MEN WHO OWN MANY DOLLARS. List of Millionaires That is More or

Less Authentic The list of the richest men of the 4 United States, given below, was compiled by a New York state bank: J. D. Rockefeller, \$600,000,000; Andrew Carnegie, \$300,000,000; W. W. Astor, \$300,000,000; J. P. Morgan, \$150,000,-000; William Rockefeller, \$100,000,-000; H. H. Rogers, \$100,000,000; W. K. Vanderbilt, \$100,000,000; Senator Clark, \$100,000,000; John Jacob As-'tor, \$100,000,000; Russell Sage estate, \$60,000,000; H. C. Frick, \$80,000,000; D. O. Mills, \$75,000,000; Marshall Field, Jr., \$75,000,000; H. M. Flagler, \$60,000,000; J. J. Hill, \$60,000,000; Oliver Paine \$50,000,000; J. H. Higgins, \$50,000,000; Harry Fleld, \$50,-000,000; H. O. Havemeyer, \$50,000,000; Henry Phipps, \$40,000,060; A. G. Vanderbilt, \$40,000,000; Mrs. Hetty Green, \$40,000,000; Thomas F. Ryan, \$40,000,000; Mrs. A. W. Walker, \$35,--000,000; George Gould, \$35,000,000; J. Ogden Armour. \$30,000,000; E. T. Gerry, \$30,000,00; Robert W. Goelet, \$30,000,000; J. H. Flagler, \$30,000,000; Claus Spreckels, \$30,000,000; W. F. Havemeyer, \$30,000,000; Jacob H. Schiff, \$25,000,000; P. A. B. Widener, \$25,000,000; George F. Baker, \$25,-000,00; August Belmont, \$20,000,-000; James Stillman, \$20,000,000; John W. Gates, \$20,000,000; Norman B. Ream, \$20,000,000; Joseph Pulitser, \$20,000,000; James G. Bennett,

HER IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA. Ellen Terry Pleased with Everything But Steam Heat.

\$20,000,000; John G. Moore, \$20,000,-

000; D. G. Reid, \$20,000,000; Freder-

ick Pabst, \$20,000,000; William D.

Sloane, \$20,000,000; the late William

P. Leeds, \$20,000,000; James P. Duke,

\$20,000,000; Anthony Brady, \$20,009,-

000; G. W. Vanderbilt \$20,000,000; F.

W. Vanderbilt, \$20,000,000.

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... The first institution in America that distressed me was the steam heat. It is far more manageable now than it was, both in hotels and theaters, because there are more individual heaters. But how I suffered from it at first I cannot describe. I used to feel dreadfully ill, and when we could not turn the heat off at the theater the play always went badly. My voice was affected, too. At Toledo once it nearly went altogether. Then the next night, after a good fight, we got the theater cool, and the difference to the play was extraordinary.

If I did not like steam heat I loved the ice which is such a feature at American meals. Everything is served on ice. I took kindly to their dishes-their cookery at its best is better than the French-and I sadly missed plauked shad, terrapin, and the loyster—at its best and at its cheapest in America—when I returned to England.-Elka Terry, in McClure's.

World's Biggest Dam. The lake formed by the construction of the Assuan dam across the Nile is the largest artificial body of water, but this will be outstripped by what is known as the Engle project by which the waters of the Rio Grande are to be impounded for the benefit of the farming interests. The dam will be of concreate, built between the bluffs of Bolld rock, and its base will be 65 feet below the bed of the river. Its top will be 190 feet above the river bed, and it will be 1,150 feet long at the crest. At the bottom the construction will be 180 feet thick and 20 feet at the top. This will make a reservoir 175 feet deep and 45 miles long, cover-. ing 38,400 acres of ground. The water supply derived from this work will irrigate 200,000 acres of land located in Texas, New Mexico and Mexico. The cost of the work will aggregate **,\$7,200,000**.

Carried Off by Bandits. When traveling by train from Oroya to Lima, in Peru, the passengers were held up at Galera, 15,000 sfeet up in the mountains, by a fully armed band, who took some of the travelers as hostages. Fifteen soldiers who were in the train were disarmed, four being wounded and one shot in cold blood because he would not hand over his rifle to the miscreants, who had taken care to cut telegraphic wires and blow up bridges, while the railway staff became servile tools to the brigands. Rev. A. Miles Moss, another clergyman and a party of six friends were for some time prisoners in the mountains, but in due course the Peruvian government troops sent from Lima effected their

release.

The Pope Reads the Papers. . Pope Pius is a firm believer in newspaper reading. His favorites are two provincial sheets, Venice Difesa and Vicenza Verico. The latter paper he has read nearly all his life. When he became patriarch of Venice he happened to make the acquaintance of the editor of the Difesa, then a struggling daily. The editor's views pleased his eminence, and hearing of the editor's high character he offered him his aid. The patriarch's liberality and factive support soon gave the Difesa a very wide circulation, and it is now so profitable that it is regarded as one of the most solid institutions of the great city.

To Oblige a Friend. "Colonel, I have made a bet with a political enemy of yours that you will tell me how you are going to vote next fall. Do I lose?"

"No, you win. I'll tell you, Ruggles, but I wouldn't do it for anybody else. I'm going to vote an Australian bal CLEVELAND EVER AN OPTIMIST.

Believed in Persistently Seeing the Bright Side of Things.

"Grover Cleveland was all his life a preacher of optimism," said a Princeton man the other day. "All his lectures breathed the spirit of hoping for the best, of looking on the bright side of things. I was fortunate enough to have the entree to his home in Princeton, and on one occasion 4 made so bold as to compliment him on this pronounced trait of his charac-

"'Yes, I suppose I am what you might call an optimist,' he said with a twinkle in his eye, but I hope I am not an if-ist."

"'An if-ist,' I repeated. 'What is an 1f-int?"

"'An if'ist,' said Mr. Cleveland, 'is a person who is a slave to the little word if, whereas an optimist hopes for the best in a sane manner. The if-ist is never quite sane. I once knew an if-ist who was lost in the Maine woods with a companion on a hunting expedition. As night came on they made camp, but, although they were hungry, they had shot no game, and had nothing to eat. With a perfectly serious face this fellow looked at his companion and said:

"'If we only had some ham, we'd have ham and eggs, if we only had some eggs!'"

CHALK USEFUL IN MANY WAYS.

A Young Man Coming Home in a Hurry Discovers One of Them.

"I read in some paper the other day," the young New York man said, "of the arrival at this port of a shipload of chalk, and I wondered what under the canopy anybody could want of a shipload of chalk and what they

used chalk for anyway. Going home last night I got half a dozen little spatters of mud on my shirt bosom and collar, and I'd got to go out again right away and I really didn't have time to change my apparel, but there were those spatters of mud on my shirt.

'Just wait a minute,' said my roommate, who knows several things, and he went to his chiffonier and got out a piece of chalk, with which be deftly chalked over those little mud spots so that they didn't show. There, he said. 'I guess they'll

go all right now, at night." "And they did. I am still wondering what anybody should want of a shipload of chalk, but I have now discovered at least one of chalk's uses."

Do You Play Fly-Loe? Seven men in a broker's office waiting for something. Nothing turns up. Each takes from his pocket a lump of cut sugar and places it on the table. The new rule is that any player may immerse his lump in any acid, liquor, liqueur, cordial or chemical he thinks most attractive to files. If a dollar limit is agreed upon, each places his beside his lump, and the player whose lump attracts the first fly gathers in the pot. You seldom...see a game of fly-loo these days with a higher limit than \$10; but \$100 or even \$500 a lump was nothing in more prosperous times. There is no "bookmaking." The police do not interfere. No district attorney is allowed to butt in. Why, if you are clever with your eyes, you may see fly-loo played daily in public eating houses and in lunch clubs. Wherever there is a fly there can be loo.—N. Y. Press.

Gratitude. In the course of a speech not long ago Representative John Sharp Williams illustrated his point by a story of an old colored woman in Alabama, whose extreme age and helplessness were such that her neighbors felt

called upon to supply all her needs. The aged negress was very grateful for all such attentions, and never failed to express her gratitude therefor in original language. It appearing one day that she could

not sufficiently thank the son of an old friend who had brought her some choice fruit the old woman said: "You is powerful good to a pore ole woman like me, wid one foot in de

grave an' de odder a-cryin' out, 'How

long, oh Lawd, how long?"

Trouble with the Muffins. Somehow the muffins didn't seem to Mr. Skoptikoff to be quite right that morning, though he couldn't say himself just where the trouble lay, and when he and Mrs. Skoptikoff had gone up from the boarding house diningroom to their own room he said to

"My dear, what was the matter with the muffins this morning?"

"Well," she said, "they didn't put in quite flour enough to hold them to gether, and they were not quite done and they were a little sour."

"Is that all?" said Mr. Skoptikoff. "Yes," said Mrs. Skoptikoff, "that's

Belf-Evident.

"Though many people think so who hear me play," said the long-haired amateur, with studied carelessness. "I have no intention of becoming a professional musician. I play merely to kill time."

"I knew that as soon as I heard you." enigmatically replied one of his listeners.

More Than Likely. "Why should be be called upon to make a public address? Look at the confident air he assumes." "Don't be jealous. He's probably beartily wishing himself down here in the audience with us."

ARMIES OF DEATH EVERYWHERE

Surrounded. -

Billions of Bacilli by Which Man Is

At no instant in any man's life, waking or sleeping, is he free from assaults by swarming myriads of tiny, but powerful, unseen enemies of life -those soldiers of death's dark legions, the germs or microbes of disease. If it were possible to wear spectacles of the magnifying power of high powered microscopes, we might see the very air we breathe thick with the monstrous shapes of untold billions of bacilli; and that in, or about, or upon the water we drink, the food we eat, the hands we shake, the car straps we hang to when going to work, the clothes we wear, the hair we comb, the lips we kiss, the cats and dogs we fondle, the books we read—in short, always and everywhere, the armies of death surround us, and incessantly make war upon us. And not only do they attack us from every possible exterior vantage point, but they are also ever at work trying to undermine or carry by assault the citadel of life from within the lines of our own defenses. Germs thrive and multiply in the mouth, in the nose, and especially in the intestinal organs. Thus it can be said that not only do we live in the midst of death, but that death lives in our midst. The wonder is, not that we, are ever ill, but that we are ever well. -Michael Williams, in Success Maga-

AMERICAN ATHLETES THE BEST.

Reason Advanced for Superlority Over the British.

Although bigness and great strength are needed to throw the weights, scarcely less essential are cleverness and technique. Footwork, distribution of the weight of the body, these and other details only instinct, long practice and intelligently directed effort can master. And here our undergraduates have had no difficulty in surpassing their English cousins. Whenever the two have met, the performance of the more casual Oxford and Cambridge men have been almost farcical, and, indeed, men like Plaw, DeWittt, Beck, Sheldon and others have quite equaled the performance of all but the best of the older men of the athletic clubs. It is not, of course, any superiority in strength which has brought this about, merely painstaking thoroughness and care for "form." This is the same thing which has made them jump higher and run more gracefully-a characteristic thingand one, therefore, that makes their success so far as it goes, really American.—Outing Magazine.

Liberian Ice Cream. A new industry in the form of an ice and ice cream manufactory has been started in Monrovia under the proprietorship of one of the attached to the Liberian commission. The machine is of American manufacture, from the New Brunswick Refrigerator company, and has a capacity of one ton. It turns out 500 pounds of ice and ten gallons of ice cream daily. It is principally an ice cream machine, but ice is such a rarity that the projector decided to experiment in its manufacture. This is the first effort of its kind in Liberia, and the demand for ice, especially for fever-stricken subjects, influenced the experiment. The manager declares that the result has been encouraging and will lead to the ultimate enlargement of the plant, with a cold storage attached. This enterprise has filled a long-felt need in Monrovia, especially among the invalids of foreign birth. The price of ice at present is four cents per pound and the price of ice cream per gallon is \$2.40. Under the circumstances, this luxury is such a treat in this tropical region that nobody ever stops to consider the price.

Only Human.

"I'm down and out," said Mr. Flatte, dismally. "I must move to-day if I sen't pay my rent, and I can't. I have no place to move to, because everybody wants cash in advance. I have pawned everything I have; I've no way to get a clean collar, even, to take the place of this wilted one. I have a date to take Miss Gotsum to the show to-night, and I can't borrow a cent from anybody. I'd go and jump off Suicide pier but for one thing."

"And that is--?" "That is that I have a deep and abiding curiosity to know how a man in this desperate condition can get out of it. I'm going to stick around and see what happens!"-Cleveland Leader.

All Beggars in Egypt.

According to Richard Croker, it is American money which seems to be keeping Egypt going. "Two-thirds of the visitors," says Mr. Croker, "I met all around came from America, and they represented all parts of the states. They provide the people with a living not only in the hotels, but in the streets. I never saw such people for begging. As soon as an Egyptian child is born it seems to ask for backsheesh and Egyptians are look ing for money all the time."

Kept Going Automatically. "Great Scott! Was that woman over there ever silent in her life, I won-

"Mrs. Gadley? Oh; yes; once. A burgiar got into her room one night and she became speechless from

"I'll bet that even then her teeth kept chattering."-Boston Transcript.

MANY HAD HAND IN THE WORK And Tim Woodruff Has Gorgeous Vest Instead of Dressing Gown.

Ordinarily they talk about Tim Woodruff's vests. Lately, however another tale about the New York poli tician is going the rounds. According to this, Mr. Woodruff was presented by a grateful admirer with a handsome silk dressing gown. It was a beautiful thing, and Mr. Woodruff displayed himself in it to the family circle, only to find that it was about four inches too long. "I'll send that to my tailor and have him cut it down," said Mr. Woodruff.

Several days later, as he was enjoying the after-dinner cigar, the boy from the tailor's arrived. "Here's your smoking jacket, sir," said the

Mr. Woodruff, breathing anticipatory admiration, tried the garment on, "Not mine," said he. "I haven't any smok ing jacket like that."

The boy insisted. Mr. Woodruff laid the garment on the table while he argued with the boy. Mrs. Woodruff came in. "What are you doing with your dressing gown now Tim?" she asked. "Did you notice that I cut it down four inches?"

Before Mr. Woodruff could answer an aunt who was stopping at the Woodruff home entered. At once she beamed. "Yes. I cut it down for you for a little surprise," said she. "l heard you say it was too long."

Mr. Woodruff began to gasp. The

trusted maid of the Woodruff menage entered. "Och, there ye have the dressing gownd," she exclaimed. "I cut it down for you, but befoore I bashted it up some wan took it away from my room."

The tailor's boy, standing stolidly by, said: "The bill for cutting four inches off the bottom of the smoking jacket is 50 cents."

Breathing heavily, Mr. Woodruff said: "Put some pockets in it and I'll wear it as a vest."

HAS FORMULATED CLUB CREED. Favorable Impression Made by Mrs.

Robert Burr Ite's Words.

Mrs. Robert Burdette, vice-president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, has formulated a club creed that has made so favorable an impression that it is likely to be adopted by many clubs in this country and abroad. About the most vital part of this creed reads:

"I believe in afternoon club life for women. I believe in evening club life for men and women together, when it does not rob the home of father and "I believe that woman has no right

to undertake any work whatsoever outside of the home, along the lines of philanthropy, church, temperance or club life that does not emanate from the home, and its final and best eaults return to the home. Home must always be the center, but not the limit of woman's life.

"I believe in equal rights in the family for father and mother in intelligence, affection and fillal respect. These the club should foster.

"I believe, out of consideration for others, in removing the hat in all public assemblies."

A Writer of Insurance.

The greatest life insurance peddler we ever had was Archie Haines of the Equitable. Haines, as general agent, made the fortunes of thousands of men in all parts of the country, and was himself in receipt of an income of \$100,000 a year. The other day he was declared a bankrupt. He did not care for run-downs or has-beens; he selected "reduced gentlemen," by which I mean men who had been prominent in social life, but had lost everything "save honor." He would pick up a relic, or a derelict, with oodles of acquaintances, but no money, and offer enormous commissions, rebates, etc., for \$100,000 policies. One of these curiosities of the past who had got down to his last dollar and was virtually a beggar, was taken up by Haines at the age of 70, and in three days had sold as many policies of \$100,000 each. His commissions amounted to \$15,000.—New York Press.

Stones in Animals' Stomachs. There was recently brought to the British museum about haif a peck of stones asserted to have been taken from the stomach of an African elephant. The stones are angular and unworn. Other instances of the same nature are known to hunters. The man who gave the curiosities to the museum has demonstrated the existence of the stone-swallowing habit in crocodiles.

A Salt Sea Tale. He was in the throws-beg pardon -the throes of sea sickness. "Oh, oh! for terra firma!" he moaned, gazing down upon the writhing, restless ocean.

"Aqua squirma is good enough for me," returned his chipper friend. But the quip fell upon unheeding ears, for just then the ship heaved and the other man felt called upon to accompany her.

Cares. "Do you find great wealth a bur-

Sellen Lerben auto 17 138.00.

"Sometimes," answered Mr. Cumrox. "There's never any telling when mother and the girls are going to invest in a touring car or a steam yacht or a foreign nobleman, or some such form of worriment and responsibility." -Washington Star.

CAUSED BY LACK OF THOUGHT.

Cruelty Most Frequently Inflicted in Carelessiness.

Most of the cruelty of the world is thoughtless cruelty. Very few people would intentionally add to another's load or make his burden in life heavier or his paths rougher. Most of the great heart-wounds are inflicted in a moment of anger, when, perhaps, we were too proud to applogize or to try to heal the grievous wounds we had made. Can anything be more cruel than to discourage a soul who is struggling to do the best he can, to throw stambling blacks in the path of those who are trying to get on in the world against great odds? No life is just the same after you have once touched it. Will you leave a ray of hope or one of despair, a flash of light or a somber cloud across some dark life each day? Will you by thoughtless cruelty deepen the shadow which hangs over the life, or will you by kindness dispel it altogether? No matter how you feel or what is disturbing your peace of mind, never allow yourself to send out a discouraging, a cruel, or an unkind word or thought.—Success Magazine.

DOG SPECTACLES THE LATEST. English Aristocrat May Have Started a New Fad.

A dog in spectacles is the latest fad. It has not remched New York yet, but Lady Aylesford has been seen in Piccadilly with one of her famous breed of clows in low, wearing a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles. Her friends smiled, and she explained that the poor doggie's eyesight had become so defective that she had taken him to an oculist who fitted him with glasses. Dogs in New York have been taken to dentists and their teeth have been filled with gold; they have had their nails manicured by experts, the hair of poodles, spaniels and Scotch terriers have been dresmed and curied by "tonsorial artists;" some delicate dogs, such as Italian greyhounds, have been dressed in sealskin coats; other pampered pets have worn gold bracelets and diamond collars, but spectacles seem new.

The next step will probably be for some one to fit a British bulldog with a solitaire eyeglass and a cigarette.

Knew Meat from Carrion. Tennessee bred two great orators in

the olden days-Andrew Johnson. & Democrat; once president of the United States, and Gustavus A. Henry, a Whig, known as the "eagle orator of the South."

They ran against each other for governor and when a long series of joint debates had reached its close Johnson addressed the Whigs in the audience: "I have spoken with the boasted eagle orator from the Mississippi river to the Unaka mountains, and as yet I see no flesh in his talons or blood on his beak."

feet, saying: "The American cagle is a proud bird and feeds not on carrien."---Nashville Banner.

Doctor Not Needed.

"I got an awfully funny note once from Gen. ----, an Irish-American on the staff of Gov. ----, " said Dr. Shackelforth. "His wife was taken with a sudden indisposition, he summoned his servant and bade him get the buggy ready to come for me. By the time the horse was hitched up and the general had written me a note his wife recovered. But he sent the note

anyway, with a posts-crip. "'My Dear Doctor. . I wish you would hurry around this way as fast as you can. My wife is desperately ill. Jump into my buggy and come along. Don't let anything stop you.

"'P. S.—My wife having recovered, you need not come."

Our Names Lack Color. At any early period, and indeed well toward the beginnings of modern history, proper names told something as to paternity, occupation and habitation; to-day they are quite colorless. A new Ulysses would no longer be Laertides; no Peter indicates that he is the son of Paul. A Carpenter or a Weaver is likely to be a lily-fingered stock broker. Even the place names, complains the Nation, have pretty much obappeared, except in the case of nobility, and since the average gentle family has not for years lived on its titular estate, or perhaps has had none at all, our new Gastons de Foix give us a name about as sapless

How a Cat Caught Two Rats. I once had a cat who did a rather remarkable ratting feat. He stalked two young rats on the eaves of a low flat stable roof, and caught one in the usual way. The other jumped on to an elderberry tree just below. Bob. however, not satisfied with the one grasped it firmly in his mouth, and then jumped headlong for the other. Either he was very lucky or extraordinarily agile, for he fell to the ground with one rat still in his mouth and the other in his paws, and promptly killed them both.—Scotsman.

as John Jones.

A Clean Slate. A well-known doctor upon reaching

home after a two days' absence noticed that his slates was perfectly clean, whereupon he maked the servant girl. "Has nobody called during my two days' absence? I left this slate out for callers to write their names on, and it is perfectly clean."

'Oh, yes, sir," replied the servant, cheerfully. "A lot of folk has come. An' the slate got so full o' names that only this morning I had to rub them off to make room for more."

YOUTHFUL FISHERS IN ALASKA. Boys' Boat Towed by a Big Halibut-How the Degs Help.

About the mouths of the streams on which salmon camps are situated the Indian dogs and children amuse themselves catching the fish. Some of the youngsters are so small that after they have succeeded in cornering a fish the combined efforts of the party are often required to dispatch it and carry it to camp. I have watched dogs running about in a rift snapping at the salmon and apparently having the time of their lives.

One of the most amusing sights that I saw during my stay in Alaska was two Indian boys being towed about the harbor at Kadiak by a huge halibut they had just hooked. Utterly unable to land the fish, they had fastened the line to the stern of the boat, and while they pulled with all ; their might, each one at an oar, they railied each other for not exerting more strength and shouted loudly for help. Finally as Indian put out in a hoat and the fish was landed.-Forest and Stream.

RECIPE FOR LIFE'S HAPPINESS.

Seek to Remember Only Good Points of One's Neighbors.

If you would increase your happiness and prolong your life, forget your neighbor's faults. Forget the slander you have heard. Furget the temptations. Forget peculiarities of your friends, and only remember the good points which make you fond of them. Forget all personal quarrels or histories you may have heard by accident. Blot out as far as possible all the disagreeables of life; they will come, but they will grow larger when you remember them, and the constant thought of the acts of meanness will only tend to make you more familiar with them. Obliterate everything disagreeable from yesterday; start out with a clean sheet for to-day, and write on it only lovely things.

Prevaricators!

A French review has being asking leading writers and artists what they habitually drink; and the replies are on the lofty plane of those that are made when men are asked to name their favorite books. With the exception of Rodin, Flammarion, and a very few others, who frankly admit their preference for strong drink, these French bohemians of today seem to derive their inspiration mainly from water. And this a Paris that once knew Henri Murger, that still knows one of the worst water supplies in a civilized city! Do you feel impelled, if a great man, to say that you drink water, just as you seem obliged to say that Shakespeare and the Bible form your staple reading?-London Chronicle.

Shopper Got the Best.

Not all young mairons are so sophisticated as is the customary "Mrs. Newlywed" of the newspaper funny man. One striking exception resides in Harlem.

Entering a butcher shop on the eve

of a large house party to be given at her home, she saw displayed a dozen chickens. "Please pick me out a half dozen

chickens that are tough?" she said. "I have a special reason." The butcher put aside seven. "Are these all?" she added.

"Yes, ma'am," was the reply. "These are all tough ones."

Then send the other five to my house at once," said the young ma-

The butcher is guessing still.

The Roast.

Mrs. Archbold Saunderson was describing in New York her big game hunts in South Africa. "Don't judge a woman by her looks," said she. "The most ethereal

appearing girl may be able to bring down an elephant or a lion. "To judge woman by her looks is to court error. I know a man who, while carving at a dinner, wished to say something that would please the

" How do you like Maeterlinck? he at last inquired.

pale, seep-eyed, spirituelle girl at his

"'Well done,' she answered, not once lifting her eyes from the great roast he was working on.'

The Woman Who Gambies. Moralists say that the emotion of gaming makes women ugly. It is not necessary to take the word of the moralists for that. Gaming does not make women ugly; it unmasks them. and it is of that that they must be warned. It is natural enough, since they play passionately, and in playing thhey forget the world and their faces. So much the worse for those who do as Jezebel. Jean Lorrain has left terrible pictures of old painted faces the natural condition of which is revealed by the excitement of play.

Her Fate. Tess-You'll be all right if you can only cook. You know, they say the best way to reach a man's heart, is through his stomach.

Jess (pessimistically)-Yes, it will just be my luck to reach it with heartburn or some other phase of dyspep-

Expensive Either Way. "Poor Tom, it cost him a terrible lot

to give up his sweetheart." "Then, why did he?" "Because it would have cost him a

great deal more if he hadn't."-Boston Transcript.

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS L' serandre en Louisiage se cana les Brata de Bose file publishté effre donc les commerce des grantagné exceptionnels. Est de l'abounament un l'appl l' Little pi Contidionne