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PROFESSIONAL CARDS

J. H. WILLIAMS. WM. T. WILLIAMS
WILLIAMS & BROTHER,
Attorneys-at-Law,
WOODSTOCK, VA.
Practice in all the Courts of Shenandoah and adjoining counties, in the Supreme Court of Appeals, and in the Circuit and District Courts of the United States.
Special attention Given to the collection of claims. may 15, '84-tf.

M. L. WALTON. E. D. NEWMAN.
WALTON & WALTON,
Attorneys-at-Law,
WOODSTOCK, VA.
Practice in all the Courts of Shenandoah and adjoining counties, in the Supreme Court of Appeals, and in the Circuit and District Courts of the United States:
Special attention to collection of claims Oct 20 '93.

F. S. TAVENNER J. M. BAUSERMAN
TAVENNER & BAUSERMAN,
Attorneys-at-Law,
WOODSTOCK, VA.
July 21, 93-1y.

HOLMES CONRAD. P. W. MAGRUDER
CONRAD & MAGRUDER,
Attorneys - at - Law.
WOODSTOCK, VA.
Nov. 22 '90 tf

SAMUEL BORDEN
Attorney-at-Law
Began practice in 1878. Owner and Manager of The Shenandoah Valley Collection and Adjustment Agency, established 1889. Post-office Address: Calvary, Shenandoah Co., Virginia.
may 15 '03—1yr

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ATTORNEY AND COUNCELOR AT LAW,
WOODSTOCK, VIRGINIA.
OFFICE: Second floor, Merchant's and Farmers Bank Building.
July 8—03.

DR. J. L. CAMPBELL,
WINCHESTER, VA
Dr. J. L. Campbell, for a number of years physician in this place, offers his professional services, to the people in Shenandoah county in consultation. He will answer all calls telephoned to him at Winchester.
Oct. 18—tf

DR. J. H. SMOOT,
Having located in WOODSTOCK, can be found at his residence on North Muhlenburg street, the late residence of Dr. J. L. Campbell when not professionally engaged.
aug. 28—1yr.

DR. D. D. CARTER,
Office and Residence South Main St
WOODSTOCK, VIRAINIA,
Special attention given to Surgery. PHONE CALL 38.
July 20—tf

DR. J. B. RUSH,
Dentist.
WOODSTOCK, VA.
Established in 1885. Office South Main Street. Terms cash.
may 2—1yr.

DR. W. S. CLINE,
Resident Physician.
Calls answered day or night.
Office and residence North Main street. March 4—tf.

DR. W. C. FORD
Has located in Woodstock and will promptly answer all calls.
OFFICE and residence on Muhlenburg Street.
May 8 '98—1yr.

DR. T. F. LOCKE
Resident Dentist,
OFFICE MAIN ST., WOODSTOCK, VA
Chloroform, either and cocaine used for painless extraction of teeth.
Dec. 36—1

DR. CHAS. J SAGER
Having located at Tom's Brook offers his professional services to the public in the various branches of his profession. He will be found at the Philip's house, after April 2nd and will give prompt attention to all calls.
Mar. 10, 99—tf.

BARBER SHOP.
COURT ST., WOODSTOCK, VA.
Warden Fravel, Propr.
Prompt attention given to all customers
A Share of the public patronage solicited.

A Good Small Farm For Sale.
Containing 71 acres of land mostly limestone, ten acres of which is in good original timber, on which is a good log house weatherboarded with metal roof and all other necessary outbuildings in fairly good repair. The place is well watered, and has plenty of fruit—situated 1 1-4 miles south of St. Luke, Va.—Price $2,000 $ cash, ballance to suit purchaser. Apply to, J. N. DAVIS & CO. Woodstock Va.

WOODSTOCK
MARBLE WORKS,
WOODSTOCK, VA.
Monuments, Tombs and all Kinds of Cemetery Work
Lowest prices in the Valley. Give me a call
E. V. SNYDER

Buy Hair at Auction?
At any rate, you seem to be getting rid of it on auction-sale principles: "going, going, g-o-n-e!" Stop the auction with Ayer's Hair Vigor. It certainly checks falling hair; no mistake about this. It acts as a regular medicine; makes the scalp healthy. Then you must have healthy hair, for it's nature's way.
The best kind of a testimonial—"Sold for over sixty years."
Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of
Ayer's SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. CHERRY PECTORAL.

Superb "Nerve" of a Hat Seeker.

"Oh, but the nerve of some women is worth a fortune to them!" groaned a girl at luncheon in a department store. "I've been trying to get a hat. Upstairs in the millinery department I tried on hats until my arms ached pinning them on, and the saleswoman got purple with rage because none suited me. In walked a grenadier sort of woman, with a scared looking maid carrying a big paper bag. This woman sniffed around, turned hats upside down and almost inside out and finally looked over the untrimmed shapes. She picked out one. Drawing a chair before the biggest mirror in the place, she sat down and had the maid empty the contents of that bag in her lap. It held feathers, flowers and ribbons. Then she began to pin on feathers here, a flower there and to try the effect of a bow in another place. She even had the maid hold a trimmed hat while she copied it! The attendants seemed fascinated, for no one said a word. And that in a store, mind you, where the salesgirls ask you sarcastically whether you are looking for something cheap if you refuse to put down $35 on a hat they select for you."—New York Press.

Mental Poise and Health.

People who reach extreme old age are, as a rule, pretty well balanced physically and mentally. A poised life is serene, and serenity and harmony tend to longevity. The mind that is not well balanced is constantly jangled and out of tune. There is a constant jarring which racks the whole human machinery. There is discord in an unbalanced life, and discord is always destructive—deadly. The well poised, dignified life is not thrown off its center quickly. The man who goes all to pieces over trifles is one sided. There is a momentum in a poised, balanced nature which steadies its progress and helps hold it on its chosen track.

Hot temper, constant mental confusion and disorder are vitality sappers—life shorteners.—Success Magazine.

The Natural Way.

A philanthropic person heard of a negro family that was reported in destitute circumstances, and, calling at their domicile, he found the report true. The family consisted of the mother, a son nearing manhood's estate and two young children. The benevolent old gentleman after hearing the mother's story gave her eldest son $1 to get a chicken for the Thanksgiving dinner and took his departure. No sooner was he gone than the negress said to her son, "Sambo, you done gib me dat dollah and go get dat chicken in de natchral way!"—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Odd Graveyard Inscriptions.

At Worcester, England, the slab erected over a departed autioneer is inscribed with a single word, "Gone." In Sussex the initials and date of the death of the deceased are followed by two words, "He was." The most remarkable inscription is at Cane Hill cemetery, Belfast, where the inscription says, "Left till called for."

Piling It On.

"Our minister does have the hardest luck. Just think, the baby's down with the croup, Albert broke his collar bone last week, their horse died yesterday, and now Mrs. Rector has pneumonia."

"I suppose that by and by, on top of all that, some fool will get them up a donation party."—Woman's Home Companion.

Doctors' Latin.

At its best it must be admitted that doctors' Latin is, in the words of a distinguished professor, "doggy and mediaeval." For our own part we would go so far as to say that it is more "doggy" than mediaeval. At its worst it is a monstrum horrendum with which no respectable dog would own kinship. —British Medical Journal.

Cigars Before Breakfast.

"The proper time to test a cigar or story is in the morning before breakfast," said a tobacconist. "Naturally, early morning smoking is not healthy, but it is very discriminating. Try it by smoking samples of your favorite brands in the early morning and you can depend upon your judgment."—Pittsburg Press.

Triumph of Art.

Miss Peachley (exhibiting her new hat)—I know you won't like it. Miss Tartun—But I do, dear. I never saw anything more artistic than that arrangement of the flowers. It hides the shape of it beautifully.—Chicago Tribune.

Disease takes no summer vacation.
If you need flesh and strength use
Scott's Emulsion
summer as in winter.
Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409-415 Pearl Street, New York.
50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

The Rise In the River.

It is little short of astonishing to see how little water is required to float the southern river steamers, a boat loaded with perhaps a thousand bales of cotton slipping along contentedly where a boy could wade across the stream. Once, however, the Chattahoochee got too low for even her light draft commerce, and at Gunboat shoals a steamer grounded. As the drinking water on board needed replenishing, a deck hand was sent ashore with a couple of water buckets. Just at this moment a northern traveler approached the captain of the boat, and asked him how long he thought they would have to stay there.

"Oh, only until that man gets back with a bucket of water to pour into the river," the captain replied. Presently the deck hand returned, and the stale water from the cooler was emptied overboard. Instantly, to the amazement of the traveler, the boat began to move.

"Well, if that doesn't beat thunder!" he gasped.

The fact was that the boat, touching the bottom, had acted as a dam, and there was soon backed up behind her enough water to lift her over the shoal and send her on down the stream.—Harper's Weekly.

A Remarkable Career.

General Sam Houston was not only a great Texan, but probably the most striking and commanding figure which has yet appeared in the public life of the far southwest—born in Virginia, taken to Tennessee at an early age, whence, while yet in his teens, he went to war with Andrew Jackson against the Creek Indians; desperately wounded in the battle of the Horseshoe Bend; adjutant general of Tennessee and a representative in congress from that state; governor of Tennessee in his youth; married, separated from his wife in two months, resigning immediately as governor, self exiled for years among the Cherokee Indians, emigrating to Texas in 1832; member of the convention of 1836, which declared Texas to be an independent republic; general and commander in chief of the army which achieved independence at San Jacinto; twice president of the republic, United States senator and governor of the state.—C. A. Culberson in Scribner's.

John Doe Proceedings.

"John Doe" proceedings were abolished by law in Great Britain in 1852. Previous to that time John Doe had figured in the old fashioned ejectment action for the recovery of the possession of land, together with damages for the wrongful withholding thereof. For various reasons of convenience and history dating from the reign of Edward III. A did not proceed against B directly in such a case. Instead A delivered to B an entirely false statement from the fictitious "John Doe" that A had devised the land to "John" for a term of years, and "John" had been ousted from it by the equally fictitious "Richard Roe." Then Richard informed B that he was not going to defend the action himself, but B must do it, and so on. Occasionally, by way of variety, "John Doe" gave place to one "Goodtitle."

Columbia River Thrice Named.

The Columbia river has had three names. It was first called the Oregon. Afterward it was called the St. Roque, but when it was discovered by Robert Gray in 1792 it was given the name of his vessel, the Columbia, in place of the two floating appellations, Oregon and St. Roque. According to Whitney, the original name of the river was the Orejon, "big ear" or "one that has big ears," the allusion being to the custom of the Indians who were found in its region of stretching their ears by boring them and crowding them with ornaments.

Why Is It?

Here is a question in naval science which is to the average sailor man a riddle unsolved. Take a vessel of, say, 2,500 tons; place on it a cargo of 3,500 tons. This gives you a total of 6,000 tons. Hitch a little tug to this vessel, and she will yank the big craft along at the rate of six or eight knots an hour. Now put the tug's machinery in the big vessel. It won't move her half a knot an hour. Why is this?

When You Take a Bath.

When drying off after a bath stand in the bathtub in water up to the ankles. When rubbed with coarse towels until the body is all aglow, step out and wipe the feet. This prevents that uncomfortable chilly feeling experienced if one steps immediately out of a bathtub full of water on to the bath mat.

Love.

We never can say why we love, but only that we love. The heart is ready enough at feigning excuses for all that it does or imagines of wrong, but ask it to give a reason for any of its beautiful and divine motives, and it can only look upward and be dumb.—Lowell.

A Kindly Provision of Nature.

"The codfish," said the professor, "lays considerably more than 1,000,000 eggs."

"It is mighty lucky for the codfish that she doesn't have to cackle over every egg," said the student who came from a farm.

The Romantic Air of Frisco.

San Francisco is permeated with an air of romance and adventure. Nowhere may one turn without being reminded of the legends that have been woven around the forty-niners and their immediate followers. The names of the streets and of the business blocks, such as Kearney, Sutter, Montgomery, Dupont, Flood, Crocker and Sharon, bring to the mind of the visitor long forgotten stories of riot or adventure and of fortunes whose vastness once excited his wonder or made him incredulous. To read the words that are painted upon the street cars of San Francisco is to be carried back in fancy to the time when the city was peopled only by those who, having turned from all else that men hold dear, had gone in search of fortune and found it, always just as they were about to give up in despair and die of starvation or succumb to the hardships with which human endurance could no longer cope. —Chicago Record-Herald.

He Laughed Last.

A certain lady who wished to have some fun at the expense of an agent who had ofttimes solicited her to insure herself and family, asked him on one occasion if he would insure the cat. The agent, to the astonishment and no small amusement of some friends, promptly offered to do so, provided she paid the first premium down. The lady, still thinking to hoax him, expressed her willingness to do so, and placed a shilling on the table. The agent quickly produced a proposal, filled it in and obtained her signature while those present were on the tiptoe of expectancy as to what was to follow.

"Now, madam, with your permission, may I see the cat?"

"Certainly," she replied, at the same time pointing to a glass case which contained the stuffed remains of the poor defunct cat.

A chorus of derisive laughter burst from all present, but to their dismay the agent turned, bowed politely, at the same time picking up the shilling, and exclaimed:

"When that cat dies, madam, kindly call at our office and claim the insurance money. Good morning."—London Telegraph.

The First Stove.

The most important uses of fire were taught by fire itself. As the primitive man stood near the flames of the burning tree and felt their pleasant glow he learned that fire may add to bodily comfort, and when the flames swept through a forest and overtook a deer and baked it he learned that fire might be used to improve the quality of his food. The hint was not lost. He took a burning torch to his cave or hut and kindled him a fire on his floor of earth. His dwelling filled with smoke, but he could endure the discomfort for the sake of the fire's warmth and for the sake of the toothsomeness of the cooked meats. After a time a hole was made in the roof of the hut, and through this hole the smoke passed out. Here was the first stove. The primitive stove was the entire house, the floor was the fireplace and the hole in the roof was the chimney. The word "stove" originally meant "a heated room." So that if we should say that at first people lived in their stoves we would say that which is literally true. —St. Nicholas.

Practical Diagnostic Sign of Death.

Dr. Ott of Lillebonne (through Journal des sciences medicales de Lille) suggests the following practical and simple method of ascertaining whether or not life is present: The point selected is the forearm, which is quickly accessible, is free from hair and is easily exposed. The arm is extended horizontally from the body and the forearm pronated. If the test is made in the open air a cloak is held so as to shield the part from all motion of the atmosphere. The flame of a candle is now directly applied to a spot on the forearm, which is closely watched by the observer. At the end of a few seconds a swelling rapidly forms and bursts. If it contains air or gas the tissues are lifeless. If it contains liquid or exudation life is present.

The Story of an Invention.

The power loom was the invention of a farmer's boy, who had never seen or heard of such a thing. He fashioned one with his penknife, and when he got it all done he showed it with great enthusiasm to his father, who at once kicked it all to pieces, saying he would have no boy about him who would spend his time on such foolish things. The boy was sent to a blacksmith to learn a trade, and his master took a lively interest in him. He made a loom of what was left of the one his father had broken up and showed it to his master. The blacksmith saw he had no common boy as an apprentice, and that the invention was a valuable one. He had a loom constructed under the supervision of the boy. It worked to their perfect satisfaction, and the blacksmith furnished the means to manufacture the looms, and the boy received half the profits. In about a year the blacksmith wrote to the boy's father that he should bring with him a wealthy gentleman, who was the inventor of the celebrated power loom. You may be able to judge of the astonishment at the old home when his son was presented to him as the inventor, who told him that the loom was the same as the model that he had kicked to pieces the previous year.

The Pointer.

There is as much fallacy in attempting to prove the origin of pointing as in a like attempt to prove the origin of eating. As a matter of fact, the pointing act commonly exhibited by the pointer and setter is an incident of the capture or attempted capture of food by dogs, and also by wolves and foxes. Coyotes have been seen to draw and point on prairie dogs and grouse in precisely the same manner that the pointer and setter draw on game birds. There were the same rigidity and stealth, the pause to judge of distance and opportunity and the final rigid pause when all the energies are concentrated for the final spring to capture. All the phenomena displayed by the dog family indicate that the drawing and pointing in the pursuit of prey were ever natural traits. It may be reasonably believed that man could not breed the pointing instinct out of the dog if he attempted to do so.—Forest and Stream.

A Gentle Wish.

It was their honeymoon. They had moved into a pretty suburban house and were getting settled cozily at last.

"I have something for you," she said when he came home from the office.

"A present?"

"Yes. You have no night key, so I had one made for you. Here it is."

"That was very thoughtful of you. But how did you come to take so much trouble?"

"I wanted it as a kind of barometer. You'll let me look at it now and then, won't you?"

"Certainly."

"I'm not going to say you mustn't go out evenings, and I'm not going to sit up until you come home when you are out late. I only hope," she said coaxingly, "that every time I look at it the key will be a little bit rustier, and then I will know that home pleases you more than any other place."

Changes From a Fish to a Bird.

The story of the early life, transformation and final death of the Chinese quail is the most remarkable that is found in the ornithological literature of the world. The narrative in all its unreasonableness is found in the story of om chung, which is the name the Chinese quail is known by when at home in the Flowery Kingdom. Celestial authorities on bird lore declare that no specimen of om chung was ever known to live a year; that they do not lay eggs, as all other known species of birds do, and, finally, that their progenitor is a slimy, four jointed worm, which has a red head and a sting on the end of its tail. This queer seacoast worm, according to the curious legend of om chung, lays 100 eggs annually. Fifty of these become fish and the other fifty are worms of the same species as the parent. The fish that has come into existence in this curious manner also lays 100 eggs a year. Fifty of these become water denizens after the image of their parent, and the others become birds of the famed om chung family. These om chungs, or Chinese quails, never breed, and are only brought into existence as above related. We give the above not as a literal fact, but as a specimen of the Chinese idea of evolution.

Biographies as a Stimulus.

We cannot help living in some degree the lives of heroes who are constantly in our minds. Our characters are constantly being modified, shaped and molded by the suggestions which are thus held. The most helpful life stories for the average youth are not the meteoric ones, the unaccountable ones, the astonishing ones, like those of Napoleon, Oliver Cromwell and Julius Caesar. The great stars of the race dazzle most boys. They admire, but they do not feel that they can imitate them. They like to read their lives, but they do not get the helpfulness and the encouragement from them that they do from reading the lives of those who have not startled the world so much. It is the triumph of the ordinary ability which is most helpful as an inspiration and encouragement. The life of Lincoln has been an infinitely greater inspiration to the world than the life of Napoleon or that of Julius Caesar.—O. S. Marden in Success Magazine.

Bulldogs a Menace to Health.

The bulldog is a menace to health. We have this on the authority of a noted French physician, who says that because of his large mouth the bulldog is a great purveyor of disease, especially of consumption, diphtheria and the like, as the dribbling from the heavy, loose jaws is incessant. Those who fondle bulldogs do so at a great risk. He traces many cases of infectious disease, especially among young children, to households in which bulldogs are kept as pets. When we add to this the invariable ferocity of the beast, the danger to which children and other innocent and defenseless people are exposed whenever he roams the streets or highways, we have an argument in favor of his disposal that cannot be gainsaid. Away with bulldogs!

If City Noises Jar You.

Get some spermaceti, roll a wad large enough to fill the ear orifices, put it in a piece of fine cotton cloth tied with thread and insert into ears on retiring, pressing it quite firmly therein so that the ball of spermaceti will closely fill up all the air space in the ears. You will find it quite effective for barring noises, and hence inducing "nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," to get in its good work. This ear plug is harmless and cheap. It helped me out greatly years ago amid the city's din, my sense of hearing being intensely keen and temperament neurotic. It is worth a trial, and I have no patent on it.—New York Herald.

The East Side.

"A city's slums," said a globe trotter, "are always in its eastern quarter. I wonder why? Take New York. Its east side is its slum side. So it is with London. The east end is the slum end. Of Philadelphia, Chicago, Canton and Madrid the same thing holds good, as I know from personal experience. The only possible ground I can give for a city's slums being invariably in its eastern quarter is that this quarter is the one that is exposed to the harsh and unpleasant rigors of the east wind."

Explicit.

"Tell me," requests the young person, entering the study of the gray bearded philosopher, "what is the difference between friendship and love?"

The gray bearded philosopher studies the table thoughtfully for a moment or two, then replies: "Friendship, my son, is a mutual understanding; love is a mutual misunderstanding."—Life.

Playmates.

Pastor—Do you ever play with bad little boys, Johnny? Johnny—Yes, sir. Pastor—I'm surprised, Johnny! Why don't you play with good little boys? Johnny—Their mammas won't let 'em. —London Tit-Bits.

A Commercial Transaction.

"My dear lady, may I have the refusal of your hand for a week?"

"A week? Why, I'll give you a refusal that will last forever."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Considerate.

Nell—That horrid Mr. Hansom insisted upon kissing me last night. Belle—Why didn't you scream? Nell—I didn't want to scare the poor fellow.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Secrets.

Mayme—Is Clara a good girl to tell a secret to? Maude—Oh, my, no! Why, she'll never tell a soul!—Chicago News.

A Hard Cut.

Mrs. Newcast—I am thinking of taking a short holiday and visiting some of the scenes associated with my ancestors. Mrs. De Bleu Blood-Cutting—Oh, but slumming is so horribly out of date nowadays!

Where to Have a Boil.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich, commenting once upon the trials of Job, remarked that the only proper place to have a boil was between "John" and "O'Neilly."

Hank White Gave the Tip.

Hank White, the minstrel, lived in Reading, Vt., for many years. He was very fond of horse races, and rarely missed any of the meetings in Windsor or Rutland county. Once he attended a breeders' meeting at Rutland. The breeders' meetings were famous and attracted people from New York, Massachusetts, New Hampshire and all over Vermont. On this particular day Hank was seated in the grand stand, one of 5,000 people.

"Hod" Fish Ira, a well known character, was driving his horse Belvidere, a very large bay horse, with not too much speed, but the owner had an idea that he was a wonder. It was in the free for all race. All the horses except Belvidere had passed the grand stand almost neck and neck on the first half. It was a beautiful race. Trailing behind about twenty rods came Belvidere, the driver urging him on to better efforts, and when he was in front of the grand stand Hank stood up and yelled at the top of his voice: "Take the first turn to the left, Hod; all the others have gone that way." Hod drove Belvidere to the barn.—Boston Herald.

"The Queen of Sicily."

Syracuse calls itself the capital of the south, but it has no cause to dispute pride of place with Palermo. The metropolitan city is superior in population, wealth and much else, but it is deficient in what its ancient and glorious rival has in such abundance. For Syracuse has the supreme charm of Greece in a way that no other city except Athens has. Not even in Corinth, nowhere in Hellas from Messana or Sparta in the south to Thebes in the north, is there any Hellenic town to compare with "the queen of Sicily." As a sanctuary, Delphi is far more impressive than anything in Sicily, as a national meeting place Olympia has no rival, but nowhere except at Athens is a Greek city to be seen today which has the proud record of the marvelous metropolis of the Sicilian Greeks, a city as great in power and wealth and beauty as Athena herself, and victor at last in the long and fatal rivalry which indirectly involved the passing of the Hellenistic dominion of all the lands washed by the Ionian and Mediterranean seas.—Century.

Barefooted Waiting Maids In Japan.

Unless there are ladies among the guests the wife and daughters of the host do not appear at dinner in Japan. Before the meal begins it is customary for them to bring small cups of tea and dainty confectionery, when they take their survey of the party. If gentlemen only are present the Japanese hostess disappears after the greeting is over and does not return until the guests are taking their departure. At a signal from the host barefooted waiting maids, dressed in graceful and prettily tinted kimonos, bring in lacquer tray, bearing tiny covered bowls. Before setting the trays on the table the maids sink gracefully to their knees and bend forward till their foreheads touch the floor. Then they serve dinner, which is of several courses.—Smith's Weekly.

A Lively Paper Cutter.

Here is a little story which the English papers tell and any one is at liberty to believe if he will. No affidavits go with it. When Lord Dufferin was viceroy of India the maharajah of Indor paid him a visit and asked as a memento an ivory paper cutter belonging to Lord Dufferin. He consented, the Indian left, and the viceroy never saw him until some months later when the maharajah introduced a fine young elephant into the room. A pile of newspapers lay at Lord Dufferin's side. The animal went up to them, cut them neatly with his tusks, which had been purposely sharpened, and laid them in a neat heap on the floor, ready for perusal.

Great Britain's Rainfall.

Rainfall is a condition which has much to do with our health. A wet district with a good deal of subsoil water, making houses damp, is a locality in which rheumatism and consumption are likely to prevail. Over England and Wales the average yearly rainfall is about thirty-four inches, in Scotland it reaches forty-six inches and in Ireland about thirty-eight inches. Possibly the wettest parts of Britain are in Cumberland, where the rainfall may attain 150 inches per year. One inch of rain on one acre of ground means a hundred tons of water.—London Graphic.

Heritages.

Leave children an accumulated fortune of memories and inspirations and examples and hopes, so that they are rich in brain and heart and soul and service. Then if you happen to leave them a fortune besides, if they have all these, the fortune will be shorn of its possibilities of evil and will become an instrument of higher and nobler good.—M. J. Savage.

Protection.

Mrs. Albee—Of course, you married Mr. Bebee for love? Mrs. Bebee—Well, yes, I suppose you would call it that. I married him to protect him from no less than three widows in our street. If I hadn't snapped him up one of them would have been sure to get him.

The Covetous Man.

Go not to a covetous old man with any request too soon in the morning, before he hath taken in that day's prey, for his covetousness is up before him, and he is in ill humor, but stay till the afternoon, till he be satiated upon some borrower.—Fuller.

The Fountain Pen.

The fountain pen is not an invention of recent years. In Samuel Taylor's "Universal System of Shorthand Writing," published in 1786, we find proof of the fountain pen's great age.

"I have nothing more to add," wrote Samuel Taylor, "for the use or instruction of the practitioner, except a few words concerning the kind of pen proper to be used for writing shorthand. For expeditious writing some use what are called fountain pens, into which your ink is put, which gradually flows when writing, from thence into a smaller pen cut short to fit the smaller end of this instrument, but it is a hard matter to meet with a good one of this kind."

A Battle In the Sea.

Did you ever see bluefish charge a school of menhaden at sea? That is something worth seeing. The bluefish throw their lines forward until they almost surround the menhaden, and they attack them flank and rear. The menhaden fairly make the water boil in their efforts to escape, while all around the enemy is at them tearing relentlessly. Into all this commotion comes a great shark. It's a picnic for the shark, a school of menhaden all herded up for its benefit. It swims leisurely into the midst of them, opens its mouth and takes in half a dozen menhaden at a gulp. It swims around and bites out half a dozen more from the school. It gorges itself without effort. But the menhaden are not nearly as much disturbed by the presence of the monster swimming about among them as they are by the charging bluefish. The shark takes half a dozen fish or more at a bite, while the bluefish only bites a piece out of a single fish, but there is only one shark, while there may be thousands of bluefish plunging and tearing incessantly and killing and maiming at every stroke. The shark's a brute, but under such circumstances the menhaden have less of fear than they have of contempt for him.

A Photographic Warning.

The following story of a young lady living in the country who came to London to be photographed is told by M. A. P. and vouched for by a well known London photographer. After some days the lady, Miss B., was informed the photograph was not a success, and another sitting was suggested. This she agreed to, but again was informed that the photograph was a failure. There was a third sitting. In two days' time she received an urgent letter from the photographer asking her to come up to his studio and to bring a friend with her. Miss B. went, accompanied by her mother, and was shown the amazing results of the three sittings. The pictures of the girl herself were quite good, but in each plate there was to be seen standing behind her the figure of a man holding a dagger in his uplifted hand. The features, though faint, were clearly discernible, and Miss B. recognized them as those of her fiancee, an officer in the Indian army. The effect of this experience was so great that after a few days she wrote out to India, breaking off the engagement.

Louis Napoleon Answered.

Lady Blessington did not always meet with gratitude from some whose position at last enabled them to serve her. She sheltered in her London home Louis Napoleon after he had escaped from his prison in Ham. After Louis Napoleon became president of the French republic he seems to have turned the cold shoulder on Lady Blessington and Count D'Orsay when they approached him in Paris. There was a story going at the time, for the accuracy of which we certainly will not vouch, but which appeared in several of the London papers. Shortly before Lady Blessington's death she met, so the story goes, the president driving in the Champs Elysee. He stopped his carriage, she stopped hers, and they conversed for a few minutes. His manner seemed to her determinedly chilly. "Do you stay long in Paris?" he asked as he was about to drive on. "No," she answered. "And you?"—London Spectator.

George Eliot and "Romola."

George Eliot's first arrangement with the publisher of "Romola" was for no less a sum than 10,000 guineas. "As that is so very large a figure," he said, "I must run it through fifteen numbers of the Cornhill." "No," she answered; "it must finish in twelve numbers or the artistic effect of the story will be lost. I quite understand the necessity for its prolongation from a commercial point of view, so we'll say 7,000 guineas instead of the 10,000." And 7,000 guineas was accordingly paid for the copyright. Three thousand guineas seem a large sum to give up for an artistic scruple, but she did it.

Bad For Creditors.

In the faraway, benighted community of Damen, in Africa, the old fashioned method of throwing a debtor into prison, where he is safe from the tormenting visits of his creditors, is not followed. Instead, he is practically turned over to the mercy of the creditors in a literal sense. A heavy tree log is attached to his bare leg, and this he is obliged to drag after him wherever he goes. There is no escaping the creditors now, and the log remains bound to his ankle until his debts are paid.

Curiosities of Woman.

Women pin from left to right; men from right to left. Women button from right to left; men from left to right. Women stir from left to right (their tea, for instance); men from right to left. Women seldom know the difference between a right and a left shoe, and if a housemaid brings up a man's boots she will nine times out of ten place them so that the points will diverge. Can these peculiarities be explained?—London Truth.

Cash Your Checks.

It is not well to keep checks locked up in your desk. Cash them. It is security for yourself, if the drawer is not entirely reliable, and a favor to him if he is. "Stale" checks are an annoyance to bank officials and a general hindrance. Cash your checks!

Sarcastic.

Softly—I'd have you to understand, sir, that I'm not such a fool as I look. Sarcast—Well, then, you have much to be thankful for.

Bind together your spare hours by the cord of some definite purpose.—Taylor.

Power of Words.

Words have not their import from the natural power of particular combinations of characters or from the real efficacy of certain sounds, but from the consent of those who use them and arbitrarily annex certain ideas to them, which might have signified with equal propriety by any other.—Oliver Cromwell.

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