The fastidious public: She (scornfully) — "Twenty-five cents for that hat!" He—"Dot's der best I can do, lady. Dose segond hand hats vos hard to sell. You haf no idea how many granks dere are vot won't buy nodings but new hats!"—[Puck.

Cawker—"This war is affording opportunies for people to brush up ther knowledge of geography." Cumso—"Is it?" Cawker—"It is. Only yesterday Sprocketts discovered that Hampton Roads weren't good for cycling."—[Harper's Bazar.

Askins—"I wonder how it is that these actresses always look so young in their lithographs?" Grimshaw—"Oh when an actress is young she has her picture taken, and when she is old she does not depart from it."—Judge.

Some men seek glory in the cannon's mouth, but those who seek it in their own mouths are in an overwhelming majority.—Boston Trascript.

If there is any mystery about the construction of any of Spain's battleships the Holland torpedo boat ought to be able to get to the bottom of it.

No politician ever poses as a reformer while in office.

Our American Policy.

The policy of this country regarding foreign comclications seems likely to remain conservative. The Monroe doctrine, according to the declaration of our leading politicians, will be sustained, but patience and prudence in official quarters will restrain the exuberance of public opinion. The wisest and most prudent course for the rheumatic and the malarious is to use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which also cures kidney complaint and dyspepsia.

Why does a man show his wife more courtesies abroad than at home?—Chicago Daily News.

A Beautiful Skin

is one of the chief requisites of an attractive appearance. Rough, dry, scaly patches, little blistery eruptions, red and unsightly ringworms—these would spoil the beauty of a veritable Venus. They are completely and quickly cured by Tetterine. 50 cents a box at drug stores or for 50 cents in stamps from J. T. Shuptrine, Savannae, Ga.

It is hard for bad motives to drive good bargains.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or $1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

A woman with a baby always has the respect of everybody around.—Ex.

Beauty Is Blood Deep.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets.—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

The average engaged girl has no idea how embarrassing it is to be embarrassed.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reducing inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

Discretion is not cowardice, neither is it blatently volubility courage.

Sent free, Klondike Map

From Gold Commission's official survey. Address Gardner & Co., Colorado Springs, Colo.

About half the men get married because they're able to support a wife and half because they're not.

We will give $100 reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

It is a wise man that doesn't repeat his own wisdom.

I cannot speak too highly of Piso's Cure for Consumption.—Mrs. FRANK MOBBS, 215 W. 23d St., New York, Oct. 29, 1895.

People with good memories do not necessarily have brains.—X Ray.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

The ruins of ancient Babylon belong at present to two wealthy Jews in Bagdad.

The first indication that a man is getting on the hog train is when he lets his hair grow long.—X Ray.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

The wise father always tries to bring up his children in the way he should have gone.

A woman can get a shiftless husband in about five minutes, but it sometimes takes a lifetime to get rid of him.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Whatever Noah's shortcomings were he knew enough to go in when it rained.

A cow may have many good qualities, but she is too modest to blow her own horn.

Hip Disease

Terrible Results of a Fall—How Health Was Restored.

"I was injured by a fall and began to have pains in my knees, and one of my limbs cramped and pained me severely. Physicians decided that I had a severe case of hip disease. I was taken to a hospital and underwent an operation but a cure was not effected. I had seven running sores on one limb. At last I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and improved from the first bottle. Hood's Sarsaparilla has entirely cured me and I am to-day in perfect health." JOHN C. BOYLE, 45 Water Street, Ware, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Get only Hood's.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

HEAD ACHE

"Both my wife and myself have been using CASCARETS and they are the best medicine we have ever had in the house. Last week my wife was frantic with headache for two days, she tried some of your CASCARETS, and they relieved the pain in her head almost immediately. We both recommend Cascarets." CHAS. STEDEFORD, Pittsburg Safe & Deposit Co., Pittsburg, Pa.

CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good. Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c, 25c, 50c.
... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...
Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 317

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

BOOK OF CURE FOR ONE WHO IS ALL ALONE. Sent Direct, Sealed. Tells Good. Free for Cents. Address by Druggists. INSUMPTION.

A School Girl's Battle.

From The Mail, Milford, Ind.

Miss Emma Rybolt, a prepossessing school girl of Milford, Ind., is of more than usual intelligence, and is ambitious to rise in the literary world.

"In the fall of 1896," said Mrs. Rybolt, "Emma was taken ill. She was a close student and her work began to tell on her. She grew weak, pale and nervous, and complained of pains in her back, chest and limbs. A few weeks passed and she grew worse. The doctor said she was a victim of nervous prostration, and should have been taken from school weeks earlier. She gradually grew worse, her nerves were so tense that the least noise irritated her and she had a fever and a continual twitching in her muscles. The symptoms were much like St. Vitus' dance.

Her Battle.

"A year passed, and, under a change of physicians, Emma became somewhat better but soon was as bad as ever. One day I read of a case similar to hers which was cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and I decided to try them.

"Emma had no faith in proprietary medicines but tried the pills, and after taking a dozen doses she began to improve. It was about the first of April when she began and by the middle of May, after taking about eight boxes, she was entirely cured.

"While ill, she lost twenty-eight pounds, but now weighs more than ever before. Her nerves are strong and she is in perfect health. We are all confident that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People cured her, and I cheerfully recommend them in all similar cases. MRS. E. A. RYBOLT."

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this third day of September, 1897.
CALEB BAKER, Notary Public.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People will cure all diseases arising from a poor and watery condition of the blood, will build up a run down system and are a specific for paralysis, locomotor ataxia and other diseases long regarded as incurable.

A test of the smooth bore guns on the old monitors show them to be very troublesome customers. 'Twas ever thus with smooth guns.

Mrs. A. G. Russell, Nashville, Tenn., writes: "I can truly say that DR. MOFFETT'S TEETHINA (TEETHING POWDERS) are the greatest blessing to Teething Children that the world has ever known. I have used them two years, and my baby would have hardly lived through his second summer if I had not used these powders. May God reward him for the good he has done teething babies through this remedy."

Married men always have more buttons off their clothes than bachelors.

B. B. B. Cures to Stay Cured.

Scrofula, Catarrh, Rheumatism, all skin and blood diseases, from the smallest pimple to the foulest ulcer. $1.00 per large bottle, 6 for $5.00, at druggists, or sent for price, express paid, by Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga.
☞ Books of wonderful cures sent free.

A folding bed must be pulled down before it can be done up.

ST. VITUS' DANCE, SPASMS and all nervous diseases permanently cured by the use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $1.00 trial bottle and treatise to Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch Street, Phila., Pa.

The man who kicks for justice sometimes gets more of it than he wants.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. $1. All druggists.

The man that makes the least noise is often the most dangerous.

A Family Medicine A universal pain reliever, **Chest For 25 Cents.** penetrating the muscles, membranes and tissues, thereby reaching the seat of disease. Indispensable to the housewife, farmer, stock-raiser or mechanic. All druggists have it. Ten and twenty-five cents a bottle. A household necessity. Circulars free. Ask a veteran and will offer special inducements to veteran agents. Billington's Lightning Liniment. Address, J. W. BILLINGTON, Magazine and Joseph Sts., New Orleans, La.

It seems sometimes as if half the people were busy making fools of themselves.—Ex.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. $2 trial bottle and treatise free DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila, Pa

The Japanese have a custom of celebrating the blossoming of the fruit trees by a general holiday.

No comparison! Naval Commander—"To give you the information you ask, young man, would be premature, and might cost two or three battleships." Correspondent—"But, good heavens, if I don't get that information, it may cost me my job."—Chicago Tribune.

A Movable Epoch: "What is 'time immemorial,' Uncle Jim?" "Time immemorial is as far back as you feel posted on ancient history."—Chicago Record.

"I hope, papa," said Bobbie, "that the government isn't buying its torpedoes of Mr. Spillkins down in the village. I got some there last Fourth of July, and half of them wouldn't go off."—[Harper's Bazar.

Perhaps that frenzy of enthusiasm which the correspondents represent as existing at Key West over the notable victory of the Nashville was scarcely warranted by the event if one considers only the importance of the prize.

Giddy Young Thing—"Do you know that as Hamlet you reminded me very much of Booth?" Eminent Young Tragedian—"Ah, indeed?" Giddy Young Thing—"Yes; your costume was almost exactly like the one he used to wear when he played that part."

Rural Trepidation: "Does Aunt Rebecca take any interest in the war?" "Yes; she says she hopes the guns won't be near enough to disturb her setting hens."—Chicago Record.

Little Georgie—"Do you folks ever hove family prayers before breakfast?" Little Albert—"No, we only have prayers before we go to bed. We ain't afraid in the daytime."—Cleveland Leader.

When St. Louis heard the rumor that the mule market had been cornered she rose majestically and kicked.

For extra-hazardous war duty, something in which daring and suffering would count, why not enroll a special corps of baseball umpires?

Awfully Hard Up: Dunmore—"That Smudgkins must be awfully hard up." Dadlow—"Why?" Dunmore—"He's been dunning me every day for a dollar, I owe him for the last six months."—[Roxbury Gazette.

Mrs. T.—"I am worried because my husband is keeping something from me, and I don't know what it is." Mrs. S.—"My husband, too, is keeping something from me, and I am worried because I do know what it is." Mrs. T.—"Indeed! What is it?!" Mrs. S.—"It is money"—Tit-Bits.

Judge (to wife of defendant)—"So you were present when your husband broke into the girls' high school." "Of course I was! Would your wife allow you to break into a girls' high school alone?"—Fliegende Blaetter.

COSSAMER THREADS.

(On a Scotch Moor.)

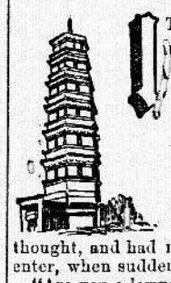
When fairies dance on the moor by night,—
(Golden hair in the heather)—
Stray silken threads from their dainty heads
May haply cling to the flowering ling
Or the pink and purple heather.
(Mine eyes are blind in the mystic light,
But none the less 'tis a winsome sight.)

When morning breaks and the fairies flee,—
(Gossamer threads in the heather)—
The moorland shines with glist'ning lines,
Like harps new-strung with gold, and slung
On the pink and purple heather.
(Gossamer threads are all I see,
But none the less are they harps for me.)

And when the wind breathes, far and near,—
(Æolian harps in the heather)—
Sweet music rings from the tiny strings,
And wild and free is the harmony
Thro' the pink and purple heather.
(Never a note may reach mine ear,
But none the less is it sweet to hear.)
—C. Jeff-Sharp, in Pall Mall Gazette.

HOW I WON MY BRIDE.

BY J. F. AVERY.



IT was a warm summer's evening, and I had left the windows and doors of the office open, for the sake of a refreshing draught.

I had been sitting for some time at my desk, plunged in a fit of the deepest thought, and had not heard any one enter, when suddenly the words:

"Are you a lawyer, sir?" caused me to start violently.

Rising from my seat and turning up the gas jet on the table, I turned and surveyed my interlocutor, who proved to be a well-dressed, rather good-looking man of forty or thereabouts, of middle stature, and possessed of a small, piercing pair of eyes, which returned my gaze unflinchingly.

"The business on which I come," he said, taking off his hat, and fixing his keen, black eyes upon my face, will require your services until late in the night, if not until to-morrow morning. My niece, who resides some miles from London, is dangerously ill, and her recovery being extremely doubtful, she desires to make her will. For this purpose I have applied to you; promising you, should you accede to my request, any fee you may demand."

I communed with myself for a few moments, eyed the man suspiciously, and then asked the distance to the young lady's residence and the mode of conveyance thither.

"About five or ten miles," he responded, handing me his card, on which I read "Martin Jackson, London Wall." "It is a short distance from Kew, and as a train does not leave London Bridge for some time, I have provided a carriage and driver, which waits in the street. May I consider your services as engaged?"

I responded that he might, and a few minutes sufficed to find us ensconced in a close carriage, which took a westerly direction at a moderate speed.

My companion meantime enlightened me with an account of his niece's sickness and previous history; and, an hour after leaving the place of starting, we found ourselves about a mile from Kew Bridge. I was a young man, and my nervousness and suspicions of the man beside me may be excused when his evident anxiety in employing myself, an inexperienced lawyer, are considered. His story, too, did not sound consistent in all respects, for he spoke of his niece, Miss Blanche Pickering, as being at times subject to short fits of insanity.

When the carriage stopped it was in front of a large, dark-looking building of stone, standing a short distance back from the road, and surrounded by tall poplars.

One thing struck me as rather curious as I walked up the gravel walk to the mansion and tended to arouse my suspicions once more. Jackson dismissed the carriage, after paying the driver, with a few low, whispered words, the import of which I was unable to ascertain, and the hack turned sharply, as if to retrace the road to London. I said nothing, however, but shifting a revolver which I always carry into a more convenient position in my inner breast pocket, entered the house with my companion, who unlocked the door with a latchkey, and ushered me into the parlor, which was poorly lighted by a hanging lamp.

Having seen me seated by a table on which were spread refreshments Jackson left me for a short time, and returned shortly with a large, well-built man, whom he introduced as Mr. Cooper, his cousin. This latter individual took a seat beside me, and pouring out some wine requested me to join him, which I courteously refused, on the plea of being a teetotaler.

Jackson had left the room again. A short time after, by request of Cooper, I followed him up the staircase into the gloomy hall above, and into a room where Jackson was seated by the side of a bed, apparently in conversation with some one lying there.

It was no wonder that I gazed long and earnestly at the countenance of the woman who reclined there. A more perfect face I have never seen—pale, and with an expression of care and pain, it might have been, yet there was no trace of sickness or disease, and as my eye wandered from those beautiful features, the sad yet sweetly smiling eyes, down to the white, plump hand which rested in the large brown one of Jackson's, I felt that there was some mystery in the case, and that he had been untruthful in his revelations. Suddenly the man arose, and dropping the lady's hand drew up a chair opposite to my own, and with an impatient, uneasy exclamation, brought my investigation to a termination.

"You will draw out the ordinary formula of a testament," he said, giving the young girl a close, scrutinizing look, in which I could detect a warning expression, "writing as I dictate. Miss Pickering has already acquainted me with her destined disposal of her property, and will acquiesce when it is finished. I suppose her affirmation will be all that is necessary?"

I was somewhat surprised at the strangeness of the request, but replied:

"Certainly, if I am confident that she is compos mentis, and she too ill to dictate the instructions herself."

Here a slight exclamation broke from the lips of the occupant of the bed, as if about to frame a word or sentence; but she was checked by Jackson, who, with a threatening scowl, evidently not meant for my observation, said:

"Do not exert yourself, my dear niece; I will do all that is necessary," and then, as I drew the writing materials before me, he quickly leaned over toward her, and hissed in her ear, "Remember—be careful!" with such emphasis as to cause her to sink, pale and trembling, back among the pillows of the bed.

A half-hour elapsed, and the will had been completed. All Blanche Pickering's property, personal and real, was to be divided between the man Jackson and his son Henry, with the exception of a few small legacies. Then I read it, and after propounding the few necessary interrogatories to the legator, which were answered in a low, trembling affirmative, I requested her to sign it.

Drawing my chair up to her side, with the paper and pen in my hand, I waited for her to obey my request—intimating to Jackson that it would be as well to have Cooper as a witness.

The latter individual had, evidently, fallen asleep, for, a call not bringing him to the bedside, Jackson arose and walked to where his confrere lay.

At this moment, and with the rapidity of light, the girl's hand caught my own, and leaning my head downward, so that I could listen to what she might desire to say, I heard her whisper, in passionate, beseeching words:

"I am forced to this! They intend to kill me! For heaven's sake, help me!"

Then she sank back, and before Jackson had been able to observe us, we had both resumed our former relative positions.

At last the will had been signed, witnessed and sealed, and, hat in hand, I stood at the table awaiting my client's further pleasure, as if I had not the idea in my mind of returning before morning, and that, too, with an officer of justice.

I followed my servitor down the stairs, listened to his untruthful regrets that the carriage must have returned to the house, as agreed upon, and then gone to the city; declined his offer to remain for the night, and having been directed to the station, stood once more in the open air.

Suddenly a wild scream of terror assailed my ears. In a moment I was again up the steps, and turning the knob of the door in an ineffectual attempt to gain admittance.

I was about to attempt to force an entrance through the window, when the door was flung suddenly open, and the man Cooper stood before me.

He discovered me at once and struck at me with his clenched fist. Evading the blow, I whipped out my revolver, and, striking him with the but end, knocked him senseless upon the steps.

I was again about to turn and enter, when the form of Jackson dashed down the staircase through the open door, and I felt myself in his grasp.

I saw at once that he was unarmed, and elevating my pistol, fired; but the shot was turned aside and the weapon knocked from my hand to the ground.

Then ensued a fearful struggle between us, in which we both were precipitated down the steps upon the gravel walk below—I uppermost.

It was, perhaps, for two minutes that I held him by the throat, dealing him blows with my disengaged hand—he having the other in his strong grasp—when, with a dexterous twist of his powerful arm, he turned me aside, and I lay prostrate upon the ground with the vicelike grip of his strong fingers grasping me by the throat until my eyes were staring from their sockets and every muscle became inactive.

Seizing a large stone which lay near him, he raised it in his left hand and was about to strike me on the head when a sharp, loud report rang on the air. The form of the ruffian fell back—his fingers relaxed their grasp.

A form in white passed before my uncertain vision; and then, for the space of five minutes, I was utterly unconscious.

When at length the mind awoke from its stupor Miss Pickering was bending over me, chafing my temples and attempting to perform what nature had done—restore me to sensibility.

From her I learned that she had risen from her bed at the exit of the two ruffians from her room, and, observing my dangerous situation, had fired at Jackson just as he was about to strike me with the stone, with my revolver, which she had picked up on the steps.

I also learned that her scream was caused by the resolution of the murderous twain to start after and murder me, fearing that she had communicated something to me which might upset their well-laid plans.

Having securely bound the still unconscious Cooper and removed the corpse of Jackson into the house, we awaited the coming morn—Miss Pickering meanwhile informing me of her imprisonment by Jackson for over a year, and his resolve to force her to make a will, and then make way with her. Her parents having died and left her sole heiress to a large property, her appointed guardian, Jackson, a half-brother of her mother, was playing for no diminutive stake.

The next morning a farmer's wagon conveyed Cooper to the city, and the affair having been reported to the proper authorities he was arrested and conveyed to jail. His trial took place a month later, and he was rewarded with seven years' penal servitude.

Miss Pickering was entirely exonerated from all blame in the killing of Jackson, and her estate properly administered a few months later—she having been of age for over a year. Not long after Miss Blanche Pickering became Mrs. Avery.

The will and revolver are still in our possession—the sole mementos of that exciting night when I almost lost my life and gained a bride.—Spare Moments.

There are some women who can only be flattered by confessing sin to them, and asking them for help to reform.—Atchison Globe.

WORLD'S BIGGEST BEEHIVE.

California Curiosity Which People Gaze At From a Respectful Distance.

Did you ever see a bee tree, with a swarm of bees around it? Well, magnify this about 10,000 times and you will have a slight idea of a natural beehive in Mendocino County, California. It is a rift in the face of a cliff, and tradition has it that there is a large cave on the inside, where the myriads of busy insects make their homes.

This great natural curiosity is known to the residents of the adjacent country as "Bee Rock," and they have grown to look upon it as commonplace, when in reality it is the only beehive of the kind in existence.

There is no danger of a person getting very near this natural beehive without knowing it, for at all hours of the day a swarm of insects hover about several hundred feet in all directions. An incessant, maddening buzz fills the air that can be heard an eighth of a mile and serves as a warning not to venture too near. But men do venture near and, having first put on a suit of leather clothing, fastened a mask of wire screen around their hats, trim and lighted a good big torch. These precautions are absolutely necessary.

It is almost impossible to make out just where the entrance to this natural beehive is. There is a sort of cavern in the cliff that seems to have a crack through the inner wall from top to bottom, but most of the bees hover around a hole about eighteen inches wide and appear to make that the point of ingress and egress. Many days it is impossible to even see the cliff, so thickly covered is it with insects, and they roll in and out of the opening like a stream of molasses.

During the summer dead birds can always be seen on the ground around the mouth of the hive. They have been stung to death while attempting to fly through the the swarm of insects. Four-footed creatures never venture within a half mile, seeming to know that death lurks there. In front of the mouth of the hive there is a pile of dried honey that has flowed from the interior. It looks like a heap of molten lava that has been hardened after being discharged from a volcano.

A party of men living in the vicinity claim to have entered the beehive several years ago. They selected a cold day in winter, when the bees were half dormant, and poured coal oil and benzine around and into the opening. Then they made a big fire of wood, so that the whole cavern was filled with flames. Then they poked the red-hot embers down into the opening and so killed every bee in it. But there was not much to see after the men got outside. Only a large cave, with the walls covered with wax and dried honey and enough of the sweetness in pools in the bottom to last a big city for a several years. Of course, the honey was unfit for use on account of being full of dead bees and ashes from the fire. The men, however, did not linger in the cave any great length of time, as it was foul-smelling and stifling. Although countless millions of bees had been destroyed on this occasion, the next summer they were as numerous as ever and just as vicious.

Indians of the neighborhood say that in "the good old days" the bad men of their tribe were bound hand and foot and carried to within a short distance of the beehive by men wrapped in blankets. There the helpless creatures were left to suffer the awful agony of being stung to death.

Relative Strength of Man and Woman.

According to the last report of the doings of the anthropometric laboratory, London, the following interesting data were established concerning the relative strength and length of limbs in man and woman, viz.: In man, in 50.9 cases out of 100, the right arm was stronger than the left; in 16.4 cases the arms were each of equal strength; finally, in 32.7 cases out of 100, the left arm was the stronger. Thus it seems, contrary to the general understanding of this subject, that out of every ten men there are more than three whose right arm is not so strong as the left. The data show, however, that the proportion is better distributed in women—that is, out of 100 only 46.9 possessed more strength in the right arm, and 24.5, or nearly one-fourth, have more strength in the left. Dynamometric experiments have likewise proved that in women the upper limbs possess the same strength much oftener than in men, since out of 100 there were 28.6 that gave the same results in the two arms. As regards the respective length of the limbs, it seems that in most cases the right arm and the left leg are the longer, the following proportions being noted at the laboratory in measuring fifty skeletons of adults, men and women: In twenty-three cases the left leg and the right arm were the longer, in six cases it was, on the contrary, the right leg and the left arm, and in four cases only the limbs of the right side were longer than those of the left.

And It Was.

Just before a recent dinner given in honor of a colonial magnate a young dandy, whose chief claim to distinction seemed to be the height of his collar and an eyeglass, addressing a stranger, said:

"Beastly nuisance, isn't it? Spoke to that fellah over there—took him for a gentleman; some blessed head waiter, I suppose?"

"Oh, no," replied the other; "that is the guest of the evening."

"Hang it all, now, is it?" said the other. "Look here, old fellow, as you know everybody, would you mind sitting next me at the dinner, and telling me who every one is?"

"I should like to very much," replied the other; "but you see I can't—I'm the blessed head waiter!"—Tit-Bits.

Uses For Old Boiler Shells.

When the old boiler is so worn out that it is of no further use as a boiler, it may be that before it goes to the scrap heap, the final estate of all things iron, the shell—the tubes and heads having been removed—is made to serve as a part of a smokestack. The iron used in the boiler is heavier than that used in making stacks of a corresponding size, and so the old boiler shells make good smokestacks.—New York Sun.

While teaching a class in Sunday school recently the teacher asked: "What was Noah supposed to be doing when the animals were going into the ark?" She received several answers. At last a little girl put up her hand. "Well," she asked, "what do you say?" "Taking the tickets, Miss," said she.—Tit-Bits.

Further Trouble: "It isn't Spain I'm afraid of," said the passenger with the skull cap. "But after we have humbled Spain we are going to have trouble with another power that hasn't been friendly to this country for several years." "What power is that?" asked the passenger in the linen duster. "The United States senate," rejoined the other.—Chicago Tribune.

All He Required: Skullins (the road agent)—"Lady, I stand in great need uv symat'y." Lady—"Indeed?" Skullins—"Yes, lady. I'm one uv de unfortunates crew uv a Spanish merchant ship de United States ships captured." Lady—"Poor man! and so you are looking for work?" Skullins—"No, lady; food an' money is all I require."—Judge.

Cool: "This is the fourth time you have asked me to marry you," said Miss Cayenne, rather impatiently. "How often do you wish to refuse?" "Well," replied Willie Wishington, "I think three times quite sufficient."—Washington Star.

Another Patriot—"I understand that Bindle is going to apply for a pension." "Upon what grounds, I would like to know? He never fought for his country." "No, but he came over on the Paris and his nervous system was upset." Chicago News.

Unfilled Expectations: "That man Tithertson's a regular torpedo boat." "How do you make that out?" "Ever since he was a boy at school people have been predicting great things of him, but he's never done anything worth mentioning."—[Cleveland Leader.

A Remarkable Man—"Is Jones opposed to the sensational newspapers?" Smith—"He's not only opposed to them, but he doesn't read them."—[Puck.

Henry V. was so swift a runner that he could take a wild buck in a large park without a bow or other weapon.

Prince Arthur, son of Henry VII., was a fine shot, and in his honor good marksmen were frequently called Arthur.

Henry VIII. had several bowling alleys built at the palace of Whitehall; he excelled at throwing the hammer and at archery and made a law which forbade any one over twenty years old shooting at a mark less than 220 yards distant.

Charles I. was playing chess when he received the letter telling him that the Scots had agreed to give him over to the parliamentary forces.

James II. was so expert at golf that no one could equal him except an Enin burgh shoemaker named Patterson, whom he finally vanquished and presented him with a large sum of money by way of consolation.

Different: "Those folks next door must have bought that house." "What makes you think so?" I heard her scolding the maid for driving a picture nail in the plaster."—Detroit Free Press.

THE ILLS OF WOMEN

And How Mrs. Pinkham Helps Overcome Them.

Mrs. MARY BOLLINGER, 1101 Marianna St., Chicago, Ill., to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I have been troubled for the past two years with falling of the womb, leucorrhœa, pains over my body, sick headaches, backache, nervousness and weakness. I tried doctors and various remedies without relief. After taking two bottles of your Vegetable Compound, the relief I obtained was truly wonderful. I have now taken several more bottles of your famous medicine, and can say that I am entirely cured."

Mrs. HENRY DORR, No. 806 Findley St., Cincinnati, Ohio, to Mrs. Pinkham:

"For a long time I suffered with chronic inflammation of the womb, pain in abdomen and bearing-down feeling. Was very nervous at times, and so weak I was hardly able to do anything. Was subject to headaches, also troubled with leucorrhœa. After doctoring for many months with different physicians, and getting no relief, I had given up all hope of being well again when I read of the great good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was doing. I decided immediately to give it a trial. The result was simply past belief. After taking four bottles of Vegetable Compound and using three packages of Sanative Wash I can say I feel like a new woman. I deem it my duty to announce the fact to my fellow sufferers that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable remedies have entirely cured me of all my pains and suffering. I have her alone to thank for my recovery, for which I am grateful. May heaven bless her, for the good work she is doing for our sex."

An Expert's Opinion: Burgh—"I see the scientists claim that strawberries are 91 per cent water." Ralston—"The scientists are away off. Strawberries are 91 per cent box bottom."—[Chicago News.

On Deck: Acquaintance—"You never get seasick, eh? Too bad!" The invalid—"Why is it too bad? I have troubles enough." Acquaintance—But seasickness would make you forget all your other troubles."—Puck.

Mr. Jonsing—"Jes' as I wuz comin' out of Marse Jones' gate wif de fowls' ah met de pahson." Wife (aghast)—"W-wot did he say?" Mr. Jonsing—"He said he wuz comin' ober to tek dinner wif us tomorrer."—Truth.

Suitor (to her young brother)—"Come, you ought to know; is there any chance for me?" Brother—"Oh, you are all right. That isn't what's troubling Mame. She's wondering if there's any chance for her."—Boston Transcript.

"I hope that you fully appreciate the fact that when you are married it is for life, and that the obligations you assume are most solemn," said the minister to a couple about to be married in his study. "Yes, sir," replied the bride, cheerily, "we know all about it, for I have been married three times before, and him twice, and we know the ropes pretty well by this time."—Harper's Bazar.

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ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

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