

PARTY OF REVOLUTION.

Republicans No Longer Stand For Conservatism.

POLICY A RADICAL INNOVATION.

illitarism and imperialism Are Un American - Republican Alliance With the Trusts Involves Unbeaval of the Roots of Our National Life. Old Time Traditions and Policies

By one of the queerest kinks of reasoning of which the human mind is capable the Republican party has suceeded in persuading itself and perparty of conservatism and safety and that the Democracy threatens dangerous innovations. That such an assumption could meet with even a tol-erant reception is a signal proof of the

The truth is, as a moment's consideration must make obvious, that the depublican party in its present policies s the most recklessly revolutionary organization in our history and that he Democracy stands for all those familiar principles by which Amerians have guided their lives not only brough the century and a quarter of other centuries during which the coneptions of civil and political liberty

hat characterizes our race were grownir to maturity. The policy of imperialism is an inovation of the most radical kind. It is a complete break with all the tradiof the American republic. Less than three years ago William McKinley denounced forcible annexation as "criminal aggression." Now he is extending his rule with fire and blood, and the Filipinos, who voted in the Malolos congress for annexation to the United States when they thought we were still a republic, are laying down their lives to resist the advance of our

when any political organization in America felt affronted by a mention of ing the Dreytus madness in France a cry of "Vive is republique!" was con-sidered an insult to the army. If an endant at a Republican meeting in this country should shout "Hurrah for the republic?" he would run the risk of being thrown out as a disturbing Democrat. A mention of the cons tution or the Declaration of Independ ence would simply convict him offhand. Equally revolutionary, from the old American point of view, is imperial-

ism's twin, militarism. The idea of a great standing army is repugnant to every American tradition. The founders of our government seriously con-sidered the policy of prohibiting the manintenance of any standing army at all. Every statesman, of every party. down to the advent of the present ad ministration, has held as one of this country's chief blessings its freedom from the military burdens of Europe Yet the Republican party is now committed to a permanent standing army military purposes more than any other country in the world.

The Republican alliance with the trusts involves an upheaval of the very roots of our national life. The Demo eratic policy here, as in everything else. Is conservative. It proposes to keep as near as possible to the familiar landmarks—not stubbornly resisting all change, but not rushing recklessly into ontried paths. The policy by which the rican nation has grown great and American character has been med has been that of individual en-cise. The trusts are destroying enterprise. They are turning us ts and none of

the transition from feudalism to the factory system. The party that advo-cates it is the revolutionary party, and the one that opposes it is the conserva-

-Kansas City Times. junction is a noxious novelty. It was not known in this country ten years ago; it is not known in England now. The writ of injunction is old. It originated in England, where the lord chancellor, as "keeper of the king's conscience, nsed it to grant relief in civil cases that could not be reached by the rigid procsses of the common law. English equity courts it is still used in the old way. No employer in England can get an injunction restraining a labor union from disbursing strike benefits, or can make a writ of injune ion a means of abolishing the right of

trial by jury in criminal cases. The courts in this country followed the old rules until a few years ago, when ingenious corporation lawyers devised the scheme of procuring in junctions against whole communitie warning them against the commission of crimes, and so putting them unde

species of judicial martial law. The old criminal law, built up by our race in a thousand years of struggle against oppression, says: "You shall not commit a crime. If you do, you will be indicted, tried before a jury, and, if convicted, subjected to such penalties as the law provides."

Government by injunction You shall not commit a crime. If you do, or if a judge chooses to say you do, you will be arrested for contempt court and subjected, without trial, to such punishment as the judge may direct."

Through this system a reign for may be established over whole d tricts and the liberty of the entire population subjected to the arbitrary will of one man.

This revolutionary usurpation was fire new when the Democratic convention at Chicago protested against it in 1896. It is four years older now, but still new enough to stamp the party that would substitute it for the system that has come down from the time of King Alfred as the party of reckless innovation.

In the matter of the income tax, too, it is the Republican party that is rooting up the ancient landmarks. From the foundation of our government down to the year 1895 the power of congress to impose an income tax had been sustained by an unbroken line of decisions. The Republican party itment of conscienceless wealth repeat-edly made ses of that power. But un-der its new proprieterable it dragoon-ed the supreme court into reversing its whole record and depriving the nation of a resource that may prove vital in

some future emergency. has abandoned Washington's rule against cutangling alliances and Moroe's prohibition of European expan-sion on the American confinent and has made the United States the tall to

the kite of British diplomacy. Manifestly the voter who dreads rash experiments has only one recourse. It to vote for the conservative candidate-the upholder of American traditions-William Jennings Bryan.-New York Journal.

The habit of buying islands seems to grow on President McKinley. He is about to purchase two more from "without waiting for the aid or consent" of the United States congress, ind his object in purchasing the to prevent any other nation from getting them. The price agreed upon is to be \$100,000, which is about \$15 a head for the inhabitants. We bought our Tagalo subjects for only \$2 a head.

A lawyer who worthily bears a d A lawyer who worthily bears a dis-tinguished name occupies an old fash-loned mansion on the edge of New York. His sister, who lives with him, tells a laughable story, which is re-ported in Harper's Round Table, illus-trating his coolness and love of method. Recently his sister tiptoed into his room some time after midnight and told him she thought burglars were in the house. The lawyer put on his dress-

the house. The lawyer put on his dressing gown and went down stairs. looking man trying to open a door that bulk of the people nothing is left led into the back yard. The burgia wages. The element of profits had unlocked the door and was pulling is concentrated in the possession of a at it with all his might. The lawyer,

seeing the subber's predicament, cal "It does not open that way, you ldiet it slides back."

Wathing on the Walls. It is unlawful for a Chinese w to walk on the city walls of Peking, but it is an exercise in which the HEART THROBS

-beat; beat-beat, The heart of a man goes on,
Till a smile on his fight worn face gives for
The sense of conquest won,
But the music of his life is mute,
The sung of his speech is door.
Best—best; best—best, The heart of a child goes pat,
Now high with hope, now low with feet
Now wishing for this—then that,
Reckoning little of care to come,
Happy with hall or bat.

Best with fluttering beat
The heart of a maiden sigha;
Privolish, girlish, she fain would sid.
Some noble high emprise;
Forever and anon she dreams,
Love lighting her tender eyes. And slow best the hearts of the old, Be it or grandaire or dame; Gone are the cares of mid-age, Jay unto day is the rame; Living saga, in the New of the

iving again in the lives of the young, Happy to youth's glad flame. And the heart of the world goes throb, Strong, resistless, great, Filled with passion or right or wrong, Love and work and hate. Short is the time for love, But all too long for troe, As beat—beat; beat—beat,

rt throbs come and go.

-C. P. Paine in London Qu

I really ought not to relate this story, I suppose, because the person it ch'effy cerns is still living and is one of the best known men in Europe, but as biographers have a habit of betraying confidences I think that in this matter may be forgiven if I anticipate them.

I was poor, my clothes were thread bare, and my stomach was often painfully empty.

While busy copying Durer's "Adoration of the Magi" in the Uffizi in an attempt to grasp its marvelous technical handling and fluency of coloring three bright faced English girls, probably tourists, entered the Tribuna. One of them passed behind me to examine my work, then, probably taking me for an Italian because of my pegtop trousers and soft hat, exclaimed quite audibly in English to one of her companions:

"Look, dear! What a frightful daub! The poor fellow is a student, I sup-But he'll never make an artist pose. But he' that's certain."

An hour later I was sitting in the attic, high up above the noisy Via Condotti, which served me as a studio and living room, plunged in black despair. The door opened, and there advanced timidly into the room a strange, il iressed, white haired old man, who, re moving his shabby bat, greeted me affably in Italian. His face was thin and ed, his figure lean and shriveled, but his eyes were black and full of a fire that age had not dimmed. Accompanying him was a young girl of per haps 18 of that rare type the fair hair

ed Florentine. "I trust you will pardon my intrusion," croaked the queer old fellow in a thin, squeaky voice. "I noticed you opying in the Tribuna today, and afterward occurred to me that you might have some pictures for sale. When I returned, however, you had Therefore I ascertained your

"Ah," he added, "you have something

there, I see!"
"It is a failure," I admitted sadiy. He raised his eyes to mine with inquiring glance and then proceeded to criticise my work in a manner which

The young girl with the blue eyes sai gazing at the picture, but uttering

"You see my work. I have no tal eut," I added despondently, when in answer to his inquiries I told him my

"You mistake," he answered kindly "You have some talent, but you lack dexterity which makes an artist That picture there, for instance," and he pointed to the easel, "might be turninto a very creditable piece of work with but little effort. If you'll allow me, I'll give you an illustration of

what I mean."

To this I made no objection, and few moments later he was at work with broah and palette painting away with astounding rapidity, while I stood by wondering as the picture grew beneath his hand. By the addition of subtle touches here and there he was completely transforming the work, showing the tinted and throbbing flesh against the warm light ground with technical execution that bewildered me. I had never seen a man paint like

that before.

"Ab," I exclaimed at last in profound admiration, "the signore is a painter!" "I have painted," he answered enig matically, and his lips closed as thong he wished to say nothing of himself. do not buy my own poor work. But you are in need," he said. "Tomorrow take it to Ferroni in the Via Cnizaioli." "To Perroni!" I exclaimed. "But he is the greatest and most critical of all

for my work?" "Take it to him and see." I stood before the casel in the soft red light of the Italian afterglow and marveled at the transformation that

the dealers. Surely he will not care

Next day, with the canvas under my arm, I entered Ferroul's, not. 1 me onfess, without some trepidation. When the dealer saw it. he grunted:

"The old man has done this! It isn't our own work." he said bluntly. looking at me. "The mysterious master been at work again. How did be discover you?"
I explained the whole of the circus

"Ah, you are locky indeed?" he re oded. "This is not the first picture of his that I have had, yet I would know his work amid 10,000 canvases." "He refused to tell me his name."

"Nobody knows," responded the deal

"It was more than you expected, ch? he rejoined, with a laugh.

Weeks passed, however, until on morning while I was busy he entered secompanied by Filomena. He seemed more feeble, and a single glance at the girl, whose sweet face, with the clear blue eyes, was such an exact replies of that exquisite little Madonna of Vandyke in the Pitti palace, showed that she had sadly changed. Her cheeks had lost their roundness, her face was pale, and she was evidently

I sympathized with her, and we fell to talking quite naturally. She was ingenuous, frank and altogether charm

I told the signore how I had sold the picture to Ferroni, at which he smiled and then proceeded to quis and criticise my new work, pointing out a defect in foreshortening that I had not before noticed and indicating the errors with his thin, bony hand.

"But you are improving rapidly-piano, at layore bene," he said encourngingly and after giving some technical instruction added, "And now let me se what I can make of it.' He threw aside his shabby coat, tool

up my palette, mixed some colors with great care and then in silence went to Thus I stood chatting with Filot We chatted about the galleries and the antiquities, and I could not refrain

from saying:

si duole." "Ah," she laughed, "that is quite true! Its charm lies in the fact that the vandals have not touched it like so many of our old cities. And you find it

"I have but little time to see its beautles," I answered. "I work always. Work, work, but with such little result -sh, so very little!"

The old man finished at last threw down the brushes, saying: "I think now it will do. Take it to that old rogue Ferroni and make him give you 2,000 lire for it. It is worth that, but the old Jew always lies like an epitaph."

I stood before the easel dumfounded The effect was perfect. He was indeed the mysterious master. I thanked him, but he waved me aside, declaring it was nothing.

roni gave me 2,000 lire for the picture. and a day or two afterward, having view to painting the Strozzi chapel as a background, I suddenly encountered Filomena. She was going up to Flesole to deliver a message for the signore don, 1 accor and, obtaining permiss nied her. How well I remember that sunny afternoon as we strolled about the ancient little town perched high upon its hill, where the women were plaiting their straws; how we gazed down upon the Duomo and the red roofs of Florence, with the Arno winding away like a silver thread to sun planched old Pisa and the distant sea! I became intoxicated by her marvelous beauty, for her face was pure as one of

Donatello's angels.

Beneath the shadow of the grim old

Porta San Gallo she halted to take
leave of me, and I saw in her manner

leave of me, and I saw in her manner

Beneath the shadow of the grim old

life. Hence our Lord tells his disciples, "Te are the salt of the earth." a firm determination to give me no op portunity of finding out where she lived. Somehow I could not open my mouth even to stammer a word of love although my heart was full of it.
"Addio," she said, stretching forth

ber slim, white hand. "Addio, si dice al morti" (adieu one says only to the dead), I protested, tak-

ing her hand.
"Then a riverderie," she said, raising her eyes to mine with a strange, sac look and, turning, continued her beneath the trees of the Viale.

Time wore on until the fests of No tale. On the day following the fete I chanced to be crossing the Piazzi Signoria, that great old square flanked by Palanzo Vecchio and Oreagna's dark old loggia, with its wonderful bronzes and statuary, when suddenly a fine carriage drawn by a grand pair of bays passed me. In it, sitting alone, was a slight female figure warmly rrapped in rich furs. I glanced quick ly after her. No. Surely it could not

suggestion, then, sighing wearily, condielight my door was opened sudden-ly, and a man in smart livery stood in the entry.

"The Signor George Maguire?" he I rese quickly and took from his hand a letter, which I found to contain an argent request in Italiau that I abould accompany the bearer, as the writer wished to see me immediately. It was signed "Il Maestro Misterioso."

So he knew the title that old Ferroni had given him! The letter was a sur prise, but I assumed my frayed over oat and lost no time in obeying. ng it, I was driven across the city those beautiful villas with which hills around Florence are studded manservant threw open the door, and, entering, I found myself in a spacious hall filled with palms and flowers, a

Suddenly the servant opened a door, and I found myself with the man who His face was baggard and anxious his eyes bore signs of recent tears, and

is he advanced and took my hand I felt that he was trembling. "Signore," I cried, "why, what is the

meaning of this?"
"Filomena," he sobbed in a choking roice. "She wished to see you, so have sent for you." "She is ill? Tell me the truth quick

"Come," he faltered, "see for your self." And he led me to a handsome bed chamber, where in the subdued light I distinguished two Sisters of light I distinguished two Sisters of Charity in their big white headers sees tenderly watching their patient. Ad-vancing to the heal I bent until I saw the poor pinthed white face with the wealth of fair hair straying over the pillow. Her eyes were closed, and she seemed to be seering. but as the old

I felt the soft pressure of her fingers ODD MOON THEORIES. and saw that long, wistful look in he pure blue eyes.

"You have come to me at last. Plecino!" she whispered softly in her musical Tuscan. "I have waited so ong-so very long, my love, my love!"

I stood there rooted to the spot. Then I dropped on my knees to kis her hand; but, alas, it was only a dead hand that my lips caressed. With that leclaration of her love, the love that I had feared to tell her on that well remembered day when we went up to Piesole, she had passed peacefully away.

A couple of days later, the day of the Befana, I turned from the Plazza Donatello into the Visie Amedeo and inited before a large bouse facing the Gheradesca Gardena, the address of which the mysterious master had given me. The house, I found, was fine, handsome studio, and upon the door was a small brass plate with the

CAV. CORRADINI.

Corradini! I stood aghast before th door. I rang and inquired of the black coated cameriere whether the signor professore was within. In respo led me through the handsome salor with its long windows—a salon where-in many a reigning sovereign has sat waiting the pleasure of the great mas-ter of painting—along a small gallery hung with his works and entered the bare and rather uncomfortable large,

maestro misterioso and discovered the truth. The man who had watched me in the Uffizi and who had transformed my wretched pictures, thus rescuing me from absolute penury, was non other than the great Corradini, whose fame was known the world over and whose wonderful pictures cor the highest price of those of any living

artist. "You must know the truth," he faltered. "The poor child loved you from the first, but she was struck down by that curse of the human race, consumption. Her thoughts were always of you and of your welfare, and on the day before I sent for you she confided to me her secret. She confessed that she loved you, that she had met you, but that you had not reciprocated her affection. Yet she passed away happily, poor child," he added in knew at last that you actually

loved her." And we both sat silent, plunged in unutterable grief. He had lost his only daughter. I had lost my only love. New York Herald.

Spilling sait was held to be an unlucky omen by the Romans, and the superstition has descended to ourplyon Loonard de Vinci availed himself of this tradition in his famous picture of the "Lord's Supper" to indicate Judas Iscariot by the saltcellar knocked over by his arm. Salt was used in the sacrifice by the Greeks and Romans and also by the Jews. It was an emblem of purity and of the sancti-

on the head of the victim was con ered a bad omen, being suppor that the sacrifice was not so epted, and hence the superstition.

When we say of the shiftless fellow that he does not "earn his salt" we unconsciously allude to an ancier custom smong the Romans. Amon them a man was said to be in possession of a "salary" who had hi "salarium," his allowance of sait mon ey, or sait, wherewith to savor the food by which he lived. Thus salary comes from salt, and in view word how many there are who do not "earn their salt."

King and Peasant. A pretty story is told in one of Mr. Ruskin's books, "Christ's Folk In the Apenuines," of the late King Hum

bert's pleasant accessibility, ea from somewhere in the mountain with a petition which he wished to pr sent to the king, but when he saw him with his seguito he did not know who he was. Probably the poor man's only idea of a king was gathered from some picture of the adoration of the and rather thought the king was no there, but perhaps one of these gen tiemen would convey the paper to him. And being taken with the king's pleasant face he went to him in prefe ence to any of the others and put the paper into his hands, saying: "I wil eave it with you, sir. I rather think I have given it into good hands." At which the king smiled and said, "Yes,

Ruskin Didn't Like Huge Did you ever rend "The Hunchback of Notre Dame?" I believe it to be simply the most disgusting book ever written by man, and on the whole to which I am acquainted. Balsac is sen sual, but he is an artist of the highe touch and a philosopher even in his sensuality. Eugene Sue paints virtue as well as vice. Dumas is absurd and useless, but interesting; Beranger bias us, but witty; George Sand im oral, but elegant. But for pure, dull, irtueless, stupid, deadly poison read

Knew What She Was Abs Mother-Miss Catchem has a lovely ce, and you know it. Why did you ask her to sing for Mr. Richfello? Daughter (after Mr. Richfelle

"Yes." "Well, Mr. Richfello sits right is

buy Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhon Remedy. T. A. Albright & Co., druggists, will refund approached she suddenly raise your money if you are not satisfied eyelids, and her gase, wandering, fell upon me.

At first she seemed unable to recognize me distinctly, but a moment later she put forth her thin, wasted hand, and I look it tenderly, unable to utter a single word—unable to keep back the hot tears which blinded me.

It is pleasant, asfe and reliable.

THE MANY SUPERSTITIONS THAT FLOURISH ABOUT FAIR LUNA.

aughable and Absord Notions Tha Gain Credence In Untatored Minds Concerning the Changes Eclipses of the Orb of Night.

For countless ages the darkness of night has exercised terror on all sorts and conditions of men, and in consequence the moon has become surround ed by untutored people with a degree of mystery that is sometimes merely surd, but in most cases the natural out

come of superstition and ignorance. There is probably no country in the world where some kind of picture has not been made out of the visible mark ings on the moon's surface. We have our own old man in the moon who while in many parts of France it is a hunter and his dog that folks say they

an distinguish. In eastern Asia the marks in the noon are said to be a bare sitting-on its hindquarters, while the Incas of South America maintain that the dark patch is the figure of a young lady who happened to be walking in the moon-light and suddenly became enamored of the brightness and beauty of a star. She sprang forward to embrace the ob-ject of her affection, and the moon, taking advantage of her amorous leap, caught her up and has kept her ever

Eclipses of the moon, being comme er than those of the sun, have always attracted more attention than solar bfuscations. In Peru an eclipse o the moon was always considered to be a sudden Illness of that star, and so when one occurred the Peruvian would start treating everything that was capable of making a noise and it particular flog all their dogs, the theory being that the moon, witnessing the sufferings of the creatures it loved, yould revive herself to come to their

The Khasias of northeast India have a very remarkable superstition regard ing the sun and moon. They believe that the waning and increasing moot represents the state of that planet's strength as she wrestles with the sun, which is her husband.

The increasing moon represents that Luna is winning "hands down," the decrease that she is losing, until at last the sun swallows his wife and spits head out into the sky. The wife then has another chance, so to speak and the quarrel goes on without cessa

A popular superstition among the Slavs was that the moon was con ed to wander through space for infi delity in company with the morning star. The Dakota Indians fancled tha the moon as she decreased was being slowly nibbled away by mice, the Polynesians that she was being de

roured by spirits of the dead. Still more extraordinary is the supe stition held by the Hottentots that the waning moon suffers from headache and always hides her face with her

period in the moon's history merely b okens the fact that she is bungry and retiring to rest and eat previous to be ginning another fast. As regards the markings on the moon the Eskimon have a most laughable theory. They say that Anninga, the moon, brot the peerless and incomparable Mainia. the sun, was pursuing his sister and in deed had drawn so close to her tha she was almost within his grasp whereupon the enraged lady turned lothes with her fingers, which she had smutted with the soot of an oll lamp. Other savages there are who male tain that the marks are the cinders re sulting from the monthly destruction

by fire of the moon by the incendiary The Chinese believe that when eclipse of the moon takes place she is being vigorously attacked by a dragon. At the commencement of the lunar phenomenon they throw themselve prostrate and bang on gongs and drums to frighten the dragon away, In the meanwhile the mandarins and exalted personages present shoot arrows the story of a former king of Portugal, who, hearing that a comet was in sight, hurried out to see it, scoided it vehemently and discharged pistol shots at the inexplicable monstrosity. The Maoris believed that the mo was a great hole torn in the beavens through which could be seen the warm

fires that kept the earth alive and the sun heated. When the moon was on the wane, they said that the gods were busy mending the rent, and when the moon appeared again is her crescent shape they said that the tear had burst Among the untutored peasants of the remote parts of France many strange operatitions are rife as regards the on. Many aver that they can see branch, others that it is Cain they see leaning on his spade and gazing at the murdered body of Abel, while some

die of faggots for attempting to wattle a fence on the Sabbath. At certain times of the year the Malosos, a tribe of African savages, bury a live goat with many strange rites. This, they say, has to be done to appease the moon, who expects a goat at ited intervals. They firmly that the gost makes its way through the center of the earth and falls moon, who is waiting to receive it. -London Answers.

again say that it is a peasant compe

The Blue Penell, ing the visitors about the office of the metropolitan daily, "is the copy readers' room. It is the place where the matter sent in for publication is boiled down to the right dimensions."

"Doesn't that make it warm?" giggled one of the young women.
"No," he rephed. "But the men who write the stuff get pretty hot over it sometimes."—Chicago Tribuns.

"Is it hard to propose to a girl?" ask-ed the novice in affairs of the heart.
"Sometimes it's a good desi harder not to propose," returned the man of worldly experience thoughtfully. "It's always well to be on your goard."

PEOPLE OF THE DAY.

Major Thomas Marchand, the French soldier and explorer who is going to China to join the allied troops there, is chiefly famous for the work he did in Egypt two years ago which brought in March, 1897, Marchand left Brazza ville, the capital of the French Kongo



MAJOR THOMAS MARCHAND. hauling his boats over the mountains between the Nile and the Kongo basins. In July, 1898, he reached Fa-shods and there hoisted the French flag. After Lord Kitchener had broken the power of the mahdists at Omdurman he sought out Marchand and not fied the explorer that he was on Egyp tian territory. But Marchand pluckily refused to budge. There he staid, in fact, until his government ordered him to move. On his return to Paris he was given a reception that strained the nds of even French enthusiasm.

Theodore Tilton's Simple Life, eodore Tilton has livêd abroad chiefly in Paris, without once revisit ing his native country, since 1883-17 years. To one who recently saw him in the French capital be seemed to be and physique, with an intellect on the same scale.

a centenarian; in vigor of mind and body a man at his zenith; in freshness of heart a mere boy. Add to these that he was an inmitable raconteur brimful of wit and humor, and the word portrait is as perfect as I can make it, but far short of the man as he

odore Tilton is 6 feet 4 inches in height and nobly proportioned. As he draws near his threescore and ten be is still proudly erect, a man whose striking appearance never fails to at tract attention, whether he strolls along the quays of the Seine, stopping here and there at a bookstall; whether he walks in the Champs Elysees, or whether he engages in his favorite game of chess in a neighboring cafe His strong face, with heavy jowls, i our out us if carved out of cameo. It

is framed in snow white hair that reaches to his shoulders. He is a very abstemious in his mode of living. He rises at 4 in the morning, prepares himself an egg and howl of coffee and works at his deak until 10. He dines at the rustic bour of 12, sups at 7 p. m.—on eggs and milk -and retires to rest at 9. During his exile he has resided for brief periods at Oxford and Cambridge, Stuttgart, Munich, Dresden, Paris and London Paris has been his permanent abode London, his favorite city, he calls "the palse of the world."-Pittsburg Dis

To Be Lady In Waiting Lady Strafford, who, it is said, will be made lady in waiting to Queen Vic toria as soon as opportunity arises, is an American woman. She was former



LADY STRAFFORD She married the Earl of Strafford in New York in December, 1898. Six months later the earl was cut to pieces

by a railroad train.

161,908 carried.

equerry and was to have been made a lord in waiting when the first vacancy occurred. He was his queen's devoted and faithful servant, friend and adviser for many years, and she resented the gossip that followed his death. So Lady Strafford's appointment as lady in waiting will demonstrate her majes-ty's approval of her. The queen has several times received Lady Strafford since her husband's death. The Countees de Manny-Talvand, the earl's youngest daughter, is lady in waiting

In the United States last year one passenger was killed for every 2,189,-023 carried and one injured for every

Headache Hood's Pills

An American Disease.

DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL IS AUthority for the statement that no ousness is the characteristic a ady of the American nation, ady of the American narrow, and statistics show that nerve deaths number one-fourth of all deaths recorded, the mortality being main-ly among young people.

Johnston's Sarsaparilla

s the grand specific for this gramerican disease, because it g American disease, because it goes straight to the source of the weakness, building up health and
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