

## HE ATE THE SOAP.

Garland Would Have Swallowed It if It Had Killed Him.

Augustus H. Garland, who was attorney general under President Cleveland, was very fond of practical jokes and during his term of service in the senate frequently turned the laugh on his colleagues. Senators Voorhees and Vest, with whom he was very friendly, finally determined to turn the tables. Mr. Garland had a habit, like Voorhees, of munching candy, and Vest and Voorhees made it up between them to take advantage of his fondness for sweets to play their trick. They had some tempting looking chocolate caramels prepared, with the interior filled with brown soap. These they took to the senate chamber, and Voorhees placed them on his desk. The lid being off, when Mr. Garland sauntered down the aisle he noticed them at once.

"What have you there, Dan?" he inquired.

Voorhees looked up carelessly from his writing and responded: "Caramels. Help yourself."

Garland needed no second invitation and, picking up two or three, placed one in his mouth. Steadily he chewed away, his face betraying no sign of the conflict within him. This alarmed Voorhees, who went to Vest's desk and said:

"He's eating them, Vest! What shall we do? The stuff will kill him sure!"

Senator Vest replied that it could do no more than make him sick. Garland swallowed the stuff, although he was foaming at the mouth from the soap-rubs. He related the incident afterward with great gusto and said he would have swallowed it if it had killed him.

## FLY FOGS IN INDIA.

A Plague That at Times Makes Life Unbearable in Calcutta.

One of the evils of Calcutta is the plague of green flies, from which the whole city suffers at certain times in the year. The happy hunting time of these minute insects is during the late autumn and early winter. They are a serious nuisance both in and out of doors. They wing their way through all the open doors into the houses and into every room, making life unbearable.

Like most insects, the little green flies have a great affection for the flame. On occasion the inhabitants have found it necessary to put out all the gaslights, even at a public dinner, and to take their meals practically in deep gloom, illuminated only by flickering candles.

Naturally it is not at all pleasant to go on eating with dense clouds of insects swarming overhead or, roasted to death, falling about one in pattering showers.

They seem to spring into existence from nowhere. Perhaps it is almost dusk when the lights of the street lamps are becoming visible. Then suddenly the air, which a moment before was quite clear, is full of myriads of green flies, drifting in misty patches and obscuring the street lamps.

Often the number of insects which have been scorched to death is so great that little heaps of them collect inside the lamps, while bucket loads have to be swept up from the roads next morning.—London Answers.

## Judging a Melon.

Is there any way for a purchaser to tell a good melon without cutting and testing it? That is exactly what an expert melon grader is expected to do, to judge the flavor of the melon as well as the size. The best external indication in a netted Gem and melons of similar type is a golden greenish color, the melon being deeply ribbed and thickly overlaid with rather coarse gray netting, the edges of which rise perpendicularly from the surface. The melon should be heavy. There should be no ragged or broken stem to indicate that the melon was torn from the vine before it was ripe enough to part freely. If one follows these points he is pretty sure to get the perfection of melon produced by the quality of the seed planted. If the seed has come from a tasteless melon the result will be disappointing even with thorough culture and the best care in picking and shipping.—Baltimore American.

## Bore and Critic Both.

Midnight came and still the bore remained. "Do you like music?" asked the beautiful girl just to break the monotony. "Passionately fond of it," replied the bore. "In fact, music will always carry me away." She rushed over to the piano and played several popular airs. "You are still here," she said, turning on the stool. "Yes," yawned the bore. "But I thought you said music always carried you away?" "So I did—music!"—Dundee Advertiser.

## The Value of a Good Memory.

If men only realized how great an asset in life is a retentive memory they would take care to see that their children's were properly trained. The simplest method consists in learning every day a few lines by heart. None of our faculties can be trained so easily as that of memory.—Stuttgart Familienblatt.

## The Pantomime.

"Pop, what is a pantomime?" "A pantomime is a piece in which no one speaks." "I shouldn't think a piece with no women in it would be interesting."—Yonkers Statesman.

If you want to know how old a woman is, just ask her sister-in-law.—Aitchison Globe.

## Woman's Curiosity.

"Woman's curiosity," said Mr. Fletcher, "is a quality of mind beyond human understanding."

"Yes," said Mrs. Fletcher. "What made you think of that?" "The fool actions of a woman that I saw downtown today. She followed a man ten blocks just to get to read a placard that was fastened to his back. She spotted him at Thirty-fourth street. That was really the end of her trip—I made that out from something she said to another woman who was too fat to join in the chase—but when she caught sight of that flaming red poster tied to the man's back her curiosity got the better of her and she set out after him. He led her quite a chase across town and downtown and back again, but she never weakened. She tagged faithfully along in his wake, and finally she got close enough to read that notice."

Mrs. Fletcher reflected a moment. "What did it say?" she asked.

"It advised her to get her teeth pulled somewhere on Sixth avenue."

"Where were you all the time she was trying to find that out?" "Me?" said Fletcher. "Oh, I was following the woman. I wanted to see if she finally caught up with the man."—New York Times.

## The Porcelain Secret.

The porcelain industry of Germany is comparatively young, says the Berlin Morgen Post, and its development was rapid. Although it is generally believed that the Chinese kept their processes of manufacture secret, Julian's translations of their voluminous encyclopaedia show that this is not true. All who could have read the work might have known also the porcelain secret. But evidently no German fathomed the mechanical mystery until the apothecary's apprentice Boettger, 200 years ago, made the first German porcelain at Dresden. Some years before he had attracted attention by proclaiming the discovery of a method of changing base metal into gold. King Frederick I. gave him orders for the precious metal, which the sixteen-year-old inventor could not execute, and in fear he fled to Dresden and became a subject of King August the Strong. While endeavoring to make gold he discovered the porcelain secret and inscribed his door thus: "Late a potter was changed by Almighty God a man who thought he could make gold."

## A Puzzle in Figures.

Take any number of three different figures, as 471, under it place the same figures in reverse order, subtract the lesser number and you will find that the middle figure of the result is invariably 9. Why it is so is something that only the most learned mathematical scholars can explain. Here is our case worked out:

Taking any number, say..... 471  
Reversing figures..... 174

Subtracting, we have..... 297

Further still, we can now reverse this number 297 in the same way and add the two numbers and the result will always come 1088. Thus:

Taking..... 297  
Reversing..... 729

Adding, we have..... 1088

Why should the answer always come out the same? Here's something for you to work over.

## A Friend in Need.

A speaker in the recent Shropshire (England) election relates the following incident: One night he spoke in the poultry market at Whitechurch. The next morning a young man stopped him in the street and said:

"I was looking well after you last night."

The speaker expressed surprise at the necessity. The young man continued his story: "I saw a young man come into the meeting with his coat pockets bulging out in a way that made me suspicious. Two of us followed him in. He stood at the back of the room, and we stood one on each side of him. Gently but firmly we pressed against him. There was a faint crackling sound of breaking eggs, and the man was out of action."

## Arms, Legs and the Man.

How many of us have noticed that we walk with our arms as well as with our legs? Sitting on a grassy slope overlooking a seaside promenade I was struck by the mechanical swing of the arms of the stream of passers-by—the right arm always keeping position with the left leg and the left arm with the right leg. By attempting to reverse the order of the swing I found that I had a tendency to progress like a crab, while the effort to keep them fixed by the side was like the shutting off the steam from the engine. Arms and the man must be amended to arms, legs and the man!—London Chronicle.

## Venice Too Wet For Her.

A woman who recently returned from a trip to Europe says wet weather hasn't bothered this country at all in comparison with what she saw abroad. She says that they ran into a town named Venice where the water covered every street, and you couldn't get anywhere except in boats. She added: "You bet we only stayed one day in that slish."—Kansas City Star.

## Things to Remember.

He who would pass his declining years with honor and comfort should when young remember that he may one day become old and remember when he is old that he has been once young.—Addison.

In the course of a few years the body attains its full growth, but the heart may grow forever. It is a pity that so few hearts enjoy the privilege.—Allanby (Tex.) News.

## THE GRAMPUS GOURMET.

This Marine Monster's Prey is the Bowhead Whale.

"Of all the gourmets on land or water," said the captain, "commend me to the grampus."

The ladies at the captain's table looked with inquiring smiles at the handsome sailor.

"The grampus," he went on, "is a kind of overgrown shark or a kind of undersized fighting whale. You can take your choice. At any rate, he is a terrible creature to meet with if you happen to be aquatic."

"He and his mate travel together. Sometimes they have a friend along—big, fine, strong chap, as such friends usually are. And their game is the bowhead whale."

"When they find a whale they go at him. They stick to him invincibly. They punch and thump till he is as limp as a rope of seaweed with exhaustion. Then, by means of one horrible deed, they show their unexampled gluttony."

"They take hold of the whale's lower lip; they hang their weight on it until it drops open. Then in go their heads, disappearing inside that great red mouth, that warm, moist cavern of scarlet, and they eat in there the whale's tongue, a tender tidbit, very rich and delicate."

"The tongue consumed, they go on their way again, leaving the whale to die slowly."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## WHITE ISLAND.

Its Strange Lakes, Sulphur Fumes and Clouds of Steam.

White Island, a New Zealand natural wonder, derives its name from the clouds of white steam in which it appears to be continually enveloped. Its area is only 600 acres and its height about 880 feet above the sea level.

In form and color it is like a reposing camel, while its interior, with its gray, weather beaten, almost perpendicular cliffs, recalls the Coliseum at Rome. Overhanging the southern landing place stands a column of rock closely resembling a sentinel, which has been dedicated to the memory of Captain Cook. The water of the island is of a pale green hue, and anything dipped into it becomes of a red brick color. The fumes of sulphur are always plainly perceptible.

On a fine moonlight night a wonderful sight is afforded to any one who will sit in an open boat in one of the lakes of the island. Covering an area of fifty acres is an immense cauldron, hissing and snorting and sending forth volumes of poisonous steam, while all chances of egress appear to be denied by the steep, silent and gloomy cliffs.—British Australian.

## Flying Fish.

Interesting are the habits of the flying fish, that queer denizen of the sea found principally in the region of the trade winds. "Does it rise from the sea like a bird?" you ask. No. It shoots out of the waves like an arrow, and with outspreading wings sails on the wind in graceful curves, rising sometimes, one might say, to the height of fifteen feet, but not often so high, and then, lowering, it again touches the crest of a wave and renews its flight. This operation may be repeated till it covers a distance, say, of 500 yards in the case of the stoutest on the wing, though very often not half that distance is covered. A ship sailing through the trade winds will often be visited on dark nights by flying fish which hit the sails or rigging and fall on deck, where of course they soon give up life.—St. Nicholas.

## Sponges Are Sunstruck.

The sponge being an animal, it is necessary to kill it. This is done by exposing it for several hours on the broad decks of the boats. In summer sponges soon die, but in winter take a long time owing to weaker force of the sun. After death they are brought ashore and put in the cradles. These are inclosures made on the seashore by setting stakes a little apart from each other. The ebb and flow of the tide wash the animal matter from the sponges, and the work is completed by manual labor. They are then taken to the packing house, graded, strung, baled and dispatched to their destination.—Pall Mall Gazette.

## Perfectly Correct.

A shopkeeper had stuck up a notice in glaring colors and very large letters: Selling Off! Must Close on Saturday!

On Friday he was asked by a friend: "What! Are you selling off again?" "Certainly. All the shopkeepers are selling off, ain't they?"

"Of course they are. But you say, 'Must close on Saturday.'"

"Certainly I must. You would not have me keep open on Sunday, would you?"

## Effective at All Hours.

"I've got the finest garden in this part of the country," boasted the newly made millionaire. "Right in the center of them is the most expensive sundial in the world."

"A sundial is all right during the day," remarked a listener. "It's useless at night."

"Mine isn't," retorted the millionaire proudly. "I've got mine surrounded with electric lights."—Bohemian Magazine.

## Stones and Bricks.

Mrs. O'Hoolihan—This payper says there do be ser-mons in stones. Phwat d'yez think av that? O'Hoolihan—Of dunno about the ser-mons, but many a good ar-rgument has come out av a brick. O'm thinkin'—Exchange.

## Monkeys Like Scrapping.

"Monkeys are in a class by themselves," said the circus man. "If one of them has red hair he is sure to be a dandy scrapper. The best fighter is always the leader. They hang together and bow and scrape before the boss just like a good many people. Monkeys with red faces and flat heads will whip the life out of those smaller than they are, but will run like the wind when it comes to an even break. A monkey riot is a funny spectacle. Even in the same cage you will find groups berded together as if there was some class distinction and the lines were drawn tightly. If two of the big ones come together in a row the others generally stand off and let them have it out, but if any of the little ones get to scrapping then the father and mother are apt to mix in, and the next step is a general row. We separate them by turning on the hose and punish them by locking up the den so that they cannot get any peanuts from the crowd and hold back their meals. This plan puts them on their good behavior for awhile at least. The monkey likes to eat and likes to be noticed."

## Slightly Mixed.

They had just set up housekeeping and were working on the plan of economy. The bathtub needed a coat of varnish. He promised to attend to it if she would order the varnish.

"You'll find the varnish in the closet with the groceries, dear," she said a day or so later, "and the can opener in the knife drawer."

He opened the can and, according to the contract, applied the coat of varnish and then left it to dry.

The soup for dinner that day had to be abandoned, for somehow it possessed a peculiar paint shop odor that was nauseating. After dinner he took her to inspect his work on the bathtub. Now that it had dried it had a certain unnatural appearance. The top and sides were streaked, and here and there little lumps hung to it.

"The man said that was the best varnish," she explained, taking up the can of varnish for an examination, "but—why, dear, you have varnished the bathtub with the ox tail soup!"

"Then it was the varnish we ate, dear," he added, horror stricken.—Lippincott's.

## A Model Hotel "Boots."

It was in a Dublin hotel, and as I closed the bedroom door, says a writer in the Manchester Guardian, I noticed that the end of one of my boot laces was inside the room, the boot to which it was attached having been placed as usual outside. When I awoke next morning the boot lace end was still there, and I opened the door expecting to find that the boots had not been cleaned, but I was wrong. A very careful hotel servant, a very model among "boots," had found the lace tightly gripped by the door and rather than disturb me had carefully removed it from the lace holes and carried away the boot. Presently I heard a quiet noise outside the door. The model boots had brought my boots back again and was industriously releasing that one which he had unlaced.

## Cheese in the Middle Ages.

Cheese must have been a rather dear or scarce article of food in 1502, for it is recorded in the "Black Books" of the Honorable Society of Lincoln's Inn that at Easter term, 1502, it was "agreed, by the governors and benchers this term that if any one of the society shall hereafter cut cheese immoderately at the time of dinner or supper or shall give cheese to any servant or to any other or shall carry it away from the table at any time he shall pay 4 pence for each offense. The butlers of the society shall present such defaulters weekly under pain of expulsion from office."—Law Times.

## Her Test.

"When a young man proposes you should always be careful and test his love," cautioned the conservative chaperon.

"But I go one better, auntie," twittered the pretty girl. "Do you see this tiny bottle?"

"Yes. Does it contain perfume?"

"No; it contains acid. I test the engagement ring."

## Not Very Funny.

"I did my best to be entertaining," said the young man in a voice of sorrow.

"Did you succeed?"

"I'm afraid not. I recited Hamlet's soliloquy. She looked at me reproachfully for several seconds and then exclaimed: 'I don't think that's very funny.'—London Telegraph.

## His Conscience.

"He's forever prating about what his conscience tells him. What does his conscience tell him, anyway?"

"Apparently it usually tells him what awful sinners his neighbors are."—Catholic Standard and Times.

## Where She Gets Her Ideal.

She—I wonder if you are just the kind of man I want. He—What kind of man do you want? She—I can hardly describe him to you. He—Don't try. What's the name of the book?—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

## To Hold Him.

Nan—That's a beautiful solitaire Dick gave you. I wonder if you know what a fickle young man he is? Fan—Indeed I do! That's why I made him give me such an expensive one.—Chicago Tribune.

## A Sad Break.

"Our credit man made a bad break yesterday."

"What was it?"

"He told a dumb man that his word was as good as his bond."—Detroit Free Press.

# A New Season

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## SMALLHOUS

Sept. 22.—Rev. Love and wife, Beaver Dam, were in our midst Saturday and Sunday. He filled his last regular appointment at Equality church Sunday for the year.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Crumbecker and children, Central City, were the guests of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Barnard Sunday.

Mrs. Herman Barnard returned Sunday from a weeks stay to her home in Louisville, from Mr. G. W. Barnard. Mr. and Mrs. — Barnes and children, of near Prentiss, were the guests of their mother Mrs. Celia Brown, Sunday.

Mr. Ves Barnes and daughter, Miss Louis Barnes, Centertown, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Maddox Saturday night and Sunday.

Mr. Clayton Ross and sister, Echols were the guests of Miss Edith Curtis Sunday.

Messrs Ross Morton and wife, Livermore, Mr. L. C. Morton and wife, Centertown, and Mr. Tom Paxton, Louisville, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Morton at this writing.

Mr. and Mrs. Jut Ross and daughters, Misses Bern and Andra Bell and Miss Minnie Bean, Mr. Ves Barnes and daughter attended Sunday School at Smallhous church Sunday.

Mr. Jim Hendrix Jr., Rockport, Ky., was a guest of Mr. S. E. Hunter Sunday.

Mrs. Oscar W. Overhults returned from a weeks visit to her sister Mrs. T. L. Withrow at Central City Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Zack Reid spent Thursday at Hartford the guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Hawkins. They were accompanied to Hartford by Mrs. John F. of Herrin Ill. who has been visiting them.

Several from here went to see the big show at Central City Thursday. Master John Withrow who his been on the sick list is better.

Mrs. Billie Withrow who has been sick for some time is not much better. Mr. J. R. Hunter and daughter Miss Ethel went to Hartford Monday.

## For Sale.

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