

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

An Unassuming Young Man Who Makes Friends.

Everybody votes the Duke of Marlborough a good fellow. He has made a very pleasant impression in New York. The men and women of society like him, the Willie boys imitate his garments and his manners, and the girls say he is the "darling," and the reporters, who are perhaps the severest critics, and whose verdict is entirely disinterested, say that he is a very agreeable, unassuming young gentleman. He puts on no airs, but for a boy of 23, who has seen but little of the world and has played in a most trying position, he has maintained a quiet, well-bred dignity that furnishes a very favorable contrast to some of the nobility who have come over here to reinforce their titles with our millions. His appearance is not impressive, and he is not very good looking, and he hasn't the bone and brawn of the traditional Briton. On the contrary, he is rather under size, but has a fresh, healthy complexion, frank and affable manners, and talks in a pleasant, unassuming, boyish way about his experiences and impressions that is quite charming. The duke takes a sensible view of his arrest in Central Park the other day, when he violated the regulations about bicyclic riding. He was ignorant of the rules, and was quite unconscious of wrong-doing, and admits that the policeman was only performing his duty.

His grace purchased four large white mules during his recent visit to Kentucky, and intends to drive them four in a hand to a drag when he returns to Blenheim. It was an idea of his own, and he thinks "it will be a great go."

Deafness Can Not Be Cured

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When the tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surface.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists; 75c.

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It is supposed that Americans' good habits are due to the fact that they so much push while they are babies.

We have several excellent newspapers for sale at reasonable prices. Western Newspaper Union, Denver, Colorado.



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

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The FISH BRAND SLICKER is warranted waterproof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. The new POMMEL SLICKER is a perfect riding coat, and covers the entire saddle. Beware of imitations. Don't buy a coat if the "Fish Brand" is not on it. Illustrated Catalogue free. A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

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A SPECIALTY Primary, Secondary, Tertiary. 1500¢. Permanent cure in 10 to 30 days. You can be treated at home for same price under same guarantee. If you prefer to come here we will re-charge, if we fail to cure. If you have taken mercury, iodine, potash, and still have aches and pain, Mucous Patches in mouth, Sore Throat, Skin Piles, Copper Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, it is this Secondary BLOOD POISON we guarantee to cure. We select the most obstinate cases and challenge the world for a case we cannot cure. This medicine has always baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians. \$500,000 capital behind our unconditional guarantee. Absolute proofs sent upon application. Address: CHAS. H. MEDY, CO., 367 Madison Temple, CHICAGO, ILL.
Cut out and send this advertisement.

RASPBERRY'S RUSE.



O see my friends mourn for me after I am dead would be the most charming emotion I could experience."

Mr. Raspberry used often to say this to his valet, and the valet always answered:

"La, sir, you couldn't do it, sir, you know; because after folks is expired why, they air removed from this here wale of tears, sir. I think—begging pardon, sir—that it would be an unhappiness."

"No, no, Perkins," said Mr. Raspberry; "no, no, you don't understand these finer feelings."

To which the valet always replied: "No, sir—probably not, sir."

This was before Mr. Raspberry's wedding, and for a year after this ceremony Perkins had heard nothing of the formerly often expressed wish.

But one winter morning, as Mr. Raspberry read the account of a dreadful railroad accident, he said again, as though he had never left off:

"How delightful it would be to see one's friends mourn for one!"

This time Perkins answered:

"But missus would take on so."

"The very thing," said Mr. R. "Perkins, can you keep a secret?"

"Inwaluate," said Perkins, who was prone to the use of words but vaguely understood—"inwaluate."

"Then, Perkins," said Mr. Raspberry, "I am going to meet with a railway accident."

"Gracious!" said Perkins.

"It's all arranged," said Mr. Raspberry.

"Dear me, sir, I hope not, sir," said Perkins.

"I'm to be put at the head of the list of killed," said Raspberry. "A reporter I know has promised to do it. On an average there's an accident once a week—the next one I'm to be in."

"Beg pardon, sir, won't it be sustidide?" asked Perkins.

"I don't mean to be killed," said Raspberry; "only reported so."

"La!" said Perkins, "but poor young missus?"

"The very thing," said Raspberry; "I am much older than she is—twenty years." He was forty-five. "And I should like to see how she would mourn for me after I am gone, if it should be my fate to go first. I shall bid her adieu as though going upon a journey, and then hide myself in these rooms of mine. When the accident occurs and she sees the paper, I'll take care to be at hand. My nephew, Julius, will



BEHOLD ME AND DREAD MY VENGEANCE.

grieve, too. I've been indulgent to him, and she will break her little heart."

"Yes, sir; but, sir, won't she be angry when she finds out it's a hoax?" asked Perkins.

"She shall never find it out," said Raspberry, "never. I'll tell her it was a false report. That I was on the train, but escaped."

"Yes, sir," said Perkins, doubtfully, and brushed his master's hair in a thoughtful manner.

Remonstrance was in his eye, but Mr. Raspberry cared nothing for that. He had determined on his course of conduct.

That very day he went through a little drama of his own concoction, received a letter, declared that urgent business required his presence in another city, packed a valise, wrapped himself in a shawl, bid adieu to his wife and jumped into a cab at the door.

At midnight he was secretly assisted to re-enter the house by a back window, and repaired to his dressing room secretly provisioned as for a siege, with potted meats, biscuit, canned fruits, and other delicacies, by the active Perkins.

There he remained for at least a week before Perkins, glancing over the morning paper, saw a list of the killed and wounded in great, black letters on the front page, with Mr. Royal Raspberry's name at the head thereof.

Then Perkins' heart quailed.

"It's too bad for missus," he said.

"If she is sorry it may half kill her, if she isn't she'll pay for it. I'll tell her,

and if I go for it, I hope I'll find a master with more hair to fix and less anxious to have it done various and becoming."

Then Perkins took the paper and walked into his lady's sitting room. "Please'm," he said, "I've got something to tell you—don't be alarmed—it's about master."

"Oh, Perkins!" cried the lady. "Oh, Perkins! you've got the newspaper? What is it? Oh! oh! oh!"

"It ain't nothin' of that natur'," said Perkins. "Master is alive and well, and upstairs, eating potted shad and crackers."

"When did he come?" asked the wife, "and what do you mean by shutting the door?"

"Perkins" cried Mr. Raspberry's nephew, Julius, "if you have anything to tell, out with it; don't stand there alarming us. My dear uncle is not ill?"

"He will be if he eats much more shad," said Perkins. "But he's well at present, but he's too morantic. He's attempting to harper up your feelings. In p'int of fact, in order to see you mourn for him, he's hiding upstairs, while he's reported squashed in this ere railroad accident. It's a dreadful one. He paid a reporter to put him in, mum, the first that happened."

"Don't show me the dreadful thing," said Mrs. Raspberry. "Oh, how could Royal be so very heartless—how could he? No matter, I'll punish him, and I'll not betray you either. Tell Mr. Raspberry I have the news, and let him spy upon me when he pleases."

"Yes, ma'am," said Perkins.

"She's got it, sir," said Perkins, ten minutes after. "It was carried in."

"Ah, ha!" said Raspberry. "Now I shall see what grief my demise will cause. Julius is there?"

"Yes, sir," said Perkins.

And Raspberry, in slipped feet, repaired to a peep-hole prepared beforehand in a doorpanel. All was silence.

"She is lying in a swoon upon the floor," thought Raspberry, with a qualm of conscience.

But in a moment he saw the lady smiling and beating time to an air she hummed with the folded newspaper.

"She has not read it yet," thought Raspberry. "How delightful! I shall see the whole."

He applied his eye more closely to the aperture. Just then the lady spoke.

"If all we read is true, we are rid of him."

"Yes, the old stupid!" said Mr. Julius.

"I suppose he's left you everything?"

"I hope so," said the lady. "I shall go into deep mourning and a cap—the style becomes me—and I shall be a dashing young widow as soon as I dare. I hate being mewed up here. I shall travel to the watering places and enjoy myself."

"Good heaven!" moaned Mr. Raspberry. "What do I hear?"

"And I will accompany you," said Julius.

"Certainly," said the lady. "And you need not call me aunt any more."

"Never again," said Julius; "but by a dearer name soon."

"Oh, go away! Don't. It's improper so soon," said the lady.

"I shall die," said Mr. Raspberry.

"Oh, I shall die in earnest."

But rage and curiosity rooted him to the spot.

Julius had sunk on his knees before Mrs. Raspberry, and taken her hand.

"You will be mine?" he said.

"Oh, yes, Julius," said Mrs. R.; "but for form's sake we ought to attend to Mr. R.'s remains."

"Bother!" said Julius. "Since they've smashed the old fellow let them sweep him away and finish it. What do we want of him?"

Then horrible words broke the spell cast upon Mr. Raspberry; he dashed the door open, and darted forward.

"You'll find me more difficult to sweep away than you imagine," he cried. "Perjured woman, false and wicked Julius, behold me and dread my vengeance!"

Then Mr. Raspberry shook both his fists and lifted them heavenward, at which Mrs. Raspberry laughed more heartily.

"You can laugh—you," he cried.

"Yes I," said Mrs. Raspberry; "and when next you get up a little farce, remember that other people may be able to do likewise. For one rehearsal Julius and I have done very well. Now, sir, beg my pardon for trying to alarm me. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Then you—you knew!" gasped Mr. Raspberry. "Oh, Adelaide, tell me you knew!"

"I certainly knew," said Mrs. R., "and prepared a little surprise for you. If instead you had seen me drop dead upon the floor you would have been happy, cruel man!"

"Thank heaven!" said Mr. Raspberry, sinking into a chair. "You almost killed me, Adelaide—how could you? And Julius—ah, I suffered too much. Sweep me away! As a joke it was bad enough, but in earnest—"

Then Mrs. Raspberry condescended to offer her lips to Mr. Raspberry, and Mr. Raspberry consented to receive the proffered forgiveness, though he still looked doubtfully at Julius, and domestic felicity was restored by the arrival of a hot dinner, which, after the cold refreshments of the past week, was highly acceptable to Mr. Raspberry.

"Bat, Perkins," said Mr. R., as his valet performed his next toilet, "Bat,

Perkins, I will never try to play a trick upon a woman again. I'm not sharp enough for them. If I had really been killed she would have grieved, eh, Perkins?"

"Undoubtedly, sir," said Perkins; "and Mr. Julius too, sir."

But for all that, Nephew Julius was sent out to Paris as correspondent for an importing house, very shortly, and found, on his uncle's death that his name was not remembered in the will. He had acted too naturally, and Mr. Raspberry never forgave him.

NO MORE RICE-THROWING.

Confetti (Silver, Gold and Colored Oats) Substituted.

Most of us who have had anything to do with weddings have had experiences of the direful effects of the showers of rice which mark the departure of the bride and groom, says the London Queen. There are few young couples who have not entered upon their honeymoon with actual physical pain, thanks to the stone grains which have stung their eyes and ears and have found their way into their clothes and down their necks. Worse disasters even than this have followed the use of rice as a sign of the good-will of their friends, and serious accidents have not infrequently occurred in consequence of the reckless showering of these grains. The horses have been scared, and this, in some cases, has led to the overthrowing of the carriage and the severe injury of its occupants. Attempts have occasionally been made to mend this state of affairs, but until lately nothing has taken the place of rice. Rose petals and small flowers have been tried, but they have many disadvantages, notably that of becoming crushed to pulp and leaving unsightly stains on the carpets of the house. Shreds of colored paper have occasionally been used, but in these there is something too suggestive of the schoolboy's "hare and hounds" to excite much interest. At a recent fashionable double wedding at the west end considerable admiration was caused among the guests by the distribution of confetti as a substitute for the offending rice. They were such as are used at Eastbourne and the Riviera for the battle of flowers and on similar occasions. For the benefit of such readers as are unacquainted with confetti I may describe them as tiny paper wafers, principally gold and silver, with a few colored ones intermixed by way of adding to the effect. The progress of each bride down the staircase to the carriage on this particular occasion was made in a shower of gold and silver—surely as good an omen for her future prosperity as could possibly be afforded by the prosaic grains of rice. The effect of the myriads of sparkling confetti was absolutely charming and fairlike as they fluttered to the ground the sun catching them as they fell. Certainly they clung about the dresses of the newly married couples, but they did no harm, and were soon shaken off. In the house, as they fell on the floral decorations and sparkled among the roses and ferns, they produced a result that is well worthy of note by those whose business it is to provide novelties for functions of this sort. As for the horses, they were sublimely unconscious of the tiny gold and silver pieces with which their backs had been sprinkled by the time they started.

When Indian Summer Comes. If any hot days come along this month or next loose-talking people call them "Indian summer." The Indian summer is the "summer of all Saints" (November 1), and follows the setting in of cold autumn weather, hard frosts and the blight of flowers and foliage. Its loveliness consists in the reminiscence, not the revival of the ardor of summer; it is a pause while the grasp of coming winter is stayed for a little space, given to wistful regret and pensive retrospection amidst the dying beauties of nature.—Boston Transcript.

CURIOUS FACTS.

Of modern American pipes the most interesting are the calumet or pipe of peace, the tomahawk or war pipe and the elaborately-carved stone pipe of the North Pacific.

Briar-root pipes are cut out of the wood of the tree heath which grows in southern France and Italy, and the pipes are manufactured at Nuremberg and at St. Cloud in the east of France.

Toads and frogs have sometimes been taught to stay in a house to catch flies and insects. They will take a corner of the kitchen for their own and come out at regular times for their meals.

In China otters are taught to catch fish for their owners, being led to the water for the purpose attached to a long cord. In Bengal also an Indian species is trained to assist in fishing by driving the fish into nets.

Probably the largest number of men ever employed in the building of a single ship are now at work upon the British battle ship Magnificent in the Chatham dock yard. There are 2,000 mechanics on the payroll.

To My Joy

Hood's Sarsaparilla overcame the effects of the grip, cured me of dyspepsia, and nervous prostration. I treated with three different doctors without realizing relief. I resorted to Hood's Sarsaparilla and shortly my appetite was improved and my rest was not much broken at night, getting up in the morning greatly refreshed. After taking three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla I was entirely cured and today feel as well as ever in my life." R. B. SANOSTER, Ken-sett, Arkansas. Get Hood's because



entirely cured and today feel as well as ever in my life." R. B. SANOSTER, Ken-sett, Arkansas. Get Hood's because

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Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, headache, etc.

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