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THE DAILY EXAMINER.

JULY 31, 1897.

DIDN'T KNOW STRATTON.

But After the Millionaire Had Identified Himself He Got His Car.

Probably no town of its size has as many very rich men as Colorado Springs. "They have millionaires to burn," said a gentleman who recently visited there. "Colorado Springs is the home of W. S. Stratton, the man who a few years ago was at work with a jackplane, earning a scanty living, but who is now the possessor of anywhere from \$15,000,000 to \$20,000,000," said my friend. "Stratton does not have the appearance of a man borne down with a weighty pocket-book. Much of the time he goes about in clothes a tramp might object to. When he had, in a couple of years, cleaned up the paltry sum of \$4,500,000—or \$2,000,000 a year—himself and family thought they would like a vacation. They concluded to make a trip to California.

"The next day Stratton went to Denver on business. His banker had notified him that he had made a mistake of \$250,000 in his bank account. He had that much more in the bank than he thought he had. Upon investigation he discovered that he had sent the bank a check for that amount, just taken from the sale of his mine, which he had not noted. That matter cleared up, Mr. Stratton thought he would see about getting tickets for the California trip. As usual, he had on a rather shabby suit.

"Have you got a bargain in tickets to California?" asked Stratton. "The clerk looked him over carefully and concluded that a hobo had dropped in to get out of the sun.

"Not today. We may have one tomorrow."

"Well, you sell tickets to California, don't you?"

"Certainly, but we have no job lot on hand at present."

"How much is a ticket to San Francisco?"

"The clerk told him.

"Let me see. I shall have to take along several people—servants, you know. Guess you had better give me nine tickets."

"While the clerk was staring at him Stratton was struck with a new idea.

"By the way, how much will a special car cost? I like to go as comfortably as possible when I travel. Yes, I guess I'll have a special car. How much will it cost?"

"The man told him. It was a large sum.

"That's all right. Look here. I'm going to stay a month or six weeks, and I guess I'll sleep in the special. How much more will that cost?" He was told. "All right. I'll take that car for six weeks. Got a blank check?"

"The clerk gave him one. It was filled out and handed to the clerk, who said:

"I know all about Mr. Stratton, but I don't know that you are Mr. Stratton."

"At that moment Banker Moffett passed by. Stratton called out, 'Come in here, Moffett.' He came in. 'Am I Stratton?' 'You are.' 'I thought so, but this clerk had his doubts. Thank you.'"
—Chicago Times-Herald.

Why We Use Diamond Dyes.

From tens of thousands of letters received from ladies commending the Diamond Dyes, the following reasons are selected why Diamond should be used in preference to all others:

"Diamond Dyes are so easy to use that my little girl of ten year can work with them perfectly."

"I have tried three other makes of Dyes but find Diamond Dyes so sure and true to color that I will not use any other make."

"Your Black, Cardinal, Green, Orange and Brown Diamond Dyes have been used in our home for many years. The colors are so bright, clear and lasting that I heartily commend them to all families."

"Diamond Dyes forever! They are great economizers and savers of money. I have always been successful in dyeing over dresses, jackets and suits with them."

"I am a maker of home made carpets, rugs and mats, and always use Diamond Dyes for coloring my wool and cotton rags. Your dyes give lovely colors, and so fast that even sun will not fade them."

THE FOLDING BED.

It Is Still an Object of Suspicion to Many Hotel Visitors.

"I'm sorry, sir," said the polite young up town hotel clerk to the grum looking guest, "but I haven't another room in the house tonight. If you could use this till morning, I'll fix you up right for tomorrow." But the inducement persuasively delivered failed to work and the grum looking man went away.

When he had got over the threshold, the suave clerk smiled a sort of pensive smile and said: "You can't do anything with these fellows. It beats the world how a man will let his prejudices drive him out into the night to seek inferior accommodations. And yet this man looked like he knew better too."

"What was it dissatisfied him?"

"Nothing in the world except that in the only room he'd have there was a folding bed. You see we are crowded now and there are but few vacant apartments. He is a crank on the subject of folding beds because in modern times two or three human beings have been caught in them when they folded up inopportunely and had their lives crushed out. I pleaded with him that no such disaster could happen here, for nowadays folding beds are made with patent catches that absolutely prevent them from manslaugher. No matter how sorely a bed such as we have should yearn to close upon its slumbering victim those catches forbid. I told him all this, but it had no effect."

"Are most people imbued with this prejudice?"

"Yes. I think a majority of the traveling public has that feeling, and I do not believe the time will ever come when the folding bed will gain the full confidence, much less the affection, of the American people."—Washington Post.

A Day With Verdi.

On Verdi's recent birthday—his eighty-third—the veteran composer was seen at 5 o'clock in the morning at the weekly market at Piacenza with several sheep which he had brought to sell. He also wished to buy a cow and some vegetables, and so spent the entire day surrounded by farmers and tradesmen. At 6 o'clock in the evening he invited the whole assemblage into the inn and gave them a fine supper.

Lucky.

"The codfish," said the professor, "lays considerably more than 1,000,000 eggs."

"It is exceedingly lucky for the codfish that she doesn't have to cackle over every egg," said the student who came from the country.—Pick Me Up.

Handel's Memory.

Handel had one of the most phenomenal musical memories ever known. He knew by heart over 50 operas from beginning to end.

"IN SICKNESS AND IN HEALTH"

Man and Wife Join Hands in Proclaiming the Great American Nerve King of Cures for Stomach Trouble and Nerves.

Mr. S. Phillips, of Wiarion Out., writes: I was very much emaciated by chronic dysentery and dyspepsia for a number of years. No remedy or no physician seemed to successfully cope with my case. When all else had failed I read of the cures being effected by South American Nerve. I decided to give it a trial. Before I had taken half a bottle I was much improved and felt greatly relieved. A few bottles of it have made me a new man. I am better and healthier than I had felt years. His wife was also a great sufferer from stomach trouble and headaches. She says: "Seeing the wonderful effect it was having on my husband, I tried it also. The remedy gave me almost instant relief, and has cured and made a strong woman of me." For sale by Dr. S. W. Dodd and Geo. E. Hughes.

A New Horace.

The poem which Pope Leo XIII has given to the world will have a wider reading than his wisest encyclical, and this not altogether through curiosity as to the metrical utterances of the head of the Catholic church, but by reason of the captivating sense of the verses themselves. Indeed it may be said that the practical wisdom contained in these lines is as great as that of many formal ecclesiastical documents.

The present pope has before this shown himself in close touch with modern thought and progress on educational, social and material lines, and now he demonstrates his clear comprehension of an important point of morality as concerned with individual conduct.

His ode in praise of frugality has, moreover, literary merit which places it alongside of the classics. It has the simplicity of art which distinguishes Horace and a plain directness of expression which gives his verses a pertinent charm.—Boston Post.

Lovers' Alarm Clock.

A Lone Elm (Mo.) genius has invented a lovers' alarm clock. At 10 o'clock it strikes loudly, two little doors open, and a figure of a man, attired in a dressing gown, appears, holding in his right hand a sign on which are inscribed the words, "Good night."

BE SURE you get what you want when you ask for Hood's Sarsaparilla. Unequalled in Merit, Sales, Cures. There's no substitute for **HOOD'S**.

AN INSECT CATCHER.

A Plant Named *Darlingtonia* That Lures Insects to Destruction.

California has a trumpet leaf more remarkable than those that grow in the east. It is the *Darlingtonia*, named for Dr. Darlington, a famous botanist who lived near Philadelphia many years ago. In the mountains where it grows the people call it calf's head from the shape of the pitchers. These are sometimes three feet tall and are covered at top by a sort of hood that bends down over the mouth. The hood ends in two spreading wings that give it the look of a fish's tail. Like the other trumpet leaf, *Darlingtonia* has its pitchers brightly colored, so as to catch the eyes of flying insects and lure them to their destruction. Around the mouth of the pitcher, along the fish tail and often down the wing on one side there is a little of the sweetish, sticky substance that offers a bait to the visitor, tempting him to come always a little farther in search of more.

The upper side of the fish tail and the inside of the pitchers are covered with stiff hairs that point downward. Master Insect finds it easy work to crawl down into the pitcher, but if he gets frightened by the darkness at the bottom and tries to return as he came he finds these hairs very much in his way. So at length, worn out by his vain efforts to climb up, he usually falls into the well beneath him. But even if he is strong enough to get past the hairs he is not likely to find his way to the opening, for that is quite dark, while the hood covering the pitcher is lighted up by thin yellow dots scattered over it, much like the oil paper that people covered their windows with in the old days before glass was common. The poor prisoner beats around inside the hood like a wasp on a window pane, until he is tired out and drops to the bottom. The California insect catcher sets its trap for big game. Grasshoppers, bees, hornets, butterflies and now and then a small are captured by it, besides many a smaller morsel. It is one of the hungriest of the insect eating plants.—Thomas H. Kearney, Jr., in St. Nicholas.

Letters With Queer Addresses.

"It is wonderful how much confidence people have in a letter carrier's ability to deliver letters," said a letter carrier. "Very often we have letters to deliver with scarcely any address at all and even that imperfect. If they manage, however, to get the number of the house and the street right, we can generally do the rest, it matters not how the names are spelled, or even if they have been left off altogether. In other instances the names are all right, but there is no address. In nine cases out of ten such letters reach their destination, though they are often somewhat delayed. I had a letter a few days ago which illustrates my idea. It was addressed to a public wagon stand, to be delivered to the driver of a gray horse with a covered furniture wagon, the wagon being painted green." It was the last word that secured the delivery, for it happens there are three white horses which are usually on that stand, but there was only one green painted wagon. The laughable part of it was that the letter was marked 'Immediate.' I visited that stand three times during the day, and though white horses were in evidence each time I was there, the green painted wagon did not show up until my last trip. Then the combination was complete, and I delivered the letter. It was an order for the driver to move some furniture.

"Another letter I once delivered was equally blindly addressed. It was addressed to 'Mr. —, who owns two Spitz dogs, one a yellow and the other a gray.' In a note on the back of the envelope, addressed 'To the letter carrier,' the information was given that the name had slipped the mind of the writer, but that the man with the two dogs was known to the carrier. It happened that I did know the man and had often seen him with his dogs, but he lived two miles from my route, though he very frequently came through it, visiting his son, who lived in my district. He got his letter, though."—Washington Star.

Helping Him Out.

Crawley and his wife were at a dinner party the other night, and Crawley, who had been waiting three-quarters of an hour for the opportunity, suddenly burst out with:

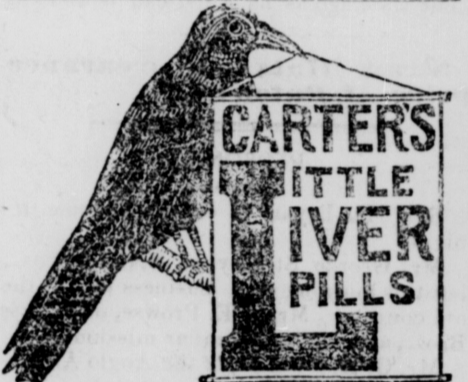
"That reminds me of a little story I heard the other day about an absentminded man who was going to take a bath on Saturday night and"—

"You are mistaken, my dear," said the wife of Crawley's bosom across the table in her calm yet firm voice. "It was not Saturday night; it was on Wednesday night. You always get it wrong when you try to tell the story, and I think that even a simple little story should be told correctly if at all, and you are so apt to get muddled on the main points of a story that I'd rather help you out by telling the main points myself, which were that the man was very absentminded, and one night when he had filled the bathtub full of water preparatory to taking a bath his head was so full of other things that what did he do but plunge right in without taking off any of his clothes. Those are the main points, and now you may go on with the story, Mr. Crawley."

And Crawley laughed lightly as he said, "I guess there is nothing left to tell, my dear," but the thoughts and strong desires that were hidden away in the secret recess of his heart only Mr. Crawley knew as they went on their homeward way.—New York World.

The Queen's Watermen.

To most people, probably, the very existence of such a body as the queen's watermen is unknown. The uniform consists of a scarlet jacket, with royal badge back and front, waistcoat, breeches and stockings, with low shoes and a black cap resembling that worn by the band of the First Life guards. The queen has never used the royal barges, which are under the care of Mr. Messenger of Teddington, in his capacity of queen's bargemaster. These vessels are divided longitudinally by a gangway, the carmen sitting two on a seat on either side, as in the ancient Greek and Roman galleys and the more modern convict survivors.—London Tit-Bits.



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Mr. Mr. C. W. Lindsay, Montreal, Agent Heintzman Pianos

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(Signed), The Sisters of the Congregation de Notre Dame

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