Hood's

BOOKFUL OF

Mr. Russell Prints His Collection of Ancedotes.

A Few Plums From the Pudding He Has Prepared for British Readers.

All of Them Are Not New, but All Are Good-They Relate to Prominent Persons of the Present and Preceding Generation.

A correspondent writes: The man who chronicles or invents a new story. if it be a good one, is more to be honored than the discoverer of a gold mine. What shall be said then of a man who enriches an effete generation with a bookful of good stories? This is what Mr. G. W. E. Russell, M.P., has done under the pseudonym of "One Who Has Kept a Diary," in a volume entitled "Collections and Recollections." It is a collection of tales about prominent people of this and the preceding generation, and of stories so good in themselves that the personnel is immaterial. Mr. Russell has been peculiarly fortunate in a large personal acquaintance with old people whom he describes as "links with the past." is almost startling to an Englishman of today to be reminded that there still lives, in full possession of all her faculties, a lady that can say her husband was born in Boston when America was still a British dependency. This is the widow of Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst. Then there is Sir Moses Montefiore, who lived to the ripe age of 101, and Capt. Francis Maude. R.N., who died in 1886, and used to say, "My grandfather was 12 years old when Charles II. died." Also numbered in Mr. Russell's friends was Mrs. Hoare, who remembered being at a children's party when the dancing was stopped because news had arrived that King Louis XVI. had been put to death; again, the sixth Earl of Albemarle, who, though he died but six years ago, had played with Charles James Fox and had fought in Waterloo. I do not propose to review Mr. Rus-

sell's most entertaining book, but, after the fashion of Little Jack Horner and his pudding, I will pull out a few of the plums for the amusement and edification of the general reader. Here, for instance, are a couple of anecdotes of "twopenny damns" are proverbial in

When the Queen came to the throne her first public act was to got in state to St. James Palace to be proclaimed. She naturally wished to be accompanied in her state coach only by the Duchess of Kent and one of the ladies of the household; but Lord Albemarle, who was Master of the Horse, insisted that the had the right to travel with her Majesty in the coach, as he had done with William IV. The point was submitted to the Duke of Wellington as a kind of universal referee in matters of precedent and usage. His judgment was delightfully unflattering to the outraged magnate: 'The Queen can make you go inside the coach or outside the coach, or run behind like a

damned tinker's dog.' ' "And surely the whole literary profession, of which the present writer is a feeble unit, must cherish a sentiment of grateful respect for the memory of a man who, in refusing the dedication of a song, informed Mrs. Norton that he had been obliged to make a rule of refusing dedications; because, in his situation as chancellor of the University of Oxford, and in other situations, been much exposed to au-

Lord Shaftesbury told the following story of his uncle, Lord Melbourne: "When the Queen became engaged to Prince Albert she wished him to be made King Consort by act of Parliament, and urged her wish upon the prime minister, Lord Melbourne. first that sagacious man simply evaded point, but when her Majesty insisted upon a categorical answer, 'I thought it my duty to be very plain with her. I said, "For G-'s sake, let's hear no more of it, ma'am; for if you once get the English people into the way of making kings, you will get them into the way of unmaking them.

Very interesting are the ancedotes which throw a distressingly white light on the state of society at the close of the last century, when from all the evidence of notable people who had been in contact with it, Mr. Russell is obliged to conclude that "religion was almost extinct in the highest and lowest classes of English society.

In these days, and even later only 60 years ago, "hard drinking was the indispensable accomplishment of a fine gentleman, and great estates were constantly changing owners at the gam-Here is a story of the fifth Duke of Bedford:

"One night at Newmarket he lost a colossal sum at hazard, and, jumping up in a passion, he swore that the dice vas loaded, put them in his pocket and went to bed. Next morning he examined the dice in the presence of his boon companions, found that they were not loaded, and had to apologize and pay. Some years afterward one of the party was lying on his deathbed, and he sent for the duke. 'I have sent for you to tell you that you were right. dice were loaded. We waited till you were asleep, went to your bedroom, took them out of your waistcoat pocket, replaced them with unloaded ones, and retired.'

'But suppose I had woke and caught 'Well, we were desperate men-and We had pistols.' '

Such were the manners of high society. As for the morals, such things as morals were not for the great.

"When Lord Melbourne had accidentally found himself the unwilling hearer of a rousing evangelical sermon about sin and its consequences, he exclaimed in much disgust as he left the church: Things have come to a pretty pass when religion is allowed to invade the sphere of private life.'
"Arthur Young tells us that a daugh-

ter of the first Lord Carrington said to a visitor: "My papa used to have prayers in his family; but not since he has

In a chapter on the "Social Equaliza-

tion," which the author attributes to the influence of the French Levolution, have a picture of the "typical aristocrat" before the days of leveling. The Marquis of Abercorn died in 1818, "but he is still revered in Ulster as the Owld

Marquis.' "This admirable nobleman always went out shooting in his Blue Ribbon, and required his housemaids to wear white kid gloves when they made his bed. Before he married his first cousin, Miss Cecil Hamilton, he induced the Prince Regent to confer on her the titular rank of an earl's daughter, that he might not marry beneath his position; and when he discovered that she contemplated eloping he sent a message begging her to take the family coach, as it ought never to be said that Lady Abercorn left her husband's roof in a

Talking of the "art or science of domestic sanitation," it is somewhat startling to read in the pages of our

Diarist "Sir Robert Rawlinson, the sanitary expert, who was called in to inspect Windsor Castle after the Prince Consort's death, reported that, within the Queen's reign, 'cesspools full of putrid refuse and drains of the worst description existed beneath the basements. Twenty of these cesspools were removed from the upper ward and 28 from the middle and lower wards. Means of ventilation by windows in Windsor Castle were very defective. Even in the royal apartments the upper portions of the windows were fixed. Lower casements alone could be opened, so that by far the largest amount of air spaces in the rooms contained vitiated air, comparatively stag-

In his collection of repartees, Mr. Russell has many old friends, but all are good. Here are a few examples: "Lord Bowen is immortalized by his emendation to the judges' address to the Queen, which had contained the Heep-like sentence: 'Conscious as we are of our own unworthiness for the great office to which we have been called.' 'Wouldn't it be better to say, Conscious as we are of one another's unworthiness?'

"When the German Emperor paid his visit to Leo XIII., Count Herbert Bismarck was in attendance on his imperial master, and when they reached the door of the pope's audience chamber the emperor passed in, and the count tried to follow. A gentleman of the papal court motioned him to stand back, as there must be no third person at the interview between the pope and the emperor. 'I am Count Herbert Bismarck,' shouted the German, as he struggled to follow his master. 'That,' replied the Roman, with calm dignity, 'may account for, but it does not ex-

There is a very amusing chapter on "Titles." Mr. Russell has a very democratic scorn for these "handles" to a name, and is good-humoredly satirical on the subject. Talking of Irish peerages, which used to be a cheap and convenient method of rewarding political services, until recent legislation put an end to their creation, he tells the following story of Pitt: "Pitt, when his banker, Mr. Smith

(who lived in Whitehall), desired the own terms with their captive. right of driving through the Horse Guards, said: 'No, I can't give you that; but I will make you an Irish peer'; and the banker became the first Lord Carrington.' As to baronets:

"What is a baronet? ask some. Sir Wilfrid Lawson (who ought to know) replies that he is a man 'who has ceased to be a gentleman and has not become a nobleman.'

The order of baronets, as Mr. Russell reminds us, grew out of the rebellion in Ulster. When created, each baronet had to pay as much as would maintain 30 soldiers three years at 8 pence a day. "As a historical memorial of their original service, the baronets bear as an augmentation to their coats of arms the royal badge of Ulster, a bloody hand on a white field. It was in apt reference to this that a famous Whip on learning that a baronet of his party was extremely anxious to be promoted to the peerage, said: 'You can telt Sir Peter Proudflesh, with my compliments that if he wants a peerage he will have to put his bloody hand into his poc-We don't do these things for

Speaking of "orders," as distinct from titles, we read:

"Of these, of course, incomparably the highest is the Order of the Garter, and its most characteristic glory is that, in Lord Melbourne's phrase, there is no d-d nonsense of merit about it.' North of the Tweed, 'the most ancient and most noble Order of the Thistle' is scarcely less coveted than the supreme honor of the Garter; but wild horses should not tear from me the name of the Scottish peer of whom his political chief said, 'If I gave --- the Thistle he would eat it.'

The following is an amusing story of young Prince Alexander of Batten-

burg, now at Eton: "Like many other little boys he ran some slight pecuniary assistance. in something like the following form: 'My dear grandmamma,-I am sure you trouble you for any money just now, for I sold you last letter to another boy here for 30 shillings.' "

Here are some characteristic anecotes of Lord Beaconsfield. Lord Randolph Churchill vouched for the first: "Toward the end of Lord Beaconsfield's second premiership, a younger politician asked the premier to dinner. It was a domestic event of the first importance, and no pains were spared to

When the ladies retired the host came and sat where the hostess had been. next to his distinguished guest. you have some more claret, Lord Beaconsfield?' 'No, thank you, my dear fellow. It is admirable wine-true Falernian-but I have already exceeded my prescribed quantity, and the gout holds me in its horrid clutch.' When the party had broken up the host and hostess were talking it over. 'I think the chief enjoyed himself, said the host, 'and I know he liked his claret.' 'Claret!' exclaimed the hostess; 'why, he drank brandy and water

premier; in the last year of his life, "'You have heard me accused of being a flatterer. It is true. I am a flatterer. I have found it useful. Everyone likes flattery; and when you come

"To Mathew Arnold the great Jew

to royalty you should lay it on with a "As a courtier Lord Beaconsfield excelled. Once, sitting at dinner by the Princess of Wales, he was trying to

cess, with her natural grace, instantly wrapped up in her handkerchief. The old gentleman gave a dramatic grean and exclaimed: 'I asked for bread and they gave, me a stone; but I had a prin-

cess to bind my wounds."
"When Lady Beaconsfield died he sent for his agent and said: 'I desire that her ladyship's remains should be borne to the grave by the tenants of the estate.' Presently the agent came back with a troubled countenance and said: 'I regret to say that there are not tenants enough to carry a coffin.'

In a chapter headed "Verbal Infelicities" occurs the following delightful

"Dr. Liddon told me of a Presbyterian minister who was called on at short notice to officiate at the parish church of Craithie in the presence of the Queen, and, transported by this tremendous experience, burst forth in rhetorical supplication: 'Grant that as she grows to be an old woman she may be made a new man, and that in all righteous causes she may go forth before her people like a he-goat on the mountains."

Here are some good examples of what Mr. Russell calls the "art of putting things".

Dean Stanley used to tell the following story of an ecclesiastical dignitary who gloried in his presence of mind: "A friend invited me to go out with him on the water. The sky was threatening and I declined. At length he succeeded in persuading me, and we embarked. A squall came on, the boat lurched and my friend fell overboard. Twice he sank and twice he rose to the surface. He placed his hands on the prow and endeavored to climb in. There was great apprehension lest he I had brought my umbrella with me I had the presence of mind to strike him two or three hard blows over the knuckles. He let go his hold and sank The boat righted itself and we were

"When Lord Dufferin was Vicerov of India he had a sporting servant, or 'shikary,' whose duty is was to attend visitors on their shooting excursions. Returning from an expedition one afternoon the shikary met the viceroy, who asked: 'Well, what sort of sport has Lord - had?' 'Oh,' replied the scrupulously polite Indian, 'the young sahib shot divinely, but God was very merciful to the birds."

Mr. Russell does not forget to tell a few stories about children: "The late Lord ---, who had a deformed foot, was going to visit the Queen at Osborne, and before his arrival the Queen and Prince Albert debated whether it would be better to warn the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal of his physical peculiarity, so as to avoid embarrassing remarks, or a leave it to their own good feeling. The latter course was adopted. Lord — duly arrived. The foot elicited no remarks from the royal children, and the visit passed off anxiously but with success. Next day the Princess Royal asked the Queen: 'Where is Lord —?' 'He has gone back to London, dear.' 'Oh, what a pity! He had promised to show Bertie and me his foot!' They had caught him in the corridor, and made their

TINCANSFULLOFGOLD

The Klondike's Remarkable Record of Honesty.

Tents and Cabins With Precious Hoards in Them Left Unguarded Without Loss-Real Estate Speculations at Dawson City.

A Pasadena, Cal., letter says: Lyman A. Gregory, a native of Pough-Y., and for ten years a resident of Trenton, N. J., returned from Dawson City this week, and has much to say of the richness of the Klondike gold fields.

"What do I base my opinion upon?" he said, in reply to a question on the subject. When in traveling from cabin to cabin, one sees five-gallon coal oil cans filled with gold dust and nuggets under the miners' bunks and sees loads of 500 and 600 pounds of the precious yellow stuff brought in by parties of miners from remote camps and deposited with one of the two rich commercial and transportation companies that have headquarters at Dawson, one very naturally comes to believe that there is something in the stories of the richness of the Klondike diggings.

"Out on El Dorado Creek-twenty miles southeast from Dawson-there is a settlement of miners who came from Seattle and Spokane. They have among them about fourteen claims. and I have seen out there literally a galvanized washtub two-thirds full of gold dust and flakes. A number of the log cabins of the miners out there in that natural storehouse of gold have in them dozens of tomato and fruit cans hidden under the bunks and burishort of pocket money, and wrote an ed in the dirt floors of the cabins and ingenious letter to his august grand-mother, Queen Victoria, asking for miner, who can't read or write, and miner, who can't read or write, He has a claim on Hunker Creek, showed received in return a just rebuke, telling me last fall a pair of heavy canvas him that little boys should keep with overalls that were his treasury. He in their limits, and that he must wait | had sewed and overlapped the legs of till his allowance next became due. the garment so as to make two great Shortly afterward the undefeated lit- heavy bags. I think he must have tle prince resumed the correspondence | had 100 pounds avoirdupois of the yellow metal on hand when I was at his cabin. That was worth about will be glad to know that I need not \$27,000. Miners on the Klondike creeks have utilized rubber boots, kerosene oil cans, coffee cans, fruit jars, salt sacks and buckskin and walrus hide bags for the keeping of their golden Edward Mason, assistant registrar of mines for the Canadian Government in the Klondike region, told me recently that he had seen a ton of gold in his travels among the claims along the richest creeks in one week. I have seen several times in on day in the cabins along such creeks as Benanza, El Dorado and Gold Botmake the entertainment a success. tom, \$200,000 worth of gold, and I was not out trying to see the stuff, either. Mr. Mason told me that in one day last summer he saw George Miller, one of the first half dozen white men the Klondike diggings, and five helpers sluice nearly 200 ounces of gold from Miller's claim (No. 5) on El Dorado Creek. That makes the yield worth about \$3,000. Bill Emory, who came down the coast from Dawson on the Portland last August and sold his gold at the San Francisco mint for \$87,000, and was a hero about California for a few weeks, had about \$40,000 more in gold saved up when I last saw him. and he expected to run the amount up to \$80,000 by his annual clean-up or sluicing this season. "You probably wonder why such a land of gold would not make a thieves'

paradise. Three men have been put to death up in the Klondike for attempted robbery among the mining cabins during the last seven months. Two were shot to death by the miners hanged. One man had got ten miles away from the scene of his theft when

172 and 174 Dundas Street

To Better Things

No backward steps here Our eye is fixed on greater achievements. Successes of the past week won't do. Last Saturday's bargains and last Saturday's crowds may help, but won't do, for today we've prepared better things. Come early Saturday.

25c Ladies' Solid Leather Belts for ... 15c Ladies' Straight Band and Roll Cuffs 121c English Prints (dark and light

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\$2 25 Ladies' Fine Colored Parasols in new blues, browns, cardinals, 50c Ladies' Fine Leather Chatelaine for 25c Odd Lot Ladies' Collars 2c 50c Table Linen Damask...... 37½c 10c Victoria Lawn..... 6½c

MARKET DAY BARGAINS 3 DAYS A WEEK.

Large Lot of Ribbons, silk and satin, from one to five inches wide, all colors..... 25c Solid Leather Purses..... 15c 18c Unbleached Sheeting 15c \$1 25 Large Linen Napkins......\$1 00 75c Silk-Finished Black Henrietta,

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COME HERE EVERY MARKET DAY FOR SPECIAL BARCAINS.

pected that there was something wrong about the man, who did not look like a genuine Klondiker, and has so much gold in buckskin pouches, and was not able to talk intelligently about the had dug the metal. So the miner kept the stranger there in his He could imprison his dependents, but cabin, while he secretly spread information concerning the suspected man, The thief was tried by fifteen men at a cabin. The trial lasted two hours, after which the man was stood up and shot because the weather was unfavorable for an execution by hanging, and there was no available tree or telegraph pole anywhere in that region of snow "I never knew such honesty as there

ls among the Klondike miners in their cabins-mark you, I am not speaking now of affairs in Dawson. It is common for a miner to go on a visit of a day in winter a few miles from home and leave his cabin unbarred and unbolted to anyone who comes that way. You hear true stories in Dawson all the time of men who, traveling among the gold diggers, enter cabins and tents left open while the owners have gone miles away on business or a visit, and see jars with pounds of pure gold in them. A friend of mine was out prospecting on Bear Creek last summer. when he stopped at the cabin of an acquaintance. The owner had gone fifteen miles to Dawson to grub up, after the weeks of sluicing, and had left notice to that effect pinned to the door. My friend went in and saw two wooden mackerel kegs in one corner of the cabin well filled with gold dust. A grimy, tattered old blanket had been carelessly thrown over the treasure, which was probably worth about \$16. Up in the Klondike a thief cannot get out of the country without risk of his life, and it is impossible to stay there and not be apprehended for his

"Is Dawson City growing?" "At the rate of 2,000 a week, now that the thousands of people who braved a journey over the mountain passes and 900 miles across the most desolate and sullen country man ever looked upon have begun to reach it. Dawson will have fully 50,000 population before the summer is over. Two years ago it had a total of five white men and eleven half-breed Innuits. The whole site of Dawson might have been had for \$200 or \$300. Today the same area is worth about \$2,000,000. One cannot find a spot in all Dawson where the moss earth may not be cleared away to a depth of twelve or fifteen inches and a cake of ice or frozen ground be found. The real estate market at Dawson is as fruitful of speculation as gold mining is. No town in the United States never knew such marvelous leaps in values as these in Dawson during the last two years, especially in the last ten months. I have seen more people crazy about real estate than about gold mining even, and that is saying a good Lots 50x100 feet sold a year for \$1,000: last fall for \$4,000, last December for \$8,000, and a month ago sold for \$12,000. I know two lots on Front street that together sold for \$3,000 last August. They were recently sold for \$18,000. Last year logs sold \$1 40 apiece, and now they command \$3 and \$4. Most of the buildings are constructed of logs hewn on three sides and chinked with heavy moss. The roofs are made of poles on which a layer of moss fully ten inches thick is laid, and then a serves to keep out the cold. If green logs are used they crack and make reports not unlike a pistol shot when the heavy frosts come, and for the remainder of the winter frost will accumulate on the inside of the cabin and it is impossible to get enough heat out of the stoves to thaw the ice. About 130 log cabins and some 800 or 900 tents constitute the improvements of Dawson City. The buildings are on the streets, and a wide avenue separates the city from the river bank. Mechanics get an ounce of gold for nine hours' work, and many of them

are earning from \$20 to \$25 a day. Aside from the two stores, three or four barber shops, half a dozen laundries, five or six restaurants, a second-hand store on Dominion Creek, and another was or two, two saw mills, three butcher shops, two jewelry stores, a dozen physicians and dentists, and a couple cut a hard dinner roll. The knife slipred and cut his finger, which the printhe night with a miner. The latter susengaged in is whisky and gambling.

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An extensive range of newest patterns large sizes, at 75c SPECIAL - The largest Curtain made for \$1.00.

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A 20x20 Denim Cushion, 50c; Sateen Covered Cushions, 75c; Uncovered Cushions, 35c.

Good colorings, new designs, wears like a carpet, looks like a carpet, in all sizes, 2 yards x 2, 2x3, 2½x3, 3x3 and 3x4, in prices from \$1 to \$2.50. WINDOW SHADES-

JUTE SQUARES-

Regular sizes, all colorings, 25c. Shades, all sizes, in all colors, made to your order at shortest notice.

ALL OUR SILKELINES-Regular price 15c, to be cleared out at 12%c.

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An endless variety, in all sizes and colorings, from \$5 to \$12.

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Compared with prices in the States, the prices at first glance seem exhorbitant, but when the prevailing rate of wages of from \$10 to \$15 a day is taken into consideration, the charges appear more reasonable. Meat brings 70c a pound: codfish, 40c; a shave costs 50c, and a hair cut \$1; five gallons of kerosene sell for \$20; meals at the Chinese restaurant cost \$2 each, and on Sundays States bring 50c in Dawson, and once last winter they were at \$1; bread is worth \$1 a loaf, and rubber boots (absolutely necessary in working a placer gold mine) sell at Dawson for \$25 a

CAPITALPUNISHMENT

One of the Dearest Privileges of the Lord Was the Pit and Gallows.

This was the dearest privilege of the feudal lord. He called it by a more dignified title—"Droit de Haute et Basse Justice"; the other is our blunt English rendering. The right was jealously upheld, in the first place, because it appertained to certain fiefs and certain ranks of nobility, for persona pride in those days, and pride of family, dominated even the love of plunder, says the London Standard. The administration of Haute Justice

which was power uncontrolled over all the inhabitants of the domain and all strangers who entered, saving churchmen and royal officers alone, was inherent in a baron and a chatelaine, says Hallam; but a vavassor often usurped it, to their disgust. Smaller dignitaries and any ruffian who could get possesnot hang them, unless caught in the act of felony. But personal interest also was concerned. The lowest of these privileges enabled a seigneur to arrest any man within his reach whom he suspected of possessing money, and when the poor wretch was clapped into his seignorial dungeon he could do his will uncontrolled; as, says the chron-icler of Roger de Belesme, "the pains of hell got hold upon him."

palmy days of feudalism there was no possibility of help or redress, except, perhaps, in the case of an inferior lord. If it could be shown rights, the suzerain was apt to fall uphim ruthlessly-not because pitied the victim, but because the insolent fellow was encroaching on the dignity of his betters. And upstarts constantly "tried it on," so minute were the rules of procedure that they found many opportunities to break them with an air of innocence. Thus, in the matter of gallows, a baron's machine stood on four posts, a chatelaine's on the boon of Haute Justice attached to regret this. Write your mother conhis fief, could plant only two. Impasometimes nail a crosspiece to a tree, and support it with a post on either side, thus arrogating the glory of a chatelaine; if challenged, he would represent that the tree was used as a mere convenience. Such was the state of things all over Europe in the dismal times which priests called the Ages of Faith, and romantic persons the Age of Chivalry.

The aragon, the lord who had only a right of Basse Justice, and so could not hang or kill his prisoner outright, was expressly authorized by law in 1247 to starve a vassal to death-Dominus loci possit eum occidere fame frigori et site. There was an exception to the rule indeed, and that in a country where one would have least expected it. Seignorial jurisdictions of the sert were recognized in the kingdom of Naples until 1443, when Alfonso, called the Wise, and the Magnanimous, introduced them, offering those valuable privileges to the barons for cash down. Upon the other hand, it was at Naples that they survived when all the rest of the world had forgotten them. Among the innumerable blessings of the French conquest at the end of the last century was the abolition of these horrid rights.

A PRESSMAN'S STORY

Mr. Parnham Tells How Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured His Lumbago.

Toronto, June 27 .- The story of the escape of the Globe pressman, Mr.John H. Parnham, from the agonies of Lumbago, by using Dodd's Kidney Pills is unusually interesting. Mr. Parnham writes to the Dodds Medicine Company, Limited, thus: am proud to testify to the wonderful efficacy of Dodd's Kidney Pills. eight months ago, I was attacked by severe pains in my back. I consulte an eminent physician, who said I had layer of dirt about twelve inches deep Lumbago, and told me to take Turkish baths. These did me no good. 'A friend advised are to tr Kidney Pills I did so, and one box cured me. My back has never troubled me since.

> About all the use some men have for the golden rule is to measure the conduct of others. Get The Best

> When you're selecting a good blood purifying and bowel regulating spring nedicine decide on Merrill's You get a box of tablets and bottle of pleasant tasting medicine, enough to last three weeks, for 50 Sold at Strong's Pharmacy.

> The theatrical manager has cause to thank his stars when they leave him any of his box office receipts. Cole's Cut Rate Store for snaps.

Did you see the Fly? Yes. 34 tf



A STRONG APPEAL

enjoyed the right of Moyenne Justice, It's Hard to See How a Man Could

Secretary Alger, who is easily touched by any story ther or an afflicted family, is having all he can do to repress his feelings and enforce military laws. Every day he is besieged from some direction to release from the army some soldier who hastily volunteered without taking into consideration his duties to his family or to himself. Occasionally some man is allowed to leave the army, but the secretary is doing all he can to

The other day a fair-haired, smoothfaced boy walked in to see the secrethat he had gone an inch beyond his tary at the war department. "I come to ask you to release me from the the boy said. "I do not care army, myself, but my poor old mother is dying from grief."

The appeal of the little fellow, whose boyish face quickly caught the sec-retary, made an impression, but in the kindest manner the secretary said: "My boy, I do not know what your story is, but every day I receive these appeals. I was a soldier myself. Let three; a lower dignitary, who enjoyed | me say to you that you may always soling letters and go forward and do tient of this restriction, he would your duty, determined to come out of the war with a name and a record."
"Yes, Mr. Secretary," said the boy, "I realize all that. I am anxious to go to the front, but look at this note from mother."

The secretary glanced over the tearsplattered note, which spoke of "my little soldier boy." In the note she sent her son a lock of her hair. It was gray, almost white. "You see the color of my hair now," she wrote. "You know what the color was when you went away.'

this beautiful brown my mother's hair has turned gray. God knows I love I love my country. I do not know what to do. The appeal was a strong one. investigate your case," the big-heart, ed secretary said, as he walked away

Taking from a pocket a watch-chain

made of hair, the soldier boy said to

the secretary: "Here sir, you see what a few weeks have done. From

MR. BIDDLE'S NAME. [Pittsburg Dispatch.]

showing in his eyes.—Washington

When Lord Randolph Churchill was last in America he visited Philadelphia; and, while collecting statistics relating to the state prisons of Pennsylvania, he was referred to the head the prison boards. Cadwallader Biddle. Before calling Lord Randolpi ell into the hands of wags of the nion League Club. "You've got the name wrong," said one of these merry jesters,

Cadwallader Biddle, but Bidcallader "Don't mind what he says, Lord Randolph," exclaimed another; "treal name is Wadbillader Caddle." A third member took the ex-chancellor of the exchequer aside and imparted to him in confidence that he was being gulled.

"The actual name," confided his false friend, "is Dibollader Widdle." And when Lord Randolph drove to the prison board that afternoon he was so much upset that he stammered: "Will you take this card to Mr. Bid cad-wid-wad-did-dollder. his name? I mean the chief, but I forget his extraordinary momencla-

An Up to Date Catarrh Cure. Woodville, Ont., Feb. 23, 1897.

It gives us great pleasure to testify the excellent effects of Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. It has completely cured me of Catarrh in the Head. I praise as an up-to-date cure. JAS. STU-ART, harnessmaker.

No book ever written is quite as realistic as a well-filled pocketbook. TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. druggists refund the money if it fails to 25c.