Alluring.

"Oh, it can't fail," he said in explaining his scheme, "and there is a whole mint of money in it. It's the greatest thing in the magazine line that you ever heard of. You see, I would offer special inducements to poets and literary amateurs and acept everything that they sent in."

"But that would bankrupt you."

"Not at all. It would make my fortune. I would accept everything 'to be paid for on publication,' and I'd have every poet in the country buying the magazine. Just think of the circulation!"—Chicago Post.

An Ideal.

The young man that writes verses was standing out in the night gazing at the sky, when a friend ran across him.

"What are you doing? studying astronomy?"

"Go away and don't disturb me. I am gazing into infinite distance."

"I don't see what satisfaction you find in that."

"That's because you never had any experience with editors. You don't know what a comfort it is to find some place where nothing is crowded out for lack of space."—Washington Star.

Coloring Leather.

In Germany a new process of coloring leather is being exploited. Electricity is utilized. The leather is placed upon a zinc table, which forms the positive pole. The dyeing material is poured over this and the negative pole connected to the leather. Under the action of the current the coloring matter penetrates the leather and paterns may be designed upon the surface by covering it with a pattern plate connected to the negative pole.

Waited Too Long.

"I was around to your place last night and took the liberty of borrowing some of those new novels of yours."

"That's all right. I only wish you had come around before I read them."—Life.

Critical.

Gent—Madomoiselle looks more beautiful every day.

Lady—You have been telling me so or a good many years. What a horrid sight I must have been to start with!—Punch.

Rome Wasn't Built in a Day,

Neither are the obstinate maladies, to the removal of which the great corrective, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, is adapted curable in an hour. To persist in the use of this standard remedy is no more than just. Biliousness, constipation, malaria, rheumatism, kidney complaints and nervousness are among the complaints which it eradicates.

It is said that the habit of turning around three or four times before lying down has survived in the domestic dog from his ancestry

Buy $1.00 worth Dobbins Floating-Dock Soap of your grocer, send wrappers to Dobbins Soap Mfg Co., Philadelphia, Pa. They will send you free of charge, postage paid, a Worcester Pocket Dictionary, 298 pages, bound in cloth, profusely illustrated. Offer good until August 1st only.

Oyster soup requires from three to four hours for proper digestion.

S. K. Coburn, Mgr., Clarie Scott, writes: "I find Hall's Catarrh Cure a valuable remedy." Druggists sell it, 75c.

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

I have found Piso's Cure for Consumption an unfailing medicine.—F. R. Lotz, 1005 Scott St., Covington, Ky., Oct. 1, 1891.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle.

Econo-

my—just think—every bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla contains 100 doses. This is true only of

Hood's

Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1.

Hood's Pills cure biliousness, headache.

Nerves and Sky-Scrapers.

A nervous condition, bordering on prostration, to which the doctors have not as yet given a name, has lately been observed to affect persons who work many hours a day high up in the modern sky-scrapers. The ailment resembles nervous prostration, except in the principal symptom, which is a condition of intense restlessness, and, as one of the victims to the new complaint expressed it, "a singular desire to scream or to get down to the earth quickly."

A sensation of relief is noticeable when the patient is taken to grass, so to speak, which leads some physicians to the belief that the change in the rarity of the air, slight as it is, has a peculiar effect upon certain very sensitive organizations. Others think that the constant trips in the elevators cause a slight disarrangement of the nerve centers, which brings on the condition referred to. In any case, there is no doubt that a new ailment has come among us with the advent of the sky-scraper.—New York Journal.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It speedily relieves irregularity, suppressed or painful menstruations, weakness of the stomach, indigestion, bloating, leucorrhœa, womb trouble, flooding, nervous prostration, headache, general debility, etc. Symptoms of **Womb Troubles** are dizziness, faintness, extreme lassitude, "don't care" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, flatulency, melancholy, or the "blues," and backache. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will correct all this trouble as sure as the sun shines. That **Bearing-down Feeling,** causing pain, weight, and backache, is instantly relieved and permanently cured by its use. It is wonderful for Kidney Complaints in either sex.

Of course it's imitated—anything good always is—that's endorsement, not a pleasant kind, but still endorsement. HIRES Root-beer is imitated.

Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A 25c. package makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere.

POLLY AND I.

AROUGH looking man? Yes, perhaps I am. We ain't all of us responsible for our outside husk, no more than a horse chestnut or a hazelnut is. The kind of life I lead can't be lived in white kid gloves and dress coats. I wasn't brought up with many advantages, and I'm only a brakeman on the Rensselaer and Saratoga line. Old Jones was telling you about me, was he, sir? He'd better hold his tongue. There's more profitable subjects of conversation than I am. But old Jones means well enough, and if he told you to ask me how that stripe of white hair came on my black mane, I ain't the man to go back on him. Oh, you needn't beg my pardon, sir! I don't mind talking about it now, though the time was when I couldn't speak of it without a big lump coming in my throat.

We hadn't been married long, Polly and I, when it happened. Polly was as trim and bright eyed a slip of a girl as ever you'd wish to see. She was one of the waitresses in the Albany lunch room; and the first time I ever set eyes upon her I made up my mind to make that girl my wife. So, when they raised my wages, I took heart and asked her if she would have them with me, with a wedding ring thrown into the bargain.

"Do you really mean it, Jake?" said she, looking me fully in the face, with those dark blue eyes of hers, that are like stars in the night.

"I do really mean it, Polly," said I.

"Then," said she, putting both her hands into mine, "I'll trust you. I've no living relative to advise me, so I can only take counsel with my heart."

So we were married. I rented a little one-story house, under the hill on the height that overlooked the Hudson—a cosey place, with a good sized wood pile at the rear, for winter meant winter in those parts, and the snow used to be drifted up even with our dooryard fence many and many a cold gray morning. And everything went smooth until Polly began to object to my mates at the White Blackbird, and the Saturday evenings I spent with the boys, after my train was safely run on the sidetrack at the junction.

"Why, Polly, girl," said I, "where's the harm? A man can't live by himself like an oyster in its shell, and a social glass never yet harmed anyone."

"No," said Polly, "not a social glass, Jake, but the habit. And if you would only put every five cent piece that you spent for liquor into our little Bertie's tiny savings bank—"

"Pshaw!" said I. "I am not a drunkard, and I never mean to become one. And no one likes to be preached to by his wife, Polly. Remember that, my girl, and you'll save yourself a deal of trouble."

I kissed her and went away, but that was the beginning of the little grave shadows that grew upon my Polly's face like a creeping fog over the hills, and that she has never got rid of since.

It was a sore point between us—what the politicians call a vexed question. I felt that Polly was always watching me; and I didn't wish to be put in leading strings by a woman. So—I shame to say it—I went to the White Blackbird oftener than ever, and I didn't often count the glasses of beer that I drank, and once or twice, of a particularly cold night, I let myself be persuaded into drinking something stronger than beer; and my brain wasn't the kind that could stand liquid fire with impunity. And Polly cried, and I lost my temper, and—well, I don't like to think of all these things now. Thank goodness, they are over and gone.

That afternoon, as I stood on the back platform of my car, with my arms folded and my eyes fixed on the snowy waste of flat fields through which the iron track seemed to extend itself like an endless black serpent, I looked my own life in the face. I made up my mind that I had been behaving like a brute.

"What are those senseless fellows at the White Blakbird to me," muttered I, "as compared with one of Polly's sweet, bright looks? I will give the whole thing up. I'll draw the line just here now. We shall be off duty early to-night. I'll go home and astonish Polly!"

But as night fell, the blinding drift of a great snow storm came with it. We were belated by the snow which collected on the rails, and when we reached Earldale there was a little girl, who had been sent on in the care of the conductor, who must wait either three or four hours for a way train in the cold and cheerless station, or be taken home across a snowy field by some one who knew the way.

I thought of my own little children. "I'll take her," said I—and lifting her up, I gathered my coarse, warm coat about her, and I started for the long, cold walk under the whispering pines along the edge of the river.

I honestly believe she would have frozen to death if she had been left in the cold station until the way train could call for her. And when I had left her safe in charge of her aunt I saw by the old kitchen time piece that it was ten o'clock.

"Polly will think I have slipped back into the slough of despond," I said to myself, with a half smile; "but I'll give her an agreeable surprise!"

Plowing down amid the snowdrift through a grove of pine trees that edged a ravine at the back of my house, I sprang lightly on the door step; the door was shut and locked. I went around to the front. Here I effected an entrance, but the fire was dying on the hearth, and little Bertie, tucked up in his crib, called out:

"Papa, is that you?"

"Where is mamma, my son?" I asked, looking eagerly around at the desolate room.

"Gone out with the baby in her arms to look for you," he said. "Didn't you meet her papa?"

I stood a minute in silence.

"Lie still, Bertie," said I, in a voice that sounded strange and husky even to myself. "I will go and bring her back."

And I thought with dismay of the blinding snowstorm outside, the treacherous gorges which lay between there and the White Blackbird, the trackless woods, through which it was difficult enough to find one's way even in the sunshine of noonday, and—worst of all—the lonely track across which an "express" shot like a meteor a few minutes before midnight. Oh, heaven! what possible doom might I not have brought upon myself by the wretched passion in which I had gone away that morning.

The town clock, sounding dim and muffled through the storm, struck eleven as I hurried down the hill. Eleven—and who knew what a length of time might elapse before I could find her? And like a fiery phantasmagoria before my mind's eye, I beheld the wild rush of the midnight express, and dreaded, I knew not what. For all that I could realize was that the storm was growing fiercer with every moment, and Polly and the baby were out in its fury!

As steadily as I could I worked my way down the track, but more than once I became bewildered and had to stop and recollect before I could resume my quest. And at length I came out by an open wood and water station on the edge of track, I knew that I was full half a mile below the White Blackbird.

And in the distance I heard the long, shrill shriek of the midnight train.

Some one else had heard it, too, for as I stood thus I saw, faintly visible through the blinding snow, a shadowy figure issue from the ruined shed and come out upon the track looking with a bewildered uncertain air up and down—the form of Polly, my wife, with the little baby in her arms!

I hurried down to her as fast as the rapidly-increasing snow drifts would let me, but it was only just in time to drag her from the place of peril, and stand, breathlessly, holding her back, while the fiery-eyed monster of steam swept by with a rush and a rattle that nearly took away my breath.

"Polly!" I cried. "Polly, speak to me!"

She turned her wandering gaze toward me, with her vague eyes that seemed scarcely to recognize me.

"Have you seen my husband?" said she; "one Jacob Cotterel, brakeman on the local express?"

"Polly, little woman! don't you know me?" I gasped.

"And I thought, perhaps," she added, vacantly, "you might have met him. It's very cold here, and—and—"

And then she fainted in my arms.

The long, long brain fever that followed was a sort of death. There was a time when they told me she would never know me again; but, thank God! she did. She recovered at last. And since that night I have never tasted a drop of liquor, and, please heaven, I never will again. The baby—bless its dear little heart!—wasn't harmed at all. It lay snug and warm on its mother's breast all the while. But if I hadn't happened to be close by them at that instant the night express would have ground them into powder.

And the white stripe came into my hair on the night of that fearful snowstorm. That's how it happened, sir.

The Art of Living Together.

"It is written, 'It is not good for man to be alone,' but on the other hand, it is often far from good to be with him," writes Dr. R. F. Horton, in a sugestive article on "The Noble Art of Living Together," in the Sunday Magazine. He continues:

"A docil cat is proferable, a mongoose, or even a canary. Indeed, for want of proper instruction, a large number of the human race, as they are known in this damp and foggy island, are 'gey ill to live wi',' and no one would attempt it but for charity and the love of God."

If all mankind thoroughly understood the art of living together, "many of the catastrophes of life would be averted; and if even we had some smattering of its lore we should greatly change the interiors of our homes and contribute to the progress of society and the world."

Politeness to the children is regarded as a cardinal virtue by Dr. Horton. He says: "I never feel so tempted to interfere with mothers as when I hear their uncivil language to their children, that rude and hectoring tone, that volley of coarse epithets and undignified expletives, which, of course, the children will learn to employ to one another."

The whole question of living with other people deserves much attention, he declares. "We are seldom instructed in our youth how to do it well. Our knowledge of the subject is acquired by experience, chiefly by our failures. And by the time that we have tolerably mastered the delicate art we are on the point of being called to the isolation of the grave or, shall I say, to the vast company of the majority."

Gold Found by Coughing.

An interesting story is told of the discovery of gold in the rich placer mines north of Mono Lake. On July 4, 1859, a miner who had been working at a place called Dogtown, on the East Walker River, determined to celebrate by a stroll among the hills. After walking several hours he grew hot and tired and descended into a deep, narrow canyon for the sake of the shade. He stretched himself prone upon the sand in the shade of a big rock. While lying there, with face down, he was taken with a fit of coughing; his breath blew the surface sand away and the glitter of gold caught his eye. On that spot the lucky miner made a fortune and his fit of coughing led to the discovery of the Bodie and Aurora quartz mines.

An Imperial Kitchen.

The German Emperor has a curious arrangement with his kitchen department. The Empress arranges the menus and he pays the cooks about $2 for each plate on ordinary occasions and $5 to $7 on state occasions. Luncheon is served at 2 and dinner at 6. The Empress shares all his meals, and at luncheon they usually have company—courtiers, artists, savants, authors or distinguished foreigners who happen to be in Berlin.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

PLEASANT LITERATURE FOR FEMININE READERS.

SHE WAS A MAJOR.

Major Belle Reynolds, the only woman commissioned during the war, lives now at Santa Barbara, Cal., where she has a good medical practice. Her husband was among the first to enlist in the Seventeenth Illinois, and she went with him to the front. He became Assistant Adjutant-General on the staff of General McClernand. Governor Yates commissioned her major for her splendid services to the wounded and sick at Shiloh. She remained with the army three years.

FOR MOTHERS TO KNOW.

That rapid eating is slow suicide.

That a lump of sugar saturated in vinegar is efficacious in most cases of hiccough.

That in sleeping in a cold room establish a habit of breathing through the nose, never with the mouth open.

That a severe paroxysm of coughing may often be arrested by a tablespoonful of glycerine in a wineglass of hot milk.

That to compel a child to eat anything against which its palate naturally rebels is a cruelty at the moment and is likely to produce evil effects later on.

That a few drops of the tincture of benzoin put into the water in which the face is bathed will prevent the shiny appearance of the skin with which so many people are affected, especially in warm weather.—Chicago Record.

THE HOMES OF VASSAR GIRLS.

On three floors of the great building, which is five hundred feet long, five stories high, and has two large transverse wings, small hallways extend back and open into suites of four or five rooms each. So perfect is the arrangement of rooms that although this great building shelters three hundred students and a large force of instructors, besides providing recitation rooms, general parlors, residence rooms for the President and his family, general offices, and library, yet one is not conscious of the presence of a great company or of the amount of mental and other industries transacted under it roof. The home-like parlors are central and hospitable; in the messenger's office all sorts of information is courteously proffered, and pleasant young ladies are in waiting to guide one over the building or transact errands of love, mercy, or business.

Those delightful little suites of rooms, consisting of three or four bedrooms and a common parlor, every Vassar girl remembers with delight. If the warning sign "Engaged" is not out, we may knock at the door and catch a glimpse of a cozy parlor adorned with pictures, bric-a-brac, books, and the omnipresent divan with its tempting pillows. The well ventilated, always single bedrooms open from the parlor, and the little family of students who make their school home so attractive can always command hours of retirement or of sociability. Tempting spreads are suggested by the chafing dish and alcohol lamp, and great clusters of fleurs-de-lis, yellow lilies, and boxes of ferns testify to woodland tramps through the glorious wooded region in the vicinity.—Demorest's Magazine.

RIBBON TRIMMINGS.

Figured Dresden or chine ribbons are used for belts, crush collars and bows. Bretelles of ribbon, also called suspenders, end on the shoulders in a simple bow-knot or an upright bow of three loops and four notched ends. Bracelet cuffs on elbow sleeves are merely a plain or twisted band of ribbon ending in a bow at the back. A new decoration of two-inch ribbon starts from the shoulder under a bow-knot, follows the arm size to the bust, is caught there with a large fancy button, turned and brought straight across the bust to tie in a bow of four loops and two ends, all short. Another idea is not long from Paris, and is carried out in a six-inch ribbon for bretelles, back and front, crush collars, ditto belt, bow at back of each and on the shoulders. In front one bretelle finishes under a knot of ribbon, from which fall two long ends; the other bretelle is finished with a fan of seven-inch lace held by a Rhinestone button. Epaulette ruffles of lace are fastened under the bretelles just at the top of the shoulders, and a folded band of the ribbon across the upper part of the front has a fall, called a bib, of the lace, with two buttons at each side confining the band. The quantities necessary are three yards of lace, five buttons and ten yards of ribbon. Even ribbon as narrow as three inches may be used if preferred. The plain and printed gold ribbons are used for belts in widths of one and a half and two inches with a gilt or enameled buckle or tied in a tiny bow knot in front. These last well without tarnishing if not allowed to become damp; they should also be kept wrapped in tissue paper when not in use, as should steel buckles and clasps. A fancy button centreing a bow of ribbon, lace rosette, etc., is much newer than a tie-over of the same goods. Ribbons are never amiss on summer or evening gowns.—Ladies' Home Journal.

FASHION NOTES.

The Longfellow coffee service is among the latest whims of fashionable housekeepers.

Dainty little cut-glass and silver mucilage pots add much to the equipment of my lady's desk.

A smart little handle for a flowered silk parasol is of cherry wood with a bunch of cherries looking as though they grew just from the handle.

The chiffon parasols are larger than the silk ones, and bend over more, so that they really look so much like lamp shades that it is hard to tell the difference between them.

The flowered silk taffetas and brocades are most satisfactory of all parasol coverings. Strangely enough, it is not considered imperative to have the parasol of the same silk as the gown.

The parasols this year are extremely beautiful, and the coloring and materials used are simply marvelous. Such rich tones and such heavy fabrics have never before been utilized for this purpose.

The all-white stitched glove with four buttons is still in fashion for wear with silk gowns in the afternoon, and this very expensive fashion—for the gloves must be immaculate—bids fair to continue for some time.

The introduction of the gloria silk umbrellas has been an inestimable boon. These umbrellas resemble silk so closely that at a distance it is impossible to tell them apart, wear well and are plenty good enough to be lost.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

The black sheep is often the smartest of the flock.

A lowly origin does not preclude a lofty destiny.

All the reasoning of man is not worth one sentiment of woman.

Go back far enough, and you can find a scandal in every family.

It is always dangerous to take a veiled woman for a beautiful one.

Many a tear can be dried easier with bank notes than with a handkerchief.

If you have both tracts and bread to give the hungry give them the bread first.

People seldom improve when they have no model but themselves to copy after.

The whisper of a beautiful woman can be heard farther than the loudest call of duty.

It is the greatest compliment a friend can pay you to come to you for help in his troubles.

Whenever a boy empties his pockets, his sister always sees something that belongs to her.

Every man who has hoped for a lot of things that never came to pass has had a romance in his life.

Never does a man portray his own character more vividly than in his manner of portraying another.

If a wife would be as good to her husband as she is to her mother, the husband would always be satisfied.

No home so small but that it has still room for trouble; no heart so weary, but that a glimmer of hope might still enter it.—The South-West.

The Colonel Dodged.

W. H. Sutcliffe, a brave soldier of the Confederacy, who lost an eye by a minie ball striking it, and was wounded several times, both by lead and sabre, yesterday told a story of the late Colonel Peter C. Gaillard, who was the Commander of his regiment. Mr. Sutcliffe said that it was in Battery Wagner, on the 18th of July, 1863, and the balls and shells were whizzing by at a great rate. Colonel Gaillard in going his rounds noticed that as the balls would go by the men would dodge. He called out: "Don't dodge, boys; you may dodge in the way." Then he turned and was walking off, when an Irishman named Tom Carey, a brave man and true, picked up a tenpenny nail and whizzed it past the Colonel's ear. He thought it was a ball, and instinctively dodged aside. Carey called out: "Ah, be the hastenich, Colonel, yez dodged that one." Colonel Gaillard, he says, turned around and laughed and said: "Well, boys, when they come that close, I think we'd better dodge." It was not until after the war was over that he knew that the missile that whizzed past his ear that day was Carey's tenpenny nail and not a Northern bullet.—Charleston (S. C.) News and Courier.

How the Air is Purified.

Motion, mechanical and molecular, the great law of the universe, is first to be considered as a natural method for the purification of the atmosphere. Its power as a purifier of the air is shown mechanically in the flow of rivers and in the ocean currents; molecularly it serves the same purpose in the form of heat, light and electricity.

When not in motion air stagnates as water does and becomes offensive and bad, because it is easily impregnated with fine animal and vegetable dust as well as noxious gases. Certain physical conditions are always necessary for the continual movement of the air. We know that the diurnal motion of land and sea sir brings the warm days and cool nights as well as the rain and wind. In the tropical regions, as the sun rises the heat of the day increases and the breeze sets in from the sea to the land; as the sun goes down the heat diminishes, and at sunset the temperature of sea and land are equal. At night again the breeze is from land to sea, until morning, when the temperature may become equal and the sea breeze return.—The Chautauquan.

Nine Years and a Century.

The death is announced, at Armitage, near Lichfield, of Antonio Albina Mountsay, a naval veteran, who had reached the age of 109 years. For some time the deceased has been receiving charitable allowance from the Lichfield Union. He was of French extraction, having been born at Bordeaux on January 6, 1781. In his boyhood he was taken prisoner by the English, being then only nine years of age. In the course of time the lad joined the British Navy of his own free will, and worked a quarterdeck gun on the Queen Charlotte at the siege of Algiers, in 1816, where he was severely wounded. After leaving the navy he served on a whaler, and subsequently settled down in England. For the last three years he had been confined to bed; and a curious circumstance is that he has recently grown a second crop of hair, which up to his death has been plentiful and of a brown color.—London (England) Chronicle.

The Thunder Storms of Madras.

As the result of his prolonged study of those striking phenomena, the thunder storms of Madras, Professor Smith informs the Scottish Meteorological Society that the first remarkable fact observed by him was that of certain seasons of the year when sheet lightning appeared almost every night, always in a west or southwesterly direction, and invariably near the horizon; it may be, therefore, he remarks, that these discharges occur in the region where the moist and dustless sea wind meets the dry and dusty land wind, one being, perhaps, positively electrified and the other negatively. In these lightning displays as many as 300 flashes per minute have been counted, this rate being kept up for an hour or an hour and a half. Another notable peculiarity remarked of this region is that the heaviest rains are unaccompanied by thunder, while the displays of lightning are not accompanied by any rain.—New York World.

Beribboned Railroad Sandwiches.

An Atchison man, who recently returned from a trip on the Central branch, ran across a lunch counter in his travels that served railroad sandwiches tied with pink baby ribbon. The sandwiches were made of tough rolls and moldy ham, but the ribbon was bright and new. The strange part of it was that a man conducted the business.—Atchison (Kan.) Globe.

An Improved Snake Story.

An improved snake story comes from Calcutta, India. Two tame pythons were kept together, when one swallowed the other. The inside snake, feeling uncomfortable in the other's midst, proceeded to eat its way out at the other end.

ROSES.

Lucent, clear dewdrops
On mist-looms spun,
Among the red roses
Ablow in the sun;
June's crimson roses,
Flowers of the sun!

In a waste garden,
Through the night's noon,
Pale roses dreamily
Swing 'neath the moon;
Gold-gleaming roses,
Flowers of the moon!

—Ladies' Home Journal.

PITH AND POINT.

The Woman Question—"How much is he worth?"—Minneapolis Journal.

Lots of people fool around love just as if it wasn't loaded.—Atkinson Globe.

The question of "precedence," nowadays, is generally settled by a man's ability to hustle.—Puck.

"That's a mighty loud suit Parke is wearing now." "So? What material is it?" "Crash."—Buffalo Times.

There must be some mistake about orange juice being good for you; it is so pleasant to take.—Atchison Globe.

The reason talk is always cheap,
Declares a cynic neighbor,
Is 'cause the major part of it
Is done by female labor.

—New York Herald.

The young man who is waiting for something to turn up, finally discovers that he has been turned down.—Adams Freeman.

The cathode rays will approach the miraculous if they can make some people we have seen appear brilliant.—Statesman.

Hiram (reading the paper)—"Do you know what they mean by a Stradevar'us?" Silas—"Yes. A Stradev'rus is the Latin name fer a fiddle."—Puck.

A school journal advises: "Make the school interesting." Johnny Chaffie says that's what he tries to do to the best of his ability.—Texas Sifter.

He—"Cholly is well provided with the necessaries of life." She—"Yes. It is a good thing for him that the necessaries of life do not include brains."—Puck.

Mr. Gotroks—"I am worth a cool million. Do you think you could love me?" Miss Highflyer—"Oh, dear, dear Mr. Gotroks, I'll just love you to death!"—Judge.

Cumso—"I'd like to see a photograph of a cloud made with the cathodic ray." Cawker—"Why?" Cumso—"I'm suspicious about the silver lining."—Detroit Free Press.

Dick—"You know that fellar workin' Shaft No. 17, who was always kickin' for a raise?" Mick—"Yes." Dick—"Well, he kicked over a can of dynamite to-day, and got it."—Up To Date.

Officer—"The opponents of our military system say that standing armies are disastrous to the country. Can you name anything that is more disastrous?" Cadet—"Yes, a runaway army."—Standard.

"For three months during the war I occupied the most dangerous position in my company." "Indeed?" "Yes; every morning I curried the eight mules belonging to our commissary."—Detroit Tribune.

Small Brother—"Pa says he wishes you'd propose to sis." Young Man—"Then he is willing to let her marry me?" Small Brother—"'Tain't that. He says you won't come so often after you have been rejected."—Standard.

Mrs. S—"We are not going to move after all." Mrs. C—"But I thought you considered the location unhealthy?" Mrs. S—"We do; but Charlie says if any of us get sick he'll take us to Europe next year."—Detroit Free Press.

A sky-blue cow,
And a purple pig;
A sea-green horse,
And a yellow gig;
An indigo maid,
And a saffron lad—
Is art—high art,
To the poster mad.

—Family Call.

Why the Crook Confessed.

Newspaper men are sometimes taken into the confidence of persons in public life and told the "inside" of matters for their own information. It is not often, however, that criminals care to divulge their secrets to reporters, either for publication or "proof of good faith." An exception to this order of things happened to the writer.

A well known crook, after having been chased about from pillar to post by the detectives, was finally captured in one of the downtown saloons by two of the city force, who are close to the top of the ladder in the Police Department. The fellow made no resistance, but promised to go along peaceably. The officers had no sooner started for the station house with their prisoner, whom they neglected to handcuff, than he made a break for liberty and got away. The officers made every effort to capture him, and every officer on the force was told to look out for him.

The crook made his way to the lower part of Allegheny, and going to a telephone called up the newspaper office, and asked the writer to come to a certain place and get a good story. The writer went to the place he indicated and the man told his story. It was merely his version of the trouble he got into and an account of the clever manner in which he had escaped from the two officers of the police force. He wanted the officers "roasted" for allowing him to get away so easily, and had run the risk of being recaptured, solely for the purpose of venting his spite upon the natural enemy of all criminals. He knew that he would have time to get away after the interview. The fellow was afterward captured and sent to prison, in punishment for some of his many criminal acts.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

A Plucky Girl.

A rival has now been found to the Austrian tailor who accomplished the journey from Vienna to Paris inside a trunk. The imitator is a young girl of eighteen years from Auvergne. She had been living in the French capital with a relative, who fell ill, and rather than prove an incumbrance the spirited damsel resolved to return to her native village. Not having any money to pay her railway fare, she set out to cover the journey, a distance of 540 kilometres, on foot. When nearly a third of her journey had been accomplished her strength gave out. She determined then to travel at the expense of the railway company, and, biding her time, she obtained a seat on the buffer of a goods wagon as a train left the station. For many a mile she rode in this perilous position, and when discovered by a railway official she was half dead with cold and fatigue. After receiving every attention the girl was sent on to her relatives.—Boston Herald.

An Admirable Hotel.

The following unique advertisement has been prepared by the humorist of the Puyallup (Wash.) Commerce, and is among the standing matter at the head of a column and just beneath a cut of the Egyptian pyramids:

"The famous Paradise Park hotel takes pleasure in announcing that it will open up as soon as the snow melts down to 14 feet. Delightfully located on the instep of old Mount Tacoma-Ranier-Puyallup, 14.444 miles high. No flies, no fleas, no bugs. No stares to klime. Guests have the privilege of doing their own washing if so bent. Fine fir board. Fresh frost cake every morning—frost right off the grass. No xtra charge for standing in the kitchen door and seeing New York and other eastern villages. Free sidewalk to and from the house, and drinking water free to guests xcept in July, August and September. No mortgages.

"Scenery everywhere. No extra charge for scenery, except special sunups that have to be xpedited with special xplosives.

"Only twenty-seven miles across the ridge to Lard Valley, where sugar-cured hams of mountain goats grow on the trees.

"Among the distinguished tourists hoped for this year are Owen Wister, W. D. Howells, Professor Charles E. Norton, Theodore Roosevelt, Frederick Remington and Major McKinley.

"(If Senator Squire gets through his bill to make a national park of it, he will also be welcome; otherwise otherwise.)

"Now is the time to telegraf for front bay windows, with glaciers right under them.

"No dogs, children or kranks allowed."—Puyallup Commerce.

The Robber Robbed.

A stroller on the outer boulevards was stopped in the middle of the night, an incident of frequent occurrence just now in Paris.

"Your purse or your life!"

The stroller handed over his purse. The robber opened it, counted seven coppers and contemptuously exclaimed:

"You thief!"—La Reforme.

A Quaker Courtship.

"Martha, dost thou love me?" said young Quaker. "Why, Seth, we are commanded to love one another." "Ah, Martha, but dost thou feel what the world calls love?" I hardly know what to tell thee Seth. I have tried to bestow my love upon all, but I have some times thought that perhaps thou wast getting more than thy share."—Tid-Bits.

Definitions.

"Moral courage," said the teacher, "is the courage that makes a boy do what he thinks is right, regardless of the jeers of his companions."

"Then," said Willie, "if a feller has sweets and eats them all himself, and ain't afraid of the other fellows callin' him stingy, is that moral courage?"—Pearson's Weekly.

Literary.

"Have you written your graduation essay?"

"Yes," replied Mamie.

"Wasn't it a lot of work?"

"Just dreadful. First I had to hunt up words that were big enough, and then I had to keep looking in the dictionary to see what they meant, and, honestly, I began to think I never would get it finished."—Washington Star.

Had One Good Quality.

Mrs. Gadd—How is your girl, Mrs. Gabb.

Mrs. Gabb—Well, she's abominally dirty; she spoils everything she cooks, and she's lazy and impudent, but she has one good quality, rarely met with."

"Indeed. What is that?"

"She stays."—Harlem Life.

Railway Growth of Twenty Years.

The Railway Age makes a comparison of the railway mileage of the different states and territories in 1876 and in 1896. The total mileage January 1, 1896, was 181,082, against 74,000 miles January 1, 1876—an increase of 106,982 miles in twenty years. This is a gain of 144½ per cent.

By grouping the states into sections we find that these figures make a splendid showing for the south. In nortern states east of the Mississippi, with a population of 29,500,000, only 8,536 miles of road have been built in twenty years. In southern states, with a population of 22,500,000, 31,113 have been built during the same period. Of course the great activity in railroad building was in states west of the Mississippi, where more than half the mileage of the country was built. During the last eight of the twenty years, however, the south built as many miles of railroad as the west.

In two respects Florida leads the list of states east of the Mississippi. She has the largest mileage per capita, and she shows the highest rate of increase of mileage. Florida has increased her railroad mileage more than six fold in twenty years. No other state east of the Mississippi has made more than half of Florida's percentage of increase.

Plausible.

It frequently happens that statuary claims respect more for the sentiment which prompted its production than for its artistic qualities. Very few cities lack in tributes to heroism which are none the less touching because they are not convincing evidences of the sculptor's skill. It was at such a specimen that a couple, evidently from the country, paused to gape:

"It looks kinder queer," was her comment.

"I dunno much about such things, but the proportions seem kinder onusual."

"Husb," she exclaimed, "we're showin' our ignorance. It's the latest thing in art. If we have poster pictures, it stands to reason that there should be poster statuary, too."—Chicago Post.

For the Gigantic Telescope.

The block of glass which is to be made into a vast mirror for the big telescope which is to be one of the features of the exhibition of 1900 has just arrived in Paris from Belgium, where it has been cast. This immense telescope is to bring the moon to an apparent distance of fifty kilometers from the earth, and is being constructed under the direction of M. Francois Deloncle.

The polishing of the glass for the mirror of the telescope will be done in Paris.—From the European Edition of the Herald.

Interesting License Decision.

No decision of the United State supreme court has attracted more widespread interest than that delivered by Chief Justice Bradley, exempting agents, canvassers, salesmen, etc., from all special, state, county and town taxes. All such special license of tax laws are declared unconstitutional, and any law officer who attempts to enforce them is individually liable for damages. Agents will do well to go around with a copy of this decision, and if molested, produce it and demand instant relase.

The Modern Beauty

Thrives on good food and sunshine, with plenty of exercise in the open air. Her form glows with health and her face blooms with its beauty. If her system needs the cleansing action of a laxative remedy, she uses the gentle and pleasant Syrup of Figs. Made by the California Fig Syrup Company.

It takes more grit and grace to rise up in the defense of right in weakness than in strength.

FITS stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

AYER'S ARGUMENT.

If there is **any reason** why you should use any sarsaparilla, there is **every reason** why you should use Ayer's. When you take sarsaparilla you take it to cure disease; you want to be cured as quickly as possible and as cheaply as possible. That is **why** you should use Ayer's: it cures quickly and cheaply—and it cures to stay. Many people write us: "I would sooner have one bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla than three of any other kind." A druggist writes that "one bottle of Ayer's will give more benefit than six of any other kind." If one bottle of Ayer's will do the work of three it must have the strength of three at the cost of one. There's the point in a nutshell. It pays every way to use

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

WINE FOR WOMEN!

Woman's modesty and ignorance of danger often cause her to endure pains and suffer torture rather than consult a physician about important subjects.

Pains in the head, neck, back, hips, limbs and lower bowels at monthly intervals, indicate alarming derangements.

McELREE'S WINE OF CARDUI

is a harmless Bitter Wine without intoxicating qualities.

Taken at the proper time it relieves pain, corrects derangements, quiets nervousness and cures Whites, Falling of the Womb and Suppressed or too Frequent Menses. Price $1.

For Sale by Medicine Dealers.

OPIUM and **WHISKY** habits cured. Book sent FREE. Dr. B. M. WOOLLEY, ATLANTA, GA.

Successful growers of **fruits, berries,** and all kinds of **vegetables,** know that the largest yields and best quality are produced by the liberal use of fertilizers containing at least **10%** of

Actual Potash.

Without the liberal use of Potash on sandy soils, it is impossible to grow fruits, berries and vegetables of a quality that will command the best prices.

Our pamphlets are not advertising circulars boosting special fertilizers, but are practical works, containing latest researches on the subject of fertilization, and are really helpful to farmers. They are sent free for the asking.

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Planter's CUBAN OIL

For yourself and your Stock. Good for man and beast. Finest Nerve and Bone Liniment made. Cures fresh cuts, wounds, bruises, sores, rheumatism and pains of all kinds. Sold by all medicine dealers. Price, 25 and 50 cents. Get **Cuban Relief** for summer complaint. Manufactured only by the **New Spencer Medicine Co.,** CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

MALARIA LEAFLET TREATING ON MALARIAL DISEASES AND THEIR CURE MAILED FREE ADDRESS W. WRIGHT, 469 GATES AVE. BROOKLYN, N.Y.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

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