Daily Eagle

WOMAN AND HOME.

HOW A LADY MAY KEEP HER FOOTGEAR IN GOOD CONDITION.

A True Cook Is an Artist—The Way to Treat Children to Make Them Polite—A Woman's Kindness to a Sister—A Lady's Success with Old Fashioned Doughnuts.

A woman who understands the economy of dress will never buy a cheap pair of shoes. No poorer investment can be made, for besides giving out in shorter time than a first class article it will look shabby and worn long before it should do so. But any shoe, no matter how costly or well shaped in the beginning, will lose its freshness speedily if not properly cared for. This is especially applicable to those made of French kid, which every little bruise and touch turns purple. A rule observed by many women, and a good one it proves, too, is never to wear a street shoe in the house. It receives harder treatment, strange to say, from numerous inevitable collisions with articles of furniture than it would in double the amount of street wear.

Another sensible custom is to reserve a pair of boots for wet weather wear, leaving them to rest in a comfortable bag between times. Nothing tells against the beauty of footgear so much as getting it wet, and even with rubbers no amount of diligence will prevent the dampness from the skirts reaching the ankles. Shoes should be removed immediately on arriving at home, the dust and soil wiped away with a clean, soft rag, and then they should be placed together in a separate pocket of the shoe bag until wanted again. If this course is invariably pursued a considerable saving of money, time and temper will be added to the increased service derived from even an inferior quality of leather.

Never wear a shoe unbuttoned if you care for its shapeliness, and never be satisfied when you do button it if all those little necessaries are not in place. The wearing of a shoe even once or twice with a pair or trio of buttons gone from it tells on its appearance in the long run. Patent button fasteners are unsatisfactory, for if the shoe draws even the least bit about the ankles the metal clamps show, and even the most persistent system of blackening fails to keep them from looking brassy.

A small box of round shoe buttons with a curved needle and lengths of coarse linen thread already cut should have a place in the top drawer of every woman's dressing case or chiffonier. Then the task of replacing a missing button simplifies itself wonderfully. On children's shoes particularly, the patent fastenings should never be used, for in their romps buttons, fasteners, leather and all are apt to disappear. A good plan to carry out regarding shoes for the little ones is to rub them well with castor oil before they are worn at all. This makes the leather pliable, fills up the pores and prevents it from cracking. For their everyday shoes once in two weeks is not too often to oil them. At first the oil will give them a gray look, but after an hour or so is passed the finish they show is nice and soft.

If shoes get wet, smooth them into as good shape as possible and place them in a medium warm atmosphere to dry. This takes a longer time than if dried close to the fire, but they will be in much better condition when wanted. Leather hardened by drying too suddenly can be restored by the application of castor oil well rubbed in.—Exchange.

Relish and Seasoning.

The worthy cook who is empress of my kitchen, queen of my stomach and therefore mistress of my humor, won my confidence by a simple remark she made the first time I had friends to dinner after she had entered upon her duties. "Monsieur," she said, for she is of Gallish origin—"monsieur, I am very pleased to see that none of the gentlemen last night touched the salt cellar. I could not desire a finer compliment."

If I or my guests had found it necessary to ruffle the smooth surface of the salt cellar and add a pinch to any of the dishes, it would have been a proof that my cook had not succeeded in seasoning her dishes to the point.

A cook having any self respect and any respect for his art has a right to feel insulted if a guest proceeds to powder his food with salt and pepper before having even tasted it. Such a barbarous processing implies disastrous social antecedents on the part of the guest, unacCustomedness to delicate eating, or a callousness and bluntness of palate, which renders him unworthy to taste any but the rankest food and the most scarifying of spirituous liquors.

Let it be remembered first of all, and above all, that seasoning is the business of the cook, and that unless the relish is imparted to the food during the process of cooking, it cannot be imparted afterward. When your meat or vegetables are served on the table and on your plate, you will vainly sprinkle them with salt and pepper and sauces; you will simply be eating meat and vegetables and seasoning matter, but you will not be eating seasoned meat or seasoned vegetables.

The great superiority of French cooking over all other cookery lies in the thorough comprehension of the role and methods of seasoning in cookery.

The perfection of seasoning brings out the peculiar savor of each article of food, and never allows the seasoning to usurp the place of the savor. The skill of the cook is shown by the nicety with which he judges his proportions, so as to form a suave whole in which all the elements are harmonized and none allowed to dominate.

It is in the seasoning that the art and sentiment of the cook is shown. No book can teach how to make a sauce to perfection; it is almost useless, not to say impossible, to work with scales and measures, and according to nicely figured formulæ; the true cook works by experience and feeling. A true cook, be it remembered, is an artist, and not a Johannes Factotum.—Harper's Bazar.

Politeness to Children.

A child will receive impressions of courtesy from older persons with wondrous alacrity. You may teach a child to be polite, but remove all examples of polite behavior and he will soon forget all he has learned. I know a dear little girl whose mother is always very polite to her, and the child is a noticeable example of courtesy to her mother. If you train a child to say "Please excuse me" when he accidentally hurts you or gets in your way, and you forget to ask excuse for yourself, you do not hold the child's respect.

"Please excuse me" makes your peace with some children for all offenses.

It is ridiculous the way some people call a child. For instance, "Johnnie, come here." "Johnnie, come here, now!" "John, if you don't come here I shall have to come after you." "Come here this minute, or I shall give you a whipping"—all in two breaths. On the contrary, how quickly the child runs to her if she calls quietly, "Come here a minute, my boy; I want you."

Let us beware of the evil communications which "corrupt good manners." I have in my mind a winsome girl of 16, who is courteous to every one but her mother. Being a near relative I ventured to ask the reason for such a lack of courtesy. She replied: "I cannot be polite to my mother, much as I love her, she is so far from being polite to me. I thought if I ceased being polite to her she would miss it and think about the days when we were so deferential to each other." I felt sorry for Amy and wanted to do something for her, so I suggested that she change her tactics and treat her mother with the utmost courtesy, and likely such a noticeable difference would cause her mother to see her fault—I did not say what was in my mind—would make her ashamed of herself. Allow me to say that the charm worked.—Evening Wisconsin.

Obstinate Children.

A friend once told me how, when a child, she was one day kept without food and sent to bed hungry and exhausted, for not reciting some lines by heart—the punishment being inflicted on the supposition that she was willfully obstinate. She said that she does not now think herself to have been naturally obstinate, speaking generally; and in this particular instance she added: "But what no one knew then, and what I know as the fact, was, that after refusing to do what was required, and bearing anger and threats in consequence, I lost the power to do it. I became stone. The will was petrified, and I absolutely could not comply." She expressed the conviction that the obstinacy was not in the mind, but on the nerves, and that what we call obstinacy in children, and in grown people, too, is often something of this kind; and that it may be increased by mismanagement or persistence or what is called firmness in the controlling power, into disease or something near to it.

This recalls to mind an incident in my own childish experience. The cause of my disgrace was a trifling affair, but I must go without my dinner for being so obstinate. I remember the numb stupor with which I watched the dinner come and go from my place of banishment in the corner, and especially a favorite dish that was served, made the trial doubly hard.

The trials of childhood are by no means insignificant, and many a man or woman might make a revelation that would be startling to the elders who had them in charge.—Woman's Work.

Encouragement.

Why is a word of encouragement so charily spoken, when it, as nothing else, will lighten the cares of the day and urge the discouraged heart on with renewed purpose? Especially does the child hunger for the word of approval spoken by the parents. The daughter, striving as best she can to perform her duties and lighten the cares of the mother, must needs have a strong will and a high sense of duty to enable her to stand firm if, instead of occasionally a word of praise, nothing is vouchsafed her but a stony silence, or, what is even worse, constant faultfinding at the little mistakes made. What a disappointment to the little child who has brought and warmed papa's slippers and dressing gown to see him don them with no word of thanks. The mother who complains that her daughter is not so willing to help as she should be should pause and think if any encouragement was ever given or if the willingness to help that once was a pleasure had not been crushed in its infancy. A young lady whose school life had just closed, and was happy in the quiet of home life and in the consciousness of being of some help to her mother, had her ambition crushed by hearing her mother remark to a caller, who was congratulating the mother on having her labors lightened by the daughter's help, that she didn't notice any difference in the work, and thought she got along quite as well when the daughter was at school. Be not afraid of making the child vain by praising her, for oftener she is made morose by the withholding of it than harmed by its speaking.—Lewiston Journal.

A Womanly Deed.

"I saw a little act of kindness yesterday," said one of our court officials, "that struck me as very pretty and womanly. I suppose you've noticed that there are quite a number of gypsies about the streets lately. Well, yesterday afternoon one of the women was in rather of a fix out on West Main street. She was carrying a bouncing young Roman, and the gay handkerchief she wore, twisted about her head instead of a bonnet, was on the point of slipping off and falling on the dirty sidewalk. Having both arms full of baby she couldn't readjust her head dress herself, and her evident distress over what seemed a rather trifling matter seemed a fit subject for laughter to those who observed her at all. Just then a very handsomely dressed lady came along, and evidently took in the situation at a glance. She walked straight up to the gypsy woman, smiled an 'allow me!' reached across the not overclean baby, and with her daintily gloved hands tied the handkerchief under the woman's chin. Then she gave the repaired head dress a little twitch at the sides to set it straight, and with another smile and that final pat with the hollow of the hand on the knot with which all women put the finishing touch to a bow, went on her way. It don't sound like anything in telling, but it struck me as a bit of real womanly kindness, and judging from the look in the brown woman's eyes, it struck her so, too."—Rochester Democrat.

Nothing the Matter with Old Maids.

In truth there is nothing the matter with old maids. There are occasions when their sweet restfulness and unencumbered sympathy seem like gifts from heaven. I journeyed in the same car with one only the other day. It was hot and dusty, and there were unexplained delays that made every one feel out of sorts. The sleeping coach was crowded with ladies and children. The children made incessant demands for drinks of water, and the mothers looked worried and worn out before half the journey was done. It was a day of discomfort and turmoil, and a night of horror, when the mothers and children and nurses began to stow themselves away for sleep. Through it all a sweet maiden lady sat serene and calm. She gently fanned herself with an air of contentment and peacefully read her book, and now and then surveyed the prospect without and within. Occasionally she did some kind little thing to a passing child or gave a crushed out looking mother a sympathetic and encouraging smile.

Nothing in life for an old maid? Why, bless my soul, even the man that day looked upon this calmly cool maiden lady and wished in their hearts that they were old maids. For my part, I have never been to a ball or a dinner, or on sea or land, or on mountain top or beach, without finding somewhere a lovely, charming, intelligent old maid who was a delight to every one about her.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Bulgarian Embroidery Makers.

An exceedingly interesting exhibition of Bulgarian embroideries has just been held in London. These embroideries are made by women who were driven from Eastern Roumelia and Bulgaria on the invasion of Turkey by the Russian troops in 1877. Their property and their houses were destroyed, and they have taken refuge in some of the villages scattered over the north of Asia Minor. Here by constant work these poor women can earn but a scanty living, even by their exquisite embroidery, as they cannot devote their whole time to it on account of their household duties. Over 2,000 of these women work at this embroidery with wonderful patience, and producing really marvelous pieces of workmanship, notable for its cleanliness, beauty and for nearly in all instances having both sides alike. The work is made up in wide borders for the trimming of dresses, panels, quaint and original designs for dinner table centers worked on their hand woven muslins of exquisite softness. A particularly pretty border was of pimpernel flowers in blue, with silver snakes twisting in and out; white silk flowers on a white ground relieved only with touches of silver were lovely; another in a more oriental pattern with a variety of soft tints shading into one another would harmonize charmingly with a dessert service of Dresden china.—New York Telegram.

Old Fashioned Doughnuts.

An energetic woman is never at a loss for a means of livelihood when thrown upon her own resources. Hundreds of women in this city are engaged in business, and many of them are in direct and successful competition with men. Female breadwinners of originality have developed for themselves new fields of labor and they usually make them pay. One bright woman, who was left destitute by the death of her husband with several small children dependent upon her, remembered, after trying to decide what to do, that she possessed a receipt that had been handed down to her from an old fashioned New England ancestor for making a superior quality of doughnuts. She interviewed a prominent grocer and made a proposition to him to sell the product of her housewifely skill. The result was that a few days later the grocer's front window was filled with a batch of the crisp brown pastry and a sign informed the passer by that the old fashioned doughnuts could be purchased within for fifteen cents a dozen. The first day there were purchased enough to exhaust the supply, and since that time the doughnut trade has steadily increased until today several cooks, under the little woman's superintendence, are kept constantly busy, and her income from the doughnut industry averages $40 per week.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Ruffian Silenced by a Woman.

An incident occurred on an afternoon train on the Consolidated road the other day that ought to have found its way into print before this. It has numerous lessons. Among the passengers were three sweet and quiet Sisters of Charity in their characteristic dress. A drunken man, very drunk and annoying, entered the car and sat down beside one of them. He talked persistently, drank from a big bottle that he carried, and finally stuck his disagreeable face repeatedly into the big bonnet of the sister in a most insulting way. She was evidently much frightened. The conductor had already been told of the man's conduct, but did nothing. The other passengers, in true passenger fashion, sat and looked on. No man stirred.

Finally a woman, white as a sheet, and full of suppressed indignation, got up from her seat and went to the rescue. She grabbed the fellow's bottle, wrested it from his hands and flung it out of the window, and she took hold of him and, after a lively and unassisted struggle, got him out of the seat. "I'm no Roman Catholic," she said excitedly to the spectators, "but I can't sit still and see a Sister of Charity insulted."—Hartford Courant.

Women and Freckles.

The very best thing to use for your face during the summer weather is the cosmetic which was known before the days of Cleopatra; it is called Virginal Milk, and is made in this way: "To a quart of rosewater add, drop by drop, an ounce of tincture of benzoin, stirring it constantly." When you want to use it throw enough in the hand basin to make the water the color of skim milk, and then bathe your face thoroughly with it, dabbling it dry with a soft towel. Now don't do as many others have done and get benzine. It is tincture of benzoin that you want; and, remember, especially during the summer, that your face is not made of buckrah, but is a tender skin, and should be wiped after its bath with a soft rather than a harsh towel. If the men of the family, who are so rough skinned that beards grow on them like weeds in a flower garden, like those broom like cloths, let them have the exclusive use of them. If your skin is harsh and dry, use a wine glass full of glycerine in a warm bath; according to a noted beauty a few baths of this sort ought to make the skin soft and white.—Belus Babble in Sunny South.

Lord Salisbury's Grandmother.

The shah occupied the wing of Hatfield house in which the celebrated Marchioness of Salisbury (the grandmother of the prime minister) was burned to death in November, 1835, when she was in her eighty-sixth year. Lady Salisbury's Sunday card parties and suppers were the "smartest" entertainments in London for more than forty years. She was très grande dame, but very good natured, and she adhered to old fashioned customs to the end of her life; driving in the park in a low phaeton, with four outriders in splendid liveries; always going to court in a sedan chair, and making her footman carry a flambeau when she went out at night. Lady Salisbury (who was latterly known as "Old Sarum") hunted with the Hatfield hounds until she past 70, wearing a sky blue habit with black velvet collar and a jockey cap, and she was a very bold rider, and no fence ever stopped her.—London Truth.

Ingrowing Nails.

Various remedies have been proposed, but probably nothing equals the application of carbolic acid. Brush the acid lightly over the inflamed surface and allow it to penetrate under the skin. In twenty-four hours it will be found that the nail is partly softened and can be removed without pain, while the acid has acted as a complete anæsthetic to the tender, inflamed tissue. Applied in the same way to a sprain or a bruise, in which the skin is unbroken, it affords instant relief.—Daniel's Medical Journal.

The Big "We."

A little girl of Brooklyn has the misfortune to have a father of little ability and an aunt of little amiability. Contemplating these two, recently, she said to her mother: "Mother, when I grow up will I have to marry a man like father, or be an old maid like Aunt Jane?" The mother replied: "Yes, my dear." Then that thoughtful child said: "What a hard time we poor women have, don't we, mother?"—New York Tribune.

If you have a black lace or a black grenadine dress that has turned rusty and brown, mix two teaspoonfuls of ammonia in a cupful of vinegar, and after ripping the dress and shaking it thoroughly, wipe it over lightly with a piece of soft old bed tick dipped in the mixture. Iron on the wrong side.

Women never truly command till they have given their promise to obey, and they are never in more danger of being made slaves than when the men are at their feet.—Farquhar.

Whole cloves are now used to exterminate the merciless and industrious moth. It is said they are more effectual as a destroying agent than either tobacco, camphor or cedar shavings.

Save all your broken and crooked carpet tacks and keep them in a box in the kitchen for cleaning bottles. They are better than shot, for the sharp edges scrape off all the stains.

The Masher and the Basket.

A lady who lives in the suburbs was down in the city buying marketing. She had a large basket full and was going to the corner of Ninth street and St. Helen's avenue for the purpose of taking the motor line for her home. She has a petite and rather youthful figure, but is about 50 years of age and has been a widow for a decade. A dapper young man, who was also a "masher," saw her and, approaching, asked if he might not help her home with her basket. Now this widow hates dapper young men, and especially mashers; therefore she told the young man he might see her home and carry her basket. He thought he had made an immense hit and he also thought in the dim light that the widow was a beautiful young lady.

The widow transferred her basket to the dapper young man's arm and relinquishing her idea of riding home in the horse cars in order that she might have a large bushel basketful of fun, she started with her escort for a walk of about fifteen life-size, full-length squares. The basket got frightfully heavy in about five blocks; in ten it was a huge white elephant, and by the time the two reached the lady's residence it was one of the pyramids of Egypt, and the dapper young man was badly blown and altogether broken up. The widow rang the bell at her door and a grown young lady came asking:

"Why, ma, what did you ring the bell for? The door was not locked."

The dapper young man almost fainted, and when the widow said:

"Won't you come in, sir? My husband would be very glad to see you," he was paralyzed. But he recovered quickly and went away from there, and that widow has been having convulsive fits of laughter ever since, in which she is ably seconded by her daughter and the remainder of the family. The masher has been taking iron and quinine ever since to build up his strength.—Tacoma Globe.

CHARACTER IN HANDS.

THE OCCULT ART OF PALMISTRY NOW A SERIOUS STUDY.

What Its Advocates Claim for It—The Scientific Basis on Which It Rests—Physical and Mental Peculiarities Are Read as Easily as an Open Book.

Chiro-psychometry is the technical name for palmistry, or the reading of one's individual characteristics from an examination and an interpretation of the hands. Palmistry is older than sculpture, painting or medicine. It is older than history itself, for in the dimmest traditions of the remotest past there are distinct allusions to the bravest warriors and the grandest kings consulting the priestly palmister, as an oracle whose mystic messages were of the most sacred character—and, hence, of the greatest importance. Palmistry is an art with a philosophical basis, a scientific justification and a practically useful application. It is as philosophic in its principles as is any theory of the union and relationship of the human soul and body. It is as scientific in its foundations, methods and results as painting, music or medicine, for the technique in these departments is scientific, while the practical application is always an art. In common with medicine, palmistry has human anatomy for a scientific basis; and in common with painting, colors and shades are all important factors; while form is as much an essential as it is in sculpture. Palmistry, therefore, to be at all successful must, like sculpture, painting, medicine or music, have an artistic application of its philosophical theories and scientific foundations and methods.

WHAT PALMISTRY IS.

Any one of ordinary mental capacity can learn the science and understand the philosophy of palmistry. In its practical use, however, the artistic ability of the palmister is that which gives charm, entertainment and usefulness. The philosophical basis of palmistry is the doctrine that the soul creates the body for itself, and that the body is naturally a good, exact, easy and well fitting suit of material clothing for the spiritual soul. The body is, therefore, in the likeness of the soul within it, because the only peculiarities of the body are those imparted to it or impressed upon it by the indwelling soul, which has developed the body for its habitation, convenience and use.

Then it is an old and sacred occult maxim that all the powers of the man are centered in the hand—or represented by the hand. The conclusion is, therefore, that the hand is to him who can translate its divine hieroglyphics, the likeness and the representative of the soul. The scientific foundations of palmistry, like all other scientific bases, consist in the agreed upon results of many careful examinations and the more or less exact verifications of the theories above stated—when put to the test of practical application.

Palmistry, then, practically, is the translation of manual peculiarities into mental characteristics, and so far as the palmist is accomplished in his art, can read from the hands of his client his (or her) physical peculiarities, temperament, appetites, passions, impulses, aspirations, mental endowments, character and tendencies.

The palmister does not oppose or teach that the character is dependent upon the peculiarities of the hand, any more than that the time of day depends upon the position of the hands of the clock, but that just as the hands of a good clock indicate the time of day, so does the peculiarity of the hands indicate the character of the individual. A man is not a mechanic or a musician on account of any peculiar shape or size of his hands, but being of any definite character mentally a man is provided with hands which are the best adapted to fully and promptly give expression to his special abilities.

The term palmistry is somewhat misleading, for it gives rise to the common mistake that the art is confined to an examination of the palm and the lines therein found, whereas the fact is that every peculiarity of the entire hand is considered by the intelligent hand reader.

GYPSY FORTUNE TELLERS.

Palmistry, as practiced principally by the gypsies and even less perfectly by a few unprincipled or misguided pretenders, as a means of fortune telling has never been recognized by intelligent artists as other than a pastime or a harmless delusion, and at the present day the art is used almost entirely in delineation of character, while the fortune telling feature is left to the ignorant, the curious and the superstitious. It must not be inferred from this that the fortune telling palmists, and especially the gypsies, read the hand at hazard. This would be very far from the truth, for nearly every one who pays any attention to this line of the art works in accordance with more or less definite rules, so that any fairly experienced palmist—even though mistaken—would read substantially the same fortune from the same pair of hands at different times—not from memory of the hands, but from the application of whatever rules he might be in the habit of using. More than this, any number of well instructed gypsies would read substantially the same fortune from any pair of hands, within a few days of each other, without any consultation or collusion with each other.

No one has two hands alike. The left hand—that is, the less active hand—shows more nearly than the right hand one's natural or inherited peculiarities, while the right hand, or the one more active, always exhibits more fully the acquired characteristics. This difference in hands, which is universal, informs the palmist as to which way the man or woman is growing, and is therefore one of the keys by which to unlock many of the less easily solved mysteries of the soul. Hands differ indefinitely in size, ranging from the extremes of large and small, and this difference extends to the three dimensions, so that hands may be anywhere from long to short, from broad to narrow, and from thick to thin, and usually each pair of hands differ one from the other in these three particulars.—Chicago Times.

Rest When Your Head Aches.

There are many kinds of headaches, but in these days the nervous headache is a very distinct variety. It is generally located in front of the head, across the forehead over the eyes. It may be in other parts, though—at the top of the head, at one or both sides, at the back, or all over. It is painful, depressing, disabling. Physic by itself is of no use. There is not a single drug known to medical science which will of itself at once and permanently cure a nervous headache. On the other hand, drugs are not always needed. A complete change of air and circumstances will usually take away the pain in ten or twelve hours. Perfect rest, of a duration proportioned to the severity and long continuance of the symptoms, will make the cure permanent. There are of course methods of relieving and diminishing the pain until such time as it may be possible to obtain the complete rest. But the rest is the thing to be secured at all costs. A nervous headache is a danger signal; if it be frequent the danger is increased, and if continuous, a catastrophe is imminent. Rest, immediate and sufficient, is the sovereign remedy. Two weeks at once may be better than a year very soon.—Herald of Health.

Millionaire Philanthropy.

It is said that in the City of New York there are over one hundred and twenty-five men worth a million or more of dollars apiece, and forty women who are millionaires. If this calculation be true, the question arises, What benevolence do these men and women support, and especially the women? How infrequently do we hear of the benefactions of wealthy women as compared with the philanthropies of the rich men of our great cities. Is the benevolence of women proportionate to the number of those who have wealth? This is an interesting thought, and the observant mind may study it in the light of future developments.—Frank Leslie's Newspaper.

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Adopting the Russian System.

The mock heroism of the murderer on the scaffold before thousands of people who had assembled to see the taking of a fellow being's life, instead of being an object of dread to the youth of the vicinity, has in too many instances been the means of inciting them to deeds of blood in order to get a little of the adulation that they have seen bestowed upon the man who has suffered the law's extreme penalty. By the Colorado law, when the criminal has been sentenced, he passes from the sight of the world and is left alone with his conscience, even in suspense in regard to the fatal day. To the public he is dead, and the law stipulates that nothing but the bare announcement of the execution shall appear in the newspapers.—Kansas City Journal.

A Sour Affair.

Mudge—Did you hear about Smithers' mother-in-law?

Budge—No; didn't know he was married.

Mudge—He isn't. But they've attached his vinegar factory.—Drake's Magazine.

A VETERAN.

I was wounded in the leg at the battle of Stone River, Dec. 31st, 1862. My blood was poisoned from the effects of the wound, and the leg swelled to double its natural size, and remained so for many years. The poison extended to my whole system, and I suffered a thousand deaths. Nothing did me any good until I took Swift's Specific, which took the poison out of my system, and enabled me to feel proud of a man again. S. S. S. is the remedy for blood poison.

JOHN CONWAY, Louisville, O.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

"The Point of View."

First Traveler (looking out through the car window)—These continuous rains are bad for the business of this country.

Second Traveler—Not at all, sir. They stimulate trade in many ways. The farmers——

"Bother the farmers! What business are you in?"

"I'm an umbrella maker, sir, if you insist on knowing."

"And I'm a stockholder in a professional baseball club, confound you!"—Chicago Tribune.

To Check Consumption.

The minute sanitary regulations enforced by the German police seem rather curious to American readers. But whatever may be thought of them as police orders, they are are always interesting and valuable because they embody the practical application of the most modern scientific observations. It is this fact that gives importance to the notification lately issued by the president of police at Berlin announcing prophylactic regulations against the spread of phthisis or tubercular consumption.—Herald of Health.

A Well Beaten Track.

Omaha Teacher—Can any of the class explain to me why the way of the transgressor is so hard?

Omaha Spark—I guess it's 'cause it's travelled so much.—Omaha World-Herald.

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