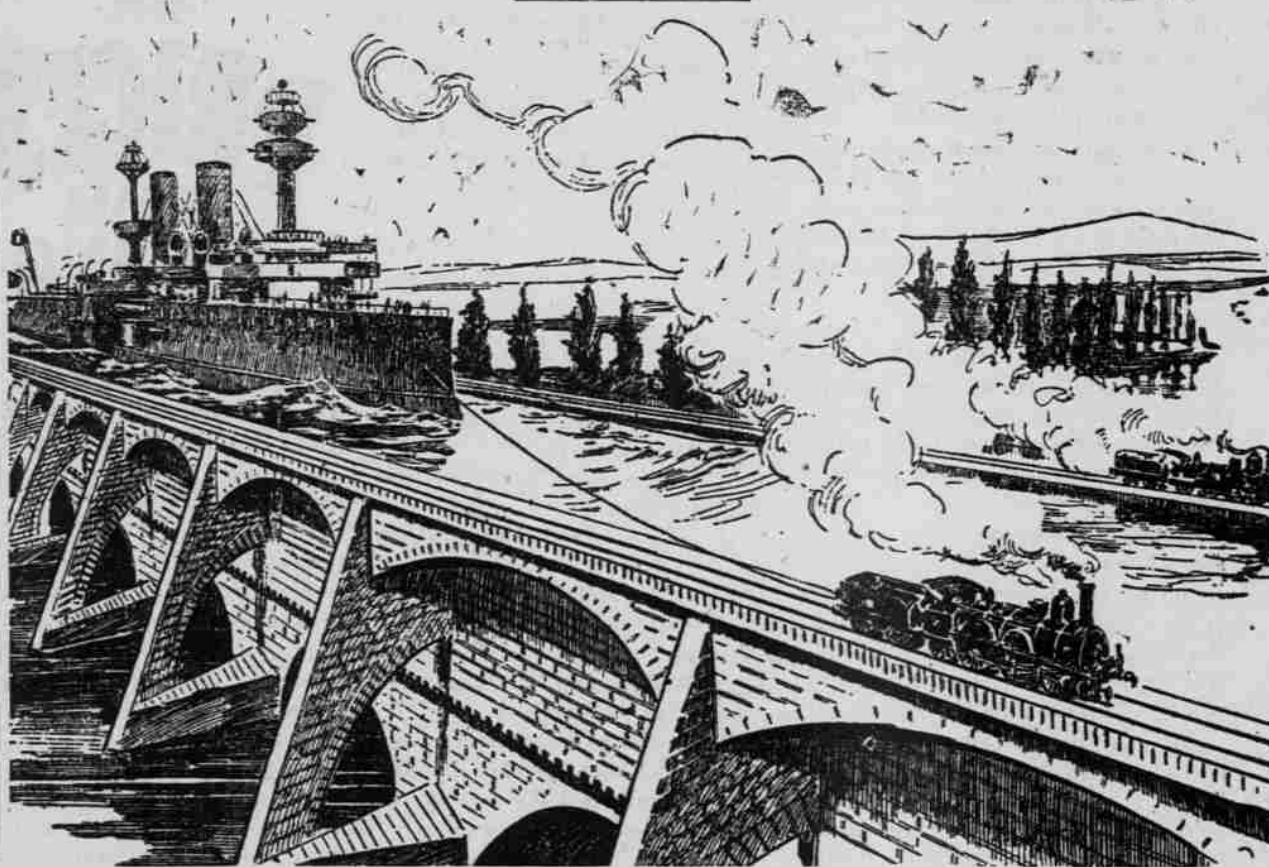
The moral: Sunday school teacher—When the bad children called the old man "bald-head" the bears came out of the woods and ate them up! What does that teach us? Scholar—To always climb a tree before calling names!—Puck.

"Will you give me a kiss, Johnny?" asked a spinster of a 5-year-old. "No, indeed," replied Johnny. "Why not?" she asked. "Cause if I did the next thing you would be asking me to marry you," was the unexpected reply.—Minneapolis Tribune.

The tramp who had made an unsuccessful application for cold victuals said: "You don't know what it is, ma'am," he said, "to have no friends." "Don't I?" responded the woman of the house, bitterly; "two of my children have taken prizes at baby shows!"—Chicago Tribune.

The Clerk—Really, I think you ought to pay me something extra for lapping so many postage stamps. It makes my stomach so squeamish that I can hardly eat anything at all when I get home. The Proprietor—On the contrary, I think your boarding mistress ought to pay me something for the saving I make for her.—Boston Transcript.

GREAT DREAM OF THE FRENCH NATION.



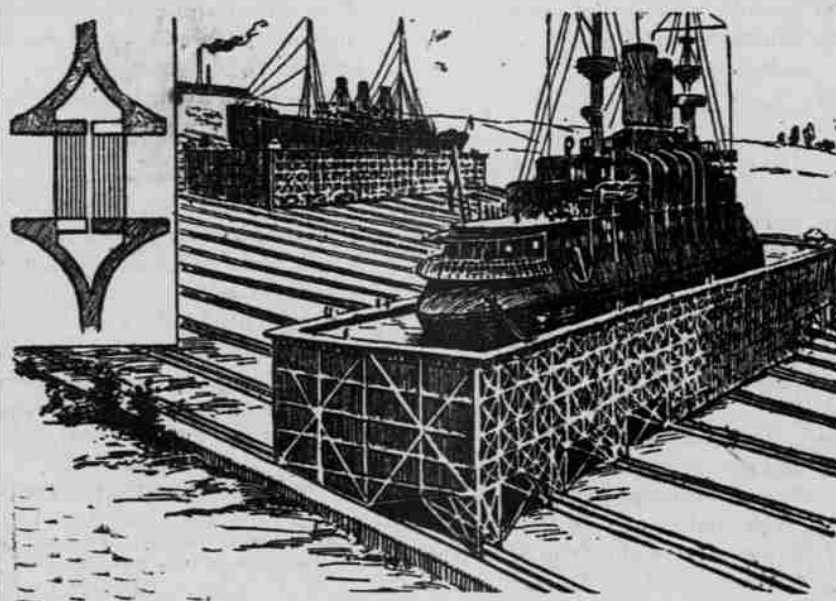
WARSHIPS WILL BE WHIRLED THROUGH FRANCE WHEN THE GAUL'S LAST DREAM IS FULFILLED.

TO CONNECT the Atlantic with the Mediterranean by a ship canal capable of floating a modern man of war is the dream of the French nation. It is proposed to take advantage of the present waterways in the interior of France, and by deepening and supplementing them by others, fit them to the purpose.

Contrary to what would seem the natural Atlantic terminus, says a correspondent of the New York Press, it is proposed to neglect Bordeaux in favor of what will be practically a new port. Arcachon, with its great natural basin, lends itself ideally to the kind of fortification that would be demanded by a canal that would, by the fact of its existence, come to be the central strategic feature of the country. Arcachon, when the canal is finished, will be the Brest of to-day, a hundred times magnified. Bordeaux, that could never be made to give the necessary ease and security to a war fleet, will remain the great commercial port it is.

Another advantage of the canal as planned by the effervescent Gaul will be to furnish work for years to the French workingman, to the calming of the laboring mind and the security of the republic, the calculations being for a permanent force of 30,000 laborers.

At the beginning it was seen that ordinary locks would not serve; with them the passage would require at least six days. One way of diminishing their number—it is estimated that 200 would be necessary—would be the old-fashioned plan of keeping the canal to the low altitudes of the plains and then, arriving at the Col de Naurouze, to pass through it in a giant cut. It would be a cut 500 feet deep. To avoid the necessity of this



A GREAT SHIP ELEVATOR.

almost impossible engineering feat, they have imagined a prodigious novelty, the ship elevator and the moving lock.

The ship elevator is a great metallic reservoir that moves up and down hill on a great number of railway tracks, operated much after the manner of a funicular. There will be one at the top of the slope, another at the bottom. Each will receive a ship. The weight of the lightest will be balanced by the addition of more water. Then, the equilibrium being attained, a comparatively moderate force will be sufficient to disturb it. Up will

go one reservoir, and down the other. Nothing could be simpler.

When ordinary locks are to be used the same principle of metallic basins balancing each other, side by side, is to be exploited, for the sake of expedition. They are to be such locks as the world has never seen. Once through them and into the Aude river, it will be plain towing straight to Narbonne, which is almost on the Mediterranean. Here is another naturally protected port, like Arcachon, a great basin, impenetrable by a hostile fleet.

WEBSTER DAVIS.

Assistant Secretary of the Interior Began Life as a Shoemaker.

The career of Webster Davis, assistant secretary of the interior, whose visit to South Africa and to Oom Paul occasioned considerable comment, is in many respects a remarkable one. He began life as a shoemaker's son in Gallatin, Mo., and his father was barely able to give him the education which the town schools afforded. Young Davis, however, pushed on, took a course in the poor boys' school at Parkville, where he received the idea that he was cut out for the ministry. He found his way finally to a religious seminary near Chicago, and there, he said afterward, he discovered that the more he learned the farther he got away from the idea. So he went back to his father and set to work at the cobbler's stool. His dislike for the trade did not escape the attention of his father. One day he made a bad job of a pair of shoes, which came to the notice of Judge McDouglass, of Kansas City. "Send him over to my office," said the Judge. "He is certainly a poor shoemaker, but he may make a good lawyer." That was the beginning of his climb to the official position, which he left to go to South Africa. From the beginning he attracted the attention of rich and influential men and they started him for the law school at Ann Arbor, where he completed his course.

Upon his return as a full-fledged lawyer, Maj. Warner, one of his patrons, found a place in the office of the surveyor of the port in Kansas City. There he was thrown into contact with politicians and started on this bent of his career. He had a command of language and a fluency which made him what they were pleased to call "a wonderful orator," and he came quickly into demand as a stump speaker. Maj. Warner becoming a candidate for Governor in 1892, Mr. Davis took to the field and went up and down the State, and, through Warner's influence, he himself secured the nomination for Congress. Both went down to defeat, but Mr. Davis had won fame throughout the State which was to help him in the future.

The campaign over, he went to Colorado, thence to Chicago. He returned

to Kansas City on the eve of a mayoralty campaign, and, since no one else cared to run, Mr. Davis was easily persuaded to make the race. Mr. Davis won, to everybody's surprise, including his own. He inaugurated an aggressive policy, began the building of an extensive park system, but went out of office retaining only sufficient popularity to name his successor, "Jimmy" Jones.

In this campaign, in which he worked as he had for himself, he was charged with perpetrating "fakes" to win votes. One night he appeared before a political meeting and declared that an attempt had been made to assassinate him as he was leaving the house.



WEBSTER DAVIS.

Whereupon he exhibited his hat riddled with bullets. The newspapers took it up and said he had done it himself. They secured statements from doctors to prove that he would have been shot to death, and all he could do was to deny the charges. This episode further diminished his popularity. The reputation of Mr. Davis as an orator had spread into the national field, and he was engaged to stump Missouri for Mr. McKinley. Upon the election of the President Mr. Davis had come to be called "the administration orator." Following the election there came a period of inactivity for the orator until 1897, when, under Secretary Bliss, he was made assistant secretary of the interior. During all his career it has

been admitted on all sides that his claim to attention is his ability to hold large audiences. He is emotional, tearful, but his speeches do not read so well.

How a Duke Earned Sixpence.

How the Duke of Norfolk, one of the richest of England's peers, earned his first sixpence is related by his friends with a great deal of gusto.

A few years ago a large English party headed by the Duke went on a continental tour. The Duke busied himself very much on the journey in a kind-hearted way about the welfare of everyone in the party. At every station he used to get out and go round to see if he could do anything for anyone. One old lady, who did not know him when she arrived at last in Rome, tired and hot, found great difficulty in getting a porter. So she seized on the Duke. "Now, my good man," she said, "I've noticed you at all these stations looking about. Just make yourself for once in your life. Take my bag and find me a cab." The Duke mildly did as he was bid and was rewarded with a sixpence. "Thank you, madam," he said; "I shall prize this indeed! It is the first coin I have ever earned in my life."

Color in Medical Practice.

The use of colors as a part of medical treatment is not a new one. Red light, for example, has been recently advocated in the treatment of measles and smallpox. Jean Gaddesden cured the son of Henry I., King of England, of smallpox by surrounding the Prince with scarlet, clothing him in scarlet as well as all his attendants, and having red carpets and hangings in the room. The record shows this succeeded so well that his face was not even scarred.

Vast Possibilities of Russia.

Should Russia ultimately succeed in her scheme for dominating Asia she will become mistress of some 800,000,000 people.

Our idea of bravery and unexampled heroism is for a poor preacher to differ in opinion with the most generous contributor of his flock.

Every one who owns a dog boasts that his dog knows more than most grown persons.

Teeth Made from Paper.

Are the latest in dentistry. By a peculiar process they are rendered better than any other material. They may be fine, but most people would prefer their own, and this may best be accomplished by keeping the stomach healthy with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, as the condition of it affects the teeth. The Bitters will cure constipation, dyspepsia and biliousness.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

There's no use talking. You can't have good health without pure, rich blood. Adam's Sarsaparilla pills keep the blood pure and regulates the liver and bowels to perfection; 10 c., 25 c.; druggists.

Coffee in pound packages sealed from the varied odors of the grocery and marketed by the firm that raised it; that is what you get when you buy Veloceros Java & Mocha. Their ad appears in today's issue.

HOW'S THIS.

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKING, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

If you want to make your home pleasant, pay a little more attention to the cultivation of plants in and around your home. A new catalogue just published by F. A. Miller, 215 Hayes St., San Francisco, gives you a full list of the most desirable seeds, plants and bulbs. Send for catalogue.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has been a God-send to me.—Wm. B. McClellan, Chester, Florida, Sept. 17, 1895.

Try Allen's Foot Ease.

A powder to be shaken into the shoes. At this season your feet feel swollen, nervous and uncomfortable. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It rests and comforts; makes walking easy. Cures swollen and sweating feet, blisters and calous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and is a certain cure for Chilblains. Sweating, damp or frosty feet. We have over thirty thousand testimonials. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

1900

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LOST HALF HIS EAR.

Two Very Grateful People Speak Up.

Mr. A. B. Hill of Vacaville feels that he owes his life to Dr. Chamley. He had a large cancer in his ear and had consulted a number of the best physicians he could find. He underwent in all nine separate treatments, in the course of which the cancer not only became worse, but one-half of his ear had been removed. He applied to Dr. Chamley, November 10, 1897, and was treated by the latter for only two weeks. As a result, the cancer was completely eradicated, not a vestige of his terrible disease remaining.

Mr. Mattias Gartner of 2019 Fifteenth street is another convalescent full of gratitude and praise for Dr. Chamley. Like many inveterate smokers, he contracted cancer of the lip, and though his disease constantly grew worse, he could find no way of checking its inroads. He finally obtained a copy of Dr. Chamley's 128-page free book on the cure of cancer without knife or pain, and as a result placed himself under the latter's care at No. 25 Third street. With the exception of a small scar no trace of the cancer is left.

Women especially should consult the Doctor at the appearance of any lump in the breast, as such will always prove to be cancer.—S. F. Examiner, Feb. 11, 1900.

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