

Evidence of a Hard Winter—Received a Pom-Pom Shell—A Large Church Bell Cracked.

... loves his glass as a pretty
loves her mirror.

**British Turfmen, He Says, Are the
Biggest Gamblers in the World,
Their Operations Making
American Race Betting
Appear Insignificant**

LORD DURHAM PATRIOTIC.

IBUTE TO AMERICAN SUPERIORITY.



"They have also been credited with the disruption of combinations said to have existed between bookmakers and jockeys. Of the truth of the gossip respecting combinations, I have no personal knowledge. However, there is plenty of gossip to that effect, and it is singular that it did not attract the attention of Lord Durham."

thousands of workers—men and women—to those who have joined in enthusiastic greetings. The president appeared at each stop, shaking hands from the rear platform and making short speeches at the more important towns. Mrs. McKinley has received her share of the popular tribute, men and women struggling to

"Yes, and the factory boys have gone home," was the enthusiastic answer. When the whistle sounded this morning every man fell into line, with Tom in the lead. He was on horseback, four girls in the rear, and the rest of the crowd following. "It was crazy when we left."

to observe that "majorities rise with liberty, and that the American people never fail to support the flag. (Applause.) I thank you and bid you good noon." (Tremendous applause and song.)

The train stopped at Sebring, a new town with huge potteries built up, it was said, by the potteries of the American Pottery interest. Business was good and workmen joined in the thousands. A big banner announced "Sebring 4 to 1 for McKinley." The train

ls occasionally find opportunities,
wise men make them.

DR. SPROULE B. A.,
English Specialist in Catarrh and Chronic
Diseases.

It has been determined by microscopists that catarrh has as distinct a germ as any of the noted epidemic diseases, and again has it been shown that a patient has been treated for some other disease when catarrhal germs have been present.

A remedy for catarrh must be used constitutionally, and it must possess a direct affinity for the mucous membrane, and be freely absorbed by the purulent mucous wherever located. It must be homogeneous

DR. SPROULE B. A., (Formerly Surgeon)
Cataract Specialist, 7 to 12 Boone Street

DENVER, Colo., Nov. 6.—Before a ballot was cast in Denver today expected trouble between the police department and the sheriff's office had begun, and one man dead and five seriously wounded was the result. Fifteen hundred special policemen had been sworn in for the day and about 1,000 special deputies.

the dead—John G. Bradford, colored, special deputy sheriff.
Wounded—Charles F. Carpenter, policeman, shot in the leg and arm, dangerously hurt; Hampton Jackson, colored special deputy sheriff, skull fractured and arm broken, may die; Charles Green, special policeman, shot in the back, seriously hurt; Stewart Harvey, colored, deputy sheriff, shot in the shoulder; Richard Hardman, colored, deputy sheriff, shot in the left arm.

At 7 o'clock special policemen Chas. Carpenter and Green were sent to Second and Larimer streets to supervise the burning of the polls. Several special deputies were also sent to the polls and issued by the fire and police department to refuse to recognize the authority of the deputies and to arrest anyone who in any way interfered with the polls. Under these instructions the two policemen ordered the deputies to retreat 100 feet from the polls. When Hampton Jackson, colored, resisted, he was drawing a revolver began shooting. One bullet struck Carpenter's arm and a second his foot. Policemen Green came to the rescue of his partner, striking Jackson on the head and arm, fracturing his skull and breaking his arm. The blow broke the deaf's oak club.

On those
each month,
men in other cir-
cumstances she
ould go to bed,
e must still be
the desk or
inter and strug-
through the
as best she
y.

backache, headache, and other ailments caused by nervous diseases perfectly cured by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It cures the cause of these diseases. It establishes regularity, enfeebling diseases, heals inflammation and degeneration and restores female weakness. It makes weak women strong and sick men well.

PAIN ALL GONE.
have taken your medicine with the greatest satisfaction," writes Mrs. George Riehl, of Lock-
station, Westmoreland Co., Penna. "Your
Favorite Prescription" has cured me of a ma-
lady that I suffered from for fifteen years, and
ful monthly troubles. I can honestly say I
work a whole day and not get tired, and
e taking Dr. Pierce's medicines I always
person. My pains are all gone and I feel like a
but have no headache, since taking
medicine. I have been cured of indigestion
I suffered from for fifteen years, and the
doctor in the state could not cure me."

Pierce's Common Sense Medical
 User, in paper covers, is sent *free* on
 apt of 31 one-cent stamps to pay
 use of customs and mailing *only*.
 Press Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

and each individual case requires treatment adapted to its conditions. My treatment is based upon these plain theories, and has proved to be infallible. It not only relieves, but it cures catarrh at any stage speedily and surely.

The most prevalent form of catarrh results from insected colds.

1. Do you spit up slime?
2. Are your eyes watery?
3. Does your nose feel full?
4. Does your nose discharge?
5. Do you sneeze a good deal?
6. Do crusts form in the nose?
7. Do you have pain across the eyes?
8. Does your breath smell offensive?
9. Is your hearing beginning to fail?
10. Are you losing your sense of smell?
11. Do you hawk up phlegm in the morning?
12. Are there burning noises in your ears?
13. Do you have pains across the front of your forehead?
14. Do you feel dropping in back part of

throat?

If you have some of the above symptoms your disease is catarrh of the head and throat.

DISEASES OF BRONCHIAL TUBES.

into the bronchial tubes, and in time attacks the lungs and develops into catarrhal consumption.

1. Do you take cold easily?
2. Is your breathing too quick?
2. Do you raise frothy material?
4. Is your voice hoarse and husky?
6. Have you a dry, hacking cough?
6. Do you feel worn out on rising?
7. Do you feel all stuffed up inside?
8. Have you gradually losing strength?
9. Have you a disgust for fatty food?
10. Have you a loss of weight on chest?
11. Have you a scratchy feeling in throat?
12. Do you cough worse night and morning?
13. Do you get short of breath when walking?

If you have some of these symptoms you have catarrh of the bronchial tubes.

(By H. Sutherland Edwards.)

I was once at a concert where Sims Reeves was expected at which it was announced that he was coming up from the country, and that his train had apparently not yet arrived. "Drunk again!" exclaimed a man sitting next me. I remonstrated with him, and while we were still talking Reeves suddenly appeared.

He began to sing in the most perfect man-

ner Blumenthal's Message, and as he did so swayed about a little according to his habit," said the man who looked upon upon briefs as the only possible cause for not keeping an appointment, "he was drunk now that he can scarcely stand." Reeves was really the most temperate of men, never touching spirits, never drinking at his trials and at strong wines, but confining himself almost exclusively to claret or claret and water.

The first time I ever met him he was luncheon with me at a friend's house, and I am afraid I showed some signs of surprise at seeing him drink water. "You have doubtless heard of my reputation," he said, with a smile.

armed water-drinker either, and if you will have a glass of champagne I will join you." Hoped for a drink, but with a certain self-indulgence, which made him, for instance, keep on a suite of rooms at the Midland Hotel in order that he might not have the trouble of going to his room at night, he had not been at Norwood—a place so contrived and so secluded that from no part of the picturesque landscape grounds could any human habitation be seen.

"EDGARD." "Edgar!"

It once asked Mrs. Reeves how she could recollect herself to sleeping in London when she had been so long in the country, the fresh air of Norwood. But "Gardy," she said, could not stand the fatigue, and he had been so long in the country, that he was "tired." It must be explained, was an affectionate abbreviation of "Edgardo," whose one characteristic—able and unapproachable—was, nevertheless, to Mr. Reeves, "Gardy."

Sims Reeves was little more than sixty when—twenty years ago—he first resolved on retirement; and for a long time he looked forward with joyful expectation to the attainment of that crowning triumph of his career, which was to be the production of a special representation of "Lucia," with Christine Nilsson as Lucy, with his dear friend Stanley as Ashton, and with himself as Edgar of Ravenswood. But as time went on the graceful Lucia of other days got stout, and the passionate Edgardo of the year 1848 grew recognisably old; and when Reeves spoke to me of the long-meditated prize performance of Lucia du Lamber, he

mor, he did so with a smile—but it was a smile of regret.

And his congratulations of Lucia were not all of a triumphant kind, and one, which he confided to me not many years ago, was a little more than a compliment. It was that Catherine Hayes, the distinguished soprano vocalist, had just been broken off and steps attached, and had just—broken off, when he came to appear with her one evening in the opera. He had been told that she was to sing the *Prima* (female to the second act), in the passage when Edgar tears the ring from Lucia's finger. He had been told that she was to sing: "You will recognize that ring; it is the one I gave you."

Reeves was so unprepared that he felt unable to go on with his part, and only by a sudden effort did he get through. He felt very strange that Miss Reeves, being much attached to Catherine Hayes, and Catherine Hayes being so much attached to him, should not get married. It was Reeves's own fault, and, above all, the fault of the fashion of the time, which required that he should immediately after his brilliant first appearance on the operatic stage, he should himself

"NOTHING."

I do not know whether Reeves possessed any keen sense of humor; but, like many genuine humorists, he certainly did not like jokes directed against himself. He once sang "for the first time" a new and very interesting song by Mrs. Cunningham Boosey ("Henrietta"), called Nothing, and the fact having been duly recorded in the press, some malicious correspondent wrote to one of the papers saying it was quite a mis-

kees to say that, the night before, Sims Reeves had sung "nothing," for that he, the correspondent, had often attended concerts where the Royal Academy of Music sang when he had, as a matter of fact, sung nothing. Reeves never sang that song.

J. L. Toole was taught by Sims Reeves to sing a once very popular comic song called the Specker's Eye, and Toole told me that although he was more droll than the grand operatic style in which the famous tenor delivered the English tune to which the dog-gerel was set, and which was, I think, that of a parson. I cannot help thinking that he was all the time what a burlesque effect he was producing. Toole, however, asserted the contrary.

If some men were compelled to do all their meanness in the daytime they could soon tire of it.

, St. John.