WINCHESTER

Smokeless Powder Shells
"LEADER" and "REPEATER"

The superiority of Winchester Smokeless Powder Shells is undisputed. Among intelligent shooters they stand first in popularity, records and shooting qualities. Always use them

For Field or Trap Shooting.

Ask Your Dealer For Them.

Hutchinson & Atwater

MANCHESTER, IOWA. 40tf

Sour Stomach

No appetite, loss of strength, nervousness, headache, constipation, bad breath, general debility, sour risings, and catarrh of the stomach are all due to indigestion. Kodol relieves indigestion. This new discovery represents the natural juices of digestion as they exist in a healthy stomach, combined with the greatest known tonic and reconstructive properties. Kodol for dyspepsia does not only relieve indigestion and dyspepsia, but this famous remedy helps all stomach troubles by cleansing, purifying, sweetening and strengthening the mucous membranes lining the stomach.

Mr. S. S. Ball, of Ravenswood, W. Va., says:—"I was troubled with sour stomach for twenty years. Kodol cured me and we are now using it in milk for baby."

FOR BACKACHE--WEAK KIDNEYS TRY DeWITT'S KIDNEY and BLADDER PILLS—Sure and Safe

Prepared by E. O. DeWITT & CO., Chicago

ALL DRUGGISTS.

The Iowa Homestead.

Good farming, based on sound principles of science and practice, was never more important or profitable than now. The Homestead, an agricultural and live stock paper published every Thursday at Des Moines, Iowa, is the best exponent of good farming. The Homestead is edited by farmers who live upon and operate their own farms right here in the middle West, so that their teachings are thoroughly practical. It has departments devoted to Horticulture, poultry, sheep, dairy, veterinary, laws affecting farmers, current events, house and home, Sunday school lesson, editorial comment, live farm gossip, etc., and its contributors include able and successful farmers and experiment station experts throughout the West. Many farmers in this vicinity are already subscribers for the Homestead and all should be; as whatever adds to the practical knowledge of the farmer increases the value of land and enhances the prosperity of the community. We take subscriptions for this splendid farm paper at this office; and, by special arrangement with the publisher, can give you a low subscription rate for it in connection with The Manchester Democrat. 48-6w

Disturbed the Congregation.

The person who disturbed the congregation last Sunday by continually coughing is requested to buy a bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar. Anders & Philipp.

WHAT HE WENT AFTER.

The Office Boy Gave the Business Caller Some Information.

The big bell in the city hall tower had just banged forth the noon hour, and the office buildings were emptying throngs of workers into the streets to fill the lunchrooms.

In an elaborate office, seated in a large chair, with his feet comfortably resting on the edge of the manager's desk, was Plugsy, the office boy of Janworth & Co., brokers, says Lippincott's Magazine. His head was cocked on one side, and with evident relish he was puffing a huge cigar which his employer had neglected to finish.

Suddenly the door opened, and Mr. Whiff, a client of the firm, rushed in.

"Where's Mr. Janworth?" he demanded excitedly.

"What's that?" said Plugsy, slowly removing the cigar from the far corner of his mouth.

"I want Mr. Janworth right away. Where is he?" repeated Whiff.

Just then the bell of a fire engine clanged below, and Plugsy leisurely rose and walked to the window.

"Gee," he said thoughtfully, "people do git skeered o' them fire carts, all right, all right!" Turning around, he continued: "Boss ain't in. I'm runnin' th' business just now. Want any quotations or"—

"No, you idiot!" yelled the client. "Where has he gone—downstairs?"

"Yep."

"Will he be back after lunch?"

"Naw," yawned the future firm; "that's what he went out after."

EYESTONES.

Most Genuine Specimens Found In the Province of Astrakhan.

The collection of eyestones is a dying industry. In New York the principal sources of supply are sailors who touch the Baltic sea, and, as might be imagined, the supply is precarious.

Eyestones are analogous in some respects to bezoars, as they are a concretion found in the stomach of the European crawfish. Most of the genuine eyestones, crabs' eyes, crabstones or Lapilli cancrorum, are procured in the province of Astrakhan, in European Russia.

There appears to be some confusion regarding the nature of the eyestone, for some authorities speak of it as a concretion in the stomach of a certain crab and others as of a peculiar shell formation which is separated from the crab at the time it sheds its shell.

The so called crab's eyes are found fully developed at the end of summer, as the crabs begin to shed their shells. It is noted that these concretions are absorbed into the stomach of the crab during the shedding season and there pulverized and absorbed, the dissolved calcareous substance being used, it is supposed, for the formation of a new shell. When these calcareous shells are not normally developed and absorbed it is observed that the shedding process is interrupted, and the crab dies an early death.—American Druggist.

Special Announcement Regarding the National Pure Food and Drug Law

We are pleased to announce that Foley's Honey and Tar for coughs, colds and lung troubles is not affected by the National Pure Food and Drug law as it contains no opiates or other harmful drugs, and we recommend it as a safe remedy for children and adults. Anders & Philipp.

DROPPED INTO LAW.

The Hotel Man Turned His Court Experience to Account.

A Missouri judge, traveling on circuit, once had before him in a small country town a case in which a tavern keeper was held for the payment of a large amount of money which he had not agreed definitely to pay. The court declared that, although his agreement was not on record, it was involved by construction or implied in his participation in a business proceeding connected with it.

After judgment had been rendered the court adjourned for dinner, and the judge found that the only eating house in the place was the inn kept by the defendant in the case he had just decided. He also found that the defendant personally superintended the preparation of the meals and that the food was charged for on the European plan.

The judge called for two boiled eggs, which, with the other food he ordered, were brought to him done to a turn. He ate them, and at the end of the meal the bill was presented to him. He was astonished to read on it the following items: Two boiled eggs, 15 cents; two chickens at 75 cents, $1.50.

Calling the proprietor, he asked: "How's this? I've had no chickens. Why do you charge me for them?"

"Those are constructive chickens, your honor," answered the innkeeper.

"What?"

"Why, they are implied in the eggs, you know," the man persisted.

His honor began to understand and said no more.—New York Times.

CUPID AT THE BAR.

Why the Loving Maiden Posed as a Grand Jury.

"If you were a—a jury, Clara," said the embarrassed young lawyer hesitatingly, "I could plead my cause with more self possession. But in Cupid's courts I don't think I can claim to be a first class advocate."

"Perhaps you have not had an extensive practice, William," suggested the maiden softly.

"That's it exactly, Clara," eagerly rejoined the young man, moving his chair a little nearer. "I'm a new hand at this business. But if I felt sure the jury"—

"Meaning me?"

"Yes—wasn't prejudiced against the counsel"—

"What kind of jury are you considering me, William?" she asked, with downcast eyes.

"A common jury, of course. You couldn't be a grand jury, you know."

"Why not?"

"Because I don't plead before grand juries."

"I think, William," said the blushing maiden, "I would rather, for this occasion, be considered a grand jury, if you don't mind."

"Why, dear?"

"Because"— And she hid her face somewhere in the vicinity of his coat collar—"because I have found a true Bill!"—London Answers.

A Seasick Hero.

No man is a hero while seasick. Lafayette was sent by Washington and congress to France to ask further supplies of men and money for the American colonies. He sailed from Boston in the frigate Alliance, and a passage had to be cut for the ship through the ice. Off the Newfoundland banks the ship was assailed by a terrible tempest, which threatened destruction, and Lafayette was very seasick. His aide-de-camp, the Chevalier de Pontibaud, who relates the incident in his memoirs, heard him soliloquizing thus on the hopelessness of the situation and the emptiness of glory:

"Diable! I have done well certainly. At my time of life—barely twenty years of age—with my name, rank and fortune and after having married Mlle. de Noailles, to leave everything and serve as a breakfast for codfish!"

The Moslem Faith.

Myths of the most bewildering kind spring up and flourish and often bear a ripe harvest in the minds of ignorant Mohammedan populations during times of crisis. A saint or two can work wonders among them at the psychological moment, and saints of the most truculent type are as common in Morocco as blackberries are in England. These people have no ideas of evidence or of probability. Though they lie freely themselves, their credulity in the word of a holy man is boundless.—London Times.

Depends.

"The man who stands on the verge of old age and has nothing saved with which to guard against the future has truly lived a wasted life. Don't you agree with me?"

"That depends. Are you advancing this as a moral proposition or are you selling some sort of newfangled insurance?"—Pittsburg Post.

The Usual Way.

"Say, pop, what's a raffle?"

"A raffle, my son, is where I buy nineteen chances on a diamond ring and the fellow with one chance wins it."—Kansas City Star.

The hardest thing to win in the world is your own self respect.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Local and Neighborhood News

THE ELECTRIC CRATER.

How the Arc Light Is Produced Between the Electrodes.

Everybody knows that an arc light is formed by causing an electric current to pass between the points of two carbon rods. One of these is called the positive and the other the negative electrode, and the current passes from the former to the latter. Particles of carbon are carried on from the positive electrode until its end becomes cup shaped.

To the little cup thus formed the name of crater is applied, and from this crater four-fifths of the light is emitted. The negative electrode does not become so hot as the other. Between the two a little cloud of vaporized carbon is formed, rising from the crater, and this vapor gives forth a golden yellow light. But it is overpowered by the light of the crater itself, which has a violet tinge due to the incandescence of solid particles of carbon. The arc of light extended from one electrode to the other also has an axis of violet color which is its most brilliant part. The fact that most of the luminosity comes from the crater explains the reason why the light does not appear equal in all directions. It is brightest from that point of view which shows the largest portion of the crater.

An interesting effect is often noticed when flies or other insects flutter about an arc light. Their shadows cast on a neighboring wall appear gigantic. The reason is that the light of the crater is concentrated in a point smaller than the bodies of the insects, and the boundaries of the shadows consequently widen with increase of distance.—St. Louis Republic.

THE WARRANT CAME.

So They Took the Woman From Her Washtub to the Gallows.

The hanging of a woman, which in these days calls forth public protests, was apparently a matter of indifference to our grandfathers and grandmothers. It was in the nineteenth century that a woman found guilty of some trifling offense was sentenced to death. By chance the warrant for her execution was not sent to the high sheriff, and she remained in prison for about three years, acting as a jail washerwoman and occasionally, as a favor in acknowledgment of her good behavior, going out, as was then the custom, as washerwoman to private houses. But a clerk looking through the home office records found the warrant that had never been dispatched, and it was thereupon promptly forwarded to the sheriff for due process.

The woman was found by the turnkey at the washtub in a house in the town—Aylesbury. "Well, missus," said he, "you are to be hanged. The warrant has come at last, and we must carry the sentence out tomorrow morning at the latest." "Werry well, then," the wretched woman submissively replied, "I suppose I must go," and, having washed the soapsuds off her arms, departed with the official. She was duly hanged the next morning, from all which it would seem that barely a century separates us from a condition of primitive barbarism.—London Chronicle.

Not Good Twice.

Lincoln's stories grew better and better as he grew older. One of the best was told to a visitor who congratulated him on the almost certain purpose on the part of the people to reelect him for another term of four years. Mr. Lincoln replied that he had been told this frequently before and that when it was first mentioned to him he was reminded of a farmer in Illinois who determined to try his own hand at blasting. After successfully boring and filling in with powder he failed in his effort to make the powder go off, and after discussing the cause with a looker on and failing to detect anything wrong in the powder the farmer suddenly came to the conclusion that it would not go off because it had been shot before.

A Point of View.

The new steamer City of —— was laid up for repairs, and one of the rickety old timers of the line was sailing in her place. A passenger who was somewhat irritated by the fact remarked to another, an Irishman, by the way, "The City of —— always gets in at 2 in the morning, and this old tub never gets in before 6."

The Irishman thought for a moment and replied: "It's all right. The distance is just the same, and we get a longer sail for our money."—New York Press.

Needed a Cloudburst.

Staying at an inn in Scotland, a shooting party found their sport much interfered with by rain. Still, wet or fine, the old fashioned barometer that hung in the hall persistently pointed to "set fair." At length one of the party drew the landlord's attention to the glass, saying, "Don't you think, now, Dugald, there's something the matter with your glass?" "No, sir," replied Dugald, with dignity, "she's a gude glass and a powerful glass, but she's no' moved wi' trifles."

Such Is Fame.

A learned correspondent writes: "I was examining a witness, an elderly woman, the other day. On my inquiring her name she said it was Mrs. Bardell and that she came from Gravesend. I asked, 'Did you know Charles Dickens?' She replied, 'Do you mean the undertaker?' Such is fame."—London News.

Mirth of a Murderer.

With the help of a little tool, not unlike a tin opener, our burglar cut two long slits—one perpendicular, the other horizontal—in the iron shop shutter. Then he wrenched the flap toward him, bending it with his powerful hands as one twists open the lid of a sardine tin. Another minute and he was inside.

Quietly and methodically he thrust precious stones and rings into his little bag, choosing those which besides being small were of great value. The bag was all but full when the jeweler himself appeared at the back of the shop. He carried a candle in one hand and a revolver in the other.

The burglar bowed very politely and said:

"I did not care to pass by an old friend's house without stopping to bid him good day."

The unsuspecting jeweler allowed himself to be shaken by the hand, when, with a sudden thrust, the burglar stabbed him to the heart.

The bag was rapidly filled to almost bursting point, and before leaving the premises the burglar wrote a few words on a sheet of paper, which he pasted on the outside of the shop:

"Closed on account of death in the family."—London Scraps.

THE ARCTIC REGION.

Where Smoke Rises From the Sea and Trees Burst From Cold.

Explorers who penetrate the Arctic and Antarctic seas have a chance to observe one of the strangest phenomena in nature, that of smoke rising from the sea. Wherever the temperature falls to 15 degrees below zero clouds of steaming vapor ascend from the ocean to be immediately frozen into tiny particles of ice and dropped once more into the water.

The same thing takes place on land, the vapor rising from the snow and even from the bodies of the explorers themselves. In this case, however, the ice particles fall on the ground and make a weird rustling, like the swish of a silk dress.

At 40 degrees below zero the sap of trees is turned to ice, and the trunks burst asunder with a sharp report. These mysterious sounds and sights are awe inspiring to all who do not know their cause, and they may account for some of the strange tales that are told of the frozen north.

Natural light at sea is a much more common phenomenon. As the screw of a steamer churns the water under certain conditions you may see the waves glowing angrily where they have been disturbed. This is called phosphorescence, and scientists are not agreed as to its cause.

WHISTLER AND MONEY.

The Eccentric Artist's Utter Lack of Business Instinct.

The Dundee Advertiser tells a story illustrating Whistler's forgetfulness and utter lack of business instinct. Being hard pressed for a debt and having finally been informed he would be sued unless a check for the amount was sent by return post, the artist mentioned the matter to one of his friends who lived near him. Explaining that he had a few pounds in the bank, the exact sum unknown, he requested his friend to stop at the bank on the way to business to ascertain what was required to make his account good for a check of slightly over $90 and to deposit that amount for him as a loan.

The friend was quite willing and in due time stood at the cashier's desk of Whistler's bank asking the amount of his balance and explaining the errand. The cashier was interested. He went to the big book of balances, turned over a few pages, wrote down some figures and in a moment placed them before the astonished friend. Whistler's balance was more than $30,000.

The artist was delighted, but found it difficult to remember when he had deposited so much money or where he had got it.

A Beaconsfield Story.

A lady who was his constant friend and benefactor begged Lord Beaconsfield to read Mallock's first book and say something civil about it. The prime minister replied, with a groan: "Ask me anything, dear lady, except this. I am an old man. Do not make me read your young friend's romances."

"Oh, but he would be a great accession to the Tory party, and a civil word from you would secure him forever."

"Oh, well, then, give me a pen and a sheet of paper." And, sitting down in the lady's drawing room, he wrote: "'Dear Mrs. ——, I am sorry that I cannot dine with you, but I am going down to Hughenden for a week. Would that my solitude could be peopled by the bright creations of Mr. Mallock's fancy.' Will that do for your young friend?"

As an appreciation of a book which one has not read this is perfect.

Cigarettes as Wedding Fee.

As one of Manila's leading young men was donning his evening suit preparatory to keeping a social engagement he ran his hand into his pocket and was surprised to find an envelope there. On opening it he discovered 25 pesos in bills. "Now, where in thunder did I take on all this money?" he said. "It isn't mine, for I never carry my bills around in an envelope." Then he sat down to think where he had worn the suit and how he had come by the 25 pesos. "The last place I wore it," he mused finally, "was when I was best man at a wedding a month ago. But I gave Dr. Rossiter his money. I remember distinctly giving him something, and it must have been his fee. If I didn't give him the money, what in the world did I give him?" He called up Dr. Rossiter by phone. "Do you mind telling me," he asked, "what I gave you for a fee at Blank's wedding?" The answer came back very distinctly and cuttingly: "Young man, you gave me a box of vile smelling cigarettes."—Philippine Gossip.

Arbiter and Arbitrary.

If an arbitrator is chosen to end a dispute, says the London Chronicle, there is no reason to dread that his decision would be arbitrary, though the two words are very near relatives. An arbiter, the Latin word which used to be more common as English than it is now, meant by derivation simply "one who went to" something to examine it, and so at first a spectator or witness. Then in Roman law it assumed the technical sense of an umpire. But a "judicum," the legal decision in a case with regard to a definite sum of money, for instance, was distinguished from an arbitrium, a legal decision as to an uncertain sum which had to be determined; hence arbitrary acquired the sense of uncertain, capricious.

"Scouring the Land."

I have just been examining an old book containing the accounts of the charity estate of West Haddon, embracing the years 1773-1850. Under date Aug. 17, 1776, is the following entry:

"Paid Richard Worster seven days' work, cutting thorns and scowering and stoping of gaps, 10s. 6d."

The term "scouring the ditch" is used on Jan. 8, 1781, and appears many times after this date, the last instance being on April 28, 1820.—London Notes and Queries.

Justified.

"You are charged with having knocked your wife down, blacking both of her eyes and loosening two of her teeth. Have you anything to say for yourself?"

"She had it comin' to her, your honor."

"What did she do or say that could in any way justify such treatment on your part?"

"She said I didn't love her no more."—Houston Post.

Cut With the Rest.

Showman—Look here, your paper said the biggest snake in my show was twenty feet long when it's really thirty-one feet. Editor—Sorry, but we were pushed for space yesterday and had to cut everything down.—London Tit-Bits.

THE COW'S HORN.

Various Ways In Which It Is Made Useful by Man.

Have you any conception of how useful that horn is to us? Scientifically it is known as a combination of phosphate of lime, gelatin and albumen, and, like all nature's products, the ingredients are in the right proportion to make the article useful to man as well as to the animal that bears it.

The lime makes the horn hard, but there is just enough lime to make it hard without making it brittle, and there is just enough gelatin to make the horn easy to cut and shape. The core of the horn is bone, and to get that out the horn is soaked in water for several weeks. When the core is taken out it is ground up and made into crucibles which are used for melting gold and silver in.

The outer end of the horn is hard and solid, and that is used for making knife handles and other things. The hollow part of the horn is soaked for half an hour or so in boiling water, when it becomes soft and may easily be split with a knife.

It is then spread out flat and put between iron plates. There was a time when these horn plates were made very thin by hard pressure and used in windows and lanterns as we now use glass. They may be made quite translucent.

When the horn is heated it may be molded into almost any desired form. That is the way knife handles, buttons and other articles are made.—Chicago News.

ENGLISH STORIES.

The Striking Way an Oxford Notable Won a Nickname.

Dean Stanley once went late to dinner with his collar flapping. His hostess ventured to ask him if he knew. "Oh, yes!" answered the dean. "Do you mind?" "Not at all," said the lady. "Then I don't mind, either. The button dropped off while I was dressing." And the dean continued his conversation.

Rev. W. H. Tuckwell is responsible for the history of how an Oxford notable in the thirties got his nickname "Presence of Mind" Smith. He went boating with a friend and returned alone and was asked what had become of his companion. He explained that his friend had fallen into the Thames, "and if I had not with great presence of mind hit him on the head with a boat hook the both of us would have been drowned."

The late Joseph Joachim was a great favorite in London and for more than sixty years rarely missed a season there. A certain nobleman told him that he was going to St. James' hall to hear him, and Joachim later asked him if he had found it tedious. "Not at all," serenely answered the titled personage. "I enjoyed myself immensely. I did not recognize you at first under your disguise as a nigger, but later I laughed all the more." The nobleman had strolled by mistake into a minstrel show instead of the large concert hall.

A Nice Calculation.

A Flemish gentleman conceived the idea that he would only live a certain time, so he made a nice calculation of his fortune, which he so apportioned as to last just the same period as he guessed his life would extend to. Strangely enough, his calculations came correct to the letter, for he died punctually at the time he had previously reckoned. He had so far exhausted his estate that after his debts had been discharged a solitary pair of slippers represented the entire property he left. His relatives buried him, and a representation of the slippers was carved on the tomb. Today in a churchyard at Amsterdam his grave may be seen, the only inscription on the stone being two Flemish words, "Effen Nyt" (i. e., "Exactly").

Polishing Glassware.

You have heard of many valuable ways to clean glassware and give to the pieces a desirable brilliancy, yet here is a method which is a "secret" and certain to give the best results. Wash the glass pieces and drain until dry, then coat each piece with a mixture of half water and ammonia. When dry brush the pieces with a soft bristle brush. Be sure and use only the bristle brush or the polish will not appear. This is excellent for glassware of any kind and makes old pieces look like new.

Tongue Tied Talkers.

How many educated people there are who have no more than a peasant's vocabulary. They do not use the words that a peasant uses, but they do not improve upon them. They still go on saying, "How amusing!" "How lovely!" "How nice!" to the end of the chapter. Nobody can be interesting who is always working a limited vocabulary.—British Weekly.

Prudent.

"Take dinner with us tomorrow, count."

"Could you not make it breakfast? I have numerous invitations to dinner each week, but I cannot live on ze one meal a day."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

As Usual.

Newpop (wearily)—It must be time to get up, my dear. Mrs. Newpop—Did you hear the clock strike 6? Newpop—No, but the baby has fallen asleep.—Chicago News.

AN OLD TIME DRINK.

Refreshing Switchel and the Way It Used to Be Made.

They don't make it nowadays—not mostly. But they used to make it years ago, and how good it was! The corn lot had to be cultivated, and it was a long way from the house, and it was very hot up there on the hillside. When they loaded the cultivator and the hoes and spades on the stone boat and hitched the two horses to that dry ground vessel, they stowed away as part of the cargo a big stone jug. And when the corn lot was reached the jug was stowed away in a shady fence corner under the butternut tree and covered over with grass to keep it cool. What was in the jug? Switchel. It was made of vinegar, molasses, ginger and water. The water was drawn from the spring beside the kitchen and was as cold as ice could have made it. And the stone jug kept it cold. The vinegar gave it a pleasant acidity, the ginger a little "tang"—that's what they called it up in "the country"—and the molasses just sweetened it a bit. And how good it was to go over into the fence corner and take a few swallows out of that jug of switchel!

Come on, let's go and get a glass of ice cream soda. It will be somewhere about the hundredth part as good as a draft of switchel out of that stone jug in the fence corner in the corn lot up in the country.—Utica Observer.

ICEBERGS.

They Are Useful as Well as Grand and Menacing.

When an iceberg is launched upon its long journey its bottom parts are barnacled with sand, bowlders and other detritus gathered from the land surface over which it has made its tedious march to the sea. This burden is gradually cast off as it melts while drifting down along our continental seaboard.

As a result of the deposits thus made through countless centuries, combined with the products of erosion carried seaward by the rivers, the sea bed for many miles off shore has been gradually filled up, creating those vast submerged plateaus, known as "banks," which extend from Labrador to the bay of Fundy and form the breeding grounds of innumerable shoals of cod, herring and other valuable food fishes. In this way the bergs have performed an economic service of incalculable value, laying the foundation for one of the world's most important productive industries and affording a means of livelihood to those hardy bands of "captains courageous" who each year reap the harvests of the sea.

The bergs serve a further economic purpose in that to their tempering influences are largely due the climatic conditions prevailing over a great part of the interior of North America.—Alfred Sidney Johnson in the World Today.

ABSENTMINDED.

A Story of Bunsen, the Great German Scientist.

In the autobiography of Sir Henry Roscoe there is a capital example of the absentmindedness of Bunsen, the great German scientist.

He had had his evening clothes put out that he might attend a card party to which he had been invited, but forgot all about it until the next morning, when his man pointed out that the evening clothes had not been worn. And then he remarked to himself, "I know what I'll do." That evening he put on his dress clothes, went to the lady's house at the appointed time and walked in as if it were the day upon which he had been invited. The hostess, much too polite to tell him that he had mistaken the evening and that the party had taken place on the previous night, sent to her friends asking them to come in to play a rubber again. They did so. In the course of the evening the conversation turned on absentmindedness, and Bunsen began to tell them what had happened to him a long time ago—how that he had forgotten an invitation and how he had made up his mind to go the next night—and thus he told the party the whole story, forgetting altogether that he was giving them an account of what was happening at the very moment.

Brought to Terms.

In the Drayton household it is said that the father of the family has a way of presenting alternatives to his children that never fails to bring them into line.

"I wish you would speak to Bobby," said Mrs. Drayton one night. "I've told him to take his medicine and then jump into bed, and he won't do it. He just hops around and says he doesn't want to take the medicine and he doesn't want to go to bed."

Mr. Drayton stepped to the door of Bobby's room and stood there, tall, grave and impressive.

"Bobby," he said firmly, "if you don't take your medicine at once and then jump into bed you will be put to bed, do you hear me, put to bed, without having your medicine at all."

Upon which Bobby, alarmed and confused, swallowed his allotted portion and meekly retired for the night.—Youth's Companion.

It Is a Good Umbrella.

It was a sound, substantial umbrella, with a cheery wood stick. We found it hanging on a peg in the corner of our room in the hotel at Bruges (writes "P."). Such an umbrella could belong to none but an Englishman, and it at once occurred to us that it had been left behind by some former passing visitant. The umbrella was particularly interesting to me because I had foolishly come away from England without one. I eyed that umbrella as a small boy eyes a forbidden orchard. The next morning threatened rain, and I could not resist taking the umbrella tentatively from its peg, unrolling it and displaying its comfortable tent-like proportions. I put it back on the peg with a sigh and nobly went out unprotected. During the stay in Bruges my eyes and thoughts returned to the umbrella with strong fascination, and on the morning of leaving the temptation was still more acute. The angels of light and darkness struggled within me, but the good one triumphed, and we went to the station without the umbrella. We left our luggage in the hotel to be brought to us at the station by the boots. The Brussels train came in, but our luggage was missing. We took our seats, and at the last moment the boots rushed up, compensating for want of English by a large smile, and dragged our bags—and the umbrella. He threw it in to us, and the train departed. It is a good umbrella.—Manchester Guardian.

The Alternative.

At a fancy dress ball for children a policeman was stationed at the door and was instructed by the committee not to admit any adults. Shortly after the beginning of the ball a woman came running up to the door and demanded admission.

"I'm sorry, mum," replied the policeman, "but I can't let any one in but children."

"But my child is dressed as a butterfly," exclaimed the woman, "and she has forgotten her wings."

"No matter," replied the policeman; "orders is orders, so you'll have to let her go as a caterpillar."—London Answers.

Lights Out!

An irascible sergeant, going his nightly round of the barracks in order to make sure that all lights had been extinguished, noticed that a window was illuminated. He roused the occupants of the room. "Put out that light," he ordered, "and be quick about it!"

"But it's moonlight," explained a private.

"I don't care what it is," roared the sergeant; "put it out!"—London Graphic.

Costly Monotony In Dress.

Our clothes are all alike, and this monotony has led to unlimited extravagances. What has not been done to make the eternal pinafore frock look original? New elaborations are invented daily, each one more expensive than the last, but nobody is deceived. It is still the old pinafore, only a little madder, a little dearer, every day.—London Graphic.

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