

American society women with Mrs. Adair as their leader are doing much to popularize Ireland as a tourist resort. This season Lady Barrymore, Lady Denoughmore, and the Duchess of Manchester have been entertaining a considerable number of wealthy American people at their respective places in Ireland. Poverty-stricken Donegal has benefited most in consequence of the activities of Mrs. Adair and her friends. Donegal, though, is poor, and the people have been following with increased interest, and the locality will be the richer by some thousands of dollars. Lady Barrymore's party are doing Killarney, and the river Blackwater is close to her residence in the County of Cork, and supplies excellent fishing for bay and her friends.

CONFESION ALBUM.

One of the latest fads in fashionable society is the confession album, but the gorgeous character of these receptacles for the acknowledgment of venial sins is hardly suggestive of the sash and ashes which were wont to be regarded as evidence of sincere penitence in a more strenuous age for the aristocracy.

The Duchess of Marlborough is credited with possessing the handsomest confession book in England. It covering is of rich oriental canvas, and the lettering is in enamel on white satin. A diamond-studded horseshoe, symbolical of an alliance between wealth and good luck, which are not always found in conjunction, is attached to it by a white streamer. Its pages are beautifully decorated, but what is written upon them is a carefully guarded secret.

Unique in design and prettily suggestive of the promptings of its contents is the confession album of the Duchess of Buccleugh. It is heart-shaped and upon each page is a little heart shaped pocket into which can be slipped a leaf containing a confession. It is kept in her boudoir in Piccadilly. Of similar design is the book which serves the same purpose for the Princess of Pless. She keeps it locked and none but herself is ever entrusted with the golden key that opens it.

The Duchess of Manchester has a confession book made of satin the pages of which are beautifully decorated with miniature paintings. It is shrewdly surmised that some of her confessions record ebullitions of temper over the slowness of British bulldogs, which balked her ambition to entertain the king and queen at Kylemore castle on the occasion of their Irish visit.

TOUCH OF AMERICAN ACTIVITY.

Charles T. Verkes, the erstwhile Chicago street railway magnate, who has undertaken to solve London's traffic problems, so far as British officialdom and old fogeyism will let him, is among the first to lease one of the dainty suites attached to the enlarged Savoy hotel. Thus he obtains what London has not before afforded him—the service of a staff contained flat with a private office attached, and all the luxuries of a first class hotel at his command. He, therefore, has lived at various hotels but has found none of them satisfactory. Mr. Verkes says that he prefers engaging in the rapid transit business in London to the conduct of similar enterprises in America. And he frankly states that the reason for his preference is that he does not find it necessary here to maintain an expensive lobby staff and incidentally silly his conscience by wholesale bribery and corruption. Also it enables him to figure on his profits with greater certainty and assurance. And he hasn't to do so much sitting up nights to devise ways and means of getting ahead of his rivals. What both am most, he says, is the stupidity and shortsightedness of British legislators who cannot be induced to conceive how much the city would profit by giving him a free hand, despite the shining object lesson in the superiority of

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Sold by all druggists at 50¢ and \$1.00. Send 25 stamp to Dr. R. Schiffmann, Box 300, St. Paul, Minn., for a free sample package.

BISHOP OF RIPON

CLINCS TO PANTS.

(Continued from page seventeen.)

old, but looks much younger. He has a rugged, kindly face and that broad and short figure which constitutes such an excellent human packing box for high pressure, vigor and vitality. He began his career as a curate at Maidstone, and was there in 1886 when the cholera broke out. The vicar was absent at the time and did not find it convenient to return until the epidemic had spent itself, but young Carpenter stuck it out, working as hard as any of the doctors and freely risked his life. "The people were taken by surprise," he said in relating his experience, "and those drunks and debauchees who were taken. There was no organization system of nursing them. The women who were sent to attend the cholera-stricken people knew nothing about nursing. They drank the brandy intended for the relief of the sufferers. I went into a house to see a woman. The nurse was intoxicated, shortly after the poor woman died. When I read the burial service at the grave side stood the nurse still suffering from the effects of drink."

ASSAULTS THE AMERICAN CHILD.

In this savage fashion a London weekly devoted to the feminine social elect assails the American child. "Not without reason, it is to be feared, complaints have been made in various hospitals, both of the United Kingdom and on the continent, of the American child, who pervades the entire establishment, bore the visitors, interrupts the conversation at table d'hôte, orders the waiters about, and generally conducts himself in such a fashion as to fill every Englishman and Englishwoman with an intense longing to take it out and give it a good, sound nursery spanking. It is perfectly monstrous that those so-behaved, unchildlike children should be allowed to run round the vista of other people in such intolerable, and if honest proprietors have not the sense to make rules for themselves about children, they will have to be taught a severe lesson. The English and French child is not suffered to become a nuisance to grown-ups, and why then should the tiresome, spoiled little American be regarded as a 'chartered libertine'?"

WHEN HE BECAME BISHOP.

He was 42 when, in 1884, he was consecrated bishop of Ripon, and since then his reputation as one of the most strenuous sons of the church has steadily grown.

It is an abundance of the saving grace of humor—an inheritance from his Irish mother who was a Miss Boyce of Limerick.

He is fond of cracking his joke, and his own name sometimes serves the purpose well. Once he married a young couple with the assurance that he was not only a Carpenter but a Joiner.

When about to lay the foundation stone of a new vicarage the architect handed him the trowel, inviting him to receive it. Near at hand another carving depicts Pontius Pilate wheeling away Judas in his wheelbarrow full of silvers.

"I would rather remain a working Carpenter," was the prompt reply.

WRITER ON RELIGION.

He has written a great deal on religious and literary topics and has published some poems that have been well received, but in his lighter moods he is fond of dashing off epigrammatic verses. Americans recall with pride how when that memorable hurricane devastated Samoa and swept the Treasury of the nation, he sent a large sum of money to help the victims.

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HENRY BOYD BARNES.

is officially designated the Palace of Ripon. Built only 35 years ago at a cost of something like \$70,000, it is lacking in the historical associations which attach to so many residences of high church dignitaries in England, but it is far more home-like and comfortable than most of them. The rooms are numerous, ample in size and well furnished—pictures and other works of art attesting the good taste of the bishop and his wife. The dining room affords evidence of their observance of the scriptural injunction with respect to hospitality, for often 30 or 40 people sit down at its tables.

HOME IN FINE PARK.

The house stands in a finely wooded park, but the bishop does not reserve it for his own enjoyment. Tattered little urchins from the slums of Leeds may frequently be seen in full view from the palace windows disporting themselves about the grounds. On a stretch of level ground workmen often play cricket, and when they finish their game they are provided with a generous meal piping hot from the great palace kitchen, for the practical minded bishop believes that salvation is easier of attainment on a full stomach than on an empty one.

Though the palace is modern the Cathedral of Ripon is an ancient one. The Saxon Chapel under the crypt, which dates from the seventh century, is the oldest known place of worship in the kingdom. There is still an existence hole in one of the walls, which according to tradition, was used for a singular purpose in the old days. Suspicious characters were brought there, and if they succeeded in crashing through it they were allowed to go free. If they rascally was accepted as proof of their rascality without further evidence. Now-a-days, among Yorkshire country folk, it is believed that the damsel who succeeds in crossing through it is assured of getting married within the year. On the stais of the cathedral there is much quaint carvings of an early period before scepticism had made any inroads on faith. One shows Jonah being thrown overboard and a whale waiting with open mouth to receive him. Near at hand another carving depicts Pontius Pilate wheeling away Judas in his wheelbarrow full of silvers.

Health Baronet, like most bulldogs, belies his ferocious appearance. He is as gentle and docile as a kitten. It is understood here that George Gould has bought him not for show purposes, but as a canine companion. "One can't find a better dog to make a chum of than a good bulldog," said a well known doggy man to the writer. "Bulldogs are an acquired taste, but when one gets it he gets it bad, and is never satisfied with any other sort."

It is a curious fact that at present women predominate among the owners of famous bulldogs in England. Perhaps it is the view of contrasts which attracts them to the smaller specimens of the canine tribe. Among them who frequently exhibit and carry off prizes are Lady Kathleen Pilkington, Mrs. Morton Lucas, Mrs. Oliphant, the Misses Marvin, Mrs. Ford, Mrs. W. Crocker, Mrs. Marley, Mrs. Edgar Worlow and Mrs. Carlo F. C. Clarke. The latter has been commanded for labelling the choicest dog in her collection at a recent show. "Not for exportation," which is interpreted as a delicate hint that no Americans need apply.

The Original.

Foley & Co., Chicago, originated Honey and Tar as a throat and lung remedy, and on account of the great merit and popularity of the article, the Foley & Co. Honey and Tar are offered for the genuine. Ask for FOLEY'S Honey and Tar and refuse any substitute offered as no other preparation will give the same satisfaction. It is mild laxative. It contains no opiate and is safe for children and delicate persons. Sold by F. J. Hill Drug Co.

GOULD GETS BEST

ENGLISH BULLDOG.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Sept. 27.—It is the American way to get the best. By purchasing Heath Baronet, a fact that has just been announced.

George Gould has the satisfaction of knowing that he has obtained the crack bulldog of England. Among dog fanciers there is much lamentation that such a fine specimen of the national breed is to leave the country. The price paid for him—\$5,000—comes near being a record one. Only once has it been exceeded here. That was when young Croker bought Rodney Stone for \$5,000.

Many judges consider Heath Baronet the finer of the two. "At the present time," recently wrote E. B. Joachim, the editor of the Kennel News, "we do

not know of a more valuable piece of bulldog property." His owner, E. A. Mills, of the Limes, Uxbridge, had previously refused many tempting offers for him, but none of them came up to that made by the American millionaire.

Since August of last year, Heath Baronet has won over 100 first prizes and specimens, and many times has captured the blue ribbon as the finest specimen of any breed in the show.

Heath Baronet has attained almost perfect in this respect. There is not a blemish upon him. This is how a canine expert describes him:

"Health Baronet is white with brindle markings, very massive in build, with a wonderful body and ribs; his shoulders are also put on at the right place, and his great width in front is natural and not through loose elbows, like so many so-called wide in front bulldogs are at the present time. He is very low to the ground and as sound and active as a terrier. His head proportion is also good; his grand skull wide and extra well turned-up, his underjaw strong to much advantage. Another point in which he scores heavily over so many of the modern bulldogs is depth of face."

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