Headache, Dyspepsia, Indigestion

are caused by bad blood, and by a run down, worn out condition of the body. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

be sure to get Hood's **Cures**

Hood's Pills are gentle, mild and effective.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and ends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

BRODIE'S ASTRINGENT CORDIAL

CURES DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, CHOLERA INFANTUM, —AND ALL— **AFFECTIONS OF THE BOWELS.**

OXFORD, La., July 7, 1893.

Gentlemen:—We have used your Brodie's Cordial in our family for some time past, and are perfectly satisfied with its effects. Would not willingly do without it. Respectfully, J. R. ROBINSON.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
PRICE, 50c. and $1.00.
Prepared by I. L. LYONS & CO.
New Orleans, La.

HELP SAVE THE BABY

Do we not present a smiling countenance? Why should we not? It is true we have been overworked and even with our greatly increased facilities, have had to work nights to supply the demands made upon us for Aermotors, tanks and towers. This year increasing, never ceasing demand for our goods, even in times of great business depression, makes us tired, but happy, as witness the smiling countenance in our glittering Aermotor. While others cannot get work to do, we are overwhelmed with it. Why? Because we make the best thing that can be made, of the best material that is made, at the lowest price that can be made, and everybody knows it all by the best reputation ever made for knowing what to do, how to do it and invariably finishing the result. All the world knows that the Aermotor Co. alone knows how to make Windmills, steel towers for farm gear in spring and corner of the earth. Orders on us from every nook and corner of the earth. A business depression is felt by us. The world has, any wonder that doubting our last year's figures of depression? The premium, then the smiling countenance, busy, happy—work to do, attends the designers, makers, managers and sellers of Aermotors. Even the purchasers of Aermotors are the wide-awake, intelligent, up-to-the-times, cash buyers in any community. Aermotor people have no footstings of dinner and hard times. Aermotor employes never strike. They are prosperous and contented. Even in the civil commotion and great upheaval recently raging in Chicago, the Aermotor people were at work, radiant with smiles and good cheer, and ready to help bring and welcomely back the general prosperity, which must, of ever, inevitably return to our land.

AERMOTOR CO., 12th, Rockwell and Fillmore Sts., Chicago, Ill.

(Preserve this as No. 2 in the series of 13.)

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO BOOKLAKING.

$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF.
$4. $3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO.
$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.
$2.50 & $2. WORKINGMEN'S EXTRA FINE.
$2.50, $2 & $1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.
$3.50, $2.50 & $2 LADIES.
BEST DONGOLA.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE
W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

You can save money by wearing the W. L. Douglas $3.00 Shoe.

Because, we are the largest manufacturers of this grade of shoes in the world, and guarantee their value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protect you against high prices and the middleman's profits. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can.

Davis International Cream Separator, Hand or Power. Every farmer that has cows should have one. It saves half the labor, makes one-third more butter. Separator butter brings one-third more money. Send for circulars.

DAVIS & RANKIN BLDG. & MFG. CO.
AGENTS WANTED. Chicago, Ill.

KO KO TU LU 100 Long Pieces FOR $1.00 Best Gum in the World!

Sol Coleman, Popsin. Memphis, Tenn.

Wall & Mooney's School

NASHVILLE, TENN.

THINGS YET TO BE.

Some say this world is an old, old world,
But it's always been new to me;
With its boundless range of ceaseless change,
And hope of things to be.
A new friend takes my hand
When the old ones pass away;
The old days die, but the light in the sky
Is the dawn of another day.

Some say this world is a cold, cold world,
But it's always been bright to me;
With its hearthstone fires and warm desires
For the things that are yet to be.
And if I must labor, I wait,
And trust to the fields I have sown;
For I know there is truth in the promise of youth;
I will some time come to my own.

Some say this world is a sad, sad world,
But it's always been glad to me;
For the brook never laughs like my soul when it quaffs
And feasts on the things to be.
The night comes on with its rest;
The morning comes on with its song;
The hours of grief are few and brief,
But joy is a whole life long.

Some say this world is a bad, bad world,
But it's always been good to me;
With its errors there live dear hearts that forgive,
And hope for the things to be.
This world is not old or cold;
This world is not sad or bad;
If you look to the right, forgetting the night,
And say to your soul "Be glad."

—Alfred Ellison, in Chicago Record.

STOLEN LOVE LETTERS.

THE postmaster at Chelsea station had a conscience, of course. Everybody has. The public servants into whose hands the government's postal affairs are intrusted are not generally credited with being the possessors of such an inconvenient article, but the worthy officials of the above-mentioned point was an exception to the rule.

An explanation of that statement may be given by telling you that not only was Silas Gardiner the distributor of the mails, but a deacon in the Baptist church as well, so, although that same conscience was composed of many of the ingredients that also are constituent parts of India rubber, and although it ofttimes became so elastic as to allow of his reading postal cards, letters not securely sealed and so forth, we may be sure that never was he guilty of such an offense without experiencing many severe twinges of that troublesome monitor.

One Thursday afternoon there came an unusually strong temptation. The four o'clock mail came in, bringing a letter that sent the blood surging in crimson waves over Postmaster Gardiner's face and made his heart beat against its prison like a trip-hammer.

It was not a very important-looking letter; just a small, square white envelope addressed in an even business hand, but it was the name that produced the postmaster's paroxysm of curiosity. It was no remarkable thing for Miss Millicent Darrell to be the recipient of letters, but never before had she received one in the free, dashing hand that graced the envelope that lay before him. He well knew that, for not a missive for Miss Darrell had passed through the office that he had not examined the writing closely.

Through the long hours of the evening while the neighbor's had congregated in the little room there was a conflict in the postmaster's mind. Like the Danish prince, he was trying to solve the question: "To be or not to be." "To do or not to do." By twenty minutes to nine the little room was deserted. Securely fastening the outer door and the one communicating with the sitting-room of his sister's family, the postmaster removed the oil lamp from its accustomed place on the bracket on the wall to his desk in the corner and once more took up Millicent's letter.

He held it up to the light; he put it back in box No. 13; he took it up and looked at it again, and then carefully broke the seal and removed the closely written sheets from their covering. He looked at them a few minutes as they lay there exposed to view as if wondering how he dared to be so bold. But the Rubicon was crossed; there was no retreating, and he pushed courageously forward and read Miss Millicent's letter.

The postmaster's life had always been very prosaic. There was one thing in his remembrance that had ever shed a roseate glow over the commonplace, monotonous expanse of years he had lived through, and that was an unavowed affection for Millicent Darrell. He had worshiped her from afar when they had gone to school together at the little red brick house at the foot of the hill. Time had but served to strengthen this childish

TO BE OR NOT TO BE.

devotion. Through youth and the first years of his manhood she had been his star of Bethlehem, as it were, fully as unapproachable as though she had in reality occupied a position in a world far beyond the sphere wherein he dwelt.

She may have been aware of the homage that was hers, but had given no encouragement to the admirer, who was too faint-hearted to give expression to his regard by word or sign, but who hopelessly waited for some one else to win the prize that he so much valued. But for reasons best known to herself alone Miss Darrell preferred a life of single blessedness to one of double wretchedness, and passed contentedly and comfortably into a state of oldmaidenhood, and the postmaster settled down into a chronic, lovelorn melancholy, from which comatose condition he was partially aroused now and then by the thought that she might yet change her mind and honor some unfortunate being with her heart and hand.

So that was the situation when Miss Darrell went down to the seashore one summer to visit her brother. Silas Gardiner's heart was filled with misgivings during her absence, lest what he had long feared should come to pass. It was about a week after her return, in the autumn, that the carrier brought the letter, the very appearance of which was sufficient to produce such agitation in his breast, and a perusal of which confirmed his instinctive belief in some entangling alliance. That night, as he read and reread the words that were intended for Miss Millicent's eyes alone, his heart grew heavy, for every line breathed forth an unmistakable devotion, which, judging by the frequent allusions to future happiness, was not unrequited.

It was near morning when he completed his deliberations over the letter and carefully located it in a seldom-used compartment of his desk. The next day Miss Darrell drove over to the office with her niece and namesake, who had accompanied her on her return to Chelsea station, and inquired for mail.

At the disappointment "Is that all?" with which both ladies received the contents of box No. 13, a wave of repentance rolled over the postmaster's soul and the letter secreted in his private desk appeared before him like an accusing angel.

During the next few weeks letters came for Miss Darrell on an average of once a day—letters whose tone ranged through the various phases of human passion, from most tender affection to extreme anger at their failure to elicit a reply, and each, as it arrived, was read by Mr. Gardner with a sort of grim satisfaction and deposited with its predecessors.

Miss Millicent's niece was crying. "I can't understand it," she said to her elderly relative between sobs. "I've been here five weeks and not a word have I heard from Charles. What can it mean?"

"I'm not at all surprised. It's just as I expected," Miss Millicent answered, with a half-triumphant air. "Didn't I tell you so? Don't you remember what I said to you the first day I saw him about deceit and rascality being depicted upon his countenance? And I consider myself a pretty good judge of human nature. Of course he's never write to you. He's just been making a fool of you this summer."

"I don't believe it," the younger woman interrupted, angrily resenting the allusion to her being duped by anyone. "I cannot see why he does not write, but I know well enough that he is not false. Ours was not a summer engagement only; it was as sacred to him as to myself. This silence is unexplainable, but I shall not doubt him."

In the recesses of her heart Miss Darrell may have sympathized with her niece, but she only expressed con-

SILAS GARDINER, I WANT MY NIECE'S LETTERS.

tempt for such a romantic trust in the sincerity of a wooer who had been known but one summer, and the discussion ended there.

Charles Williams was puzzled and angry, decidedly so. To the best of his knowledge he had written thirty-five letters to Miss Millicent Darrell, the younger, in as many days, not one of which she had deemed worthy of an answer.

"She's just like the rest of 'em," he told his best friend when lamenting the fact.

"So innocent and true she seemed, too. What a fool I was to believe her. She's nothing but a confounded flirt. I'll think no more about her."

Contrary to his declaration of forgetfulness, he thought more about her than ever, and the consequence was that he went down to Chelsea station the next day to investigate the case. The explanations which directly followed his arrival convinced each young person of the faithfulness of the other, and Miss Darrell acknowledged her inability to interpret one's nature from the physiognomy.

But there was one question confronting them, and that was: "Where were those letters?" Thirty-five epistles, all heavy-laden with deepest feeling, could hardly have gone astray. The only possible solution was that some one must have taken them, but who could it have been? Miss Darrell left the lovers discussing the point, and, putting on her shawl, went quickly down to the post office. The deacon was alone.

"Silas Gardiner," she said, cooly, "I want my niece's letters."

"What do I know of Miss Milly's letters?" he asked, with assumed carelessness.

"You know everything about them," she said, looking at him unflinchingly.

"I've been wondering about this thing for weeks. I understand it all now. They were Milly's love letters, and you thought they were mine. As if an old woman like myself would be guilty of such nonsense! I suppose you have hidden them or destroyed them. For shame, Silas Gardiner, to resort to such trickery to prevent some other person from having what you yourself are too big a dunce to ask for!"

He went to his desk, and taking out the bundle of letters, gave them to her, saying:

"Here they are. I pray you not to expose me. I did it because of my love for you. I could not bear——"

He said no more. It was not necessary. He could not have made a more eloquent plea. A woman will forgive many a grave offense if you will but tell her it was committed through love for her.

The culprit was pardoned, and it is with authority that we state that he never was guilty of a similar transgression.

Just after Christmas that year Miss Darrell received the following telegram:

"Dear Aunt—I was married yesterday. MILLY WILLIAMS."

To which the elder lady replied:

"Dear Milly—So was I.
"MILLICENT GARDINER."
—N. Y. World.

—The postmaster of Chicago has announced his determination to utilize the street railway systems of the city for improving the mail service. There is no reason, comments the Western Electrician, why this should not be done in all the cities having electric and cable lines, as many advantages would accrue. The postal service would be benefited; it would be a great convenience to the public, and would not subject the company to any considerable expense or annoyance. But by far the greatest advantage would be that gained by the companies in having their cars recognized by the general government as mail carriers. It would relieve them of much worry and annoyance to which they are now subjected whenever there are any labor troubles.

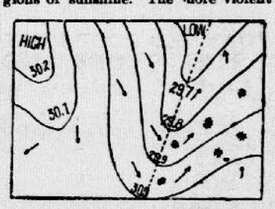
BUILDING AND SCIENCE

METEOROLOGICAL CHAT.

Some Facts About the Temperature After Thunderstorms — Erroneous Popular Ideas About the Cooling Effect of Such Disturbances—When We Exchange Cyclones for Anti-Cyclonic Breezes.

At this season one often hears the remark: "Oh, if we could have a thunderstorm to cool the air!" or "why is it that thunderstorms don't seem to cool us off as they used to?" The theory on which such ejaculations are based—namely, that the rain or electricity, or both, effect a refreshing change in the temperature of the air, one which will last for a day or two at least—is erroneous, although widely held. The fact is, in only a small proportion of cases, which will be presently explained, does cool, exhilarating weather promptly follow a thunderstorm, and in these instances it is not the storm which produces it, but something else, something which helped to cause the storm.

Rain in the winter is usually distributed rather continuously and evenly over a wide area on the eastern, southeastern and southern sides of a broad area in which the barometric readings, corrected for temperature and reduced to sea-level, are less than thirty inches. Such an area, often several hundred miles across, is marked "low" on the weather maps, where lines are drawn to show differences of pressure by tenths of inches. In winter the readings at the center are sometimes less than twenty-nine inches, in severe storms. In the cool season, too, such depressions move across the country, in an easterly direction, rather rapidly, say, from 500 to 800 miles a day. In the summer they are shallower and travel more slowly. Moreover, the attendant precipitation is not evenly distributed, but occurs in local showers. Some of these are no bigger than a ten-acre lot, and last only a minute or two. Others are more extensive. Usually several prevail at the same time, being separated widely by regions of sunshine. The more violent



are attended with lightning, and perhaps brief gusts and hail. These, when well organized, have an east-and-west depth of from one to five miles, reach northward and southward two or three times as far, perhaps, and move from west to east.

Ferrel, Davis, Greely and other meteorologists agree in believing that from the central region of a thunder cloud there is downward gush of air, cooled by coming from a higher level than the earth and also by the rain falling in it, and this current pours out forward as the storm advances and affords that first delightful, though often mischievous, blast which comes to us a few minutes ahead of the rain. As soon as one recognizes the source of this sudden westerly breeze he easily perceives that it must be temporary, and as soon as the disturbance has passed the wind must go back to the quarter from which it came before the interruption, probably the south, and it then becomes as feeble as before. A locality that has thus been visited by a shower, as soon as the latter is over, is bathed again by air currents flowing spirally inward toward "low." These, on the right hand of the axis of the ellipse of which that area forms a part, come from warm regions; those on the left hand, or rear, from colder ones. If, however, as sometimes happens, our thunderstorm occurs very near the axis or "trough" (represented by a dotted line), and if, furthermore, the low area itself is traveling eastward at a rapid rate, then within a very few hours the cool, dry northwesterly breeze of the adjacent "high" overtakes us and is apt to stay with us a day or so. This is a very different affair from the momentary cold blast of the storm itself. But summer "lows" are very sluggish. And the great majority of thunderstorms (as indicated by the little crosses in the diagram) are 300 or 400 miles east of the axis of the parent depression. Hence in only one out of a score of cases, say, do we exchange cyclonic for anticyclonic breezes and temperature immediately after a local disturbance; and this year, perhaps, the proportion has been even smaller, since the movement of "lows" has been unusually slow.—N. Y. Tribune.

Peculiar Electrical Effect.

An accident recently occurred at the power station of an electric railway in a large city which stopped all the cars. When the damage was repaired and the current turned on to the line the circuit breakers all dropped, showing that the wires were overloaded. Again and again it was tried to get the lines in operation, with the same result. The difficulty was that every motorman as soon as he found the current on, started his car, and the simultaneous demand from so many sources overloaded the wires. Riders were sent out to repress some of the cars, and so the system was got into motion gradually. The wiring was subsequently changed so as to allow of starting by sections.

Etching by Electricity.

When etching is done by the aid of electricity a wire is soldered to the plate to be etched, by means of which an electric current is passed through the etching solution, which is made much more dilute than in the case of ordinary etching, says the Electrical Review. This action is much increased in intensity, and, in many cases acids, which under ordinary circumstances are inert, can be used, as, for instance, copper and weak sulphuric acid.

The Dude's Presence of Mind.

"How did Algy get so frightfully burned?"

"He was warming before the grate, just after a bath, when his clothes caught fire."

"Didn't he jump back into the bathtub?"

"No. He ran out on the fire escape."—Life.

The Usual Way.

Marie—Yes, Charlie is very strong; in fact, an athlete.

Sadie—Then you may rest assured that you will acquire strength after marriage, under his tuition.

Marie—How?

Sadie—Oh, bringing up coal and all that.—Truth.

Two of a Kind.

Footpad—Your money or your life! What are you laughing at?

Jinks—Why, I'm a life-insurance agent!

Footpad—Excuse me, sir! I didn't know you were in the profession.—Puck.

Identified.

Van P'lt—You wouldn't marry the best man living, would you?

Miss Sears—Um—now, really, this is so sudden.—N. Y. World.

ELECTRICAL PROGRESS.

THE pressure of the air on the outside of the bulb of a 2,000-candle power incandescent lamp having a surface of 300 square inches is about 1¾ tons.

AN electric railway 300 miles long, to cost $2,000,000 and connecting Boise City and Lewiston, Idaho, via White Bird, Little Salmon and the Weiser valley, is in contemplation.

AN inventor has brought out a rocking-chair that is actuated by electricity. The sitter can at the same time receive gentle currents by grasping metal handles or by resting the bare feet on metal pedals.

AN arrangement for heating water by an incandescent electric lamp in the lighting circuit has been devised by M. Leon Pitot, of Paris, by which he utilizes 85 per cent. of the heat given out by the lamp.

THE Worcester (England) municipality will utilize its plant, put in for supplying electricity for lighting, to run electric motors for pumping purposes at its waterworks, instead of employing steam as originally intended.

ELECTRIC melting of metals, notably cast iron and steel, as produced by a new German process, is said to have some very great advantages. In crucible steel the new process shows an economy of fuel of more than half, which for metal which is so difficult of fusion is a favorable result.

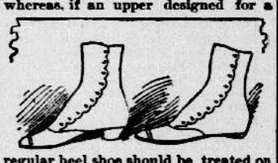
WHAT will prove to be a most useful industrial development is the application of electricity to the cleansing and preservation of boilers. The method employed is the sending of electric currents periodically through the shell of the boiler. By this means the scale formed on the shell and tubes is disintegrated and easily removed.

THE possibility of using the water as a method of telephonic communication is now being developed, and it is almost a certainty that before long moving ships at sea will be able to communicate with one another, though they are outside the range of vision, and that a warning of the approach of icebergs, derelicts or other ships will be given by electrical apparatus attached to vessels.

HINT TO INVENTORS.

Something in the Way of Lasts Which Shoemakers Need.

Makers of boots and shoes are compelled to produce goods of so many different styles and shapes, in order to suit the varied tastes of their customers, that new sets of lasts for all sizes must often be added to their already large stock. One of these sources of bother and delay and expense is the fact that a "spring-heel" boot or shoe cannot be, or at least has not yet been, made over the same last as a "regular-heel" boot or shoe. The former type is shown in the right-hand diagram herewith, and the latter in the other. It will be observed that the wearer's heel more closely approaches the ground in the one type than in the other, and that the sole is consequently straighter. If, then, an upper were cut for a spring heel shoe and then should receive its sole while on a regular heel last, the top would be inclined backward; whereas, if an upper designed for a



regular heel shoe should be treated on a regular spring heel last, the top would be canted backward. A Philadelphia dealer, who is probably a manufacturer also, is quoted by Shoe and Leather Facts as expressing the belief that a person of sufficient ingenuity can devise a last which will serve for both kinds of shoes. He does not pretend to have invented one himself, and he admits that the idea is ridiculed by both last and shoe manufacturers. "But, all the same," he insists, "I am firmly convinced that there is room for invention right here." It would prove a boon particularly to manufacturers of limited capital, who could then advantageously use their spare money in other direction. Here is a suggestion deserving consideration. There may be money in it for somebody.

Blue Frogs in the Riviera.

A resident of the Riviera writes regarding the blue frogs of that region, about which the newspapers have been publishing somewhat exaggerated stories. For many years frogs of a gray-ish blue tint have been found in various parts of the Mentone district, and sometimes one of the usual green frogs is found to have bluish spots or limbs. Visitors have been anxious to see these frogs, and in consequence a potter has contrived to have one or two animals on show. Last winter he had one for which he asked 200 francs, as some one seemed anxious for it; on former occasions he has sold a blue frog for 100 francs. The man cannot explain the cause of this special coloration, and feeds his frogs with ordinary house flies. The change in color does not seem to be due to any skin affection; and the coloration, whether entire or partial, does not seem to be modified by time. The correspondent believes that the statement that these frogs are fed with fire-flies are erroneous.

"Photographs of Lip Speech."

What is regarded as the greatest triumph of the photographer was the recent successful experiment by Prof. Dameny of Berlin in taking photographs of "lip speech." By making successive negatives of the movements of the lips of a rapid talker he managed to arrange photographs printed from them in such a manner that deaf mutes who were familiar with "lip-speech" could plainly interpret every word that the speaker had uttered.

Latest Thing in Shawl Straps.

Shawl straps have gone up in price. The meaning of this is that they are no longer plain leather, but are mounted in silver. A new fancy is to have the monogram in silver on top, just beneath the handle, and the buckles also of silver.

Unjust to the Cow.

Summer Boarder—How savagely that cow looks at me.

Farmer—It's your red parasol, mum.

Fair Maiden—Dear me! I knew it was a little bit out of fashion, but I didn't suppose a country cow would notice it.—Pearson's.

Medical Items.

"You are looking so badly, my daughter," said an Austin mother to her seven-year-old daughter, "that I shall send for Dr. Smith."

"Don't send for him. He is already engaged to be married."—Alex Sweet, in Texas Siftings.

A Considerate Employer.

Publisher—You walk lame. Been kicked out much?

Book Agent—'Bout forty times.

Publisher (kindly)—Well, leave your sample encyclopedia here, and canvas with this sample Bible until your back gets well.—N. Y. Weekly.

A New Joy.

Smithers—Aldine says he's just awakened to the true comforts of married life.

Withers—Yes, his wife left town day before yesterday.—Chicago Record.

Royal Baking Powder Absolutely Pure

All other powders are cheaper made and inferior, and leave either acid or alkali in the food.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Henrik Ibsen, who is now sixty-seven years of age, was an apothecary's clerk in Skien, Norway, when he wrote his first play.

—Mrs. Alexander, the novelist, whose real name is Mrs. Alexander Hector, is now seventy years of age, but is still in vigorous health.

—The once famous court violinist, Enrico Mast, died in Rome a few days ago. He was at one time a member of the well-known "Florentine Quartet."

—It is said that Count Tolstoi never wears shoes other than his own make. The shoemaker who instructed him says his work was sound, but that the philosopher was too slow ever to make a living at the trade.

—Mrs. Lynn Lynton, the novelist, is said to have been the first woman who wrote for the daily newspapers. Since her first novel appeared, forty-six years ago, she has written over fifty volumes. She is also very clever in embroidery and designing on wood.

—Alphonse Daudet thus describes his method of working: "When the fit is upon me I allow nothing to interrupt me, not even leaving my writing table for meals. I have my food brought to my desk, eat hurriedly, and set to work before digestion begins."

—One of Lord Coleridge's peculiarities was his habit when on circuit of strolling round and round the court in order to keep himself awake. This was a frequent practice of his when sitting late to finish a case, and was extremely disconcerting to the counsel who happened to be addressing him.

—All the private correspondence of the empress of Russia, or rather all those letters which she writes with her own hand, are on a delicate, pink-colored paper, just faintly perfumed with the attar of roses. The envelopes are long and narrow and entirely free from any heraldic emblazonment whatever.

—Miss Margaret Rogers, a twenty-three-year-old girl of Monterey county California, has already made a fortune in the horse and cattle business. She rounds up catttle, breaks horses, can plough, sow and harvest, and is withal a refined woman who abhors loudness. She is a charming hostess, a good performer on the piano, and has an excellent education.

—United States Treasurer Morgan has secured a relic of great historical interest, being the table upon which President Lincoln signed the Emancipation proclamation. It has been in the possession of Louis Burgdorf, a clerk in the treasury department, who was a messenger in the executive mansion under Presidents Polk, Taylor, Fillmore, Pierce, Buchanan and Lincoln. The table was presented to him by President Lincoln a week after he signed the proclamation.

HUMOROUS.

—A Boston woman speaks of a dirt wagon as a "real-estate conveyance."—Yonkers Statesman.

—"When is a fellow lying low?" "When he is whispering soft nothings into the ear of the summer girl."—Boston Gazette.

—The Tariff.—She—"What is the tariff?" He (trembling)—"You wouldn't dare to say that to me if you were a man."—Detroit Free Press.

—Guide—"Now, you will have to be careful; many a tourist has broken his neck at this spot." Tourist (to his wife)—"Augusta, you go first."—Spare Moments.

—Why They Do Not Speak.—Miss Oswald (her fourth season)—"I am going to Mr. Thorpe's yachting party tomorrow." Mr. Snyder (who has been invited and who, besides, sees a chance to pay off an old score)—"You don't say so! Whom do you chaperon?"—Vogue.

—"Madam Bleach has invented a complexion remedy that is going to bring an immense fortune to her." "Does it make one fair as a lily in one application?" "Pooh, no; it makes you look as sunburned and freckled as if you'd been away for the whole summer."—Inter-Ocean.

—The Wonders of Science.—The professor (enthusiastically)—"Ah, Miss Nomer! astronomy is a grand study. Look now, for instance, at Orion; yonder is Mars; over there is Jupiter, and that beautiful blue star is Sirius." Miss Nomer (deeply interested)—"Oh, professor! How beautiful! But, tell me, how did you astronomers ever find out the names of all those stars."—Puck.

—"I want you to publish these poems in bookform," said a seedy-looking man to a New York publisher. Publisher—"I'll look over them, but I can not promise to bring them out unless you have a well-known name." Poet—"That's all right. My name is known wherever the English language is spoken." "Ah, indeed! What is your name?" "John Smith."—White Plains Weekly.

AMONG ladies just now the favorite musical instrument is the violin. Their woman's nature prompts them to enjoy so many strings to one's bow.

A TRIFLE FRENCHY.

THE French census shows a total of 390,000 foreign work people.

THE French government pays its representative at London $60,000 a year.

FRANCE has the largest public debt of any country in the world. It amounts to $6,130,000,000.

THE French courts have recently decided that a woman's dot or marriage portion is the property of her husband.

ACCORDING to M. Flammarion, the great astronomer, the mean temperature of Paris for the past six years has been two degrees below the normal.

MATTERS FOR MATES.

LIBERTY of action is won by mutual concessions.

THE marriage ring is a circle which husband and wife have the problem set them of making all square.

MARRIED people should study each other's weak points, as skaters look out for weak parts on the ice in order to keep off them.

SUGAR is the substance most universally diffused through all natural products. Let married people take a hint from this provision of nature.

THE last word is dangerous. Husband and wife should no more fight to get it than they should struggle for the possession of a lighted bombshell.

AT a garden party—That one of the stuning costumes was a kilt-plaited skirt of light mauve crepe de chine.

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

Season of 1894.

OFFICE OF NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY.—We wish to call attention to the fact that during the months of August and September is the most favorable time to make the tour of the Yellowstone National Park—the World's Wonderland.

The Hotel and Transportation Companies in the Yellowstone National Park are fully prepared to take care of all business offered and it is hoped that some of those who have abandoned their trip on account of the labor troubles may be induced to take it now.

Our through train service between St. Paul, Minneapolis and Duluth, and Portland, Tacoma and Seattle has been completely resumed, so that no one need fear any material delays en route. The usual equipment consisting of Pullman tourist sleepers and Pullman vestibuled standard sleepers, together with vestibuled first and second class coaches and palace dining cars, is carried on all through trains.

Illustrated pamphlets and detailed information will be promptly furnished upon application.

CHAS. S. FEE,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent.
St. Paul, Minn., July 25, 1894.

HE was a countryman, and he walked along a busy thoroughfare and read a sign over the door of a manufacturing establishment: "Cast-Iron Sinks." It made him mad. He said that any fool ought to know that.—Christian Word.

A CHICAGO man has discovered a wonderful force that is going to supplant the steam engine. It is probably a motive power caused by confining boarding house butter in a strong iron box.—Texas Siftings.

LAWYERS may be poets; they write lots of "versus."

Disaster Follows

When liver trouble is neglected. Uneasiness below the right ribs and shoulder blade, dyspepsia, nausea, constipation, sick headache, furred tongue. Do you want 'em? Of course not. Use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters and you won't be bothered with them, or any other symptoms of liver disturbance. Make haste when the first signs show themselves.

A MAN who was compelled to sue an old comrade to recover what he owed him call him his pseudo friend. Sued? sued—owe! yes, Ah, we catch on.—Tammany Times.

FLANNEL next the skin often produces a rash, removable with Glenn's Sulphur Soap. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50 cents.

"THIS is a hard world," said the balloonist as he dropped out of the basket and lit in a stone quarry.—Brooklyn Life.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price 75c.

THE last sad right was administered to the man killed in a prize fight.—Tammany Times.

THE armless wonder is quite handy with his feet.—Puck.

A "RUN DOWN" and "used-up" feeling is the first warning that your liver isn't doing its work. With a torpid liver and the impure blood that follows it, you're an easy prey to all sorts of ailments. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures every one of them.

PIERCE'S CURE. Guaranteed to

MRS. BRAMSFORD.

I can truthfully say that I believe your Golden Medical Discovery saved my life. When I began your treatment two years ago, I had been given up by the Doctor, and my friends had lost all hope of my recovery. I had suffered for years with torpid liver; I had chronic pleurisy and catarrh in a very bad form. Attended with hemorrhages, was confined to my bed two months. In a few days after beginning your medicine I could perceive a slight change for the better; in three months I felt almost like a new person. Gratefully yours,
MRS. MAGGIE L. BRAMSFORD,
Williamsburg, W. Va.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES CATARRH. PRICE 50 CENTS, ALL DRUGGISTS.

FAT GOES REDUCED from 15 to 50 lbs. a month. Three treatments (by post) 10 dollars. Sealed. Sent free. Address O. W. F. SNYDER, M. D., Mail Dept. 14, McVicker's Theater, Chicago, Ill.

$1000 in money; also other valuable premiums to a good canvasser. BABE BALL Enthusiasts, this is your opportunity. Send 6c. for other HOME AND COUNTY MAGAZINE. Price 25c. All Newsdealers; or 53 East 10th St., New York. MENTION THIS PAPER every time you write.

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THE POT INSULTED THE KETTLE BECAUSE THE COOK HAD NOT USED

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