

Men and Women of To-day.

Funston Was Neither Alive Nor Dead.

That Brigadier-General Funston can be original even while in a semi-comatose condition, is testified to by a member of the Engineer Corps just home from the Philippines.

"The most characteristic thing I ever knew Funston to do," said the Engineer, "was before the battle just outside Calocan. He had had no sleep for two days, and was in bad shape. He therefore rolled himself up in some leaves and went to sleep. Meantime, the division received orders to advance, but Funston could not be found. Many scouts had been killed, and it was feared that the Colonel's curiosity—for he was a Colonel then—had let him into trouble. Presently, however, a glimpse was caught of his red hair in the tangle, and later they found him shrouded in leaves. As this is the way bodies are prepared for burial in that part of the world, we got more and more apprehensive with each step until at length, some one shouted:

"Colonel, are you dead or alive?" "Neither," granted the Colonel as he rolled over for another nap; "I'm sleeping."

A Tribute to Shakespeare.

Many years ago Miss Adelaide Neilson drove through the beautiful Tower Grove Park in St. Louis. On the way she was impressed with the Shakespearean status which is one of the attractive features of the park, and she expressed a desire to plant a tree within its shadow. She went to London, secured a mulberry tree at Stratford, and sent it on to the Park Commissioners, instructing them to keep it until her return. She went to France and died, but the tree was planted, and a small white stone tells this story. Since then trees have been planted by Booth and Barrett.

Several weeks ago Miss Olga Nethersole heard the story of Adelaide Neilson, and through friends she secured the Park Commissioners' permission to plant an English elm close to the Shakespearean mulberry. The tree-planting was attended with much ceremony. Miss Nethersole shoveled the earth with her own hands in a heavy rain-storm. Beneath its roots she placed a metal box, the facts concerning its contents being known only to herself. The plot of ground in beautiful Tower Grove Park thus implanted with trees furnished by the profession of the stage has been happily called "The Forest of Arden."

Gomez Explains the Earth's Revolutions.

One of the brightest young Porto Ricans who figured in the late war is Senator Miguel Sanchez, who is now in this country in the interest of the Porto Rican public school system. He was at one time on the staff of General Gomez in Cuba, and he tells many incidents concerning that doughty old fighter.

"I was skimming one of the New York Sunday newspapers while I was in the General's headquarters in Cuba," said the Senator the other day, "and it was the first to reach us for several months. I noticed an article on the newly discovered movements of the earth's surface. Now, you know the General disliked to have any one do anything without being invited himself to take part. He liked to be consulted—to be asked questions—no matter how unimportant they might be, so in reading the article I stopped and asked:

"Now General, how do you account for the daily revolutions of the earth, anyhow?" "That's easy to answer," he replied, instantly, "so long as Haiti, Porto Rico and Cuba are part of it."

The Texas Ranger as a Tenderfoot.

N. A. Jennings, author of A Texas Ranger, spent four years during the early seventies in the Lone Star State in the mounted service, and then returned to his home in Philadelphia. But the spirit of adventure moving him, he returned to the West, and 1881 found him in Rico, Colo., a frontier mining-camp—primitive, lawless and picturesque. He wore clothes that fitted him, and soon became known to the inhabitants as a tenderfoot.

One day he was sitting in the barroom of the only hotel in the place when the town Marshal and the Sheriff conferred on with another as to a bit of official business during the course of which the

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sheriff asked the Marshall for one of his revolvers.

The marshal drew it from his holster and handed it over. It was forty-five calibre, a Colt, precisely such a weapon as Jennings had carried for years in Texas and in the use of which he was a famous expert. The sheriff held it up admiringly.

"Pretty big gun, ain't it?" he remarked patronizingly to Jennings.

"Yes indeed," answered the former ranger, with childlike innocence.

"Don't have such big guns as that in Philadelphia, eh?"

"No indeed. It must weigh about ten pounds."

"Well, it doesn't weigh as much as that, but it's a pretty big gun, ain't it?"

"Yes; let's see it."

The sheriff carefully opened the weapon and extracted six large, mercurous cartridges and handed it to Jennings, who took it in somewhat the same manner as a nervous parent lifts his first-born.

"Ain't much used to guns?" suggested the Sheriff, half pityingly.

Jennings fumbled the pistol awkwardly and then handed it back butt foremost. Now, one of the most prized tricks of the expert plainman is to hand a pistol to a man in the usual way, but just before it passes from him, to shift it in his hands with an imperceptible movement, so that the man who reaches for it finds himself looking into its barrel. This is what happened in Rico, and the sheriff turned white in spite of his knowledge that the pistol was unloaded. Then Jennings nonchalantly caught the revolver on the trigger and made it whirl like a pinwheel. Then he asked for another revolver, and soon had that spinning in his left hand. After this exhibition he returned the pistol and walked out on the porch.

Half an hour later a clean-shaven man sauntered up to Jennings' chair and said to him in a half-whisper:

"Say, stranger, where are you from?"

"From Philadelphia," answered Jennings.

"Philadelphia thunder! Say, where are you from? I won't give you away!"

Andrew White and Mark Twain.

A new story of Andrew J. White, Ambassador to Berlin, and Mark Twain has just reached this side. The humorist's aversion to the German language is well known. His distaste against it is classic. Now, Mr. White, while an excellent German scholar, speaks the language with a noticeable accent. The story hinges on these points. It was at a reception, and Mr. White, partly in sport, confined his conversation with the author wholly to German.

"I am glad to see," interrupted the novelist, "that you appreciate German."

I did until I read your abusive article upon the subject," returned the Ambassador. I am now thinking of returning to English.

"How grateful the Germans must be," was the reply.

They Didn't Recognize Mr. Catt.

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, general organizer of the Woman's Suffrage party in this country is a young and strikingly handsome woman. She is a brilliant talker, amiable in manner, and is always stylishly dressed. A year or two ago she was on her way to address a State Convention in Topeka, Kansas, when she got into conversation with the two gentlemen on the cars. One of them was a County Judge and the other a newspaper editor of the same town. A few seats in front of them sat a spectacled, angular woman, sallow as to complexion and drab as to dress. Her clothes were cut in a fashion severely plain. The talk turned upon the rights of a woman.

"See that woman yonder?" said the Judge. "I'll bet she's a delegate to that Woman's Rights Convention up at Topeka."

"Sure," chimed in the editor. "Funny, ain't it? There's a woman that has no husband—never could get one, has all the rights she needs, and she gallivants around the country asking for more. Funny ain't it? I'll bet she's Mrs. Catt. Well named, isn't she?"

Mrs. Catt smiled and changed the subject. When they reached Topeka she said to the Judge:

"I am very glad to have met you. I am

Mrs. Catt. The lady in front is the wife of a banker in Chicago. She is going out to visit her married daughter. I know her very well. She is opposed to women's suffrage. Good-bye."

Teal is His Left Workshop.

A man from the West brought back the other day a pencil sketch of Nikola Tesla's quarters at the foot of Pike's Peak, Colorado. It is a long, wooden structure, with a veranda extending its whole length, and surmounted by a tower on which experiments are conducted. It has been the general belief that the inventor had been living since last spring near the summit of the Peak, 14,000 feet into the air, overlooking an area of 50,000 square miles. In truth, he is several miles from the foot of the mountain.

Mr. Tesla has withdrawn of late from most of his early associates and his professional and social friends. He has become more and more of a recluse, and as he makes few confidants his exact whereabouts were unknown until the arrival of the man with the pencil sketch. But he is always working industriously wherever he may be.

The latest experiment of the wizard of electricity is perhaps his most important. It is to discover a means for the transmission of sound, and also power, by electricity without the use of wires. Tesla has believed for many years that this remarkable achievement can be carried out successfully, and his present experiments were planned long ago.

How Dewey Applies the Rules of Arbitration.

Lieutenant James C. Cressap, of the U. S. S. Vicksburg, was a midshipman aboard the old Constitution when the famous vessel was a training-ship at Annapolis and was commanded by Admiral Dewey. He has a fund of anecdotes concerning the Admiral, and the other day he spoke of one incident that shows both the strict discipline and the sense of humor possessed by the hero of Manila.

"Some of the boys," said Lieutenant Cressap, "had an idea that the deck would make a good bowling-alley. So they got some solid shot and began to roll them down against the bulkhead. They struck with an awful crash, and, having created sufficient disturbance, the boys ran away to their hammocks."

"They did it cleverly enough, but a man has to be more than ordinarily clever to escape Dewey. When the culprits were brought to book Dewey said:

"Gentlemen, you need cooling off, so just get out on the tips of the yards."

"They had to do it, and were not allowed to crawl in on an hour."

Admiral Dewey is waslike when occasion demands," continued Lieutenant Cressap, "but he is also a peacemaker. I remember how another boy—who was very tall, while I was quite short—and I had a feud of long standing which we tried to settle by a resort to fist-cuffs."

"Dewey found it out, and said to us:

"You boys ought to be good friends, and I'm going to give you ten hours extra guards together. Now take your guns and begin."

"We did so, and before the ten hours were up we had shaken hands and made up all our differences."

Change a Poem to Suit a Whim.

Louise Imogen Guiney is an exception to the rule among poets. Not only does she listen to criticism, but she frequently accepts it. Here is an instance in hand: Not long ago an elocutionist, Elsie West, wrote to the poet regarding her poem Tatpala, which was recently published by a New York magazine.

"I admire the poem greatly," she wrote, "and I should like to read it aloud, but it is too descriptive for declamation."

A few weeks afterward Miss Guiney sent her critic a new version of the poem, in which form it is now being recited by Miss West through the New England and Middle States.

General Wallace as a Painter.

It is said that the mechanical device which will be used next season to represent the chariot race in the dramatization of General Lew Wallace's novel, Ben Hur, is the invention of the author. General Wallace is not only a mechanic, a soldier of high renown, a diplomat, statesman and author, but he is also a painter. Twenty years ago he painted a Cupid with purple wings. The painting was exhibited in Indianapolis, and, and created no end of criticism from persons who had different ideas concerning Cupid's wings. The General left the color stand, though, and it remains purple to this day.

Mr. Boston Taken for His Son.

Robert Boston, the millionaire founder of New York Ledger, and the owner of Maud S., and other world renowned trot-

ting horses, is one of the youngest looking-looking men in New York. His hair is hardly tinged with grey, his cheeks are as pink as a child's, his eyes twinkle when he speaks, and his voice is as full and strong as it was a score of years ago. It is hard to realize that he was the friend of Henry Ward Beecher in his early manhood, and the favorite driving companion of the late William A. Vanderbilt.

"When I was down South last winter," he said, "I met an old gentleman in Atlanta who showed me considerable attention. As I was leaving he said:

"When you get back to New York Mr. Boston, I want you to remember me kindly to your father. I have been reading his paper for twenty-five years, and I feel almost as well acquainted with him as if I knew him personally."

TELEPHONES IN HAWAII.

In Those Islands They are Really a Public Institution.

There is one telephone to every fifty-two inhabitants in the Hawaiian Islands, and one to every forty-one persons in the principal island of Oahu; and a Honolulu letter to the Chicago Record makes it clear that in these new possessions of ours the telephone is really a public institution.

Isolated as the islands are, the arrival of a steamship from a foreign land is of interest to almost every one. The government maintains a lookout station on Diamond Head, from which approaching vessels can be sighted while still from twenty to forty miles distant. As soon as a steamer is sighted "central" is notified.

"Central" then notifies the pilot officer, the port physician, the board of health, the custom-house, the post-office, the news paper offices, and a few other persons who have a particular interest in early information of this character. Then the electric light company is notified, and gives two long whistles if the steamer is from America and three if it is from any other part of the world.

For two minutes after these whistles are blown no telephone connections are made, but the force at "central" keeps repeating the name of the steamer and its location, as "Australia off Koko Head," or "China off Waiianae," so that all any one needs to do is to go to the nearest telephone, put the receiver to his ear and learn what steamer it is and where it is.

If the steamer brings any striking piece of news of general interest, "central" gives it to everybody who calls up for a connection. In this way the destruction of the Maine was known all over the island within ten minutes after the Zelandia, which brought the news, was at the wharf.

If an important personage dies, the news is distributed in the same way, and "central" can always be depended on to give the hour and place of a funeral as soon as the hour is fixed. In New York and Chicago, if you want to make it quick, you ask a policeman. In Honolulu you ask "central."

The meat markets have a list of their regular customers at "central," and at about six o'clock each evening "central" calls them all up in order and takes their orders for the next morning's breakfast.

Worth the Journey.

Doctor Mellrath and wife, of Chicago, who journeyed round the world on their bicycles, consuming three years or more in the trip, by reason of unforeseen delays in inhospitable countries, arrived home last winter.

As on the occasion of their departure a large crowd had seen them off, so upon their return the streets were thronged with people eager to witness their home coming.

One of a group of persons who watched the scene from an upper window as the globe trotters, escorted by hundreds of local cyclists, wheeled into view, remarked:

"Well, there they come. And now I'd like to know what they have gained by that long ride, so full of hardships and privations."

"Did you see them when they rode away from here?" asked another.

"Yes."

"Did you notice they had dropped handlebars and rode with a hump?"

"I think I did."

"Well, they're coming back with raised handlebars and are sitting up straight."

That was worth the trip, perhaps. They have learned how to ride a bicycle."

A Moving Letter-Box.

It almost seems as if it must be an American invention,—the automatic letter box which is being placed in new apartment houses in Paris,—although the French are pluming themselves upon it as a native novelty.

In the vestibule of the house are placed as many of these letter-boxes as there are tenants in the building. In general ap-

pearance there is little difference between the group of boxes and those to be seen in the vestibule of any flat-house in this country. Instead, however, of retaining the letters, cards and so forth until some one descends to get them, the Paris invention promptly delivers its contents to the person for whom they are intended.

Thus, when the postman has a letter for Mr. So-in-53, he deposits it in the box bearing that gentleman's name. The mischievous opens a lever at the bottom of the box, which thereupon moves upward until it comes to Mr. So-in-53's apartment. There, by an ingenious mechanism, the contents of the box are emptied into a receptacle in the hall of the apartment, and a bell is rung automatically to notify the servants that a letter has come.

Its duty done, the box descends again to take its place with those of the other tenants in the vestibule. And not a letter alone, but even a visiting-card dropped into the box will speed it on its upward errand, so light is the weight required to operate the mechanism.

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Cured Of Epilepsy.

THE STORY OF A ST. CATHARINES LADY WHO IS RESTORED TO HEALTH.

She Suffered Severely, Sometimes Having as Many as Four Spasms in a Week—Several Doctors Consulted Without Benefit.

From the Star, St. Catharines.

Mrs. S. B. Wright, of St. Catharines, has for a number of years been a severe sufferer from epilepsy, from which dread disease she is now happily free. To a reporter who recently called upon her to ascertain the manner of her cure, she said:—"It is to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I owe my release. It is some years since I had my first attack. At the time I did not know what the trouble was, but the doctor who was called in to attend me at once said it was epilepsy and that the disease was incurable. After this I had the spasms as often as two, three and four times a week. I had no premonitory symptoms, but would fall no matter where I was. I always slept heavily after an attack. Finding that the local treatment was not helping me my husband took me to a doctor in Hamilton. He also said that he could not cure me, but that he could give me medicine that would prolong the periods between the spasms. This he accomplished, but I longed for a cure rather than for relief, and I finally consulted a specialist, who told me that he could cure me, but that I must have patience. I asked him how long he thought it would require to effect a cure, and he replied at least six months. He gave me medicine and I took it faithfully, but instead of getting better I was surely growing worse. After following this treatment for some months without avail, I felt that I could not hope for a cure and was about resigning myself to my fate. My sister, however, urged me to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People a trial and reluctantly I decided to take her advice. For a time after beginning to use the pills I continued to have the spasms, but I felt that gradually they were less severe and my strength to bear them greater, and I persisted in the treatment until the time came when the spasms ceased and I was as well and strong as ever I had been. I took in all twelve or fourteen boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and although several years have elapsed since I discontinued their use, I have not in that time had any return of the malady. I owe this happy release to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and will always have a good word to say for them."

The experience of years has proved that there is absolutely no disease due to a vitiated condition of the blood or shattered nerves, that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not promptly cure, and those who are suffering from such troubles would avoid much misery and save money by promptly resorting to this treatment. Get the genuine Pink Pills every time and do not be persuaded to take an imitation or some other remedy from a dealer, who for the sake of the extra profit to himself, may say is "just as good." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when other medicines fail.

Where Stevenson Lived.

The Samoans, among whom Robert Louis Stevenson lived, and whose country is now being so much talked about, called the white people "sky-breakers," believing that, in order to reach the islands, they must have smashed their way through the blue doom which is seen so close down upon the ocean on every side at a distance. They live in houses which resemble gigantic beehives, raised up upon five feet high. The beehives are of wicker-work, thatched with leaves of the sugar cane. The floor is usually of clean gravel, and there are no walls, the hut being closed at night or in bad weather with a sort of Venetian blinds of cocoanut leaves. Each dwelling is all one room, but may be divided at night into compartments by means of curtains lowered for the purpose.

A passion for ornaments is a weakness of the Samoans, who make garlands of flowers for their hair, as well as headresses composed of disc-shaped pieces cut from the shell of the pearly nautilus. All of the men are tattooed in exactly the same way, and not to be adorned in this fashion is considered a disgrace.

All of the Samoans are Christians, and practically all of them read and write. Indeed, the percentage of illiteracy among them is less than among any other people in the world.

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