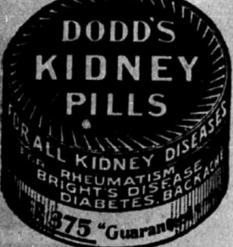


...canning with.
"Miss Mabel," began the young man, whose chin wobbled a little in spite of him. "I hardly know how to say it, but I feel as if the time had come—or perhaps I should have said that I am impelled to—there is a moment in every man's career, you know, when he is no longer—I dare say you have not been expecting anything of the kind, but the fact is—and I am in a position now that warrants me in offering—which is the reason why I have hesitated till now—because there are so many things to be—in short, the difficulties in the way have been—"
"Mr. Packard," interrupted the young woman, with a smile of encouragement, "will you please try to run your train of thought on the block system?"



Good for a Cold.
Bishop Olmsted of Colorado was making a Christmas address to some Denver children.
"Dat heartily on Christmas day," the bishop said, smiling, "Do full justice to turkey, to cranberry sauce, to plum pudding, to all the good things. But don't give way to gluttony. Don't gloat over your Christmas dainties like a Bala boy I used to know. This boy said one Christmas morning: 'My, I wish I had a cold!' 'Why?' asked his brother. 'Cause mother says to feed a cold, and if I had one to-day, wouldn't I feed it, though!'"

In every 1,000 marriages in Great Britain twenty-one are between first cousins. Among the nobility the rate is much higher, amounting to forty-five in 1,000.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly falling into this error, doctors pronounced it incurable. Science has now discovered that Catarrh is a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. It cures one hundred dollars for any case of Catarrh. Send for circulars and testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, etc.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

In a Christmas Crowd.
Sir Thomas Lipton had been complimented by a New York reporter on the cup for fishing boats that he had just offered.

"I ought to offer a cup," said the general Briton, "to the retail shopkeeper who does the biggest Christmas trade. The size of your Christmas trade depends on its size, and the dexterity with which it is handled."

"I heard the other day of a great Christmas bargain sale in Quincy. To one of the bargain counters a man was rough enough to venture. He struggled suddenly a little while among the goods, then, with a loud cry, he sank. 'Help! help!' he shouted from the floor. 'Help! help! My leg is broken.' The clerk, dexterous in the handling of Christmas crowds, got him up at once.

"'Add you'll find our Christmas outfits and crutches, sir,' he said, 'on the third floor back, fifth aisle to the left.'"

Damages vs. Repairs.
In a trolley car in New England an Irishman was badly hurt. The next day a lawyer called on him and asked if he intended to sue the company for damages.

"Damages?" said Pat, looking feebly over his bandages. "Sure, I have them already. I'd like to sue the railway for repairs, sor, av y'll take the case."—*Yeath's Companion.*

Under New Rules.
"I don't know much about your Congressional record, but I hear he's a finished parliamentarian."

"He is now, you bet! He was married to Miss Strongmind a few days ago."

FOR THE "GLOBE" BY A. H. H.

The Kind of Food Used by Athletes.
A former college athlete, one of the long distance runners, began to lose his power of endurance. His experience with a change in food is interesting.

"While I was in training on the track athletic team, my daily 'jogs' became a task, until after I was put on Grape-Nuts food for two meals a day. After using the Food for two weeks I felt like a new man. My digestion was improved, nerves steady and I was full of energy."

"I trained for the mile and the half mile runs (those events which require so much endurance) and then the long 'daily jogs' which before had been such a task, were clipped off with ease. It was both events."

"The Grape-Nuts food put me in perfect condition and gave me my 'jogs' back. Not only was my physical condition made perfect, and my weight increased, but my mind was made clear and vigorous so that I could get out very steady in about half the time formerly required. Now most of all the University men use Grape-Nuts, for they have learned its value, but I think your testimony will set me amiss and may perhaps help some one to learn how the best results can be obtained."

"There's a reason for the effect of Grape-Nuts food on the human body. It is a common fact that whenever a man is selected with a view to his power for regular work, he is carefully and selected to make it. The physical and mental condition is so apparent after the Grape-Nuts food is used as to produce a marked improvement. Read 'The Grape-Nuts Food' in paper. There's a reason for it."

THE RED TRAIL

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD

CHAPTER XII.
On emerging from Paseo, the capataz went ahead, followed at a respectful distance by Martial the Tigero, who entered the Calle del Pajaro, and about the middle of the street saw the capataz's horse, held by an ill-looking fellow, who gazed curiously at him.

Don Martial dismounted, threw his bridle to "be fellow, and, without saying a word to him, resolutely entered the house.

He then found himself in utter darkness, but after groping his way, pushed forward. After crossing the square, he entered a square yard with several doors; one of these doors was open, and a man was standing on the threshold. It was Carnero.

"The tiger slaver went up to him; the other walked on. The capataz took him by the hand and whispered, 'Come with me.'"

His guide led him through several rooms, took him up a flight of stairs, and opening a door conducted him into a room faintly lighted by a lamp.

"Now," said Carnero, after closing the door, from which the Tigero noticed that he removed the key, "sit down and let us talk, for we are in safety. I must give you a few words in explanation of the mysterious way in which I brought you here."

"I am listening to you," the Tigero answered.

"We are in the mansion of General Don Sebastian Guerrero," the capataz then remarked.

"What?" the Tigero exclaimed, with a start of amazement.

"Reassure yourself, no one saw you enter, and your presence here is quite unknown, for the simple reason that I brought you in my private entrance."

"I do not understand you."

"And yet it is very easy to explain. For reasons too long to tell you, and which would interest you but slightly, during Don Sebastian's absence as Governor of Sonora I had a private passage made. Everybody save myself is ignorant of the existence of this communication, which," he added, with a glowing smile, "may at a given moment be of great utility. The room in which we now are forms part of the suite I occupy, in which the general has never yet set foot."

"But suppose you were to be sent for, through the general happening to want you?"

"Certainly, but I have foreseen that; it is my system never to leave anything to chance. Although it has never happened yet, no one can enter here without my being informed soon enough to get rid of any person who may be with me."

"That capitally arranged, and I am happy to see that you are a man of prudence."

"Prudence is, as you know, senior, the mother of safety. Enough on that head, if you have no objection. A man, whose name I do not wish to mention, but to whom, as I have already had the honor of telling you, I am devoted body and soul, sent you to me to obtain the information you require, and which he supposes me able to give."

"Senior," the Tigero answered, "I thank you heartily for you know as well as I do what perils are connected with the carrying out of these plans."

"What you are saying is true, but it will be better, I fancy, for the present, for me to assume to be ignorant of them."

"Yes, yes, my position is so precarious, the struggle I am engaged in is so wild, that, although I am supported by sincere friends, I must be prudent. Tell me, then, what you know as to the fate of the unfortunate Dona Anita de Torres. Is she really dead?"

"Do you know what happened in the cavern after your fall down the precipice?"

"Alas! no; my ignorance is complete." Carnero reflected for a moment.

"Listen, Don Martial; but I must tell you a long story. Are you ready to hear it?"

"Yes," the other answered, without hesitation, "for there are many things I am ignorant of, which I ought to know. So speak without further delay."

"At the time when the facts occurred I am about to tell you I was living at the Hacienda del Palmar. Hence I was only witness to a portion of the facts; the rest I know from hearsay. When the Comanches came, guided by the white men, Don Sylvia de Torres was lying mortally wounded, holding in his stiffened arms his daughter Anita, who had suddenly gone mad. Don Sebastian Guerrero was the only relation left to the hapless young lady, and hence she was taken to his hacienda."

"What?" Don Martial exclaimed in surprise. "Don Sebastian is a relation to Dona Anita?"

"Did you not know that?"

that, although I am a servant of Don Sebastian, I take a deep interest in Dona Anita, and would be glad to see her happy—that the young lady has expressed an intention to confess."

"Hence?" Don Martial quickly interrupted him.

"Well, the Mother Superior asked me to bring her a priest or monk in whom I had confidence."

"Ah!"

"You understand, my friend."

"And to take him to the convent?"

"And," Don Martial asked in a speaking voice, "have you found this confessor?"

"I believe so," the capataz answered with a smile.

"At what time are you to take this confessor to the convent?"

"To-morrow."

"Very good, and I presume you have arranged a place to meet him?"

"I should think so; he is to meet me at the Parian."

"I am certain that he will be punctual."

"And so am I, and now, senior, do you consider that you have lost your time in listening to me?"

"On the contrary," Don Martial replied, as he offered him his hand with a smile, "I consider you a first-rate hand at telling a story."

The Tigero mounted his horse and followed Piloro, while the capataz re-entered the house. After numberless turnings and windings, the rider and the footman at length entered a wide street.

"This is the Segunda Montecilla," said the peon, "and that gentleman," he added, pointing to a horseman who was coming toward them, "is the very Don Antonio you are looking for."

"You are sure of it?" the Tigero asked.

"I know him well."

"If that is the case, accept this plastric, my friend, and go home, for I no longer need your services."

The peon retired. During the conversation the newcomer had halted in some alarm.

"This is Don Antonio," the Tigero shouted to him. "Come on without fear—I am a friend."

"Oh, oh! It is very late to meet a friend in the street," Don Antonio answered, though he advanced without hesitating after laying his hand upon his weapon to guard against a surprise.

"I am Martial, the Tigero."

"Oh, that is different; what do you want? A lodging, eh? I will have you led to my house by a servant, and there leave you till to-morrow, as I am in a hurry."

"Agreed; but allow me one word."

"Speak."

"Yes, is Don Valentine?"

"Do you want to see him?"

"Excessively."

"Then come with me at once, for I am going to Valentine?"

(To be continued.)

TRAGEDIES OF HUMBLE LIVES.

Perils Which Constantly Confront the Natives of Central Africa.

The Central African natives have many perils to contend with. Mighty herds of elephants, with an occasional hippopotamus or rhinoceros, come by night to devour their crops and work havoc in their wattle and daub villages.

Even more daring is the leopard, who will take not only sheep and goats from the headman's door, but even grown-up children before the parents' eyes. Then there are the white ants, which bore and eat their way into every kind of woodwork; and enormous snakes, some of them thirty feet long, though fortunately not poisonous.

So much for dry land. On the giant rivers like the Nile and the Congo there are two serious pests, the animal and the reptile. The animal is the unwieldy hippopotamus, who is never so happy as when he is upsetting dugout canoes of fishermen or warriors.

It would seem as though he were in league with his singular friend, the crocodile, who is perhaps the most loathsome pest of Central Africa. The Congo especially swarms with crocodiles, and many a night when the white mist settles at dusk on the bosom of the stream a sudden scream reaches the ears of missionary, trader or white official seated on the veranda of his bungalow.

Only too well these men know what that sound means. Just outside the village, and on the bank of the river, are staked inclosures, within which the women may do such washing as is necessary, and hither, too, all members of the family resort for coolness rather than cleanliness.

The sole purpose of these inclosures is to keep out crocodiles. But these hideous and artful creatures will push the wattles or twigs on one side with powerful snout or jaw and crawl inside the inclosure, there to lie in wait for some unsuspecting victim. Women, perhaps, form the greatest number of victims, because they frequently go down to the river to draw water.

Towards evening usually a procession of women and girls make their way down to the inclosures with huge jars upon their heads or under their arms, such as you have seen in Bible pictures. They wade out into the water.

Suddenly one gives a gasp and a scream. A scaly head emerges from the brownish yellow fluid, and like a flash the victim is dragged under. The swirling eddies are tinged with crimson, and then all is still.

The monster holds his victim under water for four or five minutes until every movement has ceased. Then the crocodile—he is probably 18 feet in length—swims to the other side of the river, or at all events higher up past the village, lands with the body of his victim and proceeds to devour it.

Anatomy of Disease.
"Doctor," said the patient, after the great specialist had sounded and scrutinized and catatiched him, "what makes me so nervous?"

"You've lost your nerve," responded the specialist, demonstrating, however, by his size of his fee, that he retained his own—Philadelphia Ledger.

Varying Postures.
This world is like a hammock fraught with rest or trouble in a lump. One finds the comfort he has sought. Another only gets a bump.—Washington Star.

The China Times, published in Peking is printed in seven different languages.



In an article published in your paper entitled "Siesta in Savannah," says a contributor to the New York Sun, one of your correspondents writes of this beautiful old-fashioned Southern city with its innumerable public parks and public squares, its open squares carpeted with rich green and shaded by venerable trees, etc. And again: "This is a simple, gracious, dignified old city, inhabited by self-respecting and wholesome minded folk."

In reading this tribute to Savannah's attractions recollections of that city in the spring and summer of 1864 well up in my mind.

The dust and heat and turmoil of contest and battle had waged for three years. One day I found myself in Savannah, and many companions were in like plight with myself. We were prisoners to go on a journey from Plymouth, N. C., to Andersonville and Macon, Ga. There were some 1,800 of us, and we were called "Plymouth Pilgrims" by the press of the South as we journeyed toward what was to be our first destination inside the Southern Confederacy.

Was it kindness on the part of our captor to us, or was it a display they thought they would like to make of us, as a cat does of its mouth, to the people of Savannah, whose equality and peacefulness had not yet been disturbed by any serious war echoes, that we were permitted to get out of our train and return the gaze of those who flocked by thousands to look upon us?

The sun shone brightly, and people came by carriages, on horseback and on foot to look at us. It was a most entertaining sight to see those people, ladies and children predominating, most of the men probably being away to the front.

There was a space allotted to us of about fifteen feet on one side of the train. A few sentinels kept us within its bounds. We were probably as good looking a lot of soldiers as could be found, for we had recently come out of garrison duty of more than a year. Consequently our clothes were good and we were fresh and clean in appearance, in marked contrast with soldiers made prisoners in the midst of an active campaign.

The people looked at us with mingled curiosity and kindness. We were the first Union prisoners that had been exposed to public view in Savannah. As I stood on a slight elevation where I could get a good view of the crowd a woman sent a small child to me to ask if I was from New York. I replied that I was from the State of New York, but not from the city. My answer seemed to disappoint her.

Suddenly two men pushed their way through the line of sentinels. One of them wore the Confederate uniform of a captain; the other was in citizen's clothes. The officer said, "We will see now if there is any one here from Allegany." I turned and saw in the speaker one a little older than myself, who had been a village boy with me in the county of New York which he named. I shouted out, "How are you, Fred?" and he stopped, amazed at the sudden realization of his friend. A ringing laugh was his response. The duty he had to perform, the provision the train load of prisoners, permitted only few words to be interchanged between us. He introduced me to his companions, who had come South some thirty years before from the same Northern county as ourselves.

Capt. H. gave us pieces of bacon in the raw and some sea biscuit, which we apportioned among ourselves. Very toothsome food it can assure you under the circumstances in which we found ourselves.

In three months time, about Aug. 1, I was again in Savannah. Sherman's army was getting into uncomfortable proximity for our guards to the prisoners at Andersonville and Macon, forty miles apart. I had been confined at Macon with 1,600 officers of the Union army and it was deemed prudent to remove us from that locality. With 600 others I was brought to Savannah. The scourge of war had not yet reached that city and there was the same hold day crowd out to see us that there had been before. In this case, however, we were taken from the cars to be marched to the Naval Asylum grounds. The active man in control was my friend of three months before.

As prisoners in Savannah we fared quite famously. Umbrageous trees helped to screen us from the summer sun. We had tents to live in during the six weeks of our stay. We had fresh beef ration every day and we had rice to go with it. With mud ovens which we made ourselves we could roast our beef and bake our corn bread, which we sweetened with sorghum. We also could make our rice into puddings. One not overcome by depression from restraint of liberty could fare well at Savannah. It was said that the people took pride in giving us excellent treatment.

Such is my recollection of the old town at a time when the country was racked by civil war.

Humors of War.
During the Civil War the commander of a marching detachment looked along his line, scowled at its irregularity, then shouted aloud: "Close up! Close up, you fellows! Why, if the enemy were to fire on us now they couldn't hit one of you." Another commander, while a battle was in progress, came upon a straggler who was running away, with tears streaming down his cheeks. "My man, don't be a baby!" the general remonstrated, thinking to shame the renegade. "Boo-hoo! I wish I was a baby, and a gal baby at that," was the answer that showed him the case was hopeless.

"That is less humorously amusing than the answer of a gulleless lieutenant who with half a company had been captured and paroled by the ubiquitous John Morgan. Upon reaching Federal territory the lieutenant made haste to report to the nearest post commander, who, after duly welcoming the newcomer, said: "Tell me how all this happened. Were you surprised?"

"Surprised! A heap worse'n that. I tell you, I was plumb astonished to see them gray fellers. I was, for a fact, colonel," the lieutenant answered, with the air of one who fully covers the case.—Success Magazine.

The Cost of War.
There has been a general impression, erroneous, to be sure, that Uncle Sam's battle month is April and that he has lately begun his scraps with his neighbor during the month of showers. This is not a fact, although the Revolution started April 19, 1775, the Black Hawk War April 21, 1831, and the rebellion April 13, 1861, although really the first blood shed was in the streets of Baltimore, when the 6th Massachusetts encountered the Confederates on April 19, while en route from the Hub to the capital. Some comparison of the number of men and the cost of these various struggles serve to show the growth of the country.

The revolution cost in round numbers, according to the best estimate obtainable, \$135,103,703, and in this struggle, which lasted within eight days of eight years, there were employed, during the whole time, 294,791 men, divided as follows: Regulars, 130,711; militia and volunteers, 164,080. No accurate figures, as to the number of men lost, can be obtained. The first battle was at Lexington and Concord, and the cessation of hostilities came April 11, 1783.

The next time that your Uncle Samuel had occasion to call upon his boys to show the stuff they were made of, came in 1812, war being declared by the president June 18 of that year. While there had been no battle fought previous to the declaration of hostilities, yet Great Britain had angered the young nation by insisting on its claimed right to impress into the British navy the former subjects of Great Britain, wherever found. This war closed on February 1, 1815. There were engaged in the strife a total force of 471,622 men, of whom only about 85,990 were regular soldiers and seamen, the rest being volunteers. This war of nearly three years cost in round numbers \$107,150,000.

The next could hardly be called a war, although it is designated in history as the Black Hawk War. There is no data preserved by which an accurate estimate could be given either as to the cost or the number of men engaged. The war lasted a little over a year, beginning in April, 1831, and ending September 30, 1832. The Seminole war is hardly worth the name of more than a series of skirmishes.

It was fifteen years after the outbreak with the Black Hawk Indians that the American eagle again became war-like and plumed itself for battle. President Polk notified Congress, in May, 1846, that less than a month before a small detachment of United States troops had been captured by the Mexicans. Congress at once declared war, and authorized the president to raise an army of 50,000 men and to spend \$10,000,000. From the best records obtainable in the War Department, it is shown that the United States put into the field an army of 30,954 regulars and 75,776 volunteers. This war, which ended in 1848, cost about \$100,000,000.

The great struggle, which came in 1861-65, was the most expensive the country ever saw, both from its cost in priceless human life and in the money spent. Reckoned as a whole, the country spent for this war no less than \$7,400,000,000, of which the North expended \$5,100,000,000, and the devoted people of the South the balance in upholding a hopeless cause. It is estimated that during the whole of the war, Uncle Sam's boys numbered altogether 2,018,200 men, but the number of men which the South put into the field could only be estimated, at best. The losses sustained by the armies in the war of the rebellion have been stated as high as 600,000 men, but ex-Deputy Commissioner of Patents Bell states that this is greatly exaggerated, as the best figures obtainable show the total losses did not exceed 101,500. In citing instances of exaggeration he said it was claimed that at Gettysburg something like 40,000 men were lost, while, as a matter of fact, in that three days' fight the union forces had killed 2,834 men and the Confederates 3,500 men. "The battle of the Wilderness," according to this authority, had more greater fatalities, as the union loss then was 5,507 and the Confederate loss about 2,000. Thus it can be seen that Uncle Sam altogether has spent for wars \$7,422,352,706, and has put into the field in various ways a total of 2,986,168 men, armed and equipped for fighting, not counting the Indian affairs.

Worth Reading.
English locomotives which were built in the year 1856 are still used on Swedish railroads.

The Danes seem most addicted to suicide. Their average is 256 self-murders per million persons per year.

Excluding about 80,000 small vessels, the commerce of the world is carried on by 30,100 vessels, of a total tonnage of about 25,000,000.

About 18 cents per square yard is spent per year to keep the streets of Paris clean. Berlin spends 4 cents for the same purpose.

The first white child born in North America, of English-speaking parents, was Virginia Dare, on Roanoke Island, North Carolina, in 1587. The first Christian sacrament, in the baptism of the Indian Manteo, also took place there the same year.

The gutters of Hilo de Janeiro ran with beer for several days recently. The municipal laboratory, having discovered that practically every beer in the local market contained a dangerous amount of sulphuric acid, the authorities proceeded to destroy all stocks on hand.

Devotion.
"Maggie, how many times a week does Clarence pray for you?"
"Never less than seven times, and generally oftener."

"Mercy! I should think such persistence as that 'could bother you later.' 'It doesn't bother me in the least.' 'Then you must be as far gone as he is.'"

"I don't care a snap of my finger for him."
"Then why don't you stop him?"
"Because he amuses me."
"Poor fellow! Doesn't your mother object to his coming so often?"
"I don't call her!"
"That doesn't explain it, either. Where do you see him? In the kitchen?"
"I don't receive him at all."
"Look here, Mag: Do you suppose you can make me believe—"
"I'll tell you all about it. Regularly every day he passes along here on the other side of the street. He always looks over, and I am always sitting in this window and pretending not to see him."
"You heartless wretch!"—Chicago Tribune.

A MISSOURI WOMAN

Tells a Story of Awful Suffering and Wonderful Relief.
Mrs. J. D. Johnson, of 603 West Hickman street, Columbia, Mo., says:

"Following an operation two years ago, dropsy set in, and my left side was so swollen the doctor said he would have to tap out the water. There was constant pain and a gurgling sensation around my heart, and I could not raise my arm above my head. The kidney action was disordered and passages of the secretions too frequent. On the advice of my husband I began using Don's Kidney Pills. Since using two boxes my trouble has not reappeared. This is wonderful, after suffering two years."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Not Much to Say.
"Yes, sir," said Bragg, "I've decided to have a long talk with the boss and tell him just what I think."
"Is it possible?" remarked Nagg.
"Why? Don't you believe I've got the nerve to tell him what I think?"
"Oh, yes; but if you tell him just what you think how are you going to have a long talk?"—Philadelphia Press.

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT AND AMERICAN FOOD STUFFS.

Contract for Canned Meats Placed in Chicago—British War Office Has Every Confidence in the Stockyards Products.

Another large contract for tinned meats for the British Army has been placed with Libby, McNeill & Libby of Chicago, through the Director of Supplies Department of the British War Office. This contract was a competitive affair, England, Canada, Australia and Brazil entering with tenders. It was quality and method of packing that got the Chicago firm the business. General Clayton of the War Department in an interview, according to the London Standard, stated that the British Government is highly satisfied with the Foodstuffs supplied by Chicago, and they have every confidence in the manufacturers entering Britain from the Stockyards.

"The foods for the Army will be packed under the supervision of British representatives at the invitation of the packers," he said. "Although the Government is ready to rely upon the new Pure Food Regulations recently inaugurated in the United States. All the talk about the inefficiency of the new law is sheer nonsense. British officers in America have gone fully into the matter and the authorities are perfectly satisfied to place orders in Chicago when conditions call for outside supplies of canned meats."

A Distinction.
"A cook in one respect is different from all human beings."
"Why so?"
"Because she never wants any other human help in her hour of need."—Baltimore American.

FIFTEEN YEARS OF ECZEMA.

Terrible Itching Prevented Sleep—Hands, Arms and Legs Affected—Cuticura Cured in Six Days.

"I had eczema nearly fifteen years. The affected parts were my hands, arms and legs. They were the worst in the winter time, and were always itchy, and I could not keep from scratching them. I had to keep both hands bandaged all the time, and at night I would have to scratch through the bandages, as the itching was so severe, and at times I would have to tear everything off my hands to scratch the skin. I could not rest or sleep. I had several physicians treat me, but they could not give me a permanent cure, nor even could they stop the itching. After using the Cuticura Soap, one box of Cuticura Ointment and two bottles of Cuticura Resolvent for about six days the itching had ceased, and now the sores have disappeared, and I never felt better in my life than I do now. Edward Worrell, Band 30th U. S. Infantry, Fort Crook, Nebraska."

Worst Thing About Them.
"Appearances," remarked Mrs. Highmuss, "are so deceitful."
"I don't mind that so much," sighed Mrs. Ambush, "but they're so expensive to keep up!"

Guns, Traps, Decoys, etc. Lowest prices. Write for free catalog No. 1. R. W. Hyde & Fur Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

And He Lost a Sate.
The aristocratic young lady was looking at some dress patterns.
"Here is a piece of goods," said the man behind the counter, "that I can especially recommend for service."

"Sir," rejoined the fair party of the shopping party haughtily, "I am not going out to service."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething; relieves the gums, reduces inflammation, always pain, cures wind colic, etc. a bottle.