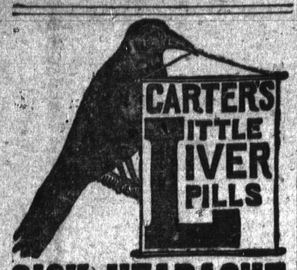
MEDICAL.



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Positively cured by these Little Pills.

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DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

WILL CURE YOU

We guarantee Dodd's Kidney Pills to cure any case of Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Lumbago, Dropsy, Rheumatism, Heart Disease, Female Troubles, Impure Blood—or money refunded. Sold by all dealers in medicine, or by mail on receipt of price, 50c. per box, or Six boxes $2.50.

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RESULTS in 30 DAYS. Cures all Nervous Diseases. Failing Memory, Parests, Sleeplessness, Nightly Emissions, etc., caused by past abuses, gives vigor and size to shrunken organs, and quickly but surely restores Lost Manhood in old or young. Easily carried in vest pocket. Price $1.00 a package. Six for $5.00 with a written guarantee to cure or money refunded. Don't buy an imitation, but insist on having INDAPO. If your druggist has not got it, we will send it prepaid. Oriental Medical Co., Props., Chicago, Ill., or our agents. SOLD by G. E. Hobart & Sons, Chemists & Druggists, sole agents for KINGSTON, ONT.

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HAVE YOU Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper-Colored Spots, Aches, Old Sores, Ulcers in Mouth, Hair Falling? Write COOK REMEDY CO., 307 Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill., for proofs of cures. Capital, $500,000. Worst cases cured in 15 to 35 days. 100-page book free.

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TUTTI FRUTTI makes the little fellow feel good natured and happy. Sold everywhere 5c. Refuse all imitations.

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MAY BE RENTED or may be PURCHASED on easy terms, by applying to J. Orford, Agent, Wade Building, Kingston.

KINGSTON DISTRICT NOTES

WHAT OUR INDUSTRIOUS STAFF OF CORRESPONDENTS WRITE.

The Events of the Week That Concern the Residents of the Midland District—Little Escapes Notice, And Each Locality Can Find Something of Interest.

WARBURTON, Feb. 9.—William Boyle is taking advantage of the good sleighing by hauling logs and lumber to Gananoque. —While returning from Gananoque last week Evans Steacy became chilly. He got out of his sleigh, became lost and could not find his sleigh again.

TREVELYAN, Feb. 9.—Albert Tennant, taken suddenly ill a few days ago, died Thursday last.—Miss Alice Yonge is on the sick list.—Joseph Loader has been confined to bed for some time.—Graham Bros. gave a full house two nights this week to Burch's "Log Cabin." All were well pleased with the entertainment.—Visitors: H. S. Smith and lady, also R. Flood, O'Riley and McGuire.

LANARK, Feb. 12.—Miss C. Dorway returned to her home in Arnprior on Saturday.—T. McIlraith spent Sunday in Carleton.—The by-law, granting a bonus of $10,000 to the electric railroad, was passed on Friday with a majority of fifty-four.—N. McLeod and Mrs. C. McIlraith left for Moose Creek last week.—J. Duffy has returned to the village.—Chief McDermot, Renfrew, was in the village on Monday on business.—On Friday night the youths of the village formed a procession and paraded the streets, celebrating the passing of the bonus.—A number of villagers attended the carnival, at Herron's, on Saturday evening.—Fred. Traynor spent Sunday in Carleton.

MISSISSIPPI, Feb. 10.—Times are brighter for the lumbermen since the snow has come.—Allan Bros. are receiving almost daily shipments of logs from their northern shanties.—George Warner wears a smile since a little girl has taken up her abode with him.—Last week William Riddle and Miss Charlotte Castle, of Robertsville, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony.—Mrs. N. Clark spent a few days with her daughter, at Sharbot Lake, last week.—Severe colds are the general afflictions around here.—Quite a number from this place and Snow Road had intended going to the Sunday school convention, held at Sharbot Lake last Friday and Saturday, but the big snow storm prevented.

WOLFE ISLAND, Feb. 11.—Crossing is not all that could be desired, while the roads are badly blocked in some places. The supply of snow exceeds the demand.—A few loads of hay crossed to the city Monday, the first in several days.—Mr. Sinclair, Massey & Harris' agent, despite inclement weather and bad roads, took in a few days about $550 worth of orders. R. J. Spoor, local agent, accompanied him.—Valentine Merchant, Kingston, and the world visited Wolfe Island, Monday.—Dr. Cowan performed a public service, Monday, by clearing a road through Marysville with a snow plough.—Miss Mary Smith, an estimable young lady, died this week at the Hotel Dieu, Kingston, where she had gone for treatment. Her friends have the sympathy of all in their hour of trouble.

LAVANT STATION, Feb. 11.—Our town is almost snowed under since Thursday's storm.—The Ompah mail running to this station was brought down on snow shoes yesterday.—Poland stage is now carrying a daily mail and has managed to get through the snow with the exception of Friday.—The concert to have taken place at Wilbur on Friday last has been postponed until Monday, 17th.—Young Card, son of James Card, injured a couple of weeks ago, is now able to be out again.—Samuel Geddis who had a fork handle forced into his body is still alive although little hope is entertained for his recovery.—Our old friend Mr. McIntyre, of Queen's, paid us a visit on Sunday 2nd.—Several of our young people are arranging for a drive to Snow Road on Friday, 14th, to attend the Anglican church concert.—Mr. and Mrs. Roach are visiting friends at Bedford.

CATARAQUI, Feb. 12.—George S. Gibson, eldest son of Samuel Gibson, Cataraqui, passed peacefully away on Saturday night, after an illness of only a few days. Deceased was in his eleventh year and had several times previous been the victim of some painful accidents. When about three years old he had his collar bone broken; in his sixth year he lay for some weeks suffering from an attack of inflammation of the lungs and last July had his arm broken, thrown from a horse. He was in attendance at Woodbine school up to a week before his death and was a favorite with playmates and all who knew him. His absence from school is deeply regretted and was manifest by a large floral tribute from his teacher. His funeral took place from his father's residence on Monday. It was largely attended by friends whose sympathies are extended to the father and mother in their bereavement.

IVY LEA, Feb. 12.—James Dano is very ill. Slight hopes are entertained as to his recovery.—Miss Minnie Shipman is attending the Gananoque high school.—Our school is under the care of Miss A. Bulger, of Elgin.—F. Shipman and M. McNeil are doing a rushing business with their new sewing machine, also W. W. Shipman with his machine.—J. G. H. McCrea spent last Sunday in Gananoque with his sister. —Albert Cross is preparing to move to new home in Mooretown.—James Robertson, of Chicago, is spending the winter here with his parents.—D. Robertson had a large quantity of wood sawed last Saturday.—Wm. Tedford is hewing barn timber for J. G. McCrea.—John Ivey bought a quantity of hay from Mr. Cowan, west of Gananoque.—Charles Dano is living in the house in which J. Fitzsimmons was killed nearly three years ago.

NEWBURGH, Feb. 11.—Miss Lena Madden is taking a course in the Kingston business college.—F. Moore and E. Shorey spent Sunday in Belleville, driving there in quick order.—P. D. Shorey is to come from Cannifton to sing at the Foresters' concert.—A. Sutton has remodeled his house and will take up his abode in the spring. It is a credit to the village. If a few more on Main street would fix up their house with paint it would add to the appearance of the street and likewise the village.—James Thompson, jr., and A. Mathewson are talking of going into partnership for the corner lots.—Mrs. Bowman met with a very painful accident by falling from a cupboard and dislocating her shoulder blade. She is doing nicely.—Miss Laura Dunlop, of Napanee Mills, is under the doctor's care.—C. H. Fiskle is in Kingston this week on business matters.—Mr. and Mrs. Will McAvoy spent Monday in town.

COLE LAKE, Feb. 11.—The night school was fairly well attended Monday evening considering the state of the roads.—The recent snow storm is reported by old-timers to have been the heaviest in many years.—There has not been any wood banked on the K. & P. Ry., for shipment, owing to low prices.—B. Peters lost a valuable cow last week.—J. Challos' infant child is very low. Its recovery is doubtful.—Death visited the home of Edward Cox, on the 9th inst., claiming his only child. The parents have the sincere sympathy of many friends in their sad bereavement. D. Black, Westport, passed through here last week. —Joseph Shellington and family intend leaving on the 15th inst. for their home at Woman River.—Visitors: Mrs. J. McMahon, Tichborne, Mrs. Mitchell, Lanark, at John McMahon's; George Buttrill, Fermoy, at his father's; James Kish, at J. McVicar's; Mr. and Mrs. Swerbrick, of Parham.

ARDEN, Feb. 11.—A few days ago a little more snow was needed to improve the sleighing. The heavy storm on Thursday and again on Sunday has more than supplied the deficiency, and now the cry is too much. Several structures have collapsed from the great weight of snow. Among them the long shed at the Methodist church is laid flat; a barn on W. B. Mills' farm is also laid low, and a barn on David Scott's farm is said to be down, and to-day the wind is drifting the snow badly.—W. C. Green was attacked yesterday with paralysis. He is doing well and hopes are entertained that he will get all right again.—Although times are hard several young men have got married lately, and now Colman Vannest has tied a knot with his tongue that he cannot untie with his teeth.—The entertainment which was so successful at Arden, on Jan. 25th, it is intended to repeat at Mountain Grove on Saturday evening next.—James Tallon is home from the woods, having an attack of rheumatism. He is able to get around. —Mrs. John Tallon is home from her father's, where she has been sick since Christmas.

MABERLY, Feb. 10.—Too much of the beautiful snow is now the complaint, and still it snows. It is now over two feet deep, and the roads are very heavy.—James McVeigh, one of the old residents of the township of Oso, passed to the silent shore last week. He leaves a wife and family of nine children. Mrs. W. Wilmot, of Portsmouth, and Miss Emma and Dorothy, of Peterboro, his daughters, attended the funeral.—A number of gentlemen from the eastern part of the county held a farmers' institute meeting in the hall last week. Dairying and stock raising were discussed, and some valuable information was given to the tillers of the soil. Reeve Korry occupied the chair. —George Charlton attended the Sabbath school convention held at Sharbot Lake on Friday and reports having had a good time. The convention will be held next year at Maberly. One of the lady evangelists sent by Rev. Mr. Horner is seriously ill at the home of Wm. Moss.—Dr. Kilborn, of Oso station, has rented the Marks property and will remove here at an early date. The doctor is well-known here and will no doubt get a large practice. The iron mine, a few miles west of this village, gives every prospect of being a good one, and the owners purpose putting on a large force of men in the spring.

GRADY'S CONVINCING PROOF.

He Forced a Merchant to Admit That People Read Advertisements.

I was reading Wallace Reed's pleasant reminiscence of Henry Grady, and it carried me back to the hard days when Henry was struggling against fate to make his paper a success. The merchants had not then learned the value of advertising, and Henry pleaded in vain for a more liberal patronage. A leading merchant who claimed to be his friend stubbornly declined to give him a big "ad.," and said it would be money thrown away, for nobody read them.

"Don't read them!" exclaimed Henry. "Don't read them! Well, I will show you."

Next morning's paper contained a short editorial on cats and told how cat fur had recently come into great demand in fashionable circles in New York, and how the long, coarse hairs were eliminated and the real fur was made into tippets and muffs, and every fashionable lady wore a feline, etc. Not far off in another column was a displayed advertisement that said:

"Wanted—1,000 cats, for which 50 cents each will be paid."

The merchant's name was signed to it. By noon the cats began to roll in. Small boys, white and black, brought them in baskets and bags. For awhile the merchant enjoyed the joke, but soon got tired and went away to dinner.

By the time he returned the boys and darkies from the suburbs were coming in, and the sidewalk was blockaded. Henry had laughed until he was exhausted and sat on a window sill across the street, threatened, he said, with a cataleptic fit. Neighboring merchants and their clerks gathered around and laughed and shouted and cried at every new arrival of cats. As fast as the merchant drove off one crowd another filled their places. He armed himself with a big stick, but at last he closed his doors in sheer despair, and night relieved him from the pressure.

But the next morning the catastrophe was worse. The catalogue was not ended, for the country people had heard the news and brought cats in on their wagons and under their buggy seats and tied up in cotton baskets like chickens. Henry took his stand near by and leaned against a telegraph pole for support. He and the folks who loved fun were all there, and while it was fun to the boys and death to the frogs it was such a rare and racy joke that the merchant couldn't get mad, and finally surrendered. He made an appropriate little speech to the crowd and told Henry that if he would promise never to do so any more he would give him the biggest "ad." he had ever had in his paper. Henry promised, and the "ad." was given.—Atlanta Constitution.

Famous Carved Pulpits.

St. Gudule, the cathedral church of Brussels, has a carved pulpit, representing in carved wood the expulsion from paradise. Among the animals are the bear, the dog, cat, eagle, vulture, peacock, owl, dove, ape, etc. There is an equally fine one in Antwerp cathedral. The decoration is of a lavish and striking character, figures, birds and beasts being mixed in artistic profusion. The church of St Andrew at Antwerp contains a very elaborately carved wood pulpit, representing the calling of Peter and Andrew. The figures are of life size, standing in a boat. Beside them is a net with fishes. Wilton church, near Salisbury, possesses the finest pulpit in England. It is made of choice marble beautifully carved. In Worcester cathedral is a pulpit of carved marble, the gift of the late Earl of Dudley. A pulpit which certainly ranks among the finest in the world is that presented by the church of St. Mary Radcliffe, Bristol, England, to the church of the Holy Name, Oxford street, Manchester, here is a marble pulpit with panels of beautiful mosaics. Each panel contains the portraits of saints worked in Venetian marble work.—Exchange.

Deserved the Promotion.

As the years go by and the war yarns are told over and over the deeds done by some of the veterans take on queer phases. In the innocence of their hearts they do not perceive how they become distorted and magnified like the specter of the Brocken when seen through the mists of so many years. For instance, an old high private down east, who really believes he did more than any other man toward preserving the Union, greatly edified the loungers in the village store the other day in winding up a story of adventure. "I was the means that day of saving 60,000 men," said he, and here he sat very erect and held his cane at full length, resting his hands on it, "and, boys, don't you think, General Grant was so pleased with it he wanted to make me a corporal."—Lewiston Journal.

Proverbs.

Mabel, who is 9 years old, is learning proverbs. The other day her mother heard her saying this: "Touch not, taste not, toss the cake and drink." After much wonder as to what the little girl had got hold of it dawned on the mother at last that the original was, "Touch not, taste not intoxicating drinks."

A younger sister of Mabel, Hazel, aged 7, on her way home from school saw an old woman who seems to have filled the child with loathing, for when she came in she told about seeing the woman and inquired anxiously if she should look like that when she was old. "No," answered her mother. Hazel was not satisfied and asked if her mother was sure. Assured again, but still in doubt, the child said, "Well, mamma, dear, won't you please look it up in the dictionary?"—Boston Transcript.

Wrong.

"Have you anything to say before sentence is pronounced against you?" asked the judge.

"The only thing I'm kicking about," answered the convicted burglar, "is being identified by a man that kept his head under the bedclothes the whole time. That's wrong."—Pearson's Weekly.

Bay of Quinte Railway.

Train leaves Kingston 3:30 p.m. for Tweed, Napanee and all local points. R. J. Wilson, agent C.P.R. Co's telegraph office, Clarence street.

For Dyspepsia

And Liver Complaint you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure. At Wade's.

HE FOUND THE RING.

"Hotter than pepper!" said Dr. Gray to himself as he guided his shaggy little horse round the sharp turn of the road and checked him under the shadow of the giant cherry tree, whose broad boughs were all sparkling with ruby pendants, and then walked to the house.

"Hello!" said the doctor.

He shaded his eyes with his hand and looked in at the kitchen window. There was the trim figure of his pretty daughter standing at the table, her sleeves rolled back, and a white apron tied about her taper waist, apparently deep in the saccharine mysteries of pie making. That was nothing surprising, but Dr. Gray could have sworn that a minute ago the apparition of a young man was manifesting a remarkable interest in the sliced apples, spice boxes and sugar bowls, and yet, now that he looked again, Kitty was trimming off the edges of her pie crust all alone. He walked straight into the kitchen.

"Kitty, where's Harton Browne?"

Kitty cut a little star in the center of the sheet of pie crust before she answered.

"I don't know, papa."

"You don't, eh?" said the doctor. "I supposed not!"

And the doctor proceeded through the hall into his little office, where sat his hopeful student, Harton Browne, deep in the pages of a medical dictionary.

"Hard at work, eh?" said the old gentleman, taking off his hat.

"Yes, sir," said Browne. "I've written out that abstract you left and looked over the papers on fractures, and"—

"All right, you're a most industrious fellow," said Dr. Gray. "You don't believe in stopping work on all sorts of frivolous pretexts, do you?"

"No, sir."

"You are convinced that nothing but steady perseverance will enable a man to succeed in the science of medicine?"

"Yes, sir," replied Browne, moving uneasily on his chair.

"Very sensible," said Dr. Gray, shrugging his shoulders. "And now—but what are you looking for?"

"My ring, sir. It was on my finger but a minute ago. You have not seen it?"

"No, not that I know of."

"I hope it is not lost," said Harton. "I value it very highly as my father's gift. Where can it have gone?"

"Don't know," said the doctor. "Give me that list of patients we expect this afternoon, and then go and ask Jake to keep a lookout for your trinket. That boy has more eyes than most people, I believe—I know he has more mischief!"

Browne adopted his preceptor's suggestion, and the old gentleman was left alone, cogitating whether his daughter was really deceiving him as to her innocent love affairs.

"Confound it!" soliloquized the doctor petulantly. "It takes sharper eyes than mine to see through a woman's maneuvers. I'll ferret out the mystery yet, though, hanged if I don't!"

The brazen tongue of the old kitchen clock had just uttered in a sort of shrill treble the fact that it was 1, and dinner was nearly over at Dr. Gray's. Somehow dinner tasted better in the long, shady dining room of the Gray house than it did anywhere else, for the honeysuckles at the window stirred so pleasantly in the wind and held back their green leaves to admit such delicious scents that the most delicate appetite could not help being tempted. And Kitty looked so pretty at the head of the table, her brown hair brushed back, and her white throat edged with lace and the color coming and going on her cheek like rosy shadows. No wonder young Browne looked at her so often.

"I'll take another piece of that pie, Kate," said the old doctor. "Capital pie! Where did the apples come from?"

"I believe Patrick gathered them from the gnarled old tree that grows by the south wall of the orchard, papa, and I baked the pies this morning."

"Upon my word, you're getting to be quite a little housekeeper," said the doctor, chuckling. "The first thing I know some young fellow will be—why—hello here—what's this?"

For Dr. Gray's teeth had struck against some foreign substance under the crust of the much praised pie, with a jar that set every nerve on edge.

"Do they make pie nowadays out of stocks and stones?" demanded the old gentleman tartly. "No—I'm mistaken—it isn't a stone; it's a ring!"

And the doctor quietly held up Harton Browne's missing ornament, a carnelian, set in gold. Kitty turned scarlet; Browne looked confounded.

"How a ring should happen to get baked in a pie I don't know," said the malicious old doctor, enjoying the confusion of his companions. "Can you tell me what all this means?"

"I can tell you, sir," said Browne valiantly, seeing that now or never was the time. "It means that I am in love with Kitty, and that if you will give your consent to our union we will be grateful to you!"

"Papa," whispered Kitty, "now be good and say yes! I wanted to tell you before, only I—I didn't dare!"

"Oh!" said Dr. Gray dryly. "I thought I should find things out by and by. I wish, however, it mayn't be at the cost of a snapping toothache!"

"May I have her?" pleaded Harton, who had by this time got his arm round Kitty's waist.

"Well," said the doctor, "I don't know that I've any objection. Have it your own way, young people. Only, if you have any more courting, I beg you won't run over my apple pies!"

Browne was a frequent visitor at the house noon. He had two treasure troves—a promised wife and a ring! And the doctor was happy, for he had found something to tease Kitty about.—New York News.

Dirty, Ragged and Happy as a King.

The insensate craving of book collectors is illustrated in the case of Rawlinson, an English bibliomaniac who would buy a book though he had 20 copies of it. He lived and died among bundles and piles of books covered with dust and cobwebs. The Spectator mentions two collectors whose covetousness increased with their collection.

Mr. Heber, the brother of the bishop, bought all that came in his way, by cartloads and shiploads and in whole libraries, on which in some cases he never cast his eyes.

Of a similar disposition was the famous Antonio Magliabecchi, who is said to have lived on titles and indexes, and whose very pillow was a folio.

The old bibliomaniac lived in a kind of cave made of piles and masses of books, with hardly any room for his cooking or for the wooden cradle lined with pamphlets which he slung between his shelves for a bed. He died in 1714, in his eighty-second year, dirty, ragged and as happy as a king.—London Standard.

An Injured Tongue.

Nothing is more alarming than a severe injury to the tongue. It sometimes happens that in falling a little child will bite its tongue completely through, so that the teeth meet and the mouth is filled with blood. Such an accident is not so serious as it appears. The mouth heals quickly, the saliva forming a natural remedy better than any which man has invented or discovered. But to assist nature and stop the flow of blood is certainly important. The simplest way to do this is by sprinkling finely sifted flour into the cut. A child can be coaxed to submit to this treatment if the flour be mixed with powdered sugar.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Without Exaggeration on Her Part.

"Young men are so given to exaggeration," said Mrs. Fimble. "The idea of your saying you waited an hour for me! You waited just long enough for me to put on my gloves, and that couldn't have been more than a minute, for you know those gloves are a mile too big for me."—Boston Transcript.

An Englishman in Japan complains of the "perpetual feast of green tea and snails, with nothing but rice and raw fish for a change." No doubt the Japanese would find rare beef and beer equally monotonous.

A movement is on foot to establish a cemetery in Lansdowne.

THE FIERCEST BEAST OF PREY.

The white dawn o'er the sleeping forest rose
And woke each beast and bird to feed or play,
To pass in nature's temple of repose
Their happy, harmless day.

When, crashing onward through the thickets dun,
And strong with dreadful arts to maim and slay,
Took man the hunter, with his dogs and gun,
His devastating way.

Fear went before him with her visage wan,
And each beast owned his dread and ruthless sway;
All nature's children fled the face of man,
The fiercest beast of prey.

—Reginald Gourlay in Century.

ONLY SHOP TALK.

There Is an Excellent Lesson For Young Men In It, However.

"See that man with Mr. G——?" inquired the bookkeeper of the new clerk, indicating a man conspicuous for his homeliness.

"Ten years ago," he continued, "he came to work where I was employed. He was a smart chap, but the laziest, apparently, ever created. He was so ugly and awkward that he became the butt of all our secondhand jokes. Our head clerk was quite a handsome fellow and very much given to society, and consequently late hours. One day he was worrying Poxey, as our lazy man was called, taunting him in a very mean way about his looks, when Poxey, thoroughly aroused, said, 'Look here, Sam, I may be ugly, and not such a masher as you are, but in five years I'll show you I'm a better business man.'"

From that time we noticed a change in Poxey. He got permission to take the catalogues home. He would stay at night with the proprietor when all the clerks had gone, helping him with the plans for builders' hardware. At first he was only a live paper weight and kept the plans unrolled, but gradually becoming more and more useful until he was intrusted with the entire work of taking off the hardware and making estimates of cost. Sam was still head clerk, but Poxey was drawing the best pay.

Then came one of those crises in business life which broke up our establishment. Poxey accepted a position with a firm in the same city as manager of the builders' hardware department, and then came, as I have heard him say, the triumph of his life. Sam came to him for a position.

He was weak enough, he said, to remind Sam of the day he had taunted him, but after giving vent to his feelings he thanked Sam for the taunt, saying it was that, more than the prospect of advancement and higher wages, that had spurred him to every effort.

He then used his influence, and Sam was given a position.

"I know a man," remarked the toolman, who had been listening, "who was something like your Poxey. He worked well enough, but aimlessly. Once he went to see about a position, but the proprietor, a large, dignified man, said: 'You will not suit the position. I want a man to represent me.' With that my friend set to work, and his whole incentive was to show that he could not only represent a proprietor, but that he could become one in his own person."—Hardware.

He Wanted Power.

"I suppose you expect to be president some day, Willie?" said the caller pleasantly.

"Not much," replied Willie promptly.

"What!" exclaimed the visitor in astonishment. "Think what a great man the president is, and how great his power."

"Willie likes power," explained his mother, "but I guess he doesn't think the president has enough of it."

"Not much he don't," interjected Willie. "There's always people callin him down."

"Ah, perhaps you'd like to be an autocrat, like the czar of Russia," suggested the caller.

"Nix," returned Willie emphatically. "He has heard about the trouble that the czar has in keeping out of the way of bombs," said his mother.

"Well, there are always some drawbacks to positions of great power, Willie," explained the caller pleasantly.

Willie shook his head.

"When it comes to bein a big man," he said, "an havin people knuckle down to you an all that, I'd ruther be janitor of this flat buildin than be czar of ten Russias."

"I told you that Willie liked absolute power," said his mother quietly.—Chicago Post.

Only a Newsboy.

I was attracted by a little newsboy. It was evident that he had not been selling papers very long, for he did not mingle with the other boys, and the childish voice was very weak as he cried his wares. His clothes were neat, but very old and carefully patched. Around his neck were a clean collar and a homemade necktie that had once been a piece of a black alpaca dress. Everything about him betokened that a loving mother's hand had tried to make her boy appear like a little gentleman as he went out to sell his papers. I talked with the young news merchant, and found that he lived with his mother, and she was a crippled widow, with none but him to rely upon. For 4 years of the 11 that had been thus far allotted him by Father Time the little fellow had struggled manfully to bear the burdens fate had decreed should be his, and he proudly declared that "it was not often they went hungry, and then only for a few days, when rent fell due."

He had only been selling papers for a week but earned $3, almost a dollar of which they [illegible] toward the rent. And as I left him [illegible] and thought already drawn about the face [illegible] had not yet lost the innocence of babyhood, and the picture of a crippled mother proud of her boy, and suffering that he must thus early in the morning of life do the work that belongs to its midday hours, the penury of living on $2 a week, and yet the happiness of saving a few cents, made me look in a new way upon the little fellows who, running around corners, darting into street cars and dodging between passersby upon the streets, try to keep the public informed and themselves from starving.—Washington Star.

Habits of Salmon In Dispute.

Naturalists who have studied the habits of the salmon advance the curious theory that after the fish are hatched they leave their river home for the broad ocean and that it is four years before they return to spawn and die. This theory has been rejected by many of the salmon men, and among the unbelieving is Mr. H. D. McGuire, the state's fish protector, whose experience entitles his opinion to respect. Says Mr. McGuire:

"If this theory is correct, how is it that fish of such vastly different sizes and weights are caught in the Columbia? I should think that there would be something like uniformity in the fish if they were all of the same age. However, I expect to settle the theory one way or the other very soon. The superintendent of the United States hatchery at the Clackamas has obtained permission to retain 30,000 or 40,000 fish from this year's hatch until next spring. Some of these fish I intend to have marked with silver wire before they are turned loose, and then I will offer a reward for any of them afterward caught in the Columbia. Should any of them turn up within a year or two, it will, to my mind, disprove the four year theory."—Portland Oregonian.

Wood Yard.

James Campbell, corner of Wellington and Barrack streets, always has on hand a good stock of best maple, cut and uncut, dry slabs, pine and cedar blocks. All cheap for cash. Telephone, 116.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

THE WHITE FAN.

Tchouang Tsen of the country of Soung was a learned man who carried his wisdom so far as to detach himself from all perishable things. He had avoided the error so common to mankind of struggling to acquire useless riches and vain glories or honors.

He must have been profoundly satisfied with his career, for after his death he was proclaimed as happy and worthy of envy.

Now, in the days the gods accorded him to pass under green skies amid flowery bushes, willows and bamboos Tchouang Tsen was accustomed to walk dreamily through the country.

One day, when wandering along the flowery slopes of the mountain of Nam Hoa, he found himself unexpectedly in the middle of a cemetery, where the dead, according to the custom of the country, repose under hillocks of beaten earth. At the sight of these innumerable tombs which spread above the horizon the learned man meditated on the destiny of man. "Alas!" thought he. "Behold the highway where all the roads of life end. When once one has taken a place in this resting place of the dead, one never sees the light of day again."

As he was moralizing thus he suddenly perceived a young woman in mourning garb—that is to say, in a long white seamless robe of coarse material—seated beside a tomb, fanning with a white fan the earth of a freshly covered funeral mound.

Curious to learn the meaning of so strange an action, Tchouang Tsen saluted the young lady with great politeness and said:

"Madame, dare I ask you without offense what person is sleeping beneath this tomb and why you give yourself so much trouble to fan the earth that covers it?

"I am a philosopher and like to know the causes of things, and here is one that escapes me, that I cannot even guess at."

The young woman continued to move her fan back and forth. She blushed, lowered her head and murmured a few words that the good man could not hear.

He renewed his question several times, but in vain. The young woman took no further notice of him, and it seemed as though her very soul had passed into the hand that was so busily moving the fan.

Tchouang Tsen went his way regretfully. Although he well knew that all is vanity, he was naturally inclined to seek the motive of human actions, and particularly those of women.

This little creature's odd occupation aroused within him a malevolent but lively curiosity. He continued his walk slowly onward, but turned his head occasionally to watch the fan, which still beat the air like the wing of a huge butterfly, when all of a sudden an old woman, whom he had not seen at first, approached him and made a sign to follow her.

She drew him into the shadow of a mound a little higher than the rest and said to him:

"I heard you ask my mistress a question to which she made no reply. I will satisfy your curiosity, from a natural wish to oblige and in the hope that you in return will give me the wherewith to buy from the priests a magic paper which possesses the power of prolonging my life."

Tchouang Tsen drew out his purse and placed a piece of money in her hand, and the old woman spoke as follows:

"The lady that you saw seated beside a tomb is Mme. Lu, the widow of a learned man named Tao, who died 15 days ago after a long illness, and the tomb is her husband's. They loved each other most tenderly, and even when dying, M. Tao could not reconcile himself to their separation, and the idea of leaving her behind in the world in the flower of her age and of her beauty was altogether insupportable to him. However, toward the end he became resigned, for he was of gentle nature, and his soul submitted to the inevitable.

"Weeping at the head of M. Tao's bed, that she had never left during his entire illness, Mme. Lu called upon the gods to bear witness that she would never survive him, but would share his grave even as she had shared his couch.

"But M. Tao said to her, 'Madame, do not swear such a thing as that.' 'At least,' continued she, 'if I must survive you, if I am condemned by the genii to still behold the light of day when you can no longer see it, know that I will never consent to become the wife of another, and that I will never have but one husband, the same as I have but one soul.'

"But M. Tao said to her: 'Madame, do not swear that.' 'Oh, M. Tao, M. Tao! Let me swear then that for at least five years I will not think of marrying again.' But M. Tao said to her: 'Madame, do not swear that. Swear only that you will keep my memory faithfully in your heart until the earth shall have dried over my grave.'

"Mme. Lu took the oath and the good M. Tao closed his eyes never to open them again.

"The despair of Mme. Lu surpassed all bounds. Her eyes were swollen with weeping and her pretty, soft cheeks were scratched to pieces by her sharp little finger nails, but everything passes away, and the torrent of her grief soon spent its force.

"Three days after the death of M. Tao Mme. Lu's sadness had become human. She was told that a young man, a follower of M. Tao's, desired an interview to express the grief and sympathy he felt on this sad occasion. She thought it would not be right to refuse him this privilege, and she was correct. She received him with sighs.

"The young man was of distinguished bearing and handsome face. He spoke to her a little about M. Tao and much about herself. He told her she was charming and that he felt he loved her. She allowed him to talk. He promised to return soon. In the meantime Mme. Lu, seated beside [illegible] saw her, passes her time in drying [illegible] earth which covers his tomb with the air stirred up by her fan."

When the old woman had finished her story, Tchouang Tsen thought:

"Youth is short, the incitement of desire gives wings to young women and young men. After all, Mme. Lu is an honest young person, striving to keep her promise. It is an example worthy to present to the white women of Europe."—From the French.

Not Difficult.

High Priced Doctor—You are now convalescent, and all you need is exercise. You should walk 10 to 15 miles a day, sir, but your walking should have an object.

Patient—All right, doctor; I'll travel around trying to borrow money to pay your bill.—Philadelphia American.

Her Beautiful Boy.

Mrs. Willowsnap (calling on Mrs. Wangle)—Your mother has a lot of new furniture, hasn't she, Willie?

Willie—Yes'm, and the man comes here every week to collect the bill.—Strand Magazine.

Everybody Honest With Newsboys.

However dishonest some people may be with others, there seems to be an unwritten code of morality in their make up that prompts them to be square with newsboys. Since the establishment of stands on the principal corners, from which the newsboy sells his stock, he may, with safety, take a walk, look at a procession or go to his luncheon. He leaves his papers and a handful of pennies on the stand, and when anybody wants a paper he takes it and leaves his penny or makes change for himself and passes on. Inquiry of a number of proprietors of stands elicited the information that not one of them had ever lost a paper or missed a penny by change or otherwise since the system was established. There may be several reasons for this, but one of them is that the newsboy, whatever may be his other faults, is always honest with the public, and invariably accommodating.—Chicago Chronicle.

Where Danger Lurked.

First Burglar—Got your chloroform ready?

Second Burglar—Yes. Dope the old man first, I suppose?

"Not on your life. The baby first."—Detroit Tribune.

Nerves on Edge.

I was nervous, tired, irritable and cross. Karl's Clover Root Tea has made me well and happy.—Mrs. E. B. WOODEY. At Wade's Drug Store.

BLACK
Dress Goods

New Goods
Now Coming in
For the Early
Spring Trade.

J. LAIDLAW & SON.

ODDITIES OF ANIMALS.

Queer Features About Them That Are Little Known.

Observe for yourselves. Every spotted dog has the end of his tail white, while every spotted cat has the end of her tail black.

Try it. Rather 10,000 of the threads spun by a full grown spider, twist them together and see if they equal in substance the size of one of your hairs.

Oysters live 10 or 12 years when they have the chance. In this country they don't get the chance.

Many horses are fond of beer, and to a tired horse a bottle of beer in his gruel is a great restorative. It acts as a "pick me up," and often makes a horse with no appetite eat freely. Brewers understand this, and that is one reason why their horses always seem to be in good condition.

The large horned beetle can carry 315 times its own weight. One has been known to walk away with a two and a quarter pound weight.

Live bees are sometimes shipped on ice so as to keep them dormant during the journey. This is particularly the case with bumblebees, which have been taken to New Zealand, where they are useful in fertilizing the red clover that has been introduced into the colony.

The amount of light that can be obtained from fireflies is not generally known. These insects have two bright spots on their thorax, and also brilliant wings on the abdomen, and give light sufficient to enable one to read at a little distance. Two or three placed in the center of a room will shed a soft light all over it. They are very common in Cuba, Brazil, Guiana, Venezuela and Mexico. In those countries at night the natives affix the little creatures to their shoes and thus obtain light to see the road and frighten away the snakes. Mexican women use them as jewels. They tie them in little gauze bags and put them in their hair or on their clothing. They keep them in wire cages and feed them on scraps of sugar cane.

Reynard is a knowing animal. The foxes are much tormented by fleas, but when the infliction becomes too severe they know how to get rid of the insects. They gather from the bark of trees moss, which they carry to a stream that deepens by degr