FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Willie's Inventory.—One very warm day in August Willie came in the house overheated and tired out with play, and threw himself on the lounge exclaiming:

"Oh, it's so awful hot out doors I can't play any longer."

"Well, be still and rest," said his mother.

"But mother, there is such a big bump here on the lounge that it hurts a fellow."

So mamma goes to look, and after searching carefully finds nothing. By way of consoling the tired child she takes him on her lap, when lo, and behold! she discovers the bump—not on the lounge however, but right in Willie's pocket.

"Willie, boy, here is the uncomfortable bump and what is it made of?

Willie makes no reply, but looks just a bit sheepish, and then begins to laugh.

"What's in the bump, Willie?" said his mother.

"Nothing much, I guess, a few little odds and ends," said Willie.

"But I should say there were a good many odds and ends of something; come turn it all out, and we'll see what's there; lets take an account of stock," said his mamma.

"Make an in—in—Mamma; what's that they did when Ben Johnson died?"

"Have an inventory."

"Yes, that's it," clapping his hands: "Now I'll have mine. Hurrah! here goes!" and with a dive he began. First of all came a shoestring; next a something that looked as though in its infancy it might have been a handkerchief; then came a pocket-book minus any money; next a set of jack-stones; then a pen-knife; then a string, at which Willie's mother pulled and pulled—finally she came to the end, and that proved to be a kite string; next was only a horse chestnut, then came two peanuts. "I'll bet I'd eaten them up if I'd known they were there," said Willie.

The investigation proceeded. The next thing which presented itself was a pewter teaspoon; then a pair of bones—Willie thought there wasn't a tune worth playing that wouldn't come out of these bones; then three or four nails; next a piece of paper, very neatly folded, which proved to be his Sunday-School paper, dating back some weeks before; the next dive brought a little clam-shell.

"Just the thing for mud pies," said Willie.

By this time Willie's mother had quite a pile on the table, which Willie observing, quietly remarked to his mother:

"Better count up now, hadn't we?"

"Not yet, my son," and down again went the hand in the pocket; this time 'twas only a little piece of paper with a little of taffy on it; then came a peach pit; next a handful of birch, and the next dive brought nothing; so, proceeding in a business-like manner to work, the result was as follows:

1. Shoestring.	9. Teaspoon.
2. Handkerchief.	10. Pair of bones.
3. Pocket-book.	11. Nails.
4. Set of jack-stones.	12. S. S. paper.
5. Penknife.	13. Clam shell.
6. Kite string.	14. Taffy.
7. Horse chestnut.	15. Peach pit.
8. Two peanuts.	16. Birch.

And it wasn't such a big pocket, either.

A Little Boy's Sermon.—"Eddie," said Harry, "I'll be a minister, and preach you a sermon."

"Well," said Eddie, "and I'll be the peoples."

Harry began: "My text is a short and easy one,—'Be kind.' There are some little texts in the Bible on purpose for little children, and this is one of them. These are the heads of my sermon:

"First: Be kind to papa, and don't make a noise when he has a headache. I don't believe you know what a headache is; but I do. I had one once, and I didn't want to hear any one speak a word.

"Second: Be kind to mamma, and don't make her tell you to do a thing more than once. It is very tiresome to say, 'It is time for you to go to bed, half a dozen times over.

"Third: Be kind to baby—"

"You have left out, Be kind to Harry," interruped Eddie.

"Yes," said Harry, "I didn't mean to mention my own name in the sermon. I was saying: Be kind to little Minnie, and let her have your 'red soldier' to play with when she wants it.

"Fourth: Be kind to Jane, and don't scream and kick when she washes and dresses you."

Here Eddie looked a little ashamed, and said, "But she pulled my hair with tae comb."

"People musn't talk in meeting," said Harry. "Fifth: Be kind to Kitty. Do what will make her purr, and don't do what will make her cry."

"Isn't the sermon 'most done?" asked Eddie; "I want to sing." And without waiting for Harry to finish his discourse or give out a hymn, he began to sing, and so Harry had to stop.

A little girl and her younger brother were on their way to the store one windy, frosty morning. They were both poorly dressed, but the little girl had a cloak over her. As they walked along she drew the boy closer to her, and said:

"Come under my cloak, Johnny."

"It isn't big enough for both," said he.

"Then I will stretch it a little."

And they were soon closely nestled together.

How to Preserve Failing Eye-Sight.

Sit in such a position as will allow the light to fall obliquely over the shoulder upon the page or sewing. Do not use the eyes for such purpose by any artificial light. Avoid the special use of the eyes before breakfast. Rest them for half a minute or so while reading or sewing, or looking at small objects, and by looking at things at a distance, or up to the sky; relief is immediately felt by so doing. Never pick any collected matter from the eyelashes or corner of the eyes with the finger nail; Rather moisten it with saliva and rub it away with the ball of the finger. Frequently pass the ball of the finger over the closed eyelids toward the nose; this carries off any excess of water into the nose itself by the means of the little canal which leads into the nostril from each inner corner of the eye, this canal having a tendency to close up in consequence of the slight inflamation which attends weakness of eyes. Keep the feet always dry and warm, so as to draw any excess of blood from the other end of the body. Use eye-glasses at first carried in the vest-pocket, attached to a guard, for they are instantly adjusted to the eye with very little trouble, whereas, if common spectacles are used, such a process is required to get them ready, that to save trouble the eyes are often strained to answer a purpose. Wash the eyes abundantly every morning. If cold water is used let it be flapped against the closed eyes with the fingers, not striking hard against the ball of the eyes. The moment the eyes feel tired, the very moment you are conscious of an effort to read or sew, lay aside the book or employ yourself in some active exercise not requiring the close use of your eyes.

Men show their character in nothing more clearly than by what they think laughable.

Man is made—tier upon tier—of faculties, the nature of every one of which points toward happiness.

AGRICULTURE.

Hybridizing Wheat. — Another maxim which farmers generally accept as an axiom is, that by sowing wheats of different qualities together, they will so hybridize as to produce a mixed breed; while even a little observation would teach them the error of this conclusion, and that each grain produces its own like, and that really no hybridization takes place at all, and that the mixture of seed produce the unmitigated evil of mixing wheats which perhaps ripen at different periods, or perhaps require different treatment when they come to be reduced to flour. A little study of the nature of plants would seem to be necessary to a knowledge of their proper treatment during their growth. Of the flowers of plants some are male and some female. In some the staminate and pistillate flowers occupy different parts of the same plants, as in Indian corn. In the larger number of plants the male and female organs mature at the same time in the same flower: and of these some are subject to self-fertilization, and others to cross-fertilization. Such plants as Peas, Beans, Wheat, and Barley have the male and female organs within themselves, and are not subject to cross-fertilization, and therefore it is that wheats do not mix their qualities at all by being planted together; and as it is objectionable for other reasons, it should never be done. The leaf or flower which protrudes from the glume of wheat is neither an anther, a pistil, nor a stamen, and neither emits nor receives the fertilizing pollen.

Burning Green Wood Greatly Wasteful.—Water in passing into vapor absorbs and hides nearly 1,000 degrees of heat. A cord of green wood produces just as much heat as a cord of the same wood dry. In burning the dry wood we get nearly all the heat, but in burning the same wood green, from one half to three-fourths of the heat produced goes off latent and useless in the evaporating sap or water. Chemistry shows this, and why, very plainly. Therefore get the winter's wood for fuel or kindlings, and let it be seasoning, as soon as possible, and put it under cover in time to be dry when used. It will of course season or dry much faster when split fine. A solid foot of green elm wood weighs 60 to 65 lbs., of which 30 to 35 lbs, is sap or water. As ordinarily piled up, if we allow half of a cord to be lost in the spaces between the sticks, we still have a weight of about two tons to the cord, of which nearly one ton is water or sap. Such wood affords very little useful heat; it goes off in the ton of sap. The great saving of hauling it home dry is evident—as we get the same amount of real fuel for half the team work. Beech wood loses one-eighth to one-fifth its weight in drying; oak, one-quarter to two-fifths.

Bene Plant South.—The production of the bene plant is again attracting attention in the South. It yields a large amount of oil, that retains its sweetness when old, and is excellent in the place of olive oil. We think it used to be cultivated to a considerable extent years ago in some sections, and there seems no good reason why it should not be again. If peanuts may be successfully cultivated for their oil, there is no reason why bene should not be. Bene is a plant of Arabian origin, and in Oriental countries it is extensively used as food. It is rich both in oil and mucilage, and the green leaves steeped in cold water form a thick, jelly-like mucilage useful in dysentery and diarrhoea. Its oil is tasteless and slightly laxative, and is often used in preference to olive oil. Its cultivation is simple, being planted like cotton, or in slightly-raised beds 3½ to 4 feet apart from the furrows, and one foot apart in the rows. Twenty-five per cent. of the beans are oil, and 20 bushels per acre, it is said, may be easily raised.

Salt to Swine.—A writer in the *Country Gentleman* advocates the regular feeding of salt to swine. He says that their food should be salted at least once a day, and that, when they are being fatted, if they fail to clean out their troughs as they often do, if what food is left be sprinkled with salt they will eat it readily. He also recommends salt and charcoal as a great preventive of hog cholera.

A Great French Philosopher

once defined a doctor to be "a person who pours drugs about which he knows little, into a body concerning which he knows less, in order to cure diseases of which he knows nothing," and the empirical, barbarous, useless treatment of piles since the days of Hypocrates, when doctors burned the tumors off with red hot iron, down to the absurd wonder cures and nostrums of modern quacks, would seem to bear testimony to the wisdom of the Frenchman. The great modern benefactor of the modern race is now admitted by every one to be Dr. Sisbee, the discoverer of an infallible pile remedy in *Anakesis*. The miraculous cure for the most painful of all diseases is regarded as the scientific triumph of the age, and is prescribed and endorsed by physicians of all schools. It is not taken internally but applied as a suppository directly to the affected part. It gives instant relief, soothes pain as a poultice, presses up the tumors as an instrument, and ultimately cures piles by its medication. *Anakesis*, Dr. S. Sisbee's Ext rnal Pile Remedy, is sold by all first-c ass druggists. Price $1 00 p r box. Samples mailed free to all sufferers on application to P. Neustaedter & Co., Box 3946, New York.

He Hung Himself.

Jerry Mooney and his wife could never agree. Whatever he did she condemned, to all she did she would not permit him to utter a disparaging word.

"Mollie," said he one day, "I cannot please you while I live, so I will see whether my death will increase your happiness. I'll hang myself."

"Do, please," was the cool response.

Half an hour later she happened to go up stairs, and, sure enough, there was Jerry hanging by the neck. It was not a slip-knot, however, but a sham a circus man taught him. She gave a scream and rushed down stairs, while he caught the rope with his hands, and took a rest and laughed quietly to think how he had fooled his wife. He heard her rushing up again, followed by a neighbor. Then they cut him down and took the rope from his neck, his wife, the meanwhile, indulging luxuriously in grief. Suddenly he felt his hands tied behind him and a tenacious plaster slapped over his mouth, his wife crying and moaning all the time.

"Now, help me with all your might," said she, to Mrs. Barber; "these are the first things to be done when a man is half hung; the plaster compels him to breathe through his nose when he comes to. Now run for the hot flat-iron—hurry."

And then began a system of torture for poor Mooney that would have put the Inquisition to blush. They held hot irons to the soles of his feet until he squirmed with pain; they applied a mustard-plaster to his chest that drew like a locomotive; they bathed his head with ice-water till he thought of Iceland. The more he kicked the more vigorous their exertions; they slapped his hands, rolled him over the floor, and stood him on his head, and vice versa. This was kept up for half an hour, when he was released, and then his wife quietly informed him when he wanted to humbug her again to heave ahead!

A Cold Seems a Small Affair.—Most people neglect it. Who minds it? Yet a cold may turn to Consumption, and then follows almost c rtain death. Take a cold in time, then; that is, take Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, the well known standard remedy for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, and all Pulmonary Complaints, and your Cold will disappear, as well as all apprehension of danger.

SCIENTIFIC.

Atmospheric Grain Elevator—The principle made use of in this curious little machine is simply that of atmospheric pressure, or the exhaust process which has lately been applied with such wonderful success in the great Westinghouse atmospheric brakes. The model which Mr. Wilkin has used so far is a small air pump, rather rudely constructed, yet answering for all practical purposes at present. Connected with the pump is a one-inch tin-pipe, syphon-shaped, and at the elbow or top (some three feet above the pump) is a cylinder somewhat larger than the pipe and connecting both parts of it. Inside of this is a smaller perforated cylinder, while at the lower end of it is a valve through which the grain drops out. The other arm of the syphon is extended down into the grain pile. When the machine was first ready to be started, some wheat was put in a common envelope box, to represent the car or vessel, and the grain was sucked up at a rate that was perfectly astonishing. As some one remarked, at this rate the complete machine would "draw the insides out of a vessel in less than no time." This was making an elevation of about five feet, and some who viewed the remarkable effects of the crude air-pump reasoned that it would be possible to raise grain only about thirty-two feet, or as high as the air will sustain a column of water. But, without arguing the case, Mr. Wilkin quietly had a lot of additional pipe made, and, planting his machine in the third story of the Custom-house, forty feet from the ground, had the satisfaction of seeing it take up the wheat and corn out of the box placed on the ground as easily as the whirlwind would take the dust from the road. The next step was to place the air-pump in the fourth story, over fifty feet from the ground, where the result was similar. The only drawbacks were the mechanical defects in his appliances. This settles the question about raising grain to great heights by atmospheric pressure. The reciprocating-pump will be supplanted in practice by powerful blowers, which, with their continuous action, will exhaust the air so rapidly, the manufacturers think, that an eight-inch pipe will give all the pressure asked for by the inventor. The economy of power and the rapidity of transit of the grain are, of course problematical. But many of the great advantages of the arrangement are apparent. Among these is the capacity for discharging several cars or vessels at the same time by making the supply-pipe fork into several pipes leading to the different lots of grain. Then the expense of shoveling the grain up to the leg of the elevator, as under the present system, is saved. This amounted to $3.50 per 1,000 bushels in Buffalo last season—$150 to $200, say, for a large schooner. When held at the surface of the grain the pipe, while in one position, would draw up nearly if not quite all the wheat or corn in the envelope box, so that by a little moving, as a fireman would move the nozzle of his hose, it would quickly take up all the grain in a vessel. There would be a saving of about one-half in insurance rates on grain in store, and there would be no machinery in the building—hence no friction, and no danger from fire in the building. Not the least among the desirable features of this method would be the cooling of the grain by passing it from one bin to another, and cleaning it of dust and dirt at the same time.

The Arizona Catacombs.

The discovery was made about one mile east of Mountain Springs Station, in South-eastern Arizona. The cave was found to have an arched entrance about four feet high. Two of the explorers took the lead with candles placed in a small board and this fastened to a long pole, which was carried so that the light was cast far ahead of them and danger from pits or other obstacles thus avoided. After proceeding about 100 feet down an incline they came to the two main branches of the cave. Taking the one to the right and leaving candles at various points by which to find their way back, there being innumerable chambers branching off in all directions, they continued their way through a chamber, the walls, of which though presenting the appearance of stalactic formation were black and dingy, which was accounted for by finding ashes and other indications of fire, evidently very old. Here, no doubt was one of the haunts and resting places of the Apaches. Bones of all kinds lay scattered around, no less than 500 deer antlers being seen, and other evidences of life destruction and feasting. Animals may have done the work but if so, they must have had great strength to carry their prey to such a distance. Into this cavern they grooped their way, down, down, right and left for a distance of 500 feet, and yet they found no end. In some places the cave was so small they would have to come down on "all fours" and creep through and then suddenly find themselves in a large room, full of gloomy grandeur, still as death and as full of mystery. Their candles giving out at a point about 500 feet from the entrance they returned to the light of day for refreshment and more candles, Upon reentering they explored the passage on the left. The entrance to this branch is about three feet high, but narrow and irregular for 300 feet, but passing through the small apperture, the party found themselves in a large chamber with a beautifully draped stalactite ceiling, fully seventy-five feet above the floor. Here was glittering grandeur, with a thousand varied beauties and fantastic figures. This point is about 150 feet lower than the entrance. From this chamber the cave or caves bore upward. There were three distinct passages, one above the other, and the explorers taking the upper one, went on and up for a distance of about 5,000 feet, until, as they believe, they were approaching a top entrance, the purity of the air in this hall leading them to the conclusion that there was an exit above. Here again their candles gave out and they were compelled to return, only to behold more and varied wonders, caves leading in every direction. Here and there was a small hole in the wall, into which curiosity seekers would thrust their torches, only to behold immense chambers and shafts without bottom. Every now and then the ring of the passageway from their tread warned them that the floor upon which they stood was the roof or covering of another subterranean cave or pitfall. For five hours they penetrated into the dark recesses of these wonderful passages, chambers and complex catacombs, only to arrive at the conclusion that to explore the great natural wonder before them would take days and perhaps months. They brought out with them many beautiful specimens of stalactites, and some fine deer antlers. The curiosity of the party is just sufficiently excited to warrant another expedition in a short time and we hope it may be soon, as there is no doubt of the existence of many wonders and beauties in these natural catacombs of Arizona.

It is good to be deaf when a slanderer begins to talk.

DOMESTIC.

Six Recipes for Removing Freckles.—First—Get ten cents' worth of gum-benzoin and alcohol. Let it stand until the gum has dissolved sufficiently to redden the alcohol, and then pour off the mixture into a pint bottle, to the depth of half an inch, and fill the bottle with soft water. The preparation will then resemble milk, and is ready for use. Bathe the freckles with a soft cloth dipped in the liquid. If the skin smarts under the application add a little more rain water. Second—Take beef's gall, half an ounce; saleratus, borax, and gum guaiac, of each a quarter of a pint; mix and let stand ten days, shaking occasionally. Use as a wash twice a day. You can get this wash made up at the drug stores; it will cost you about thirty cents. Three—Emulsion of almonds one pint, powdered borax two drachms, tincture of benzoin compound two drachms, mix and apply to the face night and morning. Fourth—Sour bran water applied to the face at night and allowed to dry there, will remove freckles and sunburn in a short time; will make the skin smooth and fair, but very easy to freckle again. Five—One-quarter gallon rain water, one ounce benzoin, one ounce aqua ammonia, one ounce rain water, two ounces glycerine; mix well; shake before using. Six—One ounce lemon juice mixed with a quarter drachm of sugar will remove freckles. Keep this lotion in a glass bottle, corked tightly, a few days before using, and apply to the freckles occasionally.

Coloring Woolen Goods. — Any kind of all-wool goods can be colored a nice green, provided it is not a dark color to begin with. Say it is gray or pale blue or bluff, or even an old woolen blanket, for fancy stripes in carpet or rags; say for an old dress of any of these shades of color: Rip it apart, wash clean with soap-suds, scald in hot alum-water and put it out to drain. I never wring any dress-goods that I am dyeing over. Then dissolve a couple of boxes of Barlow's blueing, taking care that you dissolve it well, which is accomplished by dipping up the liquid and pouring back, dipping and pouring for a good while. Have dye enough to cover it, put it in a large pan or kettle on the stove and scald or almost boil the goods for half an hour, litting it frequently to air. All goods color more evenly if aired. When dark enough hang out and drain, without wringing. The way to decide when a color is dark enough is to hold it upand look through it, You cannot tell by the color of the goods while wet, unless you try this plan. When well-drained take down and rinse in luke-warm water, and when about half dry press smooth with a newspaper over. Never let the hot iron touch the goods; if you do it will have an old, fixed-over appearance.

Popular Cures for Warts.—One mode of charming them away is to take an elder shoot and rub it on the part, then cut as many notches on the twig as you have warts, bury it in a place where it will decay, and as it rots away the warts will disappear. In Yorkshire, and throughout the north of England generally, the cure for warts is to take a black snail and rub the excrescences with, then impale it on a thorn, and leave it to perish. As it dries up and disappears the warts will vanish. According to another form of the charm the warts must be rubbed with a fresh snail for nine consecutive nights. Still another wart charm is to take the shell of a broad bean and rub the affected part with the inside thereof bury the shell, and tell no one about it and as it withers away so will the wart,

Remember to shake off and remove all dust from a black garment every time it is worn. Nothing sooner defaces a black silk, poplin or woolen dress than to wear it shopping, riding, or even for a day in the house, and then hang it up without removing the dust. The gritty motes with which the air is filled, particularly in the regions where coal is constantly used, grind and wear out any fabric. First shake both skirt and overdress faithfully. A back window is a good place to shake them from. Then take a soft old handkerchief and brush the dress with that instead of a clothes brush. See that all the dust that settles in folds or pleats is removed. Stand by an open window and shake the dust off the hankerchief out of the window every little while.

A Suggestion.—A sick room should be kept as quite as possible. In cases of illness there is nothing more annoying to the patient than the noise made by pouring coal in a stove to replenish the fire. It is a nuisance in more ways than one; but it can be avoided. A lady requests us to mention the very simple plan of filling a paper bag or tunnel with coal and having it in readiness to gently place upon the fire. This is a suggestion worth heeding, and acted upon wherever there may happen to be any person sick.

Too Smart for the General.

The celebrated Russian General, Marshal Suwarof, was fond of practical jokes. He would go about his camp in disguise, and amuse himself with cracking jokes with the common soldiers. On one occasion he met his match. One freezing winter night, during the Bessarabian campaign of 1789, the old marshal, visiting the Russian outposts *incognito*, after his wonted fashion, came suddenly upon a sentry posted on the crown of the steep ridge, and exposed to the full sweep of the January wind. The quick-eyed Russian at once recognized his commander, but cleverly feigning unconsciousness, continued to pace up and down.

"Halloo, brother!" cried Suwarof, assuming the tone and manner of a common soldier, "you seem to be having a good look at the stars; can you tell me how many there are of them?"

To his no small dismay, the soldier coolly answered, "Just hold on a minute, and I'll count;" and forthwith he began, "One, two, three, four," and counted up to a thousand.

At this point, as the ready-reckoner showed no sign of leaving off, the general, nearly frozen with standing so long in the cold, made a hasty retreat; but next morning the arithmetical sentinel found himself promoted to the rank of corporal, and was complimented by Suwarof in the presence of the whole army as "the only man who had been too smart for him."

"My dear," said a wife to her husband, "I really think it is time we had a greenhouse." "Well, my love, paint it any color you please—red, white or green will suit me."

None are so old as they who have outlived en thusiasm.

A Sick Senator.

The excessive corpulency of a certain United States Senator has long been the butt of editorial wit and spicy *bon mots* from the pens of Washington correspondents. Few persons have suspected that his obesity was a disease and liable to prove fatal. Yet this is the sad fact. Excessive fatness is not only a disease in itself, but one liable to generate other and more serious ones. Chemistry has at last revealed a safe, sure and reliable remedy for this abnormal condition of the system in Allan's Anti-Fat. Distinguished chemists have pronounced it not only harmless but very beneficial to the system, while remedying the diseased condition. Sold by druggists.

HUMOROUS.

The Force of Example.—William Miller attended the performance of "Uncle Josh" and saw a man thrown through a window and a skylight, and heard uproarious applause. He went home and sought to practice the same game on his brother, who was boarding at his house; but the applause consisted of yells of "Police!" and "Murder!" and William was trotted off to the incarcerator. This is another proof of what is one man's meat is another man's poison. His Honor looked over the desk at the prisoner and said:

"William Miller, this throwing people out of windows is not only damaging in its effects on glass, but there is a faint show of somebody getting badly injured. I cannot countenance any such performance."

"I don't feel as if I should ever do so any more," replied the prisoner.

"And you'll leave five dollars as a guarantee that you won't?"

William left it, but it was a close shave.

After he had fished up four dollars he had to hunt through all the hallways and garrets of his pockets, and even when he thought he had enough the clerk picked out and returned to him three pants' buttons which the prisoner in his excitement had counted for ten cent pieces. He went away with his vest pockets turned wrong side out, a sadder and a wiser man.

The Greatest Blessing.—A simple, pure, harmless remedy, that cures every time, and prevents disease by keeping the blood pure, stomach regular, kidneys and liver active, is the greatest blessing ever conferred upon man. Hop Bitters is that remedy, and its proprietors are being blessed by thousands who have been saved and cured by it. Will you try it? See another column.

A blacksmith was lately summoned to a country court as a witness in a dispute between two of his workmen. The Judge, after hearing the testimony, asked him why he did not advise them to settle, as the costs had already amounted to three times the amount of the sum in dispute. He replied, "I told the fools to settle; for I said the barristers would take their coats, the lawyers their shirts, and if they got into your honor's court, you'd skin 'em."

What a Sport.—"Whoo is dot, Hans?"

"Oh, dot is a sport."

"Vat you call a sport?"

"You not know vat a sport is?"

"No. Vat ish he?"

"Vell, he ish von of dem fellers vot has a leedle knife mit dwo blades, und he open him und shuts him again und den he blows his breath mit dot knife, und den he bets a green Dutchman five tollars he can nix open him."

"I suppose those bells are sounding an alarm of fire," sneeringly said a man, as the church bells were calling the worshippers one Sunday morning, to which a clergyman who was passing replied: "Yes, my friend, but the fire is not in this world."

A certain lawyer was compelled to apologize to the court. With stately dignity he rose to his place and said: "Your Honor is right and I am wrong, as your Honor generally is." There was a dazed look in the Judge's eye, and he hardly knew whether to feel happy or fine the lawyer for contempt of court.

The general talk is Dobson's Electric Soap (made by Cragin & Co., Philadelphia). There never was a soap so highly and generally praised. It tells a story of its own merits that cannot be contradicted. Try it.

Wishing to pay his friend a compliment, a gentleman remarked, "I hear you have a very industrious wife." "Yes," replied the friend, with a melancholy smile, "she's never idle; she's always finding something for me to do."

"Where a woman," says Mrs. Partington, "has been married with a congealing heart, and one that beats responding to her own, she will never want to enter the maritime state again."

Nothing does a doctor so much good as to prescribe an ocean voyage for a sick man who can't raise enough money to pay his street car fare down town.

Serious Danger

Threatens every man, woman or child living in a region of country where fever and ague is prevalent, since the germs of malarial disease are inhaled from the air and are swallowed from the water of such a region. Medicinal safeguard is absolutely necessary to nullify this danger. As a means of fortifying and acclimating the system so as to be able to resist the malarial poison, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is incomparably the best and the most popular. Irregularities of the stomach, liver and bowels encourage malaria; but these are speedily rectified by the Bitters. The functions of digestion and secretion are assisted by its use and a vigorous as we l as regular condition of the system promoted by it. Constitution and physique are thus defended against the inroads of malaria by this matchless preventive, which is also a certain and thorough remedy in the worst cases of intermittent and remittent fevers.

Hiskell's Tetter Ointment will cure Sore Eyelids, Sore Nose, Barber's Itch on the face, or Grocer's itch on the hands. It never fails. 50 cents per box. sent by mail for 60 cents.
Johnston Holloway & Co.,
602 Arch St., Phila. Pa.

Kantner's illustrated Book of Objects for Children, containing over 2000 engravings of every day objects, with their names—making the simplest, most agreeable and effective method for the preliminary instruction of children. Price in boards $1.00, cloth $1.50. Canvassers wanted. Lee & Walker, 1113 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

RHEUMATISM.

This dreadful disease, the doctors tell us, is in the blood, and believing this to be true, we advise every sufferer to try Durang's Rheumatic Remedy. It is taken internally and positively cures the worst case in the shortest time. Sold by every Druggist in town.

Worms. Worms. Worms.

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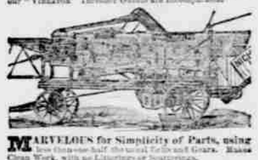

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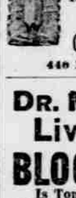
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