CRAZED BY COFFEE.

A Peculiar Ailment Which Affected a Whole Family.

Two table d'hoters fell to discussing the black coffee question a few nights ago, and several other habitues of the table d'hote where the discussion took place chipped in their little saysos. It turned out that, while a demitasse was as much as some could take without feeling its effects on their nerves, others could quaff a schooner and then retire and sleep as soundly as the servants when you happen to have forgotten your latchkey. One of the chippers-in was a medical man, and he said that coffee without milk, and with but little sugar, exercises the most beneficial influences in some cases of sick and nervous headaches, especially if a little lemon or lime juice be added to it.

"Sometime before the death of the late Professor Charcot," said the man of medicine, "he was called to see a family made up of father, mother and six children, all of whom had become the victims of an uncontrollable mental irritabillity upon the slightest provocation. They never sat down to a meal without there being an explosion of bad temper, and sometimes the whole family would give way to hysterical crying at the same time. This was naturally a very awkward state of affairs, especially when they had company, and what made it worse the servants soon joined in the general derangement.

"That capped the climax, and the father sent for the professor to try and find out what was the trouble. In the middle ages the verdict of the wise men would have been that the house was haunted, and some one would have been burned or hanged or cut into quarters for bewitching the premises, but as it was at the end of the nineteenth century, Professor Charcot looked into the hygiene of the neighborhood for the solving of the puzzle.

"On investigation he found that the man was a manufacturer and dealer in coffee and coffee essences, and that the roasting, grinding and making of his stock was carried on in the rooms beneath those where the family lived. The residental part of the building was permeated with the odor of coffee, and all the furniture, hangings and clothing were saturated with the smell. In short, the family were suffering with chronic coffeeism, and it was not until they had spent several weeks at the seashore that they recovered their normal mental health."

Out of Sight.

Drummer (to taciturn traveler)—What's your line?

Traveler (a newspaper man)—Ideas.

Drummer—H'm! You don't seem to carry many samples with you.

Entertaining.

Jess—I didn't know Mrs. Stickler was such an entertaining person.

Bess—Indeed she is. She knows a disagreeable story about every woman in her set.

Hope Springs Eternal

In the human breast. Despite repeated disappointments, the divine spark rekindles after each. Though there may not be a silver lining to every cloud, the vapors which obscure the sky oft waft aside and disclose the full splendor of the noonday sun. Thus is hope justified. Invalids who seek the aid from Hostetter's Stomach Bitters in the hope of something better than a mere modification of the evils from which they suffer, will find that it justifies their expectation. Chills and fever, rheumatism, dyspepsia, liver and kidney trouble, nervousness and debility are thoroughly, not partly, remedied by the Bitters. Loss of flesh, appetite and sleep are counteracted by this helpful tonic as by no other medicinal agent, and to the old, infirm and convalescent it affords speedily appreciable benefit. A wineglassful three times a day.

In His Line.

Mrs. Snellair—When that gentleman complimented me so gallantly what made you exclaim: "Don't talk shop?"

Mr. Noinwun—To stop him, of course. That's Mennyribb, the professional bigamist.

The New York police have captured a sneak thief who admits he has stolen one hundred overcoats this season. The (hat) rack has no terrors for him.

Six hundred and ten pairs of twins and nine pairs of—no, nine triplets—of triplets were born in Boston last year.

A Leavenworth, Kansas, belle is named Mycake. She must be a prize girl.

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.

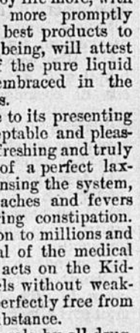
Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction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

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

Ely's Cream Balm WILL CURE CATARRH

Price 50 Cents.

Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.



PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 25 CTS

WALL STREET

Speculation successfully handled. Send for Prospectus and full information FREE. Increase your Income. Investments placed. Address Morton, Ward & Co., 2 & 4 Wall St., New York.

THE LONE CORVETTE.

POOR Ted, poor Ted! I'd give my commission to see him again.

Captain Richard Debney of the British navy, commander of the man-of-war Cormorant, was entertaining some friends in the harbor of San Francisco, and the talk turned upon "Ted" Debney, his brother, who had resigned from the navy several years before because he had chivalrously prevented a French cruiser from boring holes in a wretched opium smuggling craft. "Ted" was impulsive, brave, daring and loved alike by his superiors and his men.

"Have you ever got on the track of Ted?"

"Once I thought I had at Singapore, but nothing came of it. No doubt he changed his name. He never asked for, never got the legacy which my poor father left him."

An hour later they were aboard the Cormorant dining with a number of men asked to come and say good-bye to Mostyn, who was starting for England the second day following, after a pleasant cruise and visit with Debney.

Meanwhile, from far beyond the yellow lane of light running out from Golden Gate there came a vessel, sailing straight for harbor. She was a large, old-fashioned cruiser, carrying guns, and when she passed another vessel she hoisted the British ensign. She looked like a half obsolete corvette, spruced up, made modern by every possible device, and all her appointments were shapely, and in order. She was clearly a British man-of-war, as shown in her trim-dressed sailors, her good handful of marines, but her second and third lieutenants seemed little like Englishmen, and, indeed, one was an American, and one was a Hollander. There was gun drill, and cutlass drill every day, and, what was altogether singular, there was boat drill twice a day, so that the crew of this man-of-war, as they saw Golden Gate ahead of them, were perhaps more expert at boat drill than any that sailed.

Their general discipline did credit to the British navy. But they were not given to understand that by their commander, Captain Shewell, who had an eye like a spot of steel and a tongue like aloes or honey as the mood was on him.

This was most noticeable when he was shut away from the others in the cabin. Then his whole body seemed to change. The eye became softer, yet full of a sort of genial deviltry.

The next evening, just after dusk, after having idled about out of sight of the signal station all day, Captain Shewell entered Golden Gate with the Hornet of no squadron. But the officers of the signal station did not know that, and simply telegraphed to the harbor in answer to the signals from the Corvette, that a British man-of-war was arriving. She came leisurely up the bay, with Captain Shewell on the bridge. He gave a low whistle as he saw the Cormorant in the distance. He knew the harbor well, and saw that the Cormorant had gone to a new anchorage, not the same as British men-of-war took formerly. He drew away to the old anchorage—he need not be supposed to know that a change was expected; besides (and this was important to Captain Shewell), the old anchorage was nearer the docks, and it was clear, save for one little lifeboat and a schooner which was making out as he came up.

"MY GOD! HOW COULD YOU DO IT?"

As she came to anchor the Cormorant saluted her, and she replied instantly. Custom officers who were watching the craft from the shore, or from their boats, gave up hope of any excitement when they saw and heard the salutes. But two went out to the Hornet, and were received graciously by Captain Shewell, who, over a glass of wine in his cabin—appropriately hung with pictures of Nelson and Collingwood—said that he was proceeding to Alaska to rescue a crew shipwrecked on an island, and that he was leaving the next day as soon as he could get some coal, though he feared it would be difficult coaling that night. Still, he did not need a great deal, he said—which was, indeed, the case—but he did need some, and he knew that for his own safety and the Hornet's that he must have it. After this, with cheerful compliments, and the perfunctory declaration on his part that there was nothing dutiable on board, the officers left him, greatly pleased with his courtesy, saluted as they left the ship's side by the marines and sailors standing at the gangway.

As soon as it was very dark two or three boats pushed out from the Hornet and rowed swiftly to shore, passing a customs boat as they went, which was saluted by the officers in command. After this boats kept passing back and forth for a long time between the Hornet and the shore, which was natural seeing that a first night in port is a sort of holiday for officers and men.

Close watching would have discovered the fact that there were a few people on shore who were glad to see the safe arrival of the Hornet, and who, about 1 o'clock in the morning almost fell on the neck of Captain Shewell as they bade him good-by. Then for the rest of the night coal was carried out to the Hornet in boats instead of her coming to the dock to load.

By daybreak her coal was aboard cleaning up then came, and preparations to depart. Captain Shewell's eye was now much on the Cormorant. He had escaped one danger, he had landed half a million dollars' worth of opium in the night, under the very nose of the law, and while customs boats were patrolling the bay, but there was another danger—the inquisitiveness of the Cormorant. It was etiquette for him to call upon the captain of the Cormorant, and he ought to have done so the evening before, but he dared not run the risk, nor could he run it this morning. And yet if the Cormorant discovered that the Hornet was not a British man-of-war, but a bold and splendid impostor, made possible by a daring ex-officer of the British navy, she might open fire, and he could make but a sorry fight, for he was equipped for show rather than for deadly action. He had got this ex-British man-of-war two years before, purchased in Brazil by two adventurous spirits in San Francisco, had selected his crew carefully, many of them deserters from the British navy, drilled them and at last made this bold venture under the teeth of a fortress, and at the mouth of a warship's guns.

Just as he was lifting anchor to get away he saw a boat shoot out from the side of the Cormorant. Captain Debney, indignant at the lack of etiquette, and a little suspicious also—for there was no Hornet in the Pacific squadron, though there was a Hornet, he knew, in the China squadron—was coming to see the discourteous commander. He was received according to custom, and was greeted at once by Captain Shewell. As the eyes of the two men met both started, and Captain Debney most. He turned white, and put out his hand to the boatside to steady himself. But Captain Shewell held the hand that had been put out, shook it, pressed it. He tried to press Captain Debney forward, but the other drew back to the gangway.

"Pull yourself together, Dick, or there'll be a mess," said Shewell softly.

"My God, how could you do it?" replied the brother, aghast.

Meanwhile the anchor had been raised and the Hornet was moving toward the harbor mouth.

"You have ruined us both," said Richard Dabney.

"Neither, Dick! I'll save your bacon." He made a sign, the gangway was closed; he gave the word for full steam ahead, and the Hornet began to race through the water before Captain Dabney guessed his purpose.

"What do you mean to do?" he asked sternly, as he saw his own gig falling astern.

"To make it hard for you to blow me to pieces. You've got to do it, of course, if you can; but I must get a start."

"How far do you intend taking me?"

"As far as the Farilones, perhaps."

Richard Debney's face had a sick look. "Take me to your cabin," he whispered. What was said behind the closed door no man in this world knows, and it is as well not to listen too closely to those who part, knowing they will never meet again. They had been children in one mother's arms; there was nothing in common between them now except the old love.

Nearing the Farilones, Captain Debney was put off in an open boat. Standing there alone, he was once more a naval officer, and he called out sternly: "Sir, I hope to sink you and your smuggling craft within four-and-twenty hours!"

Captain Shewell spoke no word, but saluted slowly, deliberately, and watched his brother's boat recede till it was a speck upon the sea as it moved toward Golden Gate.

"Good old Dick!" he said at last, as he turned away toward the bridge, "and he'll do it if he can."

But he never did, for as the Cormorant cleared the harbor that evening, there came an accident to her machinery, and with two day's start, the Hornet was on her way to be sold again to a South American republic.

And Edward Debney, once her captain? What does it matter? His mother believes him dead—let us do the same.

Duck Farming.

It is worthy of note that the Chinese very, very long ago hatched out their ducks by artificial heat, and the incubators that seem so wonderful to us at the poultry shows and county fairs were an old story in the East long before our grandfathers were born. It is likely that we got the domesticated duck from China, so long ago that we know not when, and the writers on natural history content themselves with telling us that it is derived from the mallard, mixed in some cases with the musk-duck and the gadwall, and perhaps the black duck. The domestication of the black duck has had an effect the opposite of that usually produced by civilization on man, for the mallard is strictly monogamous. Waterton the naturalist assures us, indeed that the wild-duck is a most faithful husband, and remains paired for life, while the domestic drake is most notoriously polygamous.—Harper's Weekly.

Useful Asbestos.

Asbestos belongs to that class of materials that are year by year finding their way into new uses. It is already used in paints, roofing and building materials as a nonconductor of heat, for steam packing, for fireproof cements, for tubing, for shovels, fork tines, cloth, rugs, cord and sewing thread. Asbestos in the household is just beginning a career of usefulness. It now made into hearth blowers, stove polishers, mats, flatiron rests, and for baking paper. It will come in time, no doubt, to furnish fireproof handles, aprons, carpets and a dozen other things.

Saddening Reflection.

Mrs. Chugwater heaved a little sigh of disappointment and threw the paper aside.

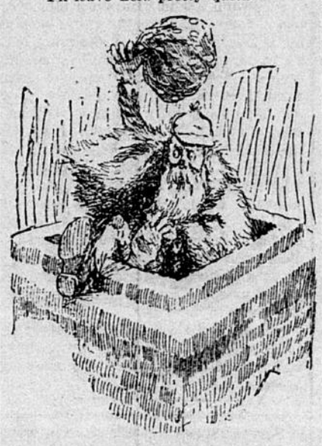
"Here's a list of fifty divorce cases," she said. "I've looked it all over and I haven't an acquaintance in the lot."

WEARY WHISKER'S MASQUERADE.

"Times is hard," says Weary Whiskers,
Christmas evening, rather late,
Kicks his toes against the sidewalk, rubs
his hands and swears at fate.
"Times is hard, but that's no reason why
a hansum man like me
Should be cheated out of Crismus wid
its fun and jollity."

II.

"There's a likely lookin' cutter, mus'
belong to Santy Claus,
And that fancy fur-lined lap-robe looks
to me as if it was
Left for me—for Weary Whiskers—much
obliged to you, St. Nick;
But the owner soon will miss it. Guess
I'll leave here pretty quick."



III.

With his pack and bearskin lap-robe
Whiskers looks like Santa's twin
As he stands on Robby's housetop wond-
'ring if he can't get in.
And his bosom throbs with triumph
though his lungs are full of gas)
When he finds a red brick chimney,
large enough to let him pass.

IV.

Meanwhile Robby, sweetly dreaming in
his trundle bed
Of the morrow with its presents, hears
a rumbling near his head,
Wakes and sees the feet of Whiskers
dangling in the open grate,
Slowly, carefully descending; rubs his
eyes and then his pate.

V.

Whiskers tells how scarce good boys are
in his trips o'er land and sea,
Says with pathos, he has traveled, "forty
thousand miles since tea."
Then tells Robby if he'll get him some-
thing for his appetite
He can have a million presents, every
one "just out of sight."

VI.

Robby escorts him to the table thickly
spread
With to-morrow's Christmas dinner, and
his eyes start from his head.
When he sees old Whiskers swallow
everything and call for more,
Till the pantry is as hollow as his stom-
ach was before.

VII.

Then he blesses little Robby, tells him
to go back to bed;
Then he wakes up in the morn, he'll
find a reindeer at his head—
But alas! when up the chimney he at-
tempts to emigrate;
Try his utmost, that big dinner he can't
seem to elevate.

VIII.

"Robert, thou hast done this evil," Whis-
kers says to little Bob;
"Think ye, ye can here detain me, other
boys and girls to rob?
Nay, nay, thou shalt have no presents,
lest thou lets me go right now."
Robby, cold and frightened, shivers, does
not dare to make a row.

IX.

Whiskers follows through the parlor,
picks up Robby's Christmas tree,
Thinks he'll sell it to his "uncle" for
two dollars, maybe three;
Waves good-bye to little Robby as he
shuffles down the path,
Then makes tracks for Oklahoma to
avoid his papa's wrath.

Under the Mistletoe.

Young Fresh—Ah, I tell you, old man, I'm not going to be the timid fool I was last Christmas. I'm going to kiss every female I catch under the mistletoe, and don't you forget it!

Lady of Color (from New Jersey, as Young Fresh and his friend step out of doors)—Hea yo' is, mistletoe, nice and fresh!"

Too Bad.

Some persons develop a positive genius for looking on the dark side. An exchange gives this example:

There was a very rich farmer who would never own that he had anything to be thankful for in the way of profits. The parson once said to him during a fine harvest season:

"Come, Mr. Jones, you can have nothing to complain about this year, at all events!"

"I can't say that," said the farmer. "Still you can't say what is amiss."

He thought a bit, and then replied very grudgingly, "Well, you see, there will be no spoilt hay for the young calves."

White Blood.

It was a Sandwich Islander who, on the strength of a Mother Hubbard gown and a parasol, claimed the deference accorded to members of a more civilized society.

Most of all did she glory in the assumption that she was not so very black, after all.

"You haven't any white blood in your veins!" said a cruel friend to her one day.

"Indeed I have!" indignantly exclaimed the lady. "Some of my family helped eat Cap'n Cook!"

IN all receipts for cooking requiring a leavening agent the ROYAL BAKING POWDER, because it is an absolutely pure cream of tartar powder and of 33 per cent. greater leavening strength than other powders, will give the best results. It will make the food lighter, sweeter, of finer flavor and more wholesome.

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

Working Clothes.

Lord Elfenborough once reproved a bricklayer for coming to be sworn in his usual habiliments. "When you have to appear before this court, witness, it is your bounden duty to be clean and decent in your appearance." "Upon my life, if it comes to that," said the bricklayer, "I'm every bit as well dressed as your lordship." "How do you mean, sir?" exclaimed the chief-justice, angrily. "Well, its just this—you come here in your working-clothes and I come in mine." It was very seldom, however, that anybody got the better of Lord Ellenborough. A witness dressed in a fantastical manner and who had given discreditable evidence, was asked in cross-examination what he was. "I employ myself," he said, "as a surgeon." "But does anyone else," inquired the chief-justice employ you as a surgeon?"—Argonaut.

By Accident.

The missionary recoiled in horror.

"Where," he gasped, "did you, a simple child of nature, get that vile habit?"

The native gazed reminiscently across the sunlit ocean.

"The habit," he explained, "dates from the day that there was cast away from our inhospitable shores a man with a tobacco heart."

Saying which he shifted his quid.—Detroit Tribune.

Prisoners as Domestic Servants.

Hawaii is not the only place where prisoners have been known to be hired out for domestic service. It was discovered some years ago that long-term convicts in jail at New Castle, Del., were commonly sent on errands about town, and even life prisoners were slightly watched. A murderess was employed in the jailer's family and permitted to go about the streets

Holiday Excursions.

Anticipating that many people will take advantage of low rates and visit friends during the holidays, the Chicago Great Western railway, will sell excursion tickets from all stations on its line to points within 200 miles of selling station, at the rate of one fare and a third for the round trip. Tickets on sale Dec. 22, 23, 24, 25 and 31, 1894, and Jan. 1, 1895, all tickets good returning until Jan. 2, 1895. For further information call upon any agent of this company or address F. H. Lord, G. P. and T. A., Chicago, Ill.

Wisdom is individual inheritance and cannot be secured at a bargain counter.

Farming and Stock Raising in Nebraska

A pamphlet containing valuable information about Nebraska, northwestern Kansas and eastern Colorado, with a sectional map of that country, will be sent free on application to P. S. Eustis, General Passenger Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

A London collector has just paid $50,000 for a fine cabinet of Australian stamps. It is the highest price ever paid for a collection

Piso's Cure is the medicine to break up children's Coughs and Colds.—Mrs. M. G. Blunt, Sprague, Wash., March 8, 1894.

China apparently has not much for defense, but has millions for tribute.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.

When in trouble take comfort in the fact that there is no monopoly of misfortune.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine.

Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Tender or Sore Feet, Chilblains, Piles, &c. C. G. Clark Co., New Haven, Ct.

We can not do any man a greater wrong than to misjudge him.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve."

Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

In Russia it was once the common belief that beardless men were soulless.

"A Cup of Parks' Tea at night moves the bowels in the morning."

Pliny mentions oat meal as a favorite food of the Germans.

SUGGESTIONS FOR NIMRODS.

Don't accidentally shoot the guide.

Don't swear when you miss the bird.

Don't blame the maker of the rifle.

Don't ignore the "no trespass" sign.

Don't explain to others how to shoot.

Don't fire both barrels at a reed bird.

Don't take beverages until after dark.

Don't promise game before you get it.

Don't awaken the household when you start.

Don't shoot birds along the roadside. It is unsportsmanlike.

Don't attribute bad luck the ot maker of the cartridge you use.

Don't sing or whistle until out of the woods. That ends the game.

Don't blame the dog for not bringing in what you thought you shot.

Don't lose presence of mind when the deer comes bounding towards you.

Don't be haughty and proud when you bring down what you did not aim at.

Don't mistake a cow for a doe. There is a most pronounced difference.

Don't mistake wandering chickens for game. There will be the farmer to pay.

Don't ridicule the man who is a poor shot. You may want to borrow money.

Don't argue over possession of a bird at which you shot. It leads to fighting.

DO YOU EXPECT To Become a Mother? If so, then permit us to say that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is indeed, a true "Mother's Friend."

Childbirth Easy by preparing the system for parturition, thus assisting Nature and shortening "Labor." The painful ordeal of childbirth is robbed of its terrors, and the dangers thereof greatly lessened, to both mother and child. The period of confinement is also greatly shortened, the mother strengthened and built up, and an abundant secretion of nourishment for the child promoted.

Send 10 cents for a large Book (168 pages), giving all particulars. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

PAINLESS CHILDBIRTH.

Mrs. Hunt.

Mrs. Fred Hunt, of *Glenville, N. Y.*, says: "I read about Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription being so good for a woman with child, so I got two bottles last September, and December 13th I had a twelve pound baby girl. When I was confined *I was not sick in any way.* I did not suffer any pain, and when the child was born I walked into another room and went to bed. I keep your Extract of Smart-Weed on hand all the time. It was very cold weather and our room was very cold but I did not take any cold, and never had any after-pain or any other pain. It was all due to God and Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and Compound Extract of Smart-Weed. This is the eighth living child and the largest of them all. I suffered everything that flesh could suffer with the other babies. I always had a doctor and then he could not help me very much, but this time my mother and my husband were alone with me. My baby was only seven days old when I got up and dressed and left my room and stayed up all day."

PATENTS Thomas P. Simpson, Washington, D.C. No atty's fee until Patent obtained. Write for Inventor's Guide.

W. N. U.—D.M.—1171 No. 51

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OF PAINS RHEUMATIC, NEURALGIC, LUMBAGIC AND SCIATIC.

Babies and Children

thrive on Scott's Emulsion when all the rest of their food seems to go to waste. Thin Babies and Weak Children grow *strong, plump and healthy* by taking it.

Scott's Emulsion

overcomes inherited weakness and all the tendencies toward Emaciation or Consumption. Thin, weak babies and growing children and all persons suffering from Loss of Flesh, Weak Lungs, Chronic Coughs, and Wasting Diseases will receive untold benefits from this great nourishment. The formula for making Scott's Emulsion has been endorsed by the medical world for *twenty years.* No secret about it.

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