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It will be cloudy today with snow and northerly winds.

DOWN IT GOES.

With its last leg ruthlessly knocked from under it by the supreme court of the United States, the Louisiana Lottery company gives notice that it will retire from business when its charter expires in 1894. The establishment is one of the most brazen faced and gigantic swindles that ever existed. The allurements and fascination of the Monaco roulette games are dull and stupid in comparison with the spell exercised by this dazzling, maddening agency for unholly speculation. It robs the poor and wealthy alike while it piles up millions in profits for its owners. The litigation game is divided and a portion set off to the state as a peace offering to restrain the hand of justice and quiet inquiry into its nefarious practices. In retiring from business, rather legalized robbery, it takes the only course left for it to pursue. In closing the mails to its advertisements both in circulars and newspapers, the court shut off its most effective agency for getting to the purses of the masses. Its ostensible obedience to public sentiment is a sham. Behind it there may still lurk the purpose to rear itself again in another form. Necessity has compelled it for the present to announce its abdication, but in the interim between now and its formal retirement if any loophole shall be discovered through which it can crawl into another lease of life it will do so, for it has enriched its owners, whose fortunes are now colossal, and they will not sacrifice their golden-egg goose without a struggle. The whole country will rejoice at its downfall, but Louisiana will have the collapse with lugubrious megings for the future of the state. The lottery has rent the political parties of the state into quarrelsome factions. It offered a princely sum per annum to the state for a constitutional license to exist. Pending the submission of an amendment to the constitution, providing for such a license, the matter is disposed of by the act of the company in declaring its purpose to shut up shop. The loss to Louisiana in dollars will be great, but the gain in reputation will be immeasurably greater.

SUCCESSOR TO LEO.

Physically enfeebled at the advanced age of 82 years, the death of Pope Leo XIII may be expected at any time. For years he has been subject to fainting spells and of late they have occurred with alarming frequency. The sudden deaths of Cardinals Manning and Simeoni have attracted attention to the health of the Pope, and, in case of his death, to his probable successor. There is no man, or prelate, who stands out as a candidate for the holy office more conspicuous than the rest, and therefore there is no union of sentiment as to whom it shall be. As a matter of fact the choice may fall on any member of the church, either priest or layman, married man or celibate, but the choice is practically restricted to the college of cardinals, and this college containing a majority of Italians, it is morally certain that the next Pope will be chosen from among their number. Upon the death of the pontiff the cardinals in all parts of the world are immediately notified. Ten days thereafter they assemble in solemn conclave in the holy city. They proceed to elect a new pope by ballot, and until one is chosen they have no communication with the outside world. In 1179 the Lutheran Council decreed that the choice of the cardinals should be final, and that a two-thirds vote should be sufficient to elect. If, while in conclave, they fail to agree within three days their ratations are shortened. Once, in 1268-70, at Viterbo, the conclave failed to agree for twenty-nine months and at last were brought to a decision by the removal of the roof and their consequent exposure to the weather. When an election is made, the new pope is invested with his office attended by solemn and imposing ceremonies, and he at once becomes infallible and the vicar of Christ. His first pontifical act is to select a name for himself, before which the millions of the faith bow in humble reverence.

HILL AND HARRISON.

Cleveland and Blaine both remain silent. Hill bowlers shriek for recognition, and Harrison heebers yell themselves hoarse in demanding the renomination of their chief. It will be remembered that another public man, dear to the hearts of the masses preserved unbroken silence while the trumpet-voiced followers of Greeley essay him to his political defeat and an early grave. History repeats itself. Unless the two silent men shall break the spell and give forth a token of their purposes, the turbulent and loud-mouthed followers will find themselves hopelessly outnumbered. Hill is a dashing and unscrupulous leader. His caaters to the bandwagon style of attracting notice. Not content with the laurels he has won, he seeks to carry away the entire supply. In harmony with his life-long tactics, he has resorted to a ruse to capture the New York delegation to Chicago while Cleveland remains passive. To do this, he proposes to call a mid-winter convention, a snap

affair, and with the aid of Tammany to make a determined onslaught on the rural delegates and carry it by storm for himself as first choice, or failing in this, to pass a resolution that the national delegates be not instructed to vote as a unit. This is opposed to precedent, and a radical change in the uniform practice, honored for years, of the New York democracy. But it is Hill's style; and Hill's style is law, as immutable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. In the Harrison movement there is an element of imperiousness that is offensive. The great body of federal office holders are naturally for the president to whom they owe their places. These office holders, anxious to retain their places are making as much noise as they dare to make without exposing their self-interest. They will exercise a pernicious influence in the primaries, and otherwise exert themselves to prejudice the voters in favor of their choice. With such an army "whooping it up" and sounding the gow-gaw, together with the prestige his Chilian message has secured, the president will have a strong following in the several states. Hill's tactics are mercenary and mischievous; Harrison's tactics are totally different—but for all that the American people do not admire self-aggrandizement secured by the interference of the recipients of public favors.

Jenon has a striking cartoon this week. It purports to be a sketch for the Inter-Ocean prize competition for the best drawing illustrating Chicago and the World's Fair. Chicago is represented as a giddy miss, labeled "Brag," "Wind," "S," "Salt Pork," etc., and by her side a well developed hog trots along carrying an umbrella in its mouth. In the background is a nickel-in-the-slot machine to which is attached a placard reading, "Put five millions in the slot and see the thing work." The whole effect is one of un-larded hoggishness. The Inter-Ocean promptly reproduces the sketch and enters it in the competition.

Judge Burlingame is not disposed to criticize the article calling attention to the disparity between the sentences imposed upon the criminals brought before him. In the cases, cited by THE HERALD yesterday, he says he imposed the maximum sentences provided by law for such, and that the convicted did not receive severer sentences is the fault of the statutes rather than of the judge. Just why a man who attempts to outrage a little child, or one who slaps another to the heart should be less villainous than a man who knocks you down and takes your watch and purse is a legal conundrum that lawmakers must solve, not the judges.

JENNIE MOORE, an alleged spirit medium, is before a Chicago court on the charge of conducting a place of amusement without a license. To show her real power she offered to conjure up the ghost of Lycurgus or Justinian to defend her, but the court demurred. Jennie is receiving an unlimited amount of gratuitous advertising and when she shall have escaped the court her reputation will not have been weakened by her bold bluff to produce spook counsel.

ONE of the rarest and most interesting of astronomical phenomena will occur tonight when Venus and Jupiter will be in conjunction. The last one took place July 29, 1859, when there was a conjunction of the two planets that closely resembled the coming one. From all indications at the present writing the weather will not be such that the conjunction can be seen in this locality.

SECRETARY VAN AMUS emphatically and completely refutes the claims made by the New York furniture men that their recent exhibit occupied more space than was occupied by the exhibitors in this city. So far as furniture is concerned New York ranks about fourth in the order of magnitude of the business done. Grand Rapids is far and away the leader of all.

HEREAFTER the reporters will be admitted to witness electrocutions under the New York law. An effort should now be made by the local reporters to obtain seats in the gallery at the annual and awful meetings of the Horsemen's association, the monthly meetings of the board of police and fire commissioners.

CHICAGO is afflicted with an egg famine because the streets leading out into the farming districts of the newly annexed territory are so impassable that the farmers cannot market their crops. With its water famine, egg famine and World's Fair money famine, Chicago can appeal to the charity of the famine stricken Russians.

MR. RUSSELL told the women yesterday that their ideas of art in dressing were crude and unpolished. The husbands of these selfsame women have paid out many a dollar that Mr. Russell might be able to make this statement without fear of contradiction.

THAYER who has been declared by the supreme court to be a usurper declines to get out of office until he shall be kicked out. A government must be backed up in the rear of the obdurate old curmudgeon and given command to charge.

THE Chicago Post says barrels are made successfully from paper in England. In this country papers are made successful by "barrels."

WHAT a relief it will be to the ladies who have lavished their half-dollars on paste and mercury-backed crystals to know that it is bad form for men to wear diamonds.

MR. WOODMAN'S very sensible suggestions as to the character and scope

of the Michigan exhibit at the World's Fair are the lessons of practical experience. That they will receive the consideration their weight entitles them to may be taken as a certainty.

WHAT'S the matter with the board of health? The reeking carcasses of several potter dogs are lying in the city pound sending forth a smell so strong that it staggers passersby. This is a menace to health that should be removed at once.

PRESBYTERIAN ministers of Pittsburg have refused to approve the crusade against Sunday newspapers. The movement against the Sunday paper has lost its strength and will topple and collapse.

OUR state dispatches state that the foreman of the Jackson prison was struck twice in the face before he found out what was going on. He should be promoted to the police force.

BADON PAVA, the Italian minister whose indecision complicated the Italian embroglio, has been sent to Denmark. Signor Catalina will come to the United States.

AMUSEMENTS.

Powers—"Macbeth."

A very large audience saw Modjeska and company in "Macbeth" at Powers' last night. Modjeska as Lady Macbeth is not as virile or as rugged as the conventional diva of the character would demand, but what may be lacking in ruggedness is more than compensated by a highly finished and delightfully intelligent impersonation. It is a mental and philosophical Lady Macbeth, full of fearlessness and determination, correct in every way to the text laid down. John A. Lane, as Macbeth, read the part with fine judgment, and the presentation as a whole was wisely tempered and free from bluster and rant. Good old Benj. Rogers looked every inch the King of Scotland, and T. B. Thalberg was a vigorous and courageous Macduff. Howard Kyle again distinguished himself by a finished lot of acting as Banquo. The remainder of the cast, though somewhat not adequate to the proper presentation of so sturdy and serious a tragedy, was as good as average itinerant combinations do it.

J. F. Crossman, representing The Private Secretary company which is to appear here next week, is in the city arranging the preliminaries.

General Mention.

The ladies of the home and aid society have been working like beavers for the special matinee of "The Paymaster" at Redmond's today which is given for the benefit of their worthy society. The indications are that the theater will be packed.

The sale of seats for the great pianist Schwanen's only appearance at Hartman's hall Monday, go on sale tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock.

Well pleased audiences nightly greet the large specialty performance given by the Street & Robbes company at Smith's this week. Matinee today and tomorrow.

No doubt one of what will prove one of the most popular attractions of the season at Redmond's will be the engagement of Charles T. Ellis, the German singing comedian, who will open Sunday night. He will present his successful comedy drama "Casper the Yodler," which was written for him by Wm. Carlton author of "Fritz in Ireland."

"SO STUPID."

Nevertheless He Finally Did the Sensible Thing.

Soon after Staniford had received his degree as a graduate of a leading university, he went to visit some relatives who lived in a town on the northern shore of the Susquehanna river. Besides the delight that his relatives showed in meeting for the first time this cousin from the north, their hospitalities and unrestrained cordiality at once made Staniford feel perfectly at home, and happy over the thought that he was to spend a fortnight at their home. His aunt and uncle had but one child, a girl, a few years younger than he. When Staniford arrived Dorothy had a friend visiting her, a Miss Colyon, of Virginia.

While Staniford was in the dining-room enjoying the late tea which his aunt had prepared purposely for him, and while he was talking now to one and now to another and entertaining all, Miss Colyon sat just opposite him. She listened attentively to what he said, smiled at his clever way of saying little things, and looked so impressively pretty. Staniford thought, in her evening gown, as she rested her arms upon the table, that he considered it only just to the artistic sense of his nature that he should allow his eyes all freedom to turn to her. For several days he thought of her continually, and admitted to himself that he had never met a girl who had impressed him in every way as being so beautiful and whose very presence gave him so much happiness.

One afternoon when Staniford was lying in the shade of one of the old trees, with a book as his sole companion, Miss Colyon came out.

"I didn't know you were reading—I won't interrupt you," she said, coloring a little as he looked up, and then turning to go back.

"No, please don't go; I wasn't reading; I was just running over several passages here and there that I once knew by heart; and besides, I was doing this merely to pass away the time while you, as I supposed, were taking your afternoon nap."

"No," she said, sitting down and carefully arranging her skirt. "It seems such a waste of time for one who is as strong as I really needs no such rest during the day. Don't you wish to tell me more about your college life, and then I want you to get your guitar and sing me some of those happy college songs."

She spoke but seldom, evidently preferring to listen to him; her sweet smile and easy laugh, and the way she watched him, showed that the reminiscences of his college days entertained her. Then he got his guitar, and played softly as he sang her the choicest songs he knew.

Later that evening, when Dorothy went into Miss Colyon's room, she found her sitting at the open window.

"What are you doing, dear?"

"Nothing much, Dorothy, only talking."

"Well," said Dorothy, sitting down beside her and taking her hand, "suppose, just for the sake of old times, dear, that you tell me what you were thinking about, won't you?"

"I was thinking about your cousin. It is silly, I suppose, dear, for I'm almost sure he doesn't think of me, but I can't help thinking of him now and then, for since the very first time I saw him he has impressed me as being such a manly fellow. That was the first thing I admired about him. Then I was impressed by the fact that he is so well educated."

"He is so refined in everything he says and does, and has such polished manners; and so many men, dear, would envy him his height, his broad shoulders and his fine physique generally. Of course I admire it. And you know he is entertaining; and, dearest," she continued, after a little hesitation, "you must admit that he is fine looking. When I was coming upstairs tonight," she came out in the hall a moment to say something, and once, when I was well on my way up, he raised his eyes, rested his head back on his hand, and looked up at me, and—well, I know it's silly, dearest, but he was the handsomest creature I ever saw. Then he sang to me this afternoon out on the lawn—and such a voice! Now you know, dear, that I'm not sentimental and all that sort of thing, but yet I am a girl, and I can't help admiring and liking this cousin of yours."

"Are you very sure, dearest?" Dorothy asked, putting her arm around her friend.

"I know I do. How could I help it when I admire him so much as a man, and think him so refined and entertaining? Yes, dear," she added, in a faltering voice, "I like him very much."

On the following evening came the dance on the river, that had been looked forward to and discussed during the past week. Two long floats, with floors laid purposely for dancing, were made fast to the sides of a launch. In the intervening space was placed a small float, which answered as the music stand, supper-room, and as a passageway from one of the large floats to the other. The railings were hung with Japanese lanterns, which afforded ample light to dance by, but the musicians had a number of large lamps set in metal brackets. When all the guests were on board, the launch steamed out into the middle of the river, which at this place was about a mile wide. While the first waltz was being played darkness set in, the stars grew thicker, and the full moon, high up in a cloudless sky, made the surface of the water resemble a sheet of polished silver. So steady and even was the motion of the floats as they moved slowly up stream that only those who were leaning on the railings and were looking down at the reflection of the colored lanterns could detect it. Staniford thought the whole affair so picturesque that during one of the dances he stood alone at the end of one of the floats, and watched all that was going on before him.

"Why aren't you dancing?" some one asked, while passing him.

He turned and saw Miss Colyon promenading with her partner.

"I shall dance in a moment," he replied, and then admired her grace and comely as she went slowly by. He saw her start off to waltz again, and he watched her until she mingled with the others and became lost to his view. Many couples were dancing, some were promenading, and a few were leaning lightly against the railings, and all seemed to be full of pleasure, mirth, and happiness. Staniford was enjoying being a silent spectator of it all. Suddenly he and all on board were startled by a crash. The next moment a sheet of flames arose from the barge, where the musicians were. One of the large lamps had fallen, broken, and now the flame had caught the oil spilled over the floor. The musicians fled to the large barges, but in doing so one of them struck one of the other lamps and knocked it down, and now its contents were added to all that was burning. Many of the young men did what they could to try to beat out the flames, but all their efforts were in vain, for the flame rose higher and higher, and were blown angrily by the breeze on the river. A number of the girls fainted when they first saw the flames, others swooned after the second lamp had fallen, and they lay like corpses, terrifying those who stumbled over them as they hurried to the far ends of the floats, ready to jump into the river. No boats had been brought along, for no one had dreamed of there being any danger. The shores were half a mile away, and the river was some fifteen feet deep. The situation began to look dangerous.

Staniford alone had kept his post, and with perfect coolness watched everything that was going on. Presently some one caught his hand, placed a trembling hand upon his shoulder, and looked up through her tears into his face.

"Won't you let me die with you?"

"You mustn't be frightened," he said, looking down at her for a moment. "We are not going to die."

Then he straightened up and raised his voice: "Cut away the ropes and reverse the engine!"

The voice brought all the men to their senses, and everything became quiet; then, when the ropes to the small float were cut, the engineer reversed his engines. The launch, with the two large floats, drew back, increasing at every moment the space between it and the small float which was soon drifting by itself on the river.

"You would better land us as quickly as possible," Staniford said to the captain, "for many on board are still dangerously nervous."

A large crowd was collected on the shore by the time the party landed, but this dispersed shortly after the pleasure-seekers had gone to their homes. Miss Colyon went at once to her room. Like all who had been on the party she knew that she owed a great deal to Staniford, and felt as all did that his cool head and good judgment, showing the masses at such an opportune time, when his sense was in danger from the highest esteem. But only Miss Colyon knew how much he was to be admired, for she alone knew of the kindness he had shown by attributing what she had said to him to her fear and excitement of the moment, rather than to any personal feeling for him. Yet she felt that she surely must know what had caused her to wish to die with him. She sat at her open window until midnight, trying to drown her unhappiness in her tears, but later, while the long hours moved slowly away, she told all that she felt to the darkness and her pillow.

The next day she did not appear, saying to Dorothy that she had not yet recovered from the fright and the nervous excitement of the night before. Then she told Dorothy that she

must return home on the following day. When she came down to breakfast on the morning of her departure, she was pale and quiet, and her manner was cold and reserved.

When Miss Colyon had returned to her home in Virginia, Staniford thought of her more than ever, and was contented and happy only when talking about her with his cousin. When he realized that in all probability he would never see her again, he decided that the sooner he went back to his home in the north the sooner would he forget her, for his cousin spoke of her frequently, and everything seemed to call her back to his memory. One evening, while he and his cousin were out driving, and were talking about Miss Colyon, Dorothy told him what a beautiful and old-fashioned home Miss Colyon had; that it had been in the family for generations, and that it was on the bank of a broad river not far from where a prosperous town had lately grown, and that the people all around there admired the old home and enjoyed showing their fondness and respect for the owners.

"And, dear," she added, after a silence, "she liked you so much."

"How do you know she did?"

"I could tell by the way she acted when you were around; and then the many little things she said about you nights when we were alone together seemed to verify so plainly everything she did. And she is such a lovely girl, dear. I don't see how you, seeing as much of her as you did, could keep from liking her."

"I do like her, Dorothy."

"But you don't like her enough, dear. I'm afraid you don't like her near as much as she likes you. You don't seem to care for her."

"Why, yes I do, Dot. I hope she will always be happy, and—all that sort of thing."

"And all that sort of thing! Well, if you only know it, you are just as stupid and provoking as you can be!"

"If I am stupid, as you say I am, I can't help it."

"No, of course not—men can't help being stupid; but it seems to me they ought to have at least enough to keep their eyes open!"

"You will run over that girl if you don't look out."

A few days later Dorothy received a letter from Mrs. Colyon, and also one of the same purport from Gen. Colyon, cordially inviting her and her cousin, Mr. Staniford, to visit them. Dorothy handed the letter to her cousin.

"Will you go?" she asked.

"I guess I better not, Dot," he said, slowly. "For I'm—I'm so stupid."

"Jerk," she said, smiling, putting her hands on his shoulders, and standing him in the corner, "if you don't accept these invitations I'll never speak to you again as long as I live."

"Why not?"

"Because it will be the stupidest, the dumbest thing you ever did or could do, if you don't go."

In his easy and natural way he slipped his hands in his pockets, turned a little, and, with a far-off look, gazed steadily for some moments out of the window. His cousin saw that he was thinking seriously, and as she watched his face and expression she realized what a truly handsome and manly-looking fellow he was.

"Well?" she asked.

"I'll go," he replied.—W. D. Howe, in Boston Budget.

TWO VERSIONS.

The City Girl, Her Country Cousin, and the Cow.

People who are frightened are not always conscious of what they do or say at the time; they frequently report themselves to have been perfectly calm and self-possessed in cases of real or fancied danger, while eye-witnesses tell a very different story. Little Mary Woods had spent most of her life in the country, and she had no more fear of a cow than of a kitten; but when her seventeen-year-old city cousin Frances came to the farm one summer Mary learned that there was at least one person in the world to whom a cow was an object of terror.

Frances had gone berrying with her little cousin, and as the bars between the berry pasture and the adjoining field happened to be down, a gentle, harmless cow had wandered through the opening till she came quite close to the children. Frances, in describing the scene to her aunt, said:

"Of course, Aunt Sally, I didn't want Mary to know I was afraid of a cow, but I really thought I should scream when I looked up and saw that dreadful glaring-eyed creature close at our heels. Still I was perfectly calm, and I just walked quickly, but firmly, to the stone wall, taking Mary by the hand, and I said: 'Let's climb over this wall, Mary; I see some splendid bushes over on the other side!' and she followed me right over."

"She asked me a little while afterwards if I was afraid of cows, but I was very busy picking berries just then, and the child didn't repeat her question. I wouldn't have had her suspect I was so frightened for anything."

That night, when the small Mary was getting ready for bed, she said: "Mother, do you know I truly think Cousin Frances is afraid of cows?"

"Why?" asked Mrs. Woods.

"Well," said the supposed to be unsuspecting child, "you know we were picking berries in grandpa's hill pasture, and Mr. Fox's 'brindle' got in there, and she came close up to me. Cousin Frances had been busy picking, and she didn't hear Brindle until she gave a little 'moo.' And then Cousin Frances turned just as pale; and she grabbed my hand, and dragged me along to the wall as fast as ever she could, and she said: 'Let's climb over this cow, Mary; I see some splendid cows over on the other side.'"

"It was the very worst place in the whole wall to get over, and the berries weren't big at all! And," concluded the small sage, "I asked her if she was afraid of cows, and she didn't answer me; so I presume she didn't want to tell a wrong story!"—Youth's Companion.

BEAT OLD HANDS.

A Country Boy Saved a Myster That Puzzled Trainers.

of them. The conductors were debating which train should back up to a point where they could pass, when the new hand ventured to suggest that neither ventured back; that they could pass each other by means of the short side-track, if the thing was managed right, says the Washington Post.

The idea excited a good deal of laughter on the part of the old trainmen, but the boy stood his ground.

"Well, how would you go about it?" asked one of the conductors, confident that the lad would soon find himself up against a stump.

The boy took a stick and traced in the sand a diagram to illustrate his plan.

"Good gracious!" said the conductor, "I believe that will do it!"

And it did do it. To-day every trainman in America probably knows how to "saw" by two long trains on a short side-track, but it is not so generally known that the thing was never done until an inexperienced country boy, who is now the manager of a great railway line, worked out the problem for himself.

Stab Jolly Thought.

Molasses is honey to the contented man. Don't rub a woman the wrong way of the fur. Even a sheepskin isn't a yard wide and all wool.

Some men are grasping enough to want to subdivide the clay they are made of and sell it for town lots.

Discontent is the pig in your slice that hurts. A woman's smile is the little poem we find in the prose of life.

We never read a novel that we don't liken ourselves to someone of the characters. The man who forgets himself in his sacrifices for others is not as great as he who makes the sacrifices remember himself.

A million dollars covereth a multitude of sins. Marrying for money has its drawbacks.—Detroit Free Press.

ODDS AND ENDS.

China has 1,500 Americans. San Francisco will use Alaska coal. Cannons were first used in the year 1342. Potatoes were introduced into Ireland in 1518.

For bad breath, steep toast in vinegar and eat it. Cultivate calmness and quietness in feeling and manner. The Saxons coined the first British piece about the year 977 A. D.

The supreme court in New York city granted \$165 divorces in 1891. Two centuries and seven different men claim the invention of gunpowder.

The reported births exceeded the reported deaths in New York during 1891 by 3,170. More than 100,000,000 Chinese are engaged either directly or indirectly in the tea industry.

The constant use of the telephone produces impaired hearing, headaches and nervous excitability. Du Maurier, the famous artist of Punch, has lost the use of one eye, and it is feared that he may become blind.

Nervous work is seldom good work. In such efforts the proverb "more haste, less speed" readily verifies itself. It is said that the dogs of the United States number 20,000,000, and it costs \$200,000 per annum to keep them.

An Italian engineer has devised a system by which he proposes to utilize the power of trains running down grade. The English language has taken as its own the North American continent and nearly the whole of Australia.

The famous Greve works have recently constructed a locomotive capable of attaining a speed of 150 miles per hour. Twenty-three duels have been fought by Rochefort, the French editor and politician. In seven of them he was wounded.

Two litigants in Boston have very suggestive and antagonistic names. When the clerk called the names he shouted, "Paine versus Paine." The first thing a Japanese does in the morning is to take down the entire front of his building, leaving the whole of the interior open to view.

Nose Bleeding.

A mild attack of nose bleeding is beneficial and clears the system as would an attack of illness. In the old or full-blended such an occurrence may serve as an attack of apoplexy. If much blood is lost, or if the attacks are frequent, great prostration will follow, and in some few cases even death has resulted. Slight attacks soon stop of themselves, the escaping blood forming a crust over the bleeding part. It is always wise not to blow the nose or pick it for a day or two after an attack or another one may come on.

A person suffering from nose bleeding should rest and lean forward, so that the blood which escapes may run out of the nostril in front, for if the blood is swallowed it may cause vomiting or sickness. Slight attacks are quickly cured by applying something cold to the spine, as a cold door key or cold stone, as boys stop it. More obstinate cases may have the whole of the spine wrapped with cold water, and even the chest and neck as well, the revulsive action of the cold water often stopping it.

To insert the fingers up the nostrils and press on the bleeding part is sometimes successful, so also is snuffing cold water up the nostrils, while some recommend raising the hands above the head to stop it. If very great loss occurs it will be wise to call in a doctor, who will plug up the nostrils if he thinks it necessary.—Hall's Journal of Health.

SCROFULA

Is that impurity of the blood which produces unsightly lumps or swellings in the neck, which cause running sores on the arms, legs, or feet; which develops sores in the eyes, ears, or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or "humors," which, festering upon the lungs, causes consumption and death. It is the most common of all diseases, and very few persons are entirely free from it.

How Can CURED

It can be cured by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by the remarkable cures it has accomplished, has proven itself to be a potent and powerful medicine for this disease. If you suffer from scrofula, try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Every spring our wife and children have been afflicted with scrofula, my little boy, three years old, being a terrible sufferer. Last spring he was one of scores from Boston to Hood's Sarsaparilla, and all have been cured of the scrofula. My little boy is entirely free from sores, and all four of my children look bright and healthy." W. R. ARTHURSON, Passaic City, N. J.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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