

ply as upon the country estate, but everything bears the mark of a refined feminine taste. The count insists on using nothing but a pewee plate, mug, knife and fork, and they are always at his place at the end of the table. Madame Tolstoy presides at the other end, and she insists equally emphatically on having a well-appointed table for herself and her children.

DOESN'T INDORSE ALL.

It is perhaps not so strange after all that she is not an enthusiastic follower of her husband's extreme views, seeing she has suffered such great deprivation on account of them. She thinks many of the count's ideas are true, but she believes that the family has a right to enough to eat, that the children have a right to a good education, and that she has a right to pass her last days free from the financial worries she has always had.

Her reception on Saturday when she is in Moscow are crowded with bright, interesting people, strangers from many parts of the world, the rich and the poor. She is gracious to all, and talks to you in whatever language you like—German, French, English, Russian—will discuss the literature of your own or any other country, can talk politics, science, or how to bring up babies. Truly a remarkable woman!

FOND OF AMERICANS.

When we called at the Moscow home we went without letters of introduction of any sort, but our Russian guide told us that being Americans we would be sure to be welcomed. But how to convey a message of our nationality. Madame Tolstoy was a different matter. The servant at the door aware that the countess was not in town. Then when we said we knew she was, we were told that she was not at home. "Well, here I stay until she returns," dramatically exclaimed a girl in the party and we all thronged at our selves down in the hall and looked defiance at the big Russian servant in his faultless uniform and grand air. "We had no long to wait until one of the daughters came through and when we explained that we were Americans, she gave the pompous servant a sound rapping in rapid Russian, then made us welcome in perfect English and took us upstairs where Madame Tolstoy sat reading in the drawing room.

"Pardon me, servant," she said, "of course we could not possibly receive all the travelers who call uninvited for so many come from mere curiosity. But we make an exception for Americans because we are our best friends next to our own country people."

Years of maternity have given the countess a staid, sensible manner and her face is very motherly. Her smile is very sympathetic. She was dressed with a simplicity that changing fashions could not affect. But we soon discovered that she shifted the conversation from books and socialistic doctrines—we were trying to get her to discuss her husband's ideas—to the extremely feminine topic of frocks.

"You have just come from Paris; what are they wearing?" she asked, then laughed as she saw we were somewhat astonished. "Ah, you know I love pretty things," she said in half apology. "It is so recently that I have seen anything of the world."

She evaded fully any criticism of the count's work and theories of life, but she said very freely that she rejoiced in having her eldest daughter back again in the family circle. This girl was an ardent disciple of her father's and nearly ruined her health by working in the fields and eating bad food.

The count came in for a moment before we left, extremely feeble and looking aged in comparison with his wife. He began to talk in an abrupt way, interested to know about America, but hating against its worldly spirit, severely looking at us all, his eyes gleaming with a strange, fanatical fire. We watched the countess while he was talking and her expressive face betrayed the disapproval she would not utter. It was so plain that we were all struck by it. She took occasion soon to interrupt the count and take us goodbye with a charming smile and almost a look of pleading. We felt as if she had begged our pardon collectively and individually.

The next day I went to her to ask for a photograph and she replied at once, sending several which she said had been taken by her eldest son and which she had thought were good likenesses. Each one had a photograph, which I had not been bold enough to ask for.

THE PLEASURE OF EATING.

Persons suffering from indigestion, dyspepsia or other stomach trouble will find that Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat and makes the stomach sweet. This remedy is a never failing cure for indigestion and dyspepsia and all complaints affecting the glands or membranes of the stomach or digestive tract. When you take Kodol Dyspepsia Cure everything you eat tastes good, and every bit of the nutriment that your food contains is assimilated and appropriated by the blood and tissues. Sold by all druggists.

CROKER AND IRISH GIRLS.

Founded a Society to Keep Them From Coming to America.

Special Correspondence. London, Sept. 16.—One of the officers of the United States Immigration society, which has been publishing startling statements about the fate of many of the Irish girls who go to America, informs me that Richard Croker of Tammany fame was chiefly responsible for the formation of the society. Sometime ago, while on a visit to his brother in Cork, he made it his business to interview some of the Irish priests and bishops in the south of Ireland on the subject of the exodus to the United States, and related to them some tragic stories which had come under his own notice in the slums of New York. He saw the archbishop of Dublin on the subject and impressed upon him the scheme that would do something to convince young girls and their parents of the folly of indiscriminate emigration.

Mr. Croker promised that if a society were formed for this object he would lend it financial support.

AMERICAN MEAT DEALERS.

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BEATS SALT LAKE ALL TO PIECES.

Feasts of London's Lord Mayor And City Council Cost \$150,000 Last Year.

CLEANED OUT THE TREASURY.

English Provincial Vestrymen "Blow In" the Public Money at a Lively Rate—"Inspection Visits."

Special Correspondence.

London, Sept. 16.—If possible, aldermen over here are even fonder of good living than those in America, but the tendency of English city fathers to regale themselves at the public's expense is likely to have a check put upon it pretty soon if many more such figures come to light as have been made public recently.

The annual statement of the chamberlain of the ancient London borough that calls itself the "City"—issued a few days ago—revealed the fact that the municipality's expenditure for the year 1902 had been \$293,000 more than its income, and the disgust of the taxpayers over this state of things was not lessened by the discovery that over \$150,000 of the money spent had been lavished on banquets at which the lord mayor and his attendant satellites had entertained royalty and various other distinguished guests.

Fortunately for the people who have to contribute to its support, the "City" of London hasn't yet followed the example of so many other London boroughs and gone in for "municipal trading," as they call it when a place tries its hand at running its own street railways, electric light plants and so on.

For those in charge of such enterprises seem especially apt to acquire the habit of "blowing themselves" at the cost of the tax-payers. In a good many places these "borough councillors" or "vestrymen" or whatever they call themselves are great on "visits of inspection" to other provincial towns, to London, and even to continental cities, and the "inspecting" of the various municipal enterprises in these centers is made the excuse for such an amount of winning and dining as none but millionaires or folk traveling at some one else's expense could afford.

And such "city fathers"—who, more often than not, are small grocers, peddlers or even hucksters—often elect to equip the offices in which they carry out their deliberations in a style such as the president of an American trust might envy.

Here, for instance, are some details of such expenditures which are so extravagant that they are positively ludicrous. On May 22, 1902, the Liverpool Baths committee held an "inspection" which cost the tax-payers of that city just \$135—made up of these items: Twenty-four dinners, \$45—about \$1.50 each—champagne, \$50—more than the dinners cost—"other wines and spirits," \$14, mineral waters, coffee and cigars, \$25.50. And here are the expenses of the Liverpool Waterworks committee, which held a session on April 17, '02. Luncheon for five, cold chickens and tongue, \$12.25, salmon and sauce \$1.75, tarts and cakes \$2.50, tea, \$1.00, 40 cents, two French rolls, 25 cents, one bottle of whisky, \$1.00, eight bottles of soda-water, \$1.00, one bottle of Heilmann's, \$1.50, 18 cigars, \$2.50.

And here is what it cost to furnish an ordinary room in the Hackney town hall into a "mayor's parlour"—painting and decorating, \$175, a carved oak side-board, \$150, Turkey carpet, \$115, overmantle and mantle piece, \$100, carved writing table, \$60, best morocco all hair couch, \$45, six chairs to match \$30. And in Lancashire, an auditor of the cost of furnishing the new offices for the corporation found that while he did not object to good furniture, it did "rise" him to encounter such items as \$45 for a tea-service, \$22 for a tea set, \$12 for two cases of fish-carvers, and other "charming" such knick-knacks as champagne nippers, and "surprise" cork-screws.

Since the above was written it has come to light that in connection with the expenses of incorporating a new town, a refreshment bill was rendered for something over \$350, which had been eaten up and poured down in four days. The regular dinners and luncheons in that time necessitated 129 bottles of wine, and "sundry other dinners and drinks" came to \$50 extra, while cigars were as free as air.

In some districts the tax-rate within a few years has increased 50 per cent, while England's total municipal debt totals more than \$1,500,000,000, a figure exceeding the existing national indebtedness.

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SHE GAINED THIRTY POUNDS.

MRS. WEBER TELLS HOW SHE WAS HELPED WHEN DOCTORS FAILED.

She Let Her Trouble Become Chronic Because She Hesitated to Consult Her Physician—Particulars of a Remarkable Case.

The natural reluctance which every woman feels to consult a physician regarding troubles peculiar to their sex caused Mrs. C. Weber, of No. 7655 South Front street, Columbus, Ohio, to let her trouble run on until it became chronic, and even the excellent doctor for whom she employed could give her no relief that was permanent. She writes as follows concerning a case that will interest hundreds of women and every husband whose wife is ailing:

"I felt the trouble a long time before I went to our doctor, perhaps a year or more. When I did consult him he told me I had female trouble and that my ovaries were affected. I felt sharp pains through my stomach and could not walk across the room without suffering agonies which I cannot describe. My head ached so that it fairly thumped and at times it seemed that I would go crazy. My stomach became so weak that it felt as if it were only the lightest food. Week after week I took the doctor's medicine, but I continued to feel worse and worse. On several occasions I was confined to my bed for a week at a time. My weight decreased to 102 pounds and I seemed a confirmed invalid."

One day I read of a case similar to mine that had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and although I did not have much confidence, I began taking the pills, having already discontinued my doctor's treatment. While I was taking the second box I began feeling a little better and the improvement continued until I was cured. The pains disappeared, my appetite and digestion improved and in a few months I had recovered my health and strength and weighed 132 pounds. I have recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People to several people and I know that they took them with good results."

No discovery of modern times has proved such a blessing to women as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Acting directly on the blood and nerves, invigorating the body, regulating the functions, they restore strength and health in the exhausted patient when every other method of the physician proves unavailing. These pills are sold in boxes at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had at all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

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