



**Going and Coming.**  
"What!—I calculated the tourist, 'you are going to leave me alone on this precipitous peak if I do not pay you five pounds!'"  
"Yes, m'sieu."  
"But when I asked what you would charge to take me to the top of the peak you said five pounds."  
"Exactly, m'sieu."  
"And now you are trying to make me give you an extra five pounds. It is robbery!"  
"Does m'sieu think that we are going to take him down the peak for nothing?"  
—Houston Post.

**Misunderstood.**  
"Marcel," said the old gentleman, sharply, "that young man you had in the parlor last night is dull of comprehension. All I had to do was cough when the other chaps remained too late, and they would take the hint and depart. Did this one say anything when I coughed last night?"  
"Yes," replied the beautiful daughter, "he said the next time he called he was going to bring you some cough drops." —Tit-Bit.

**An Italian Limerick.**  
There was once a dago at Toppeka  
Who had many vowels in his checka.  
One daya he said, "I'm a dago."  
And spilla dem alla  
And now he no good to speaka.  
—Kansas City Drivers' Telegram.

**NOBODY.**



**Rubberly—**Kiss me, sir, but are you not the famous and prominent—  
**Stranger—**You're mistaken, sir. I've never been indicted by any grand jury.  
—Chicago News.

**The Bum Sailor.**  
There was a young man who went yachting,  
With a green little leath,  
With a stone reading, "Gone—nacht for-gachin!"  
—Cleveland Leader.

**Squaring the Circle.**  
Teacher—How many sides has a square?  
Sharp Boy—Four, sir.  
Teacher—How many has a triangle?  
Sharp Boy—Three, sir.  
Teacher—And a circle?  
Sharp Boy—Two, sir.  
Teacher (thinking he has got him)—How's that?  
Sharp Boy—Inside and outside, sir.  
—Ally Slopser.

**Very Unkind.**  
He (reading from paper)—There is an old superstition to the effect that every time the cock crows a lie is told.  
She (meditatively)—Ah, then that accounts for them all commencing to make a noise in the early morning, when you have been kept late at the office.  
—Ally Slopser.

**A Bag of Tell.**  
She weighed only ninety, was puffy and weak.  
Yet her friends knew her only too well.  
Fortunately caused her to talk a bit of a streak.  
And they called her a mere bagatelle.  
—Kansas City Drivers' Telegram.

**IN HUGVILLE.**



**Mr. Bog—**Say, Mr. Grasshopper, give us a chew of tobacco, please.—Chicago Journal.

**In London.**  
First Citizen—I'm sold the Duke of Nooah has married four different heiresses.  
Second Citizen—That's right.  
First Citizen—He has been extremely successful, eh?  
Second Citizen—Yes; he is one of the six best-selling dukes we have.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**Plenty of Lewway.**  
Official—I can't appoint your friend to office.  
Senator—Why not?  
Official—I find he's only a second-rate man.  
Senator—Well, all he wants is to be a fourth-class postmaster.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**Return Not In.**  
"Did your automobile cost you much?"  
"Can't say yet."  
"I thought it was bought and paid for."  
"But I haven't heard from the dealer, nor the police magistrate, nor the repair shop." —Washington Star.

**A Daughter's Usefulness.**  
Mr. Grumps—I'd just like to know what good all these cooking school lessons are doing our daughter.  
Mrs. G.—Everything she cooks she brings home.  
"Yes, and none of the family will touch 'em, and the things are just thrown away."  
"No, they are not. She gives them to tramps."  
"Huh! What good does that do?"  
"We are getting rid of the tramps."  
—N. Y. Weekly.

**Saturnine.**  
"No malaria around here?" said the man with a tourist's cap.  
"Nope," answered Farmer Corntas.  
"Nor mosquitoes?"  
"Nope."  
"You must have some of the annoyances of country life."  
"Yep."  
"What are they?"  
"Summer boarders. But we have to put up with 'em." —Washington Star.

**Fickleness of Fortunes.**  
Hale—I see by the paper this morning that a man who has amused thousands of people by his singing in comic opera has committed suicide because he was out of employment.  
Dale—Yes; that's the way it goes. And right here in the flat under us is a young woman who never will be a singer and can nevertheless afford to torment everybody within hearing by taking daily music lessons.—Judge.

**Too Particular.**  
Oldun—Why don't you get married, my boy? You're old enough.  
Younger—Yes, but there are difficulties in the way.  
Oldun—What are they?  
Younger—Well, you see, my people object to my marrying a pretty girl without money, and I object to an ugly girl even with money; while the pretty girls with money seem to object to me, so there you are, don't you know.—Ally Slopser.

**What a Looney!**  
Miss Forward—Why is the moon always spoken of in the feminine gender, I wonder?  
Mr. Backward—Because she is so full of changes, I expect.  
Miss Forward—Or is it because she is not averse to wearing a ring?  
(Mr. B— takes the hint.)—Ally Slopser.

**A Statement Questioned.**  
"Remember" said the earnest citizen, "that a public office is a public trust."  
"I shouldn't say that," answered Senator Scroggum, "owing to our peculiar political system, there are very few offices that can be made as lucrative as a trust." —Washington Star.

**MARSHALING HIS ASSETS.**



"These two pigs I'll fat up to pay the taxes; those two'll pay for the children's school, and with the other three I'll begin a lawsuit against my neighbor!" —Fillingde Blaetter.

**Wouldn't You?**  
I do not care what others do; let them the simple life pursue.  
As they have oft been counseled to by scholars;  
But for me the simple life; I'd rather face the worldly strife  
Accompanied by a million tainted dollars.  
—Chicago Sun.

**"Aut Caesar Aut Nullus."**  
"I don't see why the Nurocks don't move into a better neighborhood."  
"Why should they?"  
"Why they're so much wealthier than the people around them."  
"That's just why they stay; they're the envy of their present neighbors."  
—Philadelphia Press.

**It's a Fact.**  
"Ever notice it?" queried the observer of people and things.  
"Did I ever notice what?" queried the puny friend.  
"That a small boy's face always looks as if he had been eating something," explained the other.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**A Theory Demonstrated.**  
"Do you believe that anyone can put people to sleep by means of hypnosis?"  
"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne, "Mr. Dulbov was talking about it yesterday. I felt sleepy before he had spoken 20 words." —Washington Star.

**Desperate Remedy.**  
Knicker—I hear Subbuss tried to commit suicide.  
Bocker—Not at all. He read that when you are drowning your past life rises before you, and he wanted to recall the things his wife asked him to bring home.—N. Y. Sun.

**Often the Case.**  
"Bliggins is painfully attentive to his wife."  
"Is he, then, so much in love with her?"  
"I don't know. He may merely be afraid of her." —Chicago Sun.

**His One Chance.**  
"Poor Hengeck! Every time he starts to say anything his wife stops him."  
"Not always. He has a habit of talking in his sleep, I believe, and when he does that she just listens breathlessly." —Philadelphia Press.

**CROSS IN TURTLE'S BACK.**

Gold Ornament Imbedded in the Shell for Over Two Hundred Years.  
The largest turtle ever captured in the Minnesota river anywhere near here was caught lately half a mile south of town by Harry Thurman, reports the St. Paul Pioneer Press.  
The upper shell, or carapax, was a little less than three feet long and a little over two feet wide, and as soon as the animal was caught it was observed that there was a strange appearance, as of a cross, on the shell, the raised lines which constituted it crossing at right angles in the center of the shell and being about eight inches in length, the one from side to side being slightly the shorter.  
Young Thurman killed the tortoise, and then cut into the cross on the shell to see why the lines should be there. He was much astonished to find that the knife struck on metal slightly below the surface, and on full investigation being made it was discovered that the cross was made by the shell having grown over a chain of gold, which had been fastened to the edge of the turtle's shell, undoubtedly more than 200 years ago. When the turtle was only as large as indicated by the size of the cross, and that in the years that have elapsed since then the shell had grown over the chain and covered it up. The fine rings on the shell, when examined under a microscope, number 207, outside of where the chain was fastened at the edges when it was attached more than two centuries ago.

**NEATNESS OF THE CHINESE.**  
Personal Habits Contrast Markedly with Their Usual Surroundings.  
Next time you are in Chinatown, notice the finger nails of the inhabitants. You will be surprised, possibly, to find that they are generally as clean and bright as though they had just come from the manicure, says the New York Sun.  
As are his finger nails, so is the rest of the Chinaman's body. It is one of the queer contradictions about this contradictory people that although their houses are usually surrounded by a fringe of dirt, and although they don't take to modern sanitation a bit, they are very cleanly in their personal habits.  
The daily bath is an institution. A bathtub is not necessary. Your Chinaman manages very well with a few cups of water and a washrag.  
He completes his toilet by polishing his long nails, and every day or so he visits the barber, who shaves not only the scanty hair on his face, but also his head and the inside of his ears. If he can afford it the Chinaman puts on a clean blouse every day or two. It is no accident that these people are a nation of laundrymen. It comes to them naturally.  
Last summer a bunch of university students took a summer job on a big California ranch. The regular hands had a good deal of fun over their habits of personal cleanliness.  
"They're regular Chinamen," said the hands. "Always washing themselves."

**FISH IN QUEER FASHION.**

South Carolina Islanders of the Pacific Accustomed to Use Kites in Angling.  
In the waters around the Caroline islands, in the Pacific ocean, there is a great fish which is armed with tremendous teeth, set in immensely long jaws, like those of a crocodile. The creature is extremely savage, and has a habit of leaping clear from the water when hooked. As the natives of the Caroline go out in small, lightly built canoes, the fish often capsize the frail craft, and as a result the fishermen have invented a funny way of catching them, without running this danger.  
They make a little round kite. The framework is formed by the dried ribs of leaves from the cocoon palm. These leaves are like paper. Then they draw a leaf of the breadfruit tree over the framework and attach the kite to a long line. Thus they steer out to sea. When they reach the fishing grounds they fasten another line to the kite. This line has a baited hook at the end, and when the fisherman raises his kite the hook trails along the top of the water. Thus the natives are able to hook the fish far enough away from the canoe to be safe. When a fish bites he is allowed to tire himself out by towing the kite, and when he is too weak to fight any more they paddle up to him, hit him with a club and haul him aboard.  
There is a strong sentiment in favor of having the public buildings, as far as possible, arranged in one grand vista, beginning with the magnificent national library on Capitol hill and extending a mile away to the Potomac. The government has a broad reservation running this distance, known as the Mall, and it is hoped in time to see this Mall, ending with the white house and the state, war and navy buildings. If this is carried out the view from the capitol dome or from the top of the Washington monument would show all the great public buildings arranged with beautiful symmetry and on a general plan.

**Indians Kill Whales with Lances.**  
The tug Wyadna "has arrived at Neah bay with a whale captured ten miles off Flattery by six canoes of Neah bay Indians. When the Wyadna reached the Indians they were killing the monster with lances, another tug boat had been lying by during the chase, which was a long one. Members of the crew state that it was a most interesting sight to watch the maneuvers of the Indians and the great dexterity with which they handled their frail craft in the nasty sea, several canoes being fastened to the whale. The leviathan's wild plunges all but swamped them.—Tacoma correspondent Los Angeles Times.

**Chinese Sewing Machine.**

The Chinese are learning to love the things of the present, among them the sewing machine, which is winning its way into China's tailor shops. Although the cost of a machine is about equal to the wages of a man for a year, the saving in labor is equal to the pay of from four to ten men, according to the work done. In New-chang it is estimated there are about 100 in use, pretty well every tailor's shop being provided with one, and in the last few months of the year 100 of being sold to China from a single firm in England, most of them going to some spot near the theater of war.

**The Octagon House.**  
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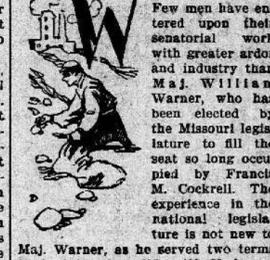
**Encouraging Maple Sugar Industry.**  
The bureau of forestry connected with the agricultural department is determined to use its greatest endeavors in the preservation of a distinctly American industry—one that is associated with the development of the country from the early days. It is determined to protect and develop the production of maple sugar and make the toothsome article a still better known article of food on the American table. Since 1850 the area of maple sugar farming has greatly changed and shrunk. In the early days of the country maple sugar was commonly made even in many parts of the south, because cane sugar was virtually unobtainable. Now there is no maple sugar produced in the southern states.  
In Indiana, Michigan and Illinois the maple trees have been extensively cut for lumber and the production of maple sugar and sirup has been reduced to a minimum, while cheap imitations of this delicious article are flooding the markets. The present large producers of maple sugar products are Ohio, Vermont and New York. The sugar and black maple yield the most and the best sap. The maple is a hardy and vigorous tree and readily reproduces itself; so that the bureau of forestry believes that with proper attention extensive groves of this valuable tree can be preserved and grown. It is figured out that a farmer can easily clear from three to five dollars an acre from a sugar grove, and as it requires no cultivation and the farmer can do most of his own work the profit is considerable.  
Secretary Wilson, in aiding all he can in furthering this sweet work and in the bulletins he has issued from his department there are minute instructions how to collect the maple sap with the least damage to the trees and with the greatest economy to the farmer. Secretary Wilson has found that the maple trees now furnish but a small per cent. of the commercial maple sirup and sugar. The trade has been supplied by radically adulterating the pure goods or by manufacturing a sirup clear from a sugar grove, and it is estimated that seven-eighths of what is sold as maple sirup and sugar is a spurious article. Secretary Wilson believes that it is a part of his mission as the head of the agricultural department to give the lowest-toothed citizens of this republic the genuine old-fashioned maple sugar and the delicious sirup for their buckwheat cakes on a winter's morning.

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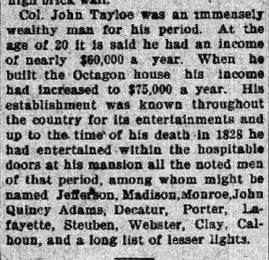
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A few men have entered upon their senatorial work with greater ardor and industry than Maj. William Warner, who has been elected by the Missouri legislature to fill the seat so long occupied by Francis M. Cockrell. The experience in the national legislature is not new to Maj. Warner, as he served two terms in the house from '85 to '89. He knows the ropes and he did not let the grass grow under his feet when his election as senator practically made him the republican referee in the distribution of federal patronage in Missouri. He has been a frequent visitor to Washington during this spring and summer, and in every sense is "persona grata" at the white house, where he is a welcome caller.

It has been suggested that when Maj. Warner supplies the congressional directory with his biography he might limit it to one or two lines and state an interesting history in these words: "At six an ore picker on the dump at the mouth of a mine. At 65 a member of the United States senate."  
This distinguished statesman was the youngest of six children and lost his father when he was five years old, and a year later lost his mother. He was employed in the lead mines of southern Wisconsin at the age of six, and earned his bread by picking up bits of ore from the refuse piled about the mouths of the shaft. From this work he was promoted to drive an old horse that worked the mine pump.  
Through hardships of this sort he worked his way in the mine, and at ten years of age secured a place in a grocery store, and for four years worked and studied and saved enough money to pay board and tuition for a year at a small college. He was teaching school at 20 years of age, to enable him to pass through college, when he enlisted in the army. He dismissed his school the day he enlisted and told the scholars "Go home; there will be no more school until you get a new teacher."

**Encouraging Maple Sugar Industry.**  
The bureau of forestry connected with the agricultural department is determined to use its greatest endeavors in the preservation of a distinctly American industry—one that is associated with the development of the country from the early days. It is determined to protect and develop the production of maple sugar and make the toothsome article a still better known article of food on the American table. Since 1850 the area of maple sugar farming has greatly changed and shrunk. In the early days of the country maple sugar was commonly made even in many parts of the south, because cane sugar was virtually unobtainable. Now there is no maple sugar produced in the southern states.  
In Indiana, Michigan and Illinois the maple trees have been extensively cut for lumber and the production of maple sugar and sirup has been reduced to a minimum, while cheap imitations of this delicious article are flooding the markets. The present large producers of maple sugar products are Ohio, Vermont and New York. The sugar and black maple yield the most and the best sap. The maple is a hardy and vigorous tree and readily reproduces itself; so that the bureau of forestry believes that with proper attention extensive groves of this valuable tree can be preserved and grown. It is figured out that a farmer can easily clear from three to five dollars an acre from a sugar grove, and as it requires no cultivation and the farmer can do most of his own work the profit is considerable.  
Secretary Wilson, in aiding all he can in furthering this sweet work and in the bulletins he has issued from his department there are minute instructions how to collect the maple sap with the least damage to the trees and with the greatest economy to the farmer. Secretary Wilson has found that the maple trees now furnish but a small per cent. of the commercial maple sirup and sugar. The trade has been supplied by radically adulterating the pure goods or by manufacturing a sirup clear from a sugar grove, and it is estimated that seven-eighths of what is sold as maple sirup and sugar is a spurious article. Secretary Wilson believes that it is a part of his mission as the head of the agricultural department to give the lowest-toothed citizens of this republic the genuine old-fashioned maple sugar and the delicious sirup for their buckwheat cakes on a winter's morning.

**The Memorial Trees.**  
PERHAPS nowhere in the world are there so many living memorials to great men and to great events as there are in Washington. The home, the gardens, and public parks and reservations in this city present a perfect forest of trees planted in memory of people and events, or planted by great statesmen and bearing their names. Until recently the list of these memorial trees was carried in the head of a canny old Scotchman, William R. Smith, superintendent of the National botanical gardens. Mr. Smith is getting on in years, and it has been deemed advisable that the hundreds and thousands of interesting trees in the parks of the national capital be given permanent record. Within the past two years, showing their variety and a record has been prepared of those trees which were planted by men of note, so that they form one of the interesting features of Washington to be shown the tourist.  
In the white house lawn, near the west terrace, President Roosevelt planted a year ago a Russo-American oak. It is a lineal descendant of a native American oak which overshadowed the old tomb of Washington at Mount Vernon. Charles Sumner, when senator, sent acorns from this oak to the czar of Russia. They were planted in the grounds of one of the czar's palaces, and Secretary of the Interior Hitchcock, when ambassador to that country, secured from the oak trees that grew from those acorns a few oak saplings, one of which was planted in the white house grounds. There is an oriental plane tree in Lincoln park, planted by Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania. In the grounds in front of the white house is a stately elm planted by John Quincy Adams. President Hayes also planted an elm; President Harrison a sweet gum tree, and President McKinley a scarlet oak.



MISS ELLA OTT, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

**SUFFERED FOR MONTHS.**

Pe-ru-na, the Remedy That Cured.  
Miss Ella Ott, 1127 Linden St., Indianapolis, Ind., writes:  
"I suffered with a run-down constitution for several months, and feared that I would have to give up my work. On seeking the advice of a physician, he prescribed a tonic. I found, however, that it did me no good. On seeking the advice of our druggist, he asked me to try Peruna. In a few weeks I began to feel and act like a different person. My appetite increased, I did not have that worn-out feeling, and I could sleep splendidly. In a couple of months I was entirely recovered. I thank you for what your medicine has done for me." —Ella Ott.  
Write Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio, for free medical advice. All correspondence is held strictly confidential.

**CONCERNING CONSCIENCE.**

The public conscience consists mostly of trances.  
There are more kinds of consciences than you can count.  
The man who stirs up the public conscience sometimes gets stirred under himself.  
The public conscience differs from the private conscience only in quantity, not in quality.  
The conscience of some people closes its eyes to its own debts, but keeps them wide open to the debts of others.  
It is funny what a fuss some people make over the money another man's conscience has allowed him to accumulate.  
Very few men are too conscientious to permit their heels to lay eggs on Sunday. Most men work their fingers overtime.  
Afraid to Look Up.  
"Why doesn't he look up his family tree?"  
"Afraid he might see some monkeys hanging from the branches." —Judge.  
Fish Bread.  
Powdered codfish is sometimes used in Iceland to make bread. In place of flour.  
NO MORE HEADACHE  
GENERAL WEAKNESS AND FEVER DISAPPEAR TOO.  
How a Woman Was Freed from Troubles That Had Made Life Wretched for Many Years.  
The immediate causes of headache vary, but most of them come from poor or poisoned blood. In anemia the blood is scanty or thin; the nerves are imperfectly nourished and pain is the way in which they express their weakness. In colds the blood absorbs poison from the mucous surfaces, and the poison irritates the nerves and produces pain. In rheumatism, malaria and the grip, the poison in the blood produces like discomfort. In indigestion the gases from the impure matter kept in the system affect the blood in the same way.  
The ordinary headache-cures at best give only temporary relief. They deaden the pain but do not drive the poison out of the blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills on the contrary thoroughly renew the blood and the pain disappears permanently. Women in particular have found these pills an unfailing relief in headache caused by anemia.  
Miss Stella Blocker recently said: "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did me a great deal of good. I had headache nearly all the time. After I had taken three boxes of these pills I became entirely well."  
"How long had you suffered?" she was asked.  
"For several years. I can't tell the exact date when my illness began for it came on by slow degrees. I had been going down hill for many years."  
"Did you have any other