GREAT SOLDIERS OF TODAY.

Our chief, whom all England and all Europe, saving only the French, worshiped, also had this of the godlike in him, that he was impassible before victory, before danger, before defeat. Before the geratest obstacle or the most trivial ceremony; before a hundred thousand men drawn in battalion or a peasant slaughtered at the door of his burning house; before a carouse of drunken German lords or a monarch's court, or a cottage table where his plans were laid, or an enemy's battery, vomiting flame and hell, and strewing death all around him; he was always cold, calm, resolute, like fate. He performed a treason or a court bow, he told a falsehood as black as Styx as easily as he paid a compliment or spoke about the weather. . . . Perhaps he could not have been the great man he was had he had a heart either for love or hatred or pity or fear or regret or remorse.—"Henry Esmond."

The "age of Louis XIV." was a period of mighty wars—wars not to be equaled in extent, duration, or deadliness until the Emperor Napoleon's attempts to impose his rule upon all his neighbors should call Europe to arms. The wars of the age of Louis XIV. developed many great captains—in Austria, Montecuculi; in Holland, William of Orange; in Sweden, Charles XII., "last of the Varangians," "the madman of the north"; in France, Conde the Great, Turenne, Villars, Luxembourg, Prince Eugene of Savoy. But the greatest captain of a period remarkable for great captains was an Englishman, John Churchill, first Duke of Marlborough. The genius of William of Orange, who was an even greater statesman than soldier, combined the nations of Europe to resist the ambitious aggressions of France. The powerful arm of Marlborough struck the blows which shattered the hitherto almost invincible armies of the grand monarch and for more than thirty years cribbed and cabined France within her natural and historical boundaries.

John Churchill's father, Sir Winston Churchill, lost his property in the English uphill war and was able to give his children but a meager education. John never learned to spell, but early showed the bent of his mind by reading and rereading Vegetius' "De Re Militari." In 1666, at the age of 16 years, he secured, through the influence of the Duke of York, a commission in the guards and went to Tangier, where he entered, as a fighter against the Moors, upon his distinguished career.

Churchill possessed a handsome person and charming manners and in consequence became a favorite of the Duchess of Cleveland, one of the mistresses of Charles II. The King coming unexpectedly one day into a room where were Churchill and the duchess, Churchill promptly jumped through a window. For his feat of hazardous gallantry the duchess gave him £5,000. With characteristic thrift he invested £4,500 of the amount in an annuity. In 1678 Churchill was married to Sarah Jennings. Beautiful, imperious, strong minded, the confidante and favorite of Queen Anne, over whose mind she long maintained a complete ascendency, Sarah Jennings was one of the notable women of English history; and Churchill loved her as ardently as his cold nature could love anybody and was sincerely devoted to her till he died.

In 1672 Churchill commanded a company of the troops which England sent to aid Louis XIV. in his attempt to subdue the Dutch and won a colonelcy. James II., on coming to the throne, raised him to the peerage as Baron Churchill of Sandridge. Promoted to be general, he took a main part in quelling the rebellion raised against James by the Duke of Monmouth, putative natural son of Charles II. Disregarding his obligations of gratitude to James II., he deserted to William of Orange when the latter invaded England to protect the Protestant religion by driving James from his throne. The Princess Anne, James' daughter, yielded to the persuasions of Lady Churchill, and also joined the rebels. Churchill lamely explained that he had turned traitor because he felt he could not remain faithful to his King without being faithless to his religion.

The Prince of Orange, when he had established himself on the English throne as William III., rewarded Churchill's treachery by making him Earl of Marlborough and a member of the Privy Council. The new earl was soon detected in a plot to betray William to James as he betrayed James to William and was thrown into the tower. The intimacy between the Princess Anne and Lady Churchill meantime grew apace. The princess called Lady Churchill Mrs. Freeman; Lady Churchill called the princess Mrs. Morley. The fortune of the Marlboroughs was made when, in 1702, Anne became Queen. Marlborough was dubbed a knight of the garter and appointed captain-general of the forces and master-general of the ordnance, and his wife was given offices which raised their combined receipts from the Government to £62,325 per year.

Marlborough went at once to Holland and conducted a brilliant campaign, in which the French were driven out of Spanish Guelders. For this he received a dukedom. In 1704 he and Prince Eugene of Savoy, with 50,000 men, encountered a French force of 60,000 under Marshal Tallard at Blenheim. The result was the bloodiest and most important victory that had been won by British arms since the middle ages. The French loss was 40,000, the English 12,000. Marlborough was recognized as the first general of Europe. Parliament voted him the estate of Woodstock, the Queen built Blenheim Park for him, the Emperor created him a prince of the holy Roman Empire, Addison wrote a celebrated poem concerning him. In 1706 Marlborough crushed the French at Ramillies. In 1708 he defeated Louis XIV.'s grandson, the young Duke of Burgundy, under the walls of Oudenarde. Lille, Ghent, every city he besieged fell. He seemed invincible. French mothers scared their children with his name. Finally, at Malplaquet, in 1709, he achieved the last victory of his long and unbrokenly successful career as a soldier. The French and allied forces were each at this battle about 90,000 strong. The French had the advantage of position. As Marlborough wrote to his wife, it was "a very murdering battle." The allies, under Marlborough, lost 20,000 men. The French, under Villars, lost but 8,000, but were forced to retreat. Marlborough was afield again in 1711, taking town after town. The war was concluded by the treaty of Utrecht, which gave Europe 30 years of peace.

While Marlborough was fighting his country's enemies abroad he was exposed to almost incessant fire from his enemies, the Tories, at home. He finally whipped his country's enemies and the Tories finally whipped him. Abigail Hill, a poor relation of the duchess, whom she had got a place at court, supplanted her as the Queen's favorite. The duke was accused of speculation and of protracting the war for his private advantage. Swift charged the duchess with stealing £22,000 from the privy purse. Both were deprived of all their offices. The duke lived abroad until Anne died, when he was restored by George I. to the position he occupied after Blenheim. Marlborough suffered a stroke of apoplexy in 1716. Johnson, in his "Vanity of Human Wishes," speaks of him "shedding the tears of dotage." He was able, nevertheless, to attend Parliament until six months before his death, which took place on June 16, 1722. His funeral obsequies were celebrated in Westminster Abbey with the greatest magnificence. His widow's tempestuous career did not end until 22 years later. She left a fortune of three millions sterling, the accumulation of years of avarice, of which she bequeathed £10,000 to William Pitt. Marlborough's only son, the Marquis of Blandford, died young. His title passed, therefore, to the descendants of his daughter, the Duchess of Sunderland.

Marlborough was not, like Conde or Prince Eugene, a commander of fiery passions, who won victories by inspiring his soldiers with his own vehement feelings and personally leading them to the fray. He was a cold, careful, profound tactician like Turenne, Grant, and Moltke, who worked his campaigns and his battles out beforehand with mathematical precision and remarkable prescience. This was the secret of his matchless success in handling large bodies of men. He was one of the first of truly modern commanders. Prior to his time the great captains had been terrific fighters with their hands. Since his time they have been mainly frigid men who have won with their heads.—Chicago Record-Herald.

PYRETHRUM POWDER BANE OF INSECTS

It Kills or Stupefies Mosquitoes and Will Rid Rooms of Pests.

Any one who is ill with malaria or yellow fever should be carefully protected from mosquitoes, for, should a person be bitten by an Anopheles, the malarial mosquito, or Stegomyia fasciata, the yellow fever mosquito, at this time, there would be great danger that the insect might fly away and bite some one else and thus spread the diseases.

Screens for both doors and windows form the best protection against mosquitoes at all times; but it often happens that the insects get into our houses, even though they are thoroughly screened, generally through some door or window that has been left open by mistake, or they may gain an entrance by coming down an unused chimney, if the flue be allowed to remain open during the summer time.

A house or a room may be cleared of mosquitoes by burning pyrethrum powder and allowing the smoke, which is not at all offensive to most people, to thoroughly fill the room that is under treatment. This smoke kills or so stupefies the insects that they will not bite.

Pyrethrum powder is a preparation of the plant pyrethrum roseum, and is sometimes sold as Persian insect powder or Dalmatian powder. It can be bought at any drugstore for about 35 cents a pound. It is a very fine, light powder, and an ounce of it will go a long way, making a large volume of smoke.

A pyrethrum smudge or smoke may be started by covering a live coal, taken from the kitchen stove, with the powder, first placing the coal upon a small shovel, so that it may be moved about conveniently without danger of setting anything on fire. The pyrethrum will quickly begin to smolder and give off a dense smoke. All that is now necessary is to add from time to time a pinch of the powder, as occasion requires, merely keeping the smoldering ashes covered so that the smoke will continue.—Popular Science.

SOMETHING THAT SHOULD BE RUBBED IN.—Whenever pain is felt in the limbs or back, take Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil; pour a little in the hand, and, applying it to the surface beneath which the pain lies, rub briskly. If the first application does not afford relief, which is not usually the case, keep rubbing. The Oil will gradually penetrate to the affected parts and relief will come.

GERMAN SCIENTIST'S HAY FEVER SERUM

Is It Better Than the Atmosphere of New Ontario?

Prof. W. P. Dunbar, who has produced a serum for the cure of hay fever, is in New York on his way to the St. Louis Exposition, where he will take charge for the German Government of an exhibit relating to hay fever and its cure. He arrives in New York at the dramatic moment, for this is the hay fever season.

Prof. Dunbar is a German scientist and yet he isn't. On first acquaintance it is noticed that he speaks English with only a slight accent, but he is continually stumped for words, and when the conversation gets involved he has to call in an interpreter.

That is because he is an American who is losing his own language. Born in St. Paul of American parents, he went to Germany as a student and remained to become thoroughly Germanized. He is now at the head of the State Hygienic Institute at Hamburg. "The only American Government official in Germany," he calls himself.

He began work on hay fever about ten years ago, taking up that disease because he is subject to it.

"The disease is not a germ complaint," he said yesterday. "It is caused by the chemical action of certain kinds of pollen. In Europe rye grass makes the most trouble. Here in the United States the dangerous plants are golden rod and ragweed. Indian corn is also dangerous, though not so great a degree. Hay fever season begins in August, just when pollen is flying.

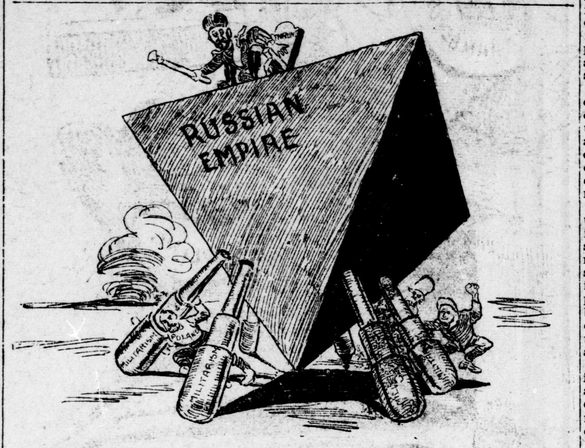
"At first scientists thought that all these pollens carried minute barbs which set up a local irritation. But I found that while this was true of golden rod, for example, it was not true of Indian corn, which has perfectly smooth pollen. So by the tedious process of elimination and analysis I located the trouble in an albuminous poison.

"Take rye grass, for example. Analysis of one grain of its pollen shows: Water, 10.2 per cent; inorganic matter, 3.4 per cent; organic matter 86.4 per cent. This organic matter contains 3 per cent of fats, 25 per cent of carbohydrates, 13 per cent of nitrogenous, non-albuminous substances, and 40 per cent of poisonous albumens. With these poisonous albumens I completed my experiments. A solution of that substance dropped into the eye of a person subject to hay fever produces all the symtoms at any time of the year. There is enough of it in one grain of rye grass pollen to infect 4,800,000 hay fever patients.

"The wind carries the pollen very widely — hundreds of miles, in fact. That is the reason why it is epidemic in the city as well as the country just now. When the steamer was nearly 500 miles from land this trip I had a slight attack from an off-shore breeze.

"Only certain persons are subject, and they are mostly brain workers. There is some nervous connection, not yet fully understood, between brain fatigue and the weakening of the membranes which hay fever attacks. Americans are especially subject to it — the high pressure of American life, I suppose. Old cases of influenza sometimes cause a disposition to the disease. Susceptibility to hay fever is also hereditary.

"My remedy is a toxin, prepared, like other toxins, by injecting the poisonous matter into horses. In this part of the work I found a curious thing. Only ten per cent of the horses we tried are subject, and those sensitive horses were all thoroughbreds. A horse has to receive steady injections for ten months before he is in a condition to yield the proper strength of serum. If this serum is mixed with the albuminous poison and put into the eye of a person subject to the disease, there is no hay fever reaction at all."—New York Sun.



Brooklyn Eagle.

SHAKY.

WHAT THE GIRL SAW OF A JAIL'S "INSIDE"

Her Actions Reflected the Attitude of the World Toward Prisoners.

"Oh, dear," said the pretty girl, with a shudder, as the guide who was showing her party through the county jail pointed out the "bull pen." Only, the guide called it the "exercising corridor," but that did not prevent the girl from saying "Oh, dear," with a shudder. Then she added, quizzically, for the hour was exercising time, and the pen was filled with prisoners:

"And do you let them run about together like that? I should think you'd be afraid. And they, too, aren't they afraid of each other? Are there any murderers among them?"

The pretty girl was apprised of the terrifying fact that at that very time there were three "murderers" at large within the long, steel and stone guarded inclosure. There were more shudders at that and a perfect rain of "Oh, dears." The guide tried to reassure her that the prisoners were just men in trouble and not ferocious beasts such as she evidently imagined to find in a jail. The reassuring process did not work, however, and the party hurriedly left the jail. At the door, though, the pretty girl stopped and turned to thank their guide.

"It was so nice of you to take the time from your work to show us around," she murmured to the good looking guard. Isn't it nice," addressing the balance of the party, "that the county employes are such obliging people. What's that?"

"I'm a prisoner," repeated the man, with half averted gaze.

"Oh dear!" exclaimed the girl. And she fled precipitously up the iron steps that led to the outside world. The attentive prisoner who had escorted the party around about the various points of jailed interest, turned back to his killing routine of enforced idleness, while a sort of once-more-don't-matter-much smile played lugubriously about his features.

"She didn't mean anything by that," he explained later. "That's the way they all look at us fellows. Seems as though they think a man can't be a human being when he's in jail. It used to affect me, at first, but now I don't notice it—much. I'm used to it. The way that visitors, and they're good people, too, stare at the prisoners is funny, to a student of human nature, but it is agony to the poor fellow who is in here. Sometimes it occurs to me that they might refrain from their offensive ways if only because some of us are innocent. But that thought never occurs to them, it seems.

"I remember when I first came here, I simply happened to be working for a business firm in a downtown office building that got into trouble by reason of their use, or alleged use, of the United States mails. Well, the Government never does anything by halves. They took us all.

"Down here I went into the hospital cell, where the more privileged prisoners stay, and where the sick folk, usually lunatics, are kept. When a party would go through the jail they would be shown this cell first, and its nature would be explained. Then, the way those people would eye us fellows, innocent and guilty, sane and insane, it would almost make my flesh creep. It was very thoughtless in them, but it's human nature, I suppose, even if it does cut like sixty.

"Some there are who are too innately cultured and well bred to betray their feelings toward us, but we know what they are thinking. Still, I don't mind it now—much. A person gets over a whole lot of things in a place like this," he added, reflectively.—Cleveland Plaindealer.

Epidemic of Pleurisy

Doctors say the country is full of it. First it's a chill, than a cold—the inflammation grows till pleurisy is the result. Give 20 drops of Polson's Nerviline in hot water at once. Congestion is prevented, warmth and circulation restored—you are cured. Any sickness can be prevented by Nerviline. It saves big doctor bills, and costs 25c for a large bottle. Try Nerviline.

Mountain Lake of Ice.

While the people of Denver are sweltering in the hot weather of the summer, a little mountain lake only 45 miles away lies calmly enjoying its perpetual freeze—the lake is solid ice. This is what was found by C. A. Parker, in charge of the telegraph construction of the Moffat Railroad, in the shadow of James Peak, on the Continental Divide.

Perpetual snows blanket the mountain on the sides not reached by the sun, and amid the wintry scene of glacial whiteness lies the little lake, one big lump of ice. How long the lake has been frozen no one knows. Sometimes it melts, but this year it has not shown ny signs of succumbing to the higher temperature.

Officers of the Moffat road are much interested in the find. They knew that glaciers were there, but the lake was something they did not expect. Now everyone from General Manager Ridgway to the office boy is trying to determine how long that lake may have been frozen solid. It helps them to keep cool.—Denver Times.

IGNORANCE IS A CURSE.—"Know thyself" is a good admonition, whether referring to one's physical condition or moral habitudes. The man who is acquainted with himself will know how to act when any disarrangement in his condition manifests itself. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is a cheap and simple remedy for the eradication of pain from the system and for the cure of all bronchial troubles.

The pipe line from the Baku petroleum fields on the Caspian sea to Batum, on the Black Sea, 560 miles will be completed during 1905, and will double the transportation facilities for oil. A part of this line, 143 miles, at the eastern end, has been in operation for several years.

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT ABOLISHED.

"Say, popski, hang a copy of that in the nursery!" — North American, Philadelphia.

A Woman Process Server.

Women have invaded many fields, but it is not likely that there will be a rush to follow the example of Mrs. Harriet Carr, of New York. She is the only woman process server in the world. She says process serving demands unbounded courage, cunning, and—er—a fair amount of effrontery. She ought to know. Mrs. Carr has a brisk and pleasing presence. She is a well-preserved, middle-aged woman, who dresses fashionably. She is employed by four law firms, who keep her busy. She only tackles difficult cases, and her fees are larger than those usually paid to male process servers.

She has a lively sense of humor, and keeps a detailed account of every paper she serves. Her subterfuges to gain an audience with inaccessible folks are original. Anything from "mash" notes to decoy telegrams are employed to lure people from imprisonment, and even shrewd lawyers never suspect so well-groomed a woman has a summons from the supreme court secreted in her wristbag. Mrs. Carr lays great stress on her gowns, although at times it suits her purpose to appear shabbily dressed.—Exchange

Easy to Dye

Maypole Soap not only gives a fast, brilliant color but makes home dying safe, sure, pleasant, easy. No mess or trouble.

It's a cake of soap that washes and dyes at one operation.

Made in England but sold everywhere.

with Maypole Soap

10c. for Colors—15c. for Black.

SECRET SERVICE OF THE SULTAN

TURKISH SPIES ARE PRESENT IN ALL THE WORLD'S GREAT CAPITALS —DOUBLE TRAITORS.

Women Extensively Employed to Ferret Out Important Secrets—An American Duped by His Valet.

Like Russia's, Turkey's secret service is one of the most complete and far-reaching in the world. There are spies of the Sultan in the German army, in the streets of St. Petersburg, in the cafes of Paris, as servants in the families of English nobility, and even in New York they secretly watch the enemies of the Turkish Government.

But it is especially in the Slavic principalities on its northern borders and in Greece that Turkey has its secret agents. So thorough is the system there that even the privately expressed opinions of Government officials reach the ears of the head of the Turkish police system. These spies are especially watchful of the Macedonian insurgent bands, and they have often succeeded in joining these bands, only to betray them at a critical moment.

"The fact that a suspected man takes part in a fight and kills his Turk is not positive proof that he is no spy," says Ivan Radouloff, a Macedonian now in New York and a veteran of several insurgent campaigns. "The instructions of a secret service agent permit him to take Turkish lives, if by so doing he can gain the further confidence of the enemy. A case of that sort was illustrated some months ago before I left Macedonia.

"In a certain town where the secret insurgent committee was unusually active a succession of unaccountable disasters almost paralyzed the insurrection in that district. First, two of our leaders were captured and one band was surrounded as it was leaving town one morning and almost annihilated. Then caches of arms and ammunition were discovered and captured, and some of the most active members of the local committee were thrown into prison and tortured into confessions.

LED TO HIS DEATH.

"Suspicion finally centered on a young Servian. He had been out with the band several times and had distinguished himself as a fighter. He attacked Bashi-Bazouks single handed and killed both. This deed had made his comrades reluctant to suspect him of treachery. But it finally became impossible to deny that he was always near when discoveries were made and suspects arrested.

"One night the local committee met and sent him with a message. While he was gone they discussed plans to entray him, and when he returned they were ready. The president then informed the committee that in a certain cave several miles out of town 100 rifles, with a corresponding amount of ammunition, were hidden. The Servian was the only one who did not know that this statement was false.

"Next night ten insurgents concealed themselves in the cave and waited. Before midnight they heard the tramp of feet. They saw a squad of Turkish soldiers in the moonlight, and at the head of them was the Servian. The Turks waited while he stepped inside the cave. As he did so, an insurgent slipped in behind a rock at the entrance, and as the Servian passed him he drove a Turkish yataghen almost through him. The other Macedonians then fired upon the detail of soldiers and drove them back to the village."

The Turkish spy system includes a great number of women. The basis upon which the Turkish police work is that a beautiful woman may learn the secrets of Allah himself. As a matter of fact, their most useful information comes from women.

A WOMAN'S CUNNING.

A wealthy Albanian, who was leader of several rebellions against the Turks, was one time, during a period of peace, presented with a beautiful wife as an addition to his harem by the pasha of the province. The Albanian was immensely pleased, and made the woman his favorite wife, which position she held for over a year.

Meanwhile, it became known among the Albanian revolutionary leaders that some of their most important secrets were mysteriously reaching the ears of the military authorities. They appointed several of their number to track down the source of the leakage of information.

One evening one of the Albanian spies observed a small Nubian boy leaving the headquarters of the khaimakam. He recognized the boy as the attendant of the woman who had been given as a present to the insurrectionary leader. The spy reported his discovery and the Nubian boy was watched. The spies caught him one evening going down to the town and searched him, but without result.

Then, according to the Albanian merchant in New York, who tells this story, they proceeded to torture the boy, and learned that every time he was sent to the office of the khaimakam, his fez was taken away from him, and returned after a long interval. The Albanians immediately examined the boy's fez and found a letter in the lining. They took this and let the boy go, threatening him with a terrible death if he revealed their identities.

The Albanians, not recognizing the handwriting of the letter, at once suspected their leader himself, not thinking that the boy was the exclusive attendant of the leader's favorite wife. When they reached their headquarters in the mountains it was only to learn that their leader had been arrested and was in prison, while the favorite wife had fled.

Such is one of the favorite methods of spying employed, not only by pashas, but by the Sultan himself.

A PRIEST SPY.

A Bulgarian army officer now in New York tells the story of a priest spy in a small Bulgarian town near the Turkish border. It is in this region that many Macedonian bands secretly organize. Shortly after the appointment of this priest to his parish, many arrests followed in Macedonia. It was only by a curious incident that suspicion finally rested on the priest.

A young Macedonian refugee was out wandering over the hills one day, when he finally lay down to rest. Below him was a road, and on one side of the road stood a wooden cross, to which all passersby, according to custom, made the sign of the cross. The exile was well hidden in the bushes. Presently he observed the parish priest approach, and as he reached the cross he saluted it, but not as a Christian. He made the sign of the Mohammedan appeal to Allah. The boy reported what he had seen to an insurgent leader.

The priest was called away from his home one evening shortly after by a ruse and his house entered by Macedonians. This was an act that only the gravest suspicions could have persuaded them to commit. Indisputable proof of the priest's guilt was discovered. He had entered the church as a novice years before, and had been a Mohammedan spy all the while he was professing Christianity.

The intruders restored everything they had disturbed and reported to their secret revolutionary committee. A tribunal was formed at night in the neighboring mountains, the priest was forcibly taken there and tried. They spent two nights giving him full opportunity to defend himself, but the decision went against him. Two of the committeemen were selected by lot, and they shot him.

AMERICAN AGENT DECEIVED.

An agent of a large American firearm manufacturing house made a special visit to the Bulgarian capital, Sofia, with the object of getting a contract to supply the Bulgarian army with the make of rifle which the firm manufactured.

It was only with the greatest difficulty that he could get his one specimen rifle through Austria. He arrived safely in Sofia, however, and was allowed to present his rifle at the testing grounds, where representatives of other gun manufacturing firms were competing with their specimens—some German, some English. The American rifle was given first trial. Then came the English and German gun men. The comparative penetrating merits of each make of rifle was carefully tested, and to his surprise, the American found his inferior to the others, whereas he had expected to score especially on that one point. He insisted upon a second trial, but again his bullets failed to penetrate the testing wood as deeply as those of his competitors.

Of course, his gun was closed out of the contest, and he returned to Paris, much chagrined over a defeat that he felt he did not deserve. On the train, between Sofia and Vienna, he did much thinking. He remembered that the valet he had engaged in Paris had suddenly left him in Sofia just after his failure at the proving range. He remembered that he claimed to be a Greek, although he had never gone into reminiscent talks of his native district, as a man would be likely to do with one who was his daily associate. Then it struck him that the wages the fellow had asked were remarkably small, and that he always declined tips.

At Vienna the American got off his train, went to a hotel, retired to a room and brought out his testing apparatus. He opened one cartridge after another, and carefully examined it. Each one had been tampered with. Then he cursed the thoughtlessness which had allowed him to give his gun and ammunition into the keeping of a Turkish spy, and kept the Bulgarian army from being equipped with a rifle superior to that used by the Turkish army.—Baltimore Herald.

Not an Enthusiast

A youth with a thick growth of tawny hair and a golf cap sticking from the side pocket of his coat boarded an open car on the Third avenue elevated and sat down beside another hatless man.

"Great idea, isn't it?" asked the youth.

"What?" inquired the hatless man, suspiciously.

"Why, this going without a hat on every possible occasion. Good for the hair. Look at mine. Doesn't seem to have done much good to yours, though," he remarked, looking at the decidedly thin adornment of his enfoced acquaintance. "But then," he continued, encouragingly, "you may be a beginner. I have been going without a hat for years. Came from Hamburg in the second cabin. Thirty of us aboard ship did not wear a hat the entire voyage. Lots like us in New York. You'll see plenty of young chaps walking part way down town through Central Park every morning going bareheaded. They always take off their hats when riding in an open trolley car or an excursion boat. They are quite as enthusiastic as those Kneipp cranks, who walk in the wet grass with bare feet. There's a 'no hat' club over in West Sixty-sixth street. Members pledge themselves not to wear hats except when absolutely necessary. Can't go without a hat in the business district, of course. Would excite attention.

"But I——" interrupted the hatless man.

"Yes, I see; a beginner. Never mind. You'll soon get used to it. A man can do pretty much as he pleases here in New York so long as he doesn't make a show of himself. Different from a small town."

"What I was going to say," insisted the hatless man, as he rose to get off at Houston street, "is that I don't believe in your bareheaded nonsense. My hat blew off at One Hundred and Eleventh street, and I didn't have time to get off and chase it. That's all."—New York Press.

The Habit of Quotation.

Since most of us find it easy to copy and difficult to invent, the habit of prolific quotation has grown with the growth of a certain hasty and idle spirit easily to be discerned in modern literature, and the London Saturday Review has recently stood for an honest and wholesale reaction in favor of writing neatly woven from the author's individual thought, and unbedecked with maxims from familiar sources. It offered some months ago a prize for the best three "tags" in use at the present time, a tag being understood to mean a quotation that has grown stale with repetition. Hundreds flowed into the columns of the Review, and not until they were there did many a reader recognize how often their aged faces had been seen upon the pages of young books and magazines. Here are a few of them: "It is the unexpected that happens," "more honored in the breach than in the observance," "Homeric laughter," "the thin edge of the wedge," "the right man in the right place," "there is much virtue in an if."

If the time has come, and apparently it is here, for these and similar phrases borrowed from the big grab-bag of the classics, frequently without any distinct knowledge of their origin, to be discarded from the product of the average writer, the naked dullness of the average style wil be more than ever conspicuous, and inevitably there will be more or less striving to create verbal ornaments of a reasonable originality. Already the popular parodist has found a way out of the difficulty that is not without its appropriateness to a flippant age. Instead of illuminating his text with the wise sayings of his predecessors, he adopts them only after fortifying them with his mother wit, as the prudent physician fortifies his anaesthetic remedies. For "A word to the wise is sufficient' he gives "A word to the wise is superfluous"; or for "Procrastination is the thief of time" he sagaciously substitutes "Punctuality is the thief of time," altering, with consummate impudence, dignified gray sentiments that have walked with Shakespeare and Milton.

The "Spare Room" of Memory.

The flat has certain advantages, in spite of musical enthusiasts below or above it, in spite of the tube that, with its public mouth, invites all sorts of invitations to buy or sell, and excites the passing humorist to play upon it as a pipe of many notes. The flat discourages unexpected visitors, who climb up the stairway with bags and baggage, in expectation of food and lodging. When you have a house to yourself, Uncle Amos, Aunt Luella, or Cousin Joe, does not understand why there should not be a room and meals, especially as there are all "blood relatives;" but so were the three daughters of the horse-leech. The flat has just so many rooms, and they are all occupied. There is no lost room, no secret chamber; even the despised tube is here a weapon of defense, for a well-trained servant's voice may discourage approach, repel would-be boarders. Cousin Joes, who is not a bit fussy, admits that he cannot camp out comfortably on the grand piano, and you prove to him that the bookcase or the chest of drawers is not a masked bedstead. The most intrepid relation shies at the enforced proximity in a flat.

It is true that the spare room in Uncle Amos' village home was often at your service in your younger days. You still remember its chief characteristics—the floor hole, through which the heat was supposed to rise from the living room below and thus "take the chill off." This hole had sometimes a thin and deceptive covering. By putting your ear to the hole you could easily ascertain the opinion of your hosts concerning your personal appearance, table manners, conversation. If your entertainers were absent-minded, you discovered this hole by putting a leg through it on your way to bed.—Boston Herald.

Adventures of a Bankbill.

A lady passing down the Rue Richelieu had the misfortune to lose a pocketbook containing, among other valuables, a 1,000-franc note. The pocketbook was picked up by a chair-mender named Renaud, who lives at Montreaux, and he placed it very carefully in his pocket and proceeded home. It is not often that a chair-mender has occasion to change a note of that amount, and Renaud, recognizing the impossibility of turning it into gold without detection, agreed with a friend to do the business for the consideration of 100 francs.

This friend, Lucien Mathern, also a chair-mender, was in turn filled with apprehension. The difficulty was solved by the aid of a horticulturist named Somonnet, who kindly consented to buy himself a horse for 300 francs and return the change. Renaud thus became richer by 600 francs. All might then have gone well if, two days later, it had not been discovered that the horse had been stolen from a dealer at Meaux. This led to the arrest of the trio, and later in the day the police put their hands on the horse thieves.—Paris Daily Messenger.

WHOLE SYSTEM POISONED.

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It appears from a decision of the French courts that a man may fight a duel with pistols or swords and if fatality results there is no penalty. But if one cannot afford these weapons and fights with humbler means there is no such immunity, as two men who fought with knives were given four months each in prison.

IT IS A LIVER PILL.—Many of the ailments that man has to contend with have their origin in a disordered liver, which is a delicate organ, peculiarly susceptible to the disturbances that come from irregular habits or lack of care in eating and drinking. This accounts for the great many liver regulators now pressed on the attention of sufferers. Of these there is none superior to Parmelee's Vegetble Pills. Their operation, though gentle, is effective, and the most delicate can use them.

Dr. Welwitsch brings news of a wonderful tree which he found growing in the west of Africa and named for himself, the welwitsch. The extraordinary proportions of a trunk four feet in diameter, with a height of only one foot, make the plant look like a round table. The tree never has more than two leaves.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Lord Cranborne, now the Marquis of Salisbury, has been in parliament, with the exception of one year, since he was 24. He is now 42 years old.

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"It's a good fundation for a day's operations," says N. E. Perry, of 28 Mance street, Montreal. He was writing of Orange Meat, a cereal which combines the best elements of wheat with a most palatable Canadian product. The makers also offer free of charge, a good foundation for a handsome silver table service. A coupon is inclosed in each 15c package. Your grocer will show you one which describes the premiums. By taking advantage of the opportunity thus afforded you may secure various valuable table articles, such as handsome tea or dessert spoons of heavy silver plate, a sugar shell, or a new-design butter knife.

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