A SLIM BANQUET.

Mr. Spoopendyke Forgets That It Is Wash Day.

Brooklyn Eagle.

"Say my dear," whispered Mr. Spoopendyke, closing the door carefully and approaching his wife with a broad grin on his visage. "Say, my dear, Specklewottle's down stairs in the parlor. He has come to take dinner with us!"

"Great gracious'" exclaimed Mrs. Spoopendyke, dropping her work and bustling up to the glass to arrange her hair. "What did he come to-day for? Don't he know it's wash day?"

"He came for dinner!" retorted Mr. Spoopendyke, turning pale around the lips. "What d'ye s'pose he came for, to be washed? What's wash day got to do with it? Think the man can to be soaked in a tub and hung over a clothes line with a measly wooden pin astride the small of his back? Well, he didn't, he came for grub, and you want to hustle around and get it pretty lively for him, or I'll began to serve up things myself before long!"

"But, my dear," remonstrated Mrs. Spoopendyke, "there's nothing in the house! The clothes—"

"Then serve up the clothes!" roared Mr. Spoopendyke, who had utterly forgotten the day of the week when he invited his friend, and now wanted his wife to get him out of the scrape somehow, and at the same time not let him down with Specklewottle. "Just put the clothes on a platter and set 'em before him! You can explain to him that we only eat three times a week, like a dog in hot weather! That'll satisfy him, so long as he has the clothes to eat!"

"You don't imagine he would want to eat the clothes, do you?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, enraged at the idea of being taken literally. "Just try him and sling in some of the natural grace you always put on the table! 'Mr. Specklewottle, have some of this fricaseed petticoat'" and Mr. Spoopendyke held out the legs of his trousers as a woman holds her skirts, and waltzed around the room. "'Mr. Specklewottle, have a little of this poached nightshirt! Now, Mr. Specklewottle, do try one of these fried socks and a slice of the pillow sham! Dear Mr. Specklewottle, pray let me help you to a piece of this shirt collar and pair of stuffed cuffs! I made them myself, though they are not as good as—' that's the way to do it!" continued Mr. Spoopendyke, suddenly concluding his remarks with a war whoop, and presenting himself before his wife all out of breath. "Think you've got that bill of fare all right? See your way clear to a successful dinner party, now?"

"There's some cold shad down stairs, and I think there is a raw ham in the cellar," ruminated Mrs. Spoopendyke, regarding her husband with a startled look of inquiry, as if asking if he thought Specklewottle would mind the meat being raw and the fish a trifle cold. "I don't think he has anything home on Mondays except cabbage and beans. Or perhaps he may have doughnuts and pie," she continued, hastily, seeing her husband swelling with a retort. "And I'm sure they are good."

"That's what he wants!" howled Mr. Spoopendyke. "Bring forth the shad that froze to death in the house of Spoopendyke! Develop the measly banquet and let joy be unconfined! Ain't ye got any more sense than a bunghole? Think I'm going to bring the aristocracy here to fatten on dead fish and live hogs! How long are you going to let that man sit down stairs in a state of starvation? Where's that roast beef I brought home the other day?"

"I think we ate that all up the day it came home," sighed Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Do you mean that roast with the queer little sticks in it?"

"The same," replied Mr. Spoopendyke, nerving himself for another ordeal. "Did we eat the sticks? Am I to understand there is not one little dodgasted stick left of all that affluent luxurious mess? Lift the impenetrable veil of obscurity of the secluded bower of the shrinking sticks," he yelled, as it dawned on him that Specklewottle was in the parlor waiting to be fed, and that the social problem was no nearer solution than when he started. "Let us unravel the mystery that hangs like a pall over the fate of the unhappy sticks, that they may come forth and fructify Specklewottle," and in the excess of his emotion Mr. Spoopendyke grasped for breath and resting his hands on his knees, looked as if he were inviting his wife to a little game of leapfrog.

"There's some lettuce in the house, and I bought some strawberries to-day, and I could cook the steak I had saved over for breakfast," murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke, coming out triumphantly in the end, woman like. "And I will put on my new wine colored satin, and we will give him a nice supper."

"Going to put that wine colored satin on the ham?" howled Mr. Spoopendyke, who had a man's idea that a dinner is not a dinner until it's roasted. "Think I brought that man here at 6 o'clock in the afternoon to take breakfast? Got some kind of notion that cold fish, raw ham, wormy lettuce, green strawberries, and a fried cow are going to satisfy the craving of a man who has just won a bet of a dinner on"—but here Mr. Spoopendyke stopped short. The last revelation was unintentional.

"Was it a bet, dear?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, opening her eyes in astonishment. "Did you bring Mr. Specklewottle home here on a bet? If I had known that and you had given me time, I would have had a nice supper for you. I don't suppose that he would care for a cold meal, under the circumstances. I really think—"

"That settles it," squealed Mr. Spoopendyke, mad at himself for what he had divulged, and angrier still as he saw that he must explain to Specklewottle how he was fixed. "When you commence to think, the free list is entirely suspended. Some day when I catch you thinking I'm going to drive a spiggot in your head and advertise science on tap; Bock science a dime extra; free lunch from 11 to 1."

And with this prospectus Mr. Spoopendyke flashed down stairs and explained to Mr. Specklewottle that, owing to Mrs. Spoopendyke having a severe headache they had better postponed the dinner, or go to a restaurant.

SIX-SHOOTER SAM.

"Three more headstuns" gloatingly murmured the landlord of The Miners' Mecca, "which the same gives our cemetery a good lead over Timber Butte's ol' Potters' Field."

"Great Scott!" ejaculated the English tourist "you don't mean to say there's rivalry between towns out here in regard to cemeteries?"

"Saartin! Y'see stranger, Timber Butte beat us out on the popperlation deal, though we did cut down ther majority from fifty to thirty by a leetle judicious shootin', so some reppersentative citizens of Bloody Gulch meanin' me an' a few o' ther boys, sent 'em word thet ez we lived fas' and died early, not waitin' fer dry rot ter carry us off, ther same bein' gospel in thar case, we couldn't hope ter win a census deal, but could show more men under ther groun' than they ever dared to."

The tourist's teeth chattered so that great flakes of dental enamel floated to the floor.

"I Suppose the three men buried to-day met some violent death?" he shudderingly asked.

"Yer mistaken thar, stranger! It was ez peaceable an' gentlemanlike a fight ez ye ever saw, the same hevin' come about in this yere way; Bolivar Bowlins asked Six Shooter Sam fer a chaw'r terbaccer. In course, Sam, bein' a scholar an' a gentleman, handed 'im ther plug."

"Will it swell?" sez Bolivar, meanin' will ther terbaccer enlarge while in ther mouth, which in course the moisture does fer it, though darned leetle.

"Y'betcher!" sez Sam.

"Then," guffawed Boliver, a-keepin' uv ther plug, an' handin' Sam a measly leetle chaw, "put thet in yer mouth an' swell yerself a plug fer ther one I've got."

"Sam didn't grasp the situation at all, an' had shot Bolivar afore the joke came t'him. While he wus laffin' over it, Bolivar's brother shot him, then up hops Sam's father an' kills Bolivar's, which the same ends ther game, ez Bolivar hain't got no more brothers, though P'ison Pete wanted ter take it up, swearin' thet Bolivar oncet said he loved 'im like a brother, but bein' ez nobody heard 'im, an' Bolivar had cut Pete's leetle finger off some time afore in a frein'ly game, we figgered ez how Pete wuz lyin' fer ther sake uv a fight, an' so called all bets down.

"Thet's how the three stuns got added!" concluded the landlord, gazing effectionately at the simple shafts gleaming on the hillside, and muttering something about "ther boys ud be glad ef they knew."

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Mice abhor camphor and will not visit drawers or closets in which it is kept.

Stale cake may be steamed over and served for a desert with a nice sweet sauce.

A squeeze of lemon improves scrambled eggs, and it should be added while they are cooking.

A teaspoonfull of borax added to a pailful of water, in which fine flannels are washed, will keep them soft and white.

Cake can be easily removed from the baking pans if the hot pans are stood a moment on wet cloth when they inverted easily.

Drooping flowers will freshen wonderfully if the tips of the stems are trimmed off at the ends, then held in hot water for a few minutes.

When making corned beef hash moisten it with a little soup stock, if you have it, in place of water. A pinch of supar helps to bring out the flavor of the meat.

Kerosene is the best thing for making your hard wood or stained floors look bright and glossy. The odor disappears quite rapidly if the windows are opened for a short time.

A simple dessert for the children's table is any dried and sugared fruit like dates or figs, chopped fine and mixed with their oatmeal or farina, or any cereal; then serve with whipped cream.

When one is hurried in mailing a letter and the only available postage, stamp is found to be without glue, moisten the stamp, then rub it on the gummed flap of the envelope, then quickly press it in place upon the letter; it will stick.

If two pairs of shoes are kept in use together, wearing them alternately, the shoes will give more service and last longer than two pairs worn, one after the other. Shoes, like many other things, become tired and require an occasional rest to do good work.

A writer in the *Scientific American* says he has cleared his premises of vermin by whitewash—yellow, with copperas—and covering the stones and rafters in the cellar with it. In every crevice in which a rat might go he put the copperas, and scattered it in the corners of the floor. The result was a complete disappearance of rats and mice. Every spring the cellar is washed with a coat of yellow wash, as a purifier and a rat exterminator, and no typhoid, dysentery or fever attacks the family. Try it.

Corn Beef Hash.—Chop fine sufficient corn beef to make one pint, mix with it an equal quantity of cold boiled potatoes, chopped fine, put them in a frying pan, add one cup of boiling water, one tablespoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of onion juice and three dashes of pepper, stir until boiling hot, and serve on buttered toast.

LABOR'S SHARE.

PROTECTION CAN GIVE NOTHING TO WORKINGMEN WHILE LABOR IS ON THE FREE LIST.

The Laborer Now Competes With Lowest Responsible Bidder of the World—Low Prices Stimulate Both Consumption and Production—Example of Steel Rail Pool.

One of the best speeches made in the house while the Dingley bill was being discussed was made by John C. Bell of Colorado. With facts which are indisputable and logic which is unanswerable he exposed many of the fallacies of protection. His exposure of the absurd claim that protection helps the workingman is especially good. Here is a part of it:

"But our friends upon the other side say that they levy a tariff for the benefit of the wageworkers. I say to you that any tariff bill, I care not from whom it comes, that does not contain a provision for prohibiting the free inflow of immigration from foreign countries is oblivious of the rights of labor and is opposed to the interest of all wageworkers. [Applause.]

"Protection is always asked in the interest of others. Now, observe how it is asked in behalf of the poor laboring man—just enough to cover the difference between the European scale of wages and our own. What hypocrisy! Who ever heard of the laboring man getting rich manufacturing? The statisticians clearly figured from the census of 1880 that about 6 per cent on our dutiable list would cover the difference between the European wage schedule and ours, or that about 18 per cent ad valorem covered the entire labor cost of our list of 1880. While the manufacturer then asked for the poor laborer his 6 per cent he got for himself at the hands of congress six times 6 per cent.

"Is there any reason why a high tariff affects wages injuriously? Yes; by enabling employers to build up a vicious trust system for the manufacturer and against the laborer. The high tariff makes the manufacturer complete master of the wageworker.

"In the review of R. G. Dun & Co., in their weekly review of trade, dated Feb. 12, it is stated:

"'No other event of the week approaches in importance the disruption of the steel rail pool. In two days,' says the report, 'after it a greater tonnage of rails was probably purchased than the entire production of the last year, reported at 800,000 tons. And instead of $28 in December and $25 in January, $17 is now the price at which works east and west are seeking orders. And further,' says the report, 'the Carnegie company has been selling at $17, Chicago delivery. These sales will employ many thousand hands, with an important decrease in the cost of track laying on renewal of railroads.'

"Now, my friends, let me ask you, was it the rising or lowering price that employed these thousands of men? Our friend Mr. Hopkins of Illinois tells of the benefits of a higher duty on iron and steel. Did the steel rail pool need mere tariff?

What is the difference in giving the manufacturer a double profit through a high tariff or through a pool? Do they ever share the profits of the pool with labor? No. Will they ever share the profits of a tariff? Never.

"It takes no political economist to answer these questions. If the United States manufacturers can reap twice the profit under a high tariff by limiting themselves to the home market and running half time, why should they run full time and invade foreign markets? They never will. They will sit down comfortably and sell their limited supply of goods for increased profits, making them more than whole, while the laborer tramps the country in search of work just as he now does under the trust system.

"It is unfortunate that the humdrum of the tariff has been sounded in the ears of the people until many of them really believe that foreign trade is unimportant, if not a curse. Why did the breaking of the steel rail pool put so many men to work? It was because the consequent lowered price for iron and steel brought most liberal orders from abroad as well as at home. Suppose the tariff had been prohibitive and we would have been confined to the home market. Would the manufacturers have made so many goods? No, but they would have doubled their profits on what they did make. The people could not have bought so many because of the increased price. Who would have suffered? First, the workmen, because they would have had fewer goods to make; secondly, the consumer, because he could not have bought so many at a higher price. Who would have been benefited? The manufacturer, because he might have made and handled less goods, made a double profit, and really have gained, as he would have had fewer to handle for the same profit.

"This bill will increase the manufacturer's profits on the individual articles, but will lessen the power of the people to buy or use his wares.

"It is the poverty of the buyer, not the producer, that must be relieved before things will thrive.

"The manufacturer has every facility to produce, but no facility to sell.

"It is the consumption that must first be stimulated, and that will stimulate production.

"There are but a few crumbs in this bill to aid the oppressed farmer of the interior or the laborer, but thousands of things to further oppress him. Higher sugar, higher salt, higher lumber, higher clothing, higher manufactured products and absolutely nothing to raise the price of labor—a high tariff on labor's products, limiting the demand for his labor by narrowing the market, but throwing the ports wide open for the free importation of other laborers from foreign countries to freely compete with his work.

"Consistency, thou art a jewel!"

"A STITCH IN TIME."—A dose of Ayer's Pills has saved many a fit of sickness; but when a remedy does not happen to be at hand, slight ailments are liable to be neglected, and the result, frequently, is serious illness; therefore always be supplied with Ayer's Pills.

THINK twice; act once.

With the coming of night women are careful to bar the doors of their homes against the intrusion of robbers and assassins. There are more dangerous enemies than either the burglar or murderer against which few women take proper precautions. A woman may own the most magnificent jewels and the costliest plate, but after all is said and done, her health is her most precious possession.

It is this that she fails to guard against the dangers of weakness and disease of the distinctly womanly organism. Nearly every complaint from which women suffer has its inception in troubles of this nature, and is continually aggravated by them.

An unfailing remedy for all weakness and disease of the organs distinctly feminine, and the multitude of ills that follow in this train is found in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It acts directly on these organs and makes them strong and healthy. It prepares for happy, healthy wifehood and capable, almost painless motherhood. Over 90,000 women have testified to its wonderful merits. No honest druggist will offer something else as "just as good."

"While I was living at Eagle Rock, Botetourt Co., Va.," writes Mrs. G. A. Connor, of Alleghany Spring, Montgomery Co., Va., "a lady friend came to me and said: 'My daughter, aged 15 years, has repeated hemorrhages at the nose, and she has never the necessary indispositions of womanhood.' I advised her to get Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. The lady purchased one bottle and it cured her daughter. She was well and happy when I left there."

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NEVER COME SINGLY.

A Common Superstition Among Engineers About Collisions.

Of the superstition of sailors, fisherfolk and others we have all heard, but that such a distinguished characteristic should have attached itself to railway men would not appear to be generally known. It savors somewhat of the anomalous that such a preeminently practical class of men should be the victims of credulity regarding the supernatural. Such, however, is the case, says a writer in the London Tid-Bits.

I recently had occasion to interview a prominent railway official, and in the course of the conversation that ensued that gentleman incidentally alluded to two collisions which had lately occurred in the neighborhood, following up his remarks with the announcement that the local men would be in a state of subdued excitement and "flurry" till a third mishap took place. Such is the superstition of the railway man. Upon expressing considerable astonishment I was assured that this kind of thing was notorious among railway men in general, and in this particular instance, it was known that the circumstances of the two previous accidents were the chief topics among the workmen in all departments, who were also counting on the possibilities of a third disaster. Curiously enough a touch of realism was lent to the information just imparted by the explanation that the second of the two collisions referred to was due to the driver of one of the engines—a reliable servant, noted for his alertness and precision, with an honorable record with some forty years' service—who being, it was believed, so disturbed over the "omens" of the first occurrence and so engrossed with what he felt would be two other catastrophes that he committed the slight error of judgment which caused his locomotive to crash into another coming in an opposite direction. The statement is given as the conviction of one who spent upward of a quarter of a century among railway men of all classes, and who has known the driver alluded to for a long period of years. So came about a second collision. Surely superstition could go no further than this. But here is a tragic sequel—a sequel which, unfortunately, will, in all probability, do much to strengthen the reprehensible beliefs of these men. Two days after the interview above mentioned, within fifteen minutes' drive from the scene of the second collision, an express mail failed to take the points, a portion of the train with the tender of the engine was violently thrown across the rails and one stoker killed. This is what the railway men will term their "third mishap." "There's the third," they say, and now perhaps they will breathe freely for a season.

RAIN IN JAPAN.

How the Natives Try to Bring the Showers Down.

During the summer season in Japan droughts are very frequent, and the rice fields, before so beautiful, presenting as they do all the different shades of green imaginable, gradually lose their brilliancy of color, turn yellow and parched, and threaten the total destruction of the crop. Not only does the rice suffer, but the wells dry up and necessitate the carrying of water from long distances. So a drought in Japan is, indeed, a great calamity.

After waiting and hoping in vain for a downfall of rain, the people turn en masse to evoke the power of their deities to send them the saving showers. A procession is formed of perhaps two hundred men, all nearly naked, who, carrying straw emblems representing the sun with the rain pouring from it, and with long streamers having prayers written on them flying in the wind, proceed to the nearest river or bay, where the whole company wade into the water until they are waist-deep, and, surrounding the emblems, pray aloud and throw water on the images with both hands.

After doing this several times, says the New York Journal, the procession is reformed, when it proceeds to the temple to pray again. This ceremony is repeated several times, and should the rain come in abundance prayers are offered in thanksgiving; should it be only a shower they blame themselves for not having prayed fervently enough, and continue their devotions until a downpour takes place.

Another form of devotion for the same purpose takes place at nightfall, when a long boat is filled with men and paddled swiftly across the harbor, accompanying the prayers by the regular beatings of tom-toms and gongs. Sometimes at night, away down the bay, may be heard the weird sound of the tom-toms and the voices of the men gradually growing louder and louder as the boat approaches, each man bending to his paddle in regular time as it passes us swiftly and gradually disappears in the darkness, and is soon lost to sight and hearing.

REMEMBER — only such medicines were admitted for exhibition at the World's Fair as are accepted for use, by physicians, in the practice of medicine, Ayer's Sarsaparilla, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and Ayer's Pills being included in the list. They are standard medicines.

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Dinner Plates, per set	65c	Sugar Bowls, each	45c
Soup Plates, per set	60c	Covered Dishes, each	65c
Tea Cups and Saucers, per set	60c	Creamers, each	20c
Coffee Cups and Saucers, per set	75c	Pitchers, from 20c to	40c
Fruit Dishes, per set	30c	Gravy Boats, each	25c
Individual Butter Dishes, per set	20c	Pickle Dishes, each	20c
7-inch Nappies, each	25c	Platters, 10-inch, each	25c
8-inch Nappies, each	30c	Platters, 12-inch, each	35c
9-inch Nappies, each	45c	Platters, 14-inch, each	50c
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8-inch Bakers, each	25c	Bowls and Pitchers	$1.25

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