SELECTIONS OF VERSE.

The Mother's Dream.

Boy, your mother's dreaming; there's a picture pure and bright
That gladdens all her homely tasks at morning, noon and night.
A picture whose is blended all the beauty born of hope,
A view that takes the whole of life within its loving scope.

She's dreaming, fondly dreaming, of the happy future when
Her boy shall stand the equal of his grandest fellowmen.
Her boy, whose heart with goodness she has labored to imbue,
Shall be, in her declining years, her lover proud and true.

She's growing old; her cheeks have lost the blush and bloom of spring,
But oh! her heart is proud because her son shall be a king;
Shall be a king of noble deeds, with goodness crowned, and own
The hearts of all his fellowmen, and she shall share his throne.

Boy, your mother's dreaming; there's a picture pure and bright
That gladdens all her homely tasks at morning, noon and night;
A view that takes the whole of life within its loving scope,
Oh, boy, beware! you must not mar that mother's dream and hope.
—Nixon Waterman, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

Confinement and Hard Work

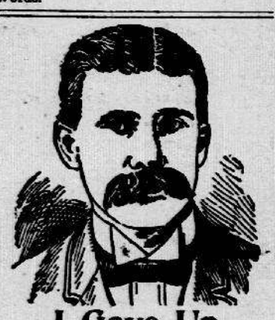
Indoors, particularly in the sitting posture, are far more prejudicial to health than excessive muscular exertion in the open air. Hard sedentary workers are far too weary after office hours to take much needful exercise in the open air. They often need a tonic. Where can they seek invigoration more certainly and thoroughly than from Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a renovant particularly adapted to recruit the exhausted force of nature. Use also for dyspepsia, kidney, liver and rheumatic ailments.

TROLLEY Motorman (to Conductor)—"Say, Bill, the old gent behind has just fell off." Conductor—"That's all right. He's paid his fare."—Pathfinder.

An Enigmatical Bill of Fare.

For a dinner served on the Dining Cars of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, will be sent to any address on receipt of a two cent postage stamp. Apply to Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

A PERSON has a right to exercise his own religion provided it does not interfere with his general good behavior.—Household Words.



I Gave Up

Hoping I would ever be better, I had suffered so much from sour stomach, kidney troubles, and other ailments. But Hood's Sarsaparilla was the means of saving my life. After taking it I was strong and muscular, gained 14 lbs. I recommend

Hood's Sarsaparilla

to all who long for health and strength." NICHOLAS SCHIEHSER, Summerdale, Ill.

Hood's Pills are tasteless, mild, effective. All druggists. 25c.

Successful

growers of **fruits, berries,** and all kinds of **vegetables,** know that the largest yields and best quality are produced by the liberal use of fertilizers containing at least **10% of**

Actual Potash.

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Our pamphlets are not advertising circulars boasting special fertilizers, but are practical works, containing latest researches on the subject of fertilization, and are really helpful to farmers. They are sent free for the asking.

GERMAN KALI WORKS, 93 Nassau St., New York.

An important trifle — The DeLONG Patent Hook and Eye and trifles make perfection.

See that **hump?**

Richardson & DeLong Bros., Philadelphia.

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Always WINS HOSTS of FRIENDS wherever its Superior Merits become known. It is the Safest FOOD for Convalescents!

Sold by DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE. John Carle & Sons, New York.

Your Wife—

Will like it.
So will the Cook.

If your better half does the cooking, she has an additional reason why there should be a CHARTER OAK RANGE OR STOVE in your kitchen. The use of them prevents very real disappointment.

THE ARMSTRONG CO. does half the work when other ranges do their share. It has many features, found in no other range, including the patented Armstrong Oven Bottom, which makes the oven perfectly level, and keeps the cooking uniform. Ask your dealer for it. Take no other. Some dealers endeavor to substitute inferior goods because they make more profit on them. Refuse such. Insist on having the Armstrong. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction in every respect. Ask your neighbor about it. Of those who have used it, ninety-nine out of every one hundred will say it is the best they ever saw. Ask your neighbor. Ask the dealer. Ask the Armstrong Co. Ask anybody who knows anything about it. Ranges and Stoves, $15 and upward. Sold by all first-class dealers. Illustrated and descriptive catalogue free. Address

THE ARMSTRONG CO., Detroit, Mich.

GAYOSO HOTEL, MEMPHIS FIRST-CLASS IN EVERY RESPECT. $2.00 ROOMS, REDUCED TO $1.00 PER DAY.

THE WOE OF A HUMORIST.

For years I'd dwelt upon a thought—no matter what it be.
'Twas full of wondrous import—or, that is, it was to me.
I'd ne'er confided to a friend the very slightest hint
That I had dwelt upon it or had deemed it had much in't.
And after many years had passed I tried to write it out,
But found it most elusive, for it put my pen to rout.
I could not do it up in prose or write it down in verse,
And every effort that I made seemed than the other worse.

But one day like a rush the words to give it to the world
Came to me, and a sonnet—yes, a sonnet—was unfurled.
It ran in stately periods, and when I had it done
It seemed of all the sonnets quite the very greatest one.
I read the sonnet to my friend—the best friend that I had—
And as I finished up the lines his face looked mortal sad.
"I truly think," said he, and sighed, "my mind has left me quite.
I cannot truly see the point of what you've read to-night."

I read it to my wife, and she, sweet-hearted soul—she said,
"I always like your verses, dear"—then shook her bonny head—
"But you can do much better work than this, it seems to me.
You waste your genius and your time writing parody."
A last resource, I tried it on my eldest little boy,
And he received it with a smile that tokened inner joy.
"It's bully, daddy dear," said he, and snuggled to my vest;
"But I must say I like your rinkty-dinkty nonsense best."

I sent it to an editor. "He'll understand," said I.
A day, a week, and e'en a month brought from him no reply.
But finally the answer came. 'Twas like the serpent's hiss.
"Dear Blank," said he, "I swear I've tried, but can't find fun in this."
And so it goes. The worst of woes in all my mortal span
Has been to find myself set down as just a funny man—
To find, when I am serious and try to do my best,
My friends and family opine I'm much in need of rest.
—Carlyle Smith, in Harper's Magazine.

DREAMS.

BY WALTER L. SAWYER.

THE house fronted the main road, in orthodox fashion, but its most important room was at the back and overlooked the sea. This was considered unfortunate. No one cared for the picture framed by the single window. On the other hand, few could see the spool cotton, plug tobacco and jar of peppermints that the window held.

Once in a great while a caller at "Aunt Polly's store" delighted in the certainty that passers-by would not peep in. Gladys did. She had perched upon the home-made counter, and she swung her slim little legs and chattered away with a delightful sense of freedom and daring. It was warm in doors and out, and Aunt Polly'a Jim Ned, who listened, had discarded his jacket. To talk to a boy who wore no coat and who did not wear a neglige shirt, deepened Gladys' happy consciousness of unconventional bravery.

"Oh, yes, I'll miss it all," she was saying. "It'll seem odd not to go down to the beach to bathe every day. We can't bathe—only in tubs—in Boston. I think it's ever so much nicer to bathe in the Atlantic ocean, don't you? Somehow it seems cleaner, you know, and besides, you can't catch fish in a bathtub, can you? Do you remember that time I caught the mackerel? I think mackerel are lovely to catch! They act so—so well-bred. I'd be ashamed to be a sculpin, and have people know I was always hungry.

"I wish there was a beach in Boston—and a cow like Spotty Nose—and blueberries on bushes—and hayracks—and Aunt Polly to make doughnuts! Don't you s'pose Aunt Polly would come to Boston and make doughnuts? I'm sure all the girls in my school would buy them for luncheon. F'r'aps maamma would let me take 'em to school in a basket and sell 'em for her. You could row boats, you know; there are boats in the public garden. They row 'em with their feet. Can you row with your feet?"

The boy shook his head. He looked puzzled; but he evidently felt it wise to ask no questions.

"Oh, well, you might learn," the little girl went on; "and you can do other

"OH, YES, I'LL MISS IT ALL."

things," she generously added. "I think you're most as clever as papa. I'd ask him to teach you judging; he's a judge, you know. Would you like that?"

The boy was silent for a moment, and when he spoke it was as though deep impulse moved him against his will.

"No use thinkin' what I'd like," he said, bitterly. "I ain't liable to get a chance at anything but pickin' potato bugs 'n' diggin' clams."

"You could live in the cave, though," was the girl's suggestion. She made it in all seriousness, as though he could not dream of surer comfort. Almost while she said it, the thought of her own deprivation seemed to overpower her. She slipped from the counter, and, standing before it, hid her face in her hands.

"Oh, Jim Ned!" she sobbed, "I've got to go away and leave it. And prob'ly I'll be grown up next year—too grown up to scoot down and climb in. Mamma can't. She wouldn't even come to the funeral, when we buried Millicent under the big white rock. Yes, and they'll be my youngest baby, when I'm [illegible]!"

"You could stay up," the boy mutterily suggested.

"I think you're lovely, Jim Ned," was the child's indignant answer. In the heat of her wrath her tears dried, and the boy apparently welcomed the change; for when he spoke again it was in his old manner of gruff assurance.

"Your father can buy you more dolls," he argued. "'Tisn't like wanting to get things and not being able."

"It's worse."

"No, 'taint."

"Jim Ned! Don't you know it's rude to 'spute a lady?"

"Well, why is it worse?" the boy asked, abashed.

"Because," the little girl said, conclusively.

The boy was unconvinced; but he did not express his thought. Perhaps he felt that words were useless. He took a slate from the shelf, spat upon it, smeared it clean with his hand, wiped the hand on the trousers, and then explored his pockets until he found a bit of pencil. Gladys watched him while he laboriously traced his name and some unmeaning characters. Evidently his thoughts were on the old subject. When his sober gray eyes at length encountered Gladys' inconstant blue, he flashed out suddenly, like one who utters a thought which is in every mind:

"I'm 12 years old, 'n' I don't know anything," he said; "you're only seven, but you can go to school all you want to!"

"Yes," the child answered, placidly; "Miss Barker says I have a great many 'complishments—but you do know things, Jim Ned," she hastened to add. "And going to school isn't much fun—only on Saturdays, and then there isn't any. I wouldn't want to go, if I could live here and have the cave to play in."

"Huh! You're a girl!"

"What would you like to be when you're a man, Jim Ned?"

The question served the purpose of effective retort. The boy glanced at the querist and looked away, reddening. To cover his confusion, or to gain time, he dropped the slate and then laid it noisily away. That done, it was still difficult to face the child's clear eyes. He turned his back upon her and, leaning against the counter, stared toward the window.

"Isn't it beautiful!" he heard presently; "the sky and the water and the cliffs of Green Island. It makes me feel rested and—and good to look at it!"

"'Tain't any use," was the boy's indifferent answer. "They can't raise anything over there; not even potatoes. Ain't anything there but rocks and field mice.

"I don't know what I want to do," he went on, as though his utterance had established a habit of speech. "Sometimes I think I'd like to run an engine. Then I wish I could build a big building, seven or eight stories. Then I want to go to college and only just learn things. Trouble is, there ain't any chance here to see what things are like." He grew impatient at the difficulty of making his meaning clear, even to himself, and kicked backward viciously at the counter. "If I lived in Boston, same's you do—"

"I guess you'd wish you could come back to Maine and play in the cave and go fishing and have clam bakes," the child said, wisely. "I shall."

The boy began an angry answer; but it occurred to him that his companion belonged to an inferior sex, and could not be expected to understand; and he held his peace. After a momentary calculation of expense, he took down a jar, extracted a long stick of pink and white candy, and gave her half. Then he fetched the slate around the counter and invited her to beat him at tit-tat-to.

"THIS IS MY LITTLE DAUGHTER'S LAST CALL."

Seated on two soap boxes, they were soon absorbed in the game. Aunt Polly, in the kitchen, sang: "Blow ye the trumpet, blow," and it passed unheeded; nor did they rouse to attentive interest when Judge Hastings rapped on the casing and she opened the screen door.

"This is my little daughter's last call," they might have heard him say. "We return to-morrow."

"'N she wants to stay, as bad as my boy wants to go," Aunt Polly answered, with a mirthless laugh. "Kind o' queer, ain't it?"

"Her father was a country boy," said the judge, smiling gravely; "perhaps she inherits the homesickness that never wholly leaves him. The earth holds us, I think. The smell of the fresh sod lingers in our nostrils; the upland pasture is never so brave in the sunlight as when bricks and mortar hide it. I look forward always to the day when I can come back."

"You wouldn't make my boy believe that," the woman said, bluntly.

"No, I wouldn't try. He will learn for himself how little happiness depends on place or position. Let him go when the time comes. It's a man's right to measure himself with men. Very likely he'll be glad to come home to you."

The woman shook her head doubtfully. "I notice most of 'em stay," she said.

"Perhaps they must," was the patient answer; "but at least they remember; they begin to value that which lies behind. It's the memory and hope of the old home that keeps life sound and sweet."—N. Y. Independent.

The Cause.

"Ar-har!" ejaculated the nominal head of the family triumphantly as he looked up from his newspaper. "My dear, let this be a solemn warning to you."

"What do you mean?" queried the real head of the family, calmly. "What are you talking about?"

"I have just been reading about the case of a young man who was recently convicted and sent to prison for embezzling a large sum of money. He came of an excellent family and yet it was proved during the trial that, despite the good influences that a refined home life had constantly thrown around him, he had been a confirmed and incorrigible thief from boyhood. This was regarded as one of the inexplicible mysteries of human depravity till his mother confessed, at the close of the trial, that for a year or more before his birth she had been in the habit of going through her husband's pockets every night."

—The Roman pen, or stylus, was an iron implement, sharp at one end like an awl and flat at the other like a paper cutter. It was used for writing on tablets of wood or ivory covered with wax. The sharp end was employed for writing and the flat for erasing or correcting what was written.

PHILOSOPHER DOOLEY.

His Description of a Football Game Back of the Dump.

"Jawn," said Mr. Dooley, "whin I played futball 'twas spoort; now futball is war."

"How is that?" asked Mr. McKenna.

"Well, whin I was a lad th' way we played futball was this way: Twinty or thirty or wan hundhred min an' boys come together in a vacan' lot an' we had a round rubber ball that th' biggest man blowed up, an' so th' air wuddent r-run out iv it he stuffed chewed-up bread in th' hole. Thin a lad be th' name iv McGuire he says: 'Go head now,' an' I give her a kick an' put her over th' fince. Thin they brought it back, th' little la-ads did, an' I kicked it on th' roof iv th' Brothers' school. Brother Alexis fetched it down, an' says he: 'Dooley, don't kick so hard,' he says. So I give it wan low kick with th' broad iv me fut an' catched Hinnissy, who was a young man thin, in th' pit iv th' stomach, an' he kicked young Regan, an' Regan kicked Cassidy, an' Cassidy kicked O'Brien, an' O'Brien kicked Brother Alexis an' had to do th' stations iv th' cross, an' a boy be th' name iv Hogan run off with th' ball.

"That was futball! But las' week young Clancy asked me f'r to go over to th' back iv th' dump an' see a game bechune th' Young Parnells an' th' Young Sarsfields. I took Hinnissy with me, may Gawd f'rgive me. He'd ne'er seen a game befure. Th' la-ads was there whin we come. I luked over th' field an' says I: 'What is this?' says I. 'What're they goin' to do?' I says. Hinnissy made no answer. Th' little Mulcahy kid was done up with wooden shields on his shins an' earmuffs on his ears an' a band around his head an' a carnycopy on his nose. He wore matthresses f'r pants an' he had a hair iv head like cole slaw. Th' others was like him. Ye cud iv tol' no wan iv thim fr'm th' other.

"Well, sir, a man blew a whistle an' with that little Mulcahy reached over an' give Tom O'Brien's son a punch in th' nose. O'Brien calls out, 'Look there, Mike Mulcahy, what ye'er boy's doin' to mine. I want ye to stop him.' 'Stop nowan,' says Mulcahy acrost th' field. 'But if that rasc'lly son iv ye'ers iver kicks that boy iv mine again,' he says, 'I'll have th' law on him,' says he. 'Look out f'r his feet, little Mike,' he says. 'Now, thin, land him.'

"Well, O'Brien wint right acrost th' field afther Mulcahy an' th' last seen iv thim they was collar-an'-elbowin' down toward th' bridge. Just thin Hogan Cassidy threw his fut into little Malachi Dorsey an' ol' man Cassidy wint over an' pulled Tom Dorney's nose. I took thim apart near th' river an' come back just as what th' lads call a scrimmage was on. Tommy O'Leary got hol' iv th' ball an' started to run away with it, whin little Duggan fetched him a puck in th' jaw an' brought him down. He'd no more thin done that whin Teddy Clancy nailed Duggan with a kick on th' back an' rolled him on top iv O'Leary an' fell on him. Thin all th' other lads fell on Duggan an' Clancy an' O'Leary, all but wan. That was Dinny Casey, an' he sthrayed around th' idge an' took a kick at any one he saw, an' particuley at Pete O'Shea.

"Pete O'Shea was Hinnissy's nivyew, an' th' first thing Hinnissy done whin he see his sisther's son gettin' the worst iv it was to r-run acrost th' sthreet an' come back with an armful iv bricks. He can throw f'r an old man, an' fitched Casey with th' first brick. 'Stick it out,' he says, 'I'll clane all iv thim aff ye,' he says. An' sure he done it, but the lad comes wrigglin' out iv th' pile smilin' an' says he: 'Uncle, lave go ye'er brickbats,' he says. 'What f'r?' says Hinnissy. 'Don't ye see they're all up Barrin' Mulcahy,' says th' kid. ''Twas on'y a down,' he says 'A what?' says Hinnissy. 'A down,' says th' lad. 'An how manny more is there?' says Hinnisay. 'A hundherd or more,' says th' lad. 'Well, thin,' says Hinnissy, 'I'm goin' home,' he says. 'If ye have anny wurrud to lave ye'er mother,' he says, 'tell it to me.'

"I took him by the ar-rm as we wint home an' says I, 'Hinnissy,' I says, 'ye made a fool of ye'erself,' I says. 'How's that?' says he. 'How's that? Ye'er an illitherate man,' I says. 'I can read an' write,' he says, 'an' give ye th' wurruks of Willum Carleton be heart.' 'Thrue,' says I. 'But whin ye intherfered with that game did ye know that ye was stoppin' th' iducation iv th' youth iv th' land,' I says. 'I did not,' he says, sadly. 'An' now th' thought comes on me an' makes me heart gray with trouble,' he says. 'When I interfered with that man that was poundin' Hoolihan with a baseball bat las' winter,' he says, 'did I keep annywan out iv a proper schoolin'?'

"'Ye may have,' says I."—Chicago Post.

MY LADY'S LOOKING-GLASS.

She Is Better Looking Than the Mirror Did Her Believe.

Every girl who is dissatisfied with herself should remember that she is better looking than the most kind of looking-glasses bid her believe. A mirror, it is contended, cannot flatter a face that is in its natural state—that is, not "made up." Even the very best plate glass has a pale green tinge which reflects a color a trifle less clear than the original; hair also has always a more glossy sheen than the glass shows.

If it is wavy the glass never shows the best of the waves, and if it is straight the glass accentuates the straightness. More important and still better to be remembered and carefully treasured, no one ever looked at the face so closely or so critically as the owner of it looks at the reflection in the glass.

Blemishes that are a grief to a nonconceited girl may pass quite unnoticed by her friends. The two or three gray hairs that appear unfairly soon on the head of a girl who overworks her brain simply have the effect of high lights in a picture, and pass for extra gloss.

The figure that looks heavy when seen only so far as the waist in a glass may be absolutely in graceful proportion when seen with the rest of the figure.—Washington Times.

Napoleon on the English Channel.

The autumn of 1803 and the spring of 1804 had been a steady development of resources at Boulogne. It was tentatively arranged that a French fleet of ten sail of the line under Latouche-Treville should leave Toulon on July 30 as if to reoccupy Egypt, and thus tempt Nelson to follow with the hope of repeating his victory in the scene of his former exploits. But the French admiral was to turn and appear at Rochefort on the bay of Biscay, increase his armament by the addition to it of six first-rate vessels with a number of frigates, and then, by a long detour, arrive in the straits of Dover, as if doubling Cape Clear from the west. "Masters of the channel for six hours, we are masters of the world," wrote the emperor. This scheme was thwarted by the untimely death of the admiral.—Prof. W. M. Sloane, in Century.

—From the drainage of stables has been manufactured the French eau de mille fleurs, or water of a thousand flowers, a perfume which, in itself, combines the odors of almost the entire floral kingdom.

HOUSEHOLD BREVITIES.

—Cream Pancakes.—Mix the yolks of two well beaten eggs with a pint of cream, two ounces of pulverized sugar, a little nutmeg, cinnamon and mace. Rub the pan with butter, and fry the pancakes thin.—Prairie Farmer.

—Red Pickle.—One quart of cooked and chopped beets, one quart of chopped cabbage, one cupful of grated horseradish, two cupfuls of sugar, a tablespoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of black pepper, a fourth of a teaspoonful of red pepper and vinegar to cover.—Housekeeper.

—In polishing silver that has been laid away and badly tarnished. It is a good plan to dip the portion of a soft old cloth in sweet oil or soft lard, then in whiting and rub the articles well until the black has disappeared. Then finish with whiting applied with a dry cloth, and polish off with chamois skin.

—Delicious Raised Buns.—Use one quart of milk; boil one pint of it. Add to the whole quart a piece of butter the size of an egg, two-thirds of a cup of sugar and two eggs beaten together, one-half a cup of black currants and one-half a cup of yeast. Let the mixture rise over night.—Ladies' Home Journal.

—English Suet Pudding.—Two cups of chopped suet, two cups of flour, one cup of milk, one-half cup of molasses, one cup of chopped raisins, one teaspoon of ground cloves and cinnamon, little nutmeg; steam three hours. Sauce—Piece of butter size of a walnut, teaspoon of milk and cup of sugar. Beat all together.—Boston Globe.

—Cream Potatoes.—Pare, rinse and boil potatoes until easily pierced with a fork. Drain off all the water and set on back of stove to dry. Wash thoroughly, and then stir with a fork or wire potato masher until they are very light. Pour over a cup of hot cream (or milk and a piece of butter the size of a walnut) and the whipped white of an egg. Then stir rapidly, and dish out lightly in a tureen. Never smooth or press creamed or mashed potatoes; it makes them solid.—Housekeeper.

—Rolls—Three and one-half cups of new milk scalded, one half-cup of butter and lard in equal proportions one cup of potato yeast, flour to make into a smooth dough. Let rise over night, in the morning add one beaten egg, knead, let rise again. Make into balls as large as an egg, place on a floured board, flour a tiny rolling pin, press down so as to nearly divide each ball. In the center, butter this space made with rolling pin, place on pans, so as not to touch each other, when light, bake.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

—Apple and Almond Pudding.—Pare, core and stew to a pulp some good baking apples and place them at the bottom of a pudding dish. Blanch and pound five ounces of almonds with five ounces of sugar and stir into them the yolks of seven well-beaten eggs, the grated rind and the juice of one large lemon. Thicken it with two dessert spoonfuls of flour, mix all thoroughly together, and then add the whites whisked to a stiff froth. Pour this over the stewed apple and bake in moderate oven until a fine brown.—Boston Budget.

TRICKS OF CRIMINALS.

Ways in Which They Often Escape from Peace Officers.

The strangler's grip is another trick which some men practice, though not very often with success, as the police know it and watch for it. The dodge is usually tried by a prisoner who appears exceedingly submissive and willing to "go quietly." But if the policeman is thrown off his guard, the captive knows he is safe. With a rapid movement to the side, he springs on the officer, partly from behind, and throws his right arm round the constable's neck, so that the inner side of the elbow presses on the windpipe. Then with a sharp pressure he tightens the arm, grasps his left hand round his right wrist, and jerks as hard as he can. If he is anyway expert, and has time to get his arm firmly set in the right position, it is all over with the constable. No matter how powerful he may be, he will not break the murderous grip, and his foe is practically out of reach. Less than a minute is usually enough to produce total unconsciousness, and long before that stage is reached the constable is at the mercy of the ruffian whose arrest he had accomplished.

There is yet another ruse which is often tried, and now and again succeeds. A constable grabs his man by thes coat-collar, and a moment later finds himself possessed of the coat, while the owner is vanishing in his shirt sleeves. The trick, however, is generally foiled by the police, who know it well, and who also know that thieves occasionally wear coats with sleeves so loosely sewn in that separation is easy and escape easy also. Hence it is that the police—who are carefully taught such little details (and others) generally take exceeding care that the fingers of the hand are inserted between the neck and the shirt, a thumb being warningly placed against the captive's windpipe, which can be used effectively if required.

These are but very few of the favorite methods adopted by the wily wrong-doer to preserve his freedom. There are others so brutal that I do not care to make the details public. Both are well-known to the criminal classes and the police, and both are almost certain, if successfully tried, to injure a constable seriously for the rest of his life. It is but the other day that a very promising officer died from one, after months of weary agony. That there are counter dodges adopted by the police I know full well—methods not altogether devoid of brutality; but, to the honor of the force be it said, not usually adopted, save in moments of real danger. And if, after all, now and then an innocent man suffers, one can hardly wonder when one realizes the perils faced night after night and day after day by police constables who have to match themselves unarmed against all the scoundreldom of London.—Westminster Budget.

Given to Slang.

"Sir!"

That was the sound that he heard when he asked her for just one little kiss.

"Sir!"

There was so much emphasis to the sound that came from her pretty lips that he longed to have the ground open and swallow him up.

"Cert!"

When she finished the word he at least realized that she was only a new woman somewhat given to slang.—Chicago Post.

Did Her Duty.

Mrs. B.—Bridget, have you turned the gas on in the parlor, as I told you?

New Domestic—Yis, mum; can't you smell it?—Boston Courier.

—Against His Principles.—"Why didn't Jorkins wear that last suit his tailor made?" "He said it was against his temperance principles to wear anything tight."—Detroit Free Press.

—Wood is not generally well-seasoned by a very high temperature. If the heat is too great the moisture escapes very rapidly and the wood is liable to crack or split.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

"OH, boy, I'll give you a dollar to catch my canary bird." "He's just caught, ma'am." "Where—where is the precious pet?" "Black cat up the road's got 'im!"—Chicago Record.

AN Institution of Learning.—Friend—"Has your son learned much since he went to college?" Father—"No; but I have."—Puck.

I COULD not get along without Piso's Cure for Consumption. It always cures.—MRS. E. C. MOULTON, Needham, Mass., Oct. 30, '94.

THE true way of softening one's troubles is to solace those of others.—Mme. de Maintenon.

Hall's Catarrh Cure
Is taken internally Price 75c

TRUTH is the handmaid of justice; freedom is its child; peace its companion; safety walks in its steps; victory follows in its train.—Sydney Smith.

"ONE views these things," said Br'er Fox, "According as his light is.
I do not doubt those grapes are sweet,
But I fear appendicitis."
—Chicago Record.

HIT OR MISS.—They say when Cupid aims his dart
At man he never misses,
Yet when he hits a miss's heart
'Tis then he makes the Mrs.

LAURA—"And now you must see papa." Reginald—"I have seen him—or, rather, he has seen me. He told me yesterday that I either had to declare myself or stay out of the house."—Indianapolis Tribune.

IN proverbs dangers often lurk—
Their meaning rather hazy;
"The happy man sings at his work,"
But—drives the others crazy.
—Atlanta Constitution.

PUBLIC sentiment powerfully restrains men from doing wrong; but, when they have done wrong, sets itself as powerfully against them.—Beecher.

THE proprietor of a Louisville bone factory announces that persons leaving their bones with him can have them ground at short notice.

WHATEVER difference may appear in the fortunes of mankind, there is, nevertheless, a certain compensation of good and evil which makes them equal.—Rochefoucauld.

AT the National Gallery.—Fair American (before a celebrated picture of a saint)—Wal, I reckon I would have had my hair crimped before I had my picture painted.—Judy.

TEACHER—"Tommy, how is the world divided?" Tommy—"Paw says it is divided between the corporations and the politicians."—Indianapolis Journal.

IT was during a heavy storm, and as the thunder died away the little girl said earnestly: "I wish God wouldn't grumble so."

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends 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.

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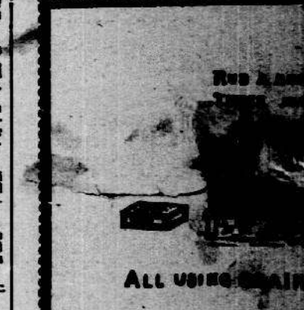
JUDGE—"Did the prisoner come any distance?" Officer—"Only five dollars, your honor."—Puck.

THE trouble in the world is mostly caused by the fact that one-half the people have, and the other half want.—Fortune.

A PERFUMED coniferous—one who sweet presents his bill.—Texas Siftings.

Grace before

There's a difference between giving, and being full of [illegible] But the one thing generally [illegible] can it be helped when the [illegible] pie so enticing? Here's a [illegible] full feeling after Thanksgiving [illegible] any pill, mind you. There [illegible] you. Take the pill that will [illegible] Pill — and it's perfect. It is [illegible] to the palate, and its operation [illegible] is effective and without violence [illegible] mind if you want to enjoy [illegible] Grace before meat, but a pill [illegible]



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The great success of the [illegible] the house of Walter [illegible] in 1780) has led to [illegible] many misleading [illegible] of their name, [illegible] Baker & Co. are the [illegible] facturers of pure [illegible] Chocolate [illegible] Cocoa [illegible]
WALTER [illegible]

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