Their Turn to Run.

A bear hunt which terminated in a manner at once disappointing and surprising, is described by the Portland Oregonian. It occurred in the mountains of Oregon, whither two gentlemen had betaken themselves for a vacation trip.

Several days were spent in trout fishing. Then one of the men expressed a strong desire for a day's shooting, for large game. They set out the next morning bright and early, and after hours of fruitless tramping, were about returning to camp, when suddenly they saw straight before them a brown bear sitting on his haunches under a blueberry bush, and gorging himself with the berries.

Both hunters fired, and the bear, with an ugly growl, disappeared. The men hastened after him, but were unable to overtake him. For half an hour or more they followed the trail. Then all at once they came to a clearing. In the clearing was a cabin, and on the porch of the cabin sat the brown bear with one of its forelegs in a sling.

The hunters were greatly taken aback, as may well be supposed, but were still more surprised when they saw a man hastening toward them with a gun. They turned and ran, the man after them. They got away in safety, and learned afterward that the bear was a family pet, the owner of which was naturally angry at finding it ill-treated.

A Tenacious Clutch

Is that of dyspepsia. Few remedies do more than palliate this obstinate complaint. Try Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, however, and you will find that it is conquerable, along with its symptoms, heartburn, flatulence, nervousness, and loss of flesh and vigor. Biliousness and constipation frequently accompany it. These, besides malarial, rheumatic and kidney complaints, are also subduable with the Bitters.

Why He Whistled.

He was whistling, and she didn't like it. "I wish," she said, "when you are walking with me you wouldn't whistle. It is extremely rude." "I am whistling for the want of thought," he replied, with evident intent to be very crushing. "If that is what it's for," she remarked, "I think I may say, without fear of successful contradiction by anyone who knows you, that you don't have to."

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a constitutional cure. Price 75 cents.

To Use Cold Potatoes.

Cold boiled potatoes are a nuisance in a family that doesn't like them fried or in salad. One woman of economical turn puts them into boiling water and lets them bubble for about ten minutes, then she peels them and mashes in a kettle over the heat, puts in butter and cream, and beats them for five minutes, and you wouldn't know them from perfectly fresh mashed potatoes.

Cascarets stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe.

Rats the Cause of It.

The much dreaded bubonic epidemic has spread from Hong Kong into Bombay, and the situation in the latter country is serious. The spread of the disease has been caused by rats, which became inoculated with the disease and found their way from Hong Kong in freight ships.

I know that my life was saved by Piso's Cure for Consumption.—John A. Miller, Au Sable, Mich., April 21, 1895.

The Sultan's Busy Life.

The Sultan of Turkey is a busy man. His working day is from 6 in the morning until noon. After lunch and a stroll he gives audience until 8 o'clock. In the evening he plays with his children, and takes a turn at the piano.

Just try a 10c box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.

The Malay language, spoken in the South Seas, is softer than the Italian, and is said to be totally unlike any other known language.

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

PENSIONS, PATENTS, CLAIMS. JOHN W. MORRIS, WASHINGTON, D. C. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs. in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty. since.

ME AN' JIM.

Me an' Jim jes' kinder agree;
I stick by him and' he sticks by me.

Never was much thet I could do,
But somehow'r other he sees me through.

Never did talk much, afore or sence,
'Bout it, but there's a coincidence.

Somehow'r other—can't jes' make out—
That brings him 'roun' when there's trouble about.

Lots o' others thet like me, too,
Hard to say what they wouldn't do;

Hard to say what they wouldn't share
When there was plenty, and some to spare.

But, somehow'r other, when you're hard hit,
Seems they don't happen to hear of it.

An' there was a woman once, an' she
Kinder believed that she keered for me;

'Lowed thet she loved me becoz we'd ben
Goin' together so long; but when

Plans were a-makin' to go through life
Settled an' easy as man and wife.

Suddenly foun' thet she'd rather go
'Long with another she didn't know.

So, it set me to studyin': Love is meant
For them as don't meet with no accident.

Or mebbe them as ken pick an' choose
In the crowd where they've got no friend to lose.

While the feelin' a man has for a man
Don't fool itself with a better plan

Or come to grief through a thinkin' spell
Thet we're too much alike to match right well.

An' thet's the reason thet I perpose
To tie to Jim to the very close.

Fact o' the matter, we're fond o' him,
'Coz you know you can always count on Jim.

A FAIRY OMNIBUS.

I think everybody gets a touch of romance some time in their lives. The green glade of olden days is probably replaced by a busy street, your armor-clad knight by a city man in a frock coat and silk hat, your distressed damsel is a practical, level-headed, energetic little typewriter, perhaps; the actors are changed, the scene is changed, but, believe me, the element of romance is just the same as it was in the days of chivalry.

Now, I dare say you would scarcely believe that a bald-headed, middle-aged, stout old solicitor like me—getting every day more engrossed in business, and more and more apt to be a tiresome liver—was ever sufficiently "interesting" to play the part of a modern knight-errant.

Let me tell you all about it and how it ended. It's commonplace enough. I know, and I dare say most of you have gone through something similar, but if it does nothing else it may, perhaps, serve to stir up pleasant memories.

I had nearly completed my articles, and was reading hard my "final," when one morning the firm told me to go to a client who was ill and take instructions for her will.

She was an old maiden lady living in Paddington, and our people had transacted all her business for her something like forty years.

It was a wet day; one of those days that we get from time to time in London, when you feel as if you would like to go to bed and not get up again until things have changed.

Holborn was like a little river, and the traffic slopped and splashed along in a way that made you feel damp even to watch.

I stood on the curbstone waiting for a chance to cross without being smothered with mud, when I noticed a girl standing near me. She, too, was trying to cross.

It was very funny to see her. She was evidently from the country, and didn't at all understand the London traffic. Three times she started, and three times she turned back in despair.

I watched her with interest. There was an amusing expression of good-tempered misery on her face; she was pretty—very pretty, and daintily dressed, and—well, I seized my opportunity like an articled clerk who is worth his salt is bound to do.

"Excuse me," I said, raising my hat, "but I think you want to cross the road?"

She looked rather startled.

"I think I shall get on all right," she answered, "if you would kindly tell me where to start."

"Suppose we try together? Give me your arm."

She did not give me her arm. I took it and we started on our pilgrimage. In and out of cabs and omnibuses I guided her safely, until we got to about the middle of the road, which, as you know, is very wide opposite Furnival's inn.

Suddenly she limped and gave a funny little hop.

"I'm very sorry, sir," she said, laughing, "but—I'm afraid my shoe has come off. It stuck in the mud."

I looked around. Sure enough, a few yards behind us was a shoe lying in the mud, looking very lonely and getting terribly wet.

"Can you stand here for a moment," I said, "while I fetch it?"

I left her there, standing on one foot, with the tip of a little stockinged toe just touching the ground to steady her.

A cab driver who happened to pass found the situation amusing and said so candidly, but I'm proud to say I managed to keep a grave face. The shoe was such a small one that I marveled how a human being could ever get it on, much less get it off again.

Now, a saint from heaven can't put a lady's shoe on her without seeing her ankle. I didn't try to. I thoroughly enjoyed that little ankle and lingered over the task with becoming solemnity in spite of the weather.

At last we were ready to start again.

"It was very kind of you not to laugh at me," she said, with a little blush; "I must have looked very silly, standing there on one foot."

"You looked very charming," I said, with a young man's bluntness.

I landed her safely on the path and she thanked me.

I asked her if I could be of any further service. She thought not. She only wanted to get into a Paddington bus, and then she would be quite safe.

Now, I wanted a Paddington bus, but I didn't say so. As soon as one came up I stopped it, put her inside, and went on top myself.

Perhaps you will think me quixotic for going outside in such miserable weather? Well, I believe you would have done the same thing after all. You see, I was afraid she might think I was pestering her if I followed her inside. It looked rather like taking advantage of a trifling service, and I was at that age when a man would rather have rheumatic fever than sacrifice the good opinion of a pretty girl.

Things are different now—I'm a married man.

But, bless your heart, you can't escape destiny by getting outside an omnibus. I hadn't been up there three minutes, the rain had only just begun to soak through the knees of my trousers and trickle down my legs, when the conductor came up with a significant grin on his face.

"If you please, sir," he said, "there's a young lady inside wants to speak to you."

I climbed down the ladder with which buses in those days were furnished.

There she sat in the corner, half smiling, half blushing. There was nobody else inside.

"Won't you get wet if you go outside?" she said.

"I was afraid you might think I was a nuisance," I answered.

"I guessed as much," she said frankly. "But it would be a very poor return for your kindness if I drove you into consumption."

I think that upon the whole that was the most delightful bus drive in my experience. The conversation flowed in a torrent, and I believe we exchanged as many confidences and opinions in half an hour as some people do in a lifetime. It was wonderful. It was like touching by accident the hidden spring of some secret door, which opened into a new atmosphere, a new fairyland. We were more like old friends than change acquaintances, and it seemed as if neither could tell the other too much. Points of agreement were noted eagerly. We had read the same books, visited the same places, and wherever we turned there was new ground for sympathy.

She had only been in London a week, and had not visited any place of amusement. I wondered if I could find a chance here of pushing my advantage, and approached the subject with delicacy and caution.

But at this point it seemed that the mutual confidence stopped, for she declined to understand my tactics, and remarked that her time was too fully occupied to go about much.

Only too soon we had reached the place where I had decided to alight. We shook hands warmly, and thanked each other rather vaguely and nervously, and then I found myself once more on a nasty, wet London pavement.

I had had a glimpse of fairyland, but it was only a glimpse. I was back again in the practical, uncomfortable world, with a living to be earned and a will to make.

The gates of fairyland were closed, for, like a donkey, I had omitted to find out the fairy's name and where she lived.

It seemed impossible to bring one's mind back to the legal subtleties of will making, but it had to be done, and I trudged heavily on my way to our client's house, finding to my infinite disgust that I had got out of the omnibus much sooner than I need have done.

Imagine my surprise when, on reaching the house, and being shown into the dining room, I found there the heroine of the lost shoe.

That settled it.

I felt that heaven had decided I was to marry that young lady, and I formed the pious intention then and there of giving heaven every possible assistance, and made such a delightful hash of her aunt's will that it required some six or seven visits to put matters straight.

Curiously enough, though, from the moment we met in the house, her friendliness ceased. Every time I came she was more cold and distant, and I was almost in despair. The conversation, which had flowed so merrily in an uncomfortable omnibus, seemed impossible over the dining room fire, and she refused to go beyond the most commonplace civilities.

She calmly ignored that drive, which I had found so delightful, and treated me with ordinary politeness, due to the representative of her aunt's solicitors.

The position grew desperate, because I couldn't continue to make blunders over the old lady's will forever. Already the firm had reprimanded me for stupidity, though, to be sure, the old lady herself bore with me with wonderful patience and good temper.

The crisis came.

It was my last visit about the will, which was now ready—absolutely correct—and the dear old creature had approved of every word of it.

It only required to be executed. She said she would like her niece and me to be witnesses, and as she was much better and able to get up we assembled solemnly in the library. But she was a funny old character and scouted the idea of solemnity, ringing the bell for the servant to bring up some champagne so that we might drink "success to her will!"

I'm thankful to say that, though I was by this time helplessly in love with the niece, I had sufficient presence of mind to say: "Success to the will and may it never have to be approved!" which pleased her immensely and before I left I was invited to dinner the following Sunday.

From that moment things went pretty smoothly, though it was only last evening that, in talking over our courting days in the far away past, my wife explained the meaning of her extraordinary coolness to me.

It seems that when, after the drive in what she is pleased to call the "fairy omnibus," I walked into her aunt's dining room, she quite recognized that I must be her destiny, and so with feminine perversity she felt called upon to struggle against fate as much as possible.

"But you ought to be very thankful to me for one thing," she added; "it was I who—but never mind."

"Nonsense," I said. "Go on; we are too old-fashioned to be romantic any longer."

"Well," she said, "it was I who suggested you should be invited to dinner."

Which just shows what contradictory creatures women are.—Household Words.

STRANGE LABORATORY IN PARIS.

Established in the Catacombs Under the Jardin des Plantes.

Deep in the bowels of the earth a curious laboratory is about to be established in the Jardin des Plantes. Under the gardens run some old galleries of the catacombs, which have not been opened in 100 years. The laboratory which is to be established in these galleries will give an opportunity to study the effect of obscurity upon animal life. Everyone has heard of the fish without eyes in the cave of Kentucky and other freaks which exist in dark wells and such places. These facts are of great importance in studying the evolution of man and species, but so far no researches upon the subject have been carried out by scientists.

Down in the deep galleries of the catacombs it is always pitch dark and fish ponds will be dug in the solid rock and stocked with fish to study the effect of the obscurity upon them and their offspring. Animals will also be kept down there for the same purpose.

A good deal of trouble and some danger was experienced in opening up the galleries, which have for so long been closed. The temperature 200 feet below the surface is chill and damp, while the gases which have accumulated in 100 years made it a ticklish undertaking to descend. These galleries undermine almost the whole of Paris and its environs, being used as catacombs and also for growing mushrooms. Under the Jardin des Plantes they have never been used since the stoneworkers left them in 1779. They are very narrow and one has to stoop in going through them. In some places the roof has fallen in, but most of the galleries are dug out of solid rock and will last for all time. The laboratory will be the only one of its kind in the world and the savants who have undertaken experiments will throw new light upon the doctrine of evolution.—New York Press.

Like a Boy.

The son of a down-town merchant was found crying when his father returned home the other night, as that gentleman told a Washington Star reporter this morning.

"What's the matter, Tommy?" asked the merchant.

"I had a fight with Charlie," was the tearful reply.

"Well, you ought not to fight. It served you right to get whipped, I guess," said the father.

"But I didn't get licked. I licked him," sobbed the boy.

"Well, what are you crying about, then?"

"Why, if I had let him lick me he couldn't hurt. And I never thought about that, so now I have to fight his big brother, about my size, and I can lick him, and I'm going to, because I'm mad at him; then I've got to fight the biggest brother, and he's three sizes bigger than me, and won't I catch it." And Tommy refused to be comforted.

Best to Postpone It.

"When we are married, dear Lucy," said the poor man's son to the rich man's daughter, "our honeymoon shall be passed abroad. We will drive in the Bois, promenade the Prada, gaze down into the blue waters of the Adriatic from the Rialto and enjoy the Neapolitan sunsets, strolling along the Chiaja."

"How delicious!" she murmured. "But, John dear, have you money enough to do all this? For pa says I mustn't expect anything until he dies."

John's countenance underwent such a change that she could not help asking him if he felt ill.

"No, darling," he answered, faintly; "I am not ill; I was only thinking we had better postpone our marriage until after the funeral."

How the Fish Know.

Young Fish—There's a hook with a nice worm on it.

Old Fish—Keep away from that.

Young Fish—Why?

Old Fish—There isn't any fashion plate reflected in the water this time. That hook belongs to a freckle-faced boy with a ragged straw hat. He is fishing for fish, not for fun.—Hartford Times.

There are so many lazy men that prizes should be given to those who work.

New York's School Children.

There are 75,000 children attending private schools, and 160,000 attending public schools in New York city. There will soon be room for 13,000 more in the public schools. This will make a total of 248,000 attending the schools, but there are 50,000 more who are of school age, but not going to school.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, regain lost manhood, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac from your own druggist, who will guarantee a cure. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Nothing is more disheartening to a man than the discovery that he has married a woman who loves to keep his writing table in order.—Albany Telegram.

When bilious or costive eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic; cure guaranteed; 10, 25c.

When a man starts out for blood he generally has to furnish it.—Milwaukee Journal.

Those who use Dobbins' Electric Soap each week (*and their name is legion*) save their clothes and strength, and let the *soap* do the work. Did you ever try it? If not, *do so* next Monday *sure*. Ask your grocer for it.

Many a blessing in disguise effectually eludes detection.—Puck.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething; softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

Chronic

Catarrh cannot be cured by local applications. It is a constitutional disease, and requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, working through the blood, eradicates the impurity which causes and promotes the disease, and soon effects a permanent cure. At the same time Hood's Sarsaparilla builds up the whole system, and makes you feel renewed in strength.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Best—in fact, the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

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This thing of getting double value for your money is a great help. Try it and save money.

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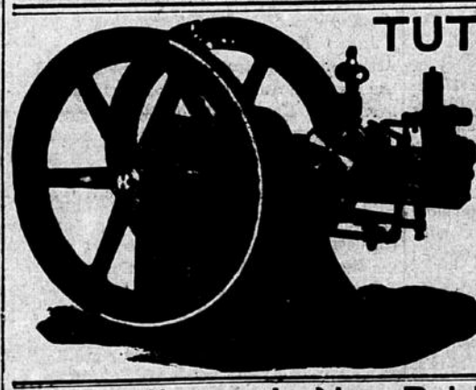

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