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Jacob Westphal was found dead in the river at Peoria, but it is not known whether his death was due to accident or suicide.

A WIFE.

How often her touch, soft and trembling,
Has sent a quick thrill to my heart!
How often her brown eyes d assembling
Have caused me in anguish to start!
To forget her I've tried, but in vain;
Since I met her she's haunted my brain;
And I scarce can believe,
Though the rumor's so rife,
That my last year's acquaintance
Is this year a wife.

I've disputed with rivals unnumbered
The honor of holding her fan;
Through the waltzes I've aimlessly lumbered
When she danced with some other man.
I've quarreled with my ink blotted leaf,
I've snarled that her notes were too brief;
But how foolish and vain
Seems that small, silly strife
When I think that she now
Bears the title of "wife!"

I've given her baskets of flowers;
I've carried her books by the score;
Through many a twilight gray hours
I've read her the poet's sweet lore.
But a truce to such senseless reviews;
To what use do I sit here and muse?
She has taken the veil.
She is dead to that life,
She's a maiden no more,
But a woman—a wife.

I'll never seek pleasure without her,
Earth's light would seem dreary and cold;
Like a shadow I'll hover about her,
Then her form in my arms I'll enfold,
Though seeing her close to my side,
No being shall threaten or chide.
For the woman I sing
Is my treasure for life;
She's my sweetheart, my lover,
My darling, my *wife*.

—*Charles Morgan, in Detroit Free Press.*

QUITE SURE OF IT.

One Who Thinks He Has Cornered Perpetual Motion.

An Ohio Man Invents an Electrical Machine Which He Claims Will Run Until It Wears Itself Out—Mystery of Force.

For half a century D. M. Cook has been a familiar figure in Richland County, and has been marked for his singular inventive genius. In 1850, when a young man, he became impressed with the wonders of electrical science, and then became enamored of its study. He began to delve into the unknown of this hidden force, and for thirty-six years in alternately brilliant and adverse circumstances has trodden over this field till there is no nook or corner with which he is unacquainted. He commenced his studies at a time when little was known of electricity, and by a pursuit of knowledge in that direction with unbounded zeal, he has not only kept space with the wizards of the day, but has so far gotten in advance of them that his assertions are almost accepted as altogether incredulous.

But no matter whether his claims seem wonderful and almost beyond belief, they are worthy of credence, for he must be placed in the list of successful inventors. In 1852 he conceived and constructed a device that revolutionized the manufacture of sorghum sirup. The device was called an evaporator, and was used to make sirup from sorghum. His principle was to run the juice acro s a heated surface in zig-zag rows till the juice would run out as a pure sirup ready for the table, the water being evaporated in its passage, and the impurities being thrown to one side. On this he received letters patent in 1858, and in 1859 a company began the manufacture of the same. Thousands and thousands were disposed of, varying in price from $25 to $35, over $4,000,000 being realized, on which the inventor got a handsome royalty. Through this he derived quite a fortune, although a portion of it he spent in improving and introducing the device. Even to this day a firm in Cincinnati is engaged in the manufacture of this same evaporator, from which the members of the firm made themselves rich. Cook, however, several years ago lost his right to a royalty by some means or other, and has not been drawing any thing from that source since.

Save for this slight diversion, Mr. Cook has not experimented in any field outside of electricity since thirty-six years ago to any considerable extent, but in in this direction he can be said to have spent the greater part of his life. For a while he sought to solve the question of cheap power, light, etc., by producing the proper current by means of a battery. He invented a battery of peculiar value for telegraph purposes, which was in use for a long time at Crestline, on the Western Union, and until the discovery of the cheap gravity battery that is now in use. But Mr. Cook long ago concluded in his own mind that in dynamic electricity lay future success. Accordingly he cast aside the battery as a secondary affair, and set about to experiment with dynamos of novel and peculiar construction.

For several years past he would occasionally meet me and speak of his discoveries in the electrical field, but would say that he had not yet secured the results he was after. He would tell me: "When I get my experiments completed I want to show you what will revolutionize the world. I propose to make a perpetual electric generator or motor which will propel itself by its own current, the resistance of the generator proper being only about ten per cent. of the rotary power of the electric engine upon which the current of the generator acts."

This assertion was sufficient to shock an ordinary person's nerves, but I accepted the statement with much allowance. However, I became interested and kept watching results.

Last November Mr. Cook came to me and said: "I have at last met with success. I have found the principle that I have been hunting for so long. I can now start a dynamo to going, and it will never stop except by the wearing away of its own parts. Not only will it run itself by its own current, but also produce power enough, according to the size of the engine, to run any machine in the world."

"Perpetual motion," I suggested.

"More than that," he replied. "It is perpetual motion with only ten per cent. of the force used, leaving ninety per cent. for power, to be utilized as is desired. Not only that, but more; one helix of my dynamo will produce light in proportion to its size while the other is making the current that runs the engine. It will serve to heat your house, so that instead of having stoves and grates, little wires will run through your rooms, and on your parlor table will be a highly burnished apparatus containing wires, etc., which will keep the temperature of the house at whatever point you wish."

"What will be the cost to run it?"

"Nothing. As I said, start it, and it will go. Heat, power, and light produced by one machine, for absolutely nothing."

I looked at him to see if he was there yet, and if so, whether he was mad, in earnest, or joking. He laughed at my astonishment, and said: "I am now making a model, and when far enough along I will show it to you."

The matter was not specially discussed after that, although he would frequently bring up the question, until a day or two ago, and I had my serious doubts whether he would ever show the device to me. I thought of Keely and his motor, and felt that the results Mr. Cook professed himself able to obtain were such that he would keep secret his machine, if he had any, in order to mystify the public. My surprise may be imagined, therefore, when Mr. Cook came to me a few days ago and said: "I believe I will show you my electric engine and generator. I am far enough along now to show you how the results are accomplished."

A time was fixed, and at the appointed hour Mr. Cook called and took me to his farm, about three miles south of Mansfield. As an excuse for a heavy crop of weeds in a fine field, where hundreds of bushels of wheat should have been harvested, he explained: "I have been so busy with my researches that I have been unable to put out any crops. I could get nobody to attend to the farm, and therefore it is nothing but a barren waste. I succeeded in getting a few acres of oats planted, and that, with a small potato patch, will be all I will derive this year from this fine tract."

Here he lives, as he has lived for years, with a wife and fourteen-year-old daughter and his wife's sister. The latter is his enthusiastic assistant, and has helped him in many long years of toil. Distant from the house stands an old shop, wherein is hidden the secrets of his life. No stranger ever enters here, for it is herein that are contained the results of thirty-six years of labor. This seclusive rule has been almost invariable, having been broken but half a dozen times in over a third of a century. Several electricians and two or three others of known integrity have been admitted, but only after signing an iron-clad agreement not to reveal, patent, or cause to be patented or improve without his consent any of the parts shown to them.

The shop is dilapidated, as is the rest of the farm, so much is his mind taken up in the pursuit of his studies. The rear is used as a shelter for his trusty old horse, who has done near thirty years of royal service, while the front part is devoted altogether to his laboratory.

The agreement signed, Mr. Cook led the way to the door, but before unlocking it grasped me by the hand and had me renew the promise made in the written agreement. This done, I was ushered into the mysterious room. I was bewildered by the appearance of the place. The room was large, and everywhere hung bundles of wire. Magnets of all shapes and sizes hung about the walls and were scattered on the floor in confused heaps. In one corner was a huge machine, with large coils and magnets, which Mr. Cook told me was the first machine he attempted to make. But in the center of the room sat the pride of his life. I saw at a glance that this mysterious man had not wasted his time and fortune. He had branched out from the beaten track and had produced a machine that differed in all respects from dynamos of present construction, except in that he also used wire and iron.

"This," said he, "is my perpetual electric generator and engine. I will call my assistant and show you how it works."

The machine was rudely constructed, for Mr. Cook made it all himself with a few old tools that had done too much service already. Parts of it were made of wood, and the whole was not put together in a very artistic manner, but it demonstrated his discoveries, and that was his only purpose in its construction. This model weighs three hundred pounds, and Mr. Cook said by the hand-power of one man could be generated current sufficient to light up from thirty to fifty sixteen candle-power incandescent lamps.

His assistant having arrived, who by the way is a young lady of handsome appearance, the work of demonstration began. I tested the current in several ways and found it very powerful. Having made electricity somewhat of a study, I was surprised at the simplicity of many of the principles. The manner in which he expects to get the results heretofore mentioned is theoretically correct, and there is no mechanical difficulty which he has not already overcome.

After examining the machine carefully in all its parts, I was conducted to an adjoining room, where, on a table, sat a smaller model of more accurate make. It contained a much better arrangement of the parts, and from what he told me I am compelled to believe all that Mr. Cook had told me. I asked him why he and not sought capital to develop his theories more rapidly, when he replied that he had not heretofore been ready. He said:

"I wanted to complete my labors so that I could say my work is all done. I desired to give to the world a machine perfect in every particular, that would settle forevermore the question of cheap power, light and heat. Up to now my work was not finished. I am now almost done. Within a very short time I shall be able to show to all mankind that I have a machine that will revolutionize the world. When I can exhibit a running model, which I can in a few days, then I will be ready to consider the many propositions that I have already received.—*Mansfield Cor. Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

Two Good Political Workers.

"O, there's no use of talking to me," said a Dakota man to a political friend from another place, "I know we had an abler man in the last Legislature than you did."

"Don't know about that, now. How much did your man get out of the railroad companies for his vote?"

"Two thousand dollars."

"That's it—just as I told you. Our man struck them for three thousand dollars and got it."

"O, that may all be, but besides the two thousand, ours also made over one thousand five hundred dollars on poker and sneaked around in the hotel and overheard a little private caucus some other members were holding and blackmailed five hundred dollars out of them. I tell you when it comes right down to hard and efficient work in a Territorial Legislature Colonel McBride, of this district, is hard to beat. We are going to elect him again this fall."—*Bismarck (D. T.) Bell.*

—Educate your girls quite equally with your boys. An education that relates to but one side is not likely to produce strong men.—*Christian Recorder.*

GRAVES' LUCK.

A One-Hundred Dollar Trotter That Won Its Owner a Million.

"Do you see that old man there with a big cane, a slouch hat and two glassy-looking eyes—the one who is just now trying to buy an auction pool? That man made more money out of a trotting horse than any other man ever made, and he did it right here in Chicago, too. How much? Almost a million. Yes, sir; pretty nigh a clean million dollars. And he made it all off one horse, too. The old man's name is Graves, Henry Graves. 'Way back in the forties he kept a public house out on the Cottage Grove road. His place was a quiet resort for horsemen, and Graves was a horse-sharp himself. He had as keen an eye for horse-flesh—I mean trotting horses, for like all the old-time horseman he wouldn't go across a road to see a running horse or a running race—as any man I ever knew. One day he bought a horse right out of a farm wagon, in front of his tavern, for $100. He had sized her up for a trotter, and he made no mistake. The mare turned out to be a trotter of the first water for those days, and with her Graves won scores of good races.

"At that time W. F. Myrick had a public house not far from Graves', and he was also a trotting horse man. He owned Jack Rossiter, a crack flyer, and a great rivalry sprang up between the two landlords as to which had the fastest animal. They were not long in making up a race, which was won by Lady Jane, Graves' mare. Myrick wasn't satisfied, and tried it again, only to be beaten the second time. But he wouldn't give up. He made another match and lost, and still another and another, never stopping until he had lost eleven straight races. And he wouldn't have stopped then if he hadn't run out of money to back his horse with. Those were great races, I tell you—two-mile heats, most of them—and lots of excitement and heavy betting. It seems to me we never have any such races nowadays.

About Graves' million dollars? O, yes. Though he backed his mare with all he could rake and scrape, he didn't win a million in money, of course. But I'll tell you what he did—he won fifty-eight acres of land lying just west of Cottage Grove avenue, and between what is now Thirty-first and Thirty-fifth streets. One story is that Myrick used to own this land, and that he bet it against $3,000 with Graves on that eleventh and last race and lost. Graves denies this, but says that he had purchased the land on time before he purchased the mare, and that the mare earned him the money to pay for it with. How that is I don't know, but it is certain that Graves made the land with that mare. He held to the property until the city had grown all around him, and a few years ago sold it out, excepting his own home, for a sum ranging between $800,000 and $900,000.

"Strange as it may seem, Myrick got rich out of those races, too. The eleven defeats cost him nearly every thing he had, and he was finally compelled to sell his horse. The selling price was $1,800, and most of this he invested in land, and the rise in the value of the land made him a wealthy man. It was on the site of Myrick's tavern that John B. Sherman, coming from the Bull's Head, started the first South Side Chicago Stock-Yards, and on Graves' land Camp Douglas was established. Each tract is now covered over with hundreds of handsome dwellings."—*Chicago Herald.*

FRAUDS IN GEMS.

Coloring Diamonds and Fusing Small Rubies Into One.

Not long since a shiver was sent through the diamond-dealing world at the discovery, which in this country was made at New Haven, Conn., that second and third class stones with some decided off-color were being turned into first-water diamonds of the purest ray by a bath in some violet solution which an industrious investigator at Paris had discovered. Upon an investigation being made it was found that many of the most expert and reliable judges in the business had been taken in. Two or three men were sent to prison in consequence, but the discovery of the solution was a permanent contribution to our diamond lore, and purchasers should be more than ever careful, as nothing but the most severe tests will disclose the fraud. Now comes the announcement from Paris of further "progress" by some Swiss artificer, who has actually succeeded in taking a dozen small rubies and melting them into one of the first quality. There is no limit to the size of the ruby that may be produced by this method, and a rapid fall in the price of these gems may soon be expected. If this method of fusion can be successfully applied to diamonds no end of consternation will ensue.

A ruby is a red sapphire. It is composed of nearly pure aluminum and in value and hardness stands next to the diamond, so that if some one has succeeded in melting rubies together it is possible that something similar may be done with diamonds. The amethyst, the topaz, the emerald, the sapphire, and the ruby are the same stone, differing only in color. What can be done with one in the way of melting may be done with all. The finest ruby sapphires come from Pegu, Burmah and Siam. The best blue sapphires come from Ceylon. A blue sapphire of ten carats is worth about $250. The red sapphire or ruby is the most precious variety, a perfect one weighing more than three and a half carats being more valuable than a diamond of the same weight; a perfect one of five carats is worth twice as much as a diamond of the same weight, and when it weighs ten carats the ruby has three times the value of the diamond. A ruby of four carats is worth $2,000. The tint of the ruby is as fine by artificial light as by the light of day, and when of the finest tint it has the color of the center of the red band of the solar spectrum, or that peculiar shade known to the jewelers as "pigeon's blood;" but it varies from the lightest rose tint to the deepest carmine. A deep-colored ruby exceeding twenty carats, a very rare stone, is usually called a carbuncle. The largest fine ruby known in the world was brought from China to Prince Sagarin, Governor of Siberia. It afterwards came into the possession of Prince Menshikoff, and is now in the imperial crown of Russia.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—A California stage coach, running through the Moraga valley, tipped over the other day and the seven outside passengers were shot down a precipice. One young lady, after falling fifty feet, fetched up in the top of a tree, quite unhurt, and also quite destitute of clothing. None of the passengers was seriously damaged.

A WARM DAY.

The Horridly Torrid or Torridly Horrid Summer Climate of San Diego, Cal.

I take a piece of dried ink whittled down in my hand to inform you that the equator has slipped several notches or two and got directly over us, say ten feet above us, with warmer indications by the corn barometer, and making one think he is in Wiltshire, sure. It is torridly horrid, or horridly torrid, we don't know which, or both, but we rather think so. The impression is that we have dried and gone there, for we never saw so much weather with the cold jerked completely out of it. The beauty of it is that we do not allow anybody to mention it only when he is by himself. If a Hottentot were here today he would become hottentotter. A brick wall doesn't give any shade because the sun just knocks the mortar out between the bricks and shines through. It is the hottest day ever seen in this country, and you couldn't expect to find a hotter one in a future country.

Nothing will cast a shadow. The sun shines in the windows of all four sides of the house. You walk around without a shadow—which is a great relief to some of the citizens, as even the police can't shadow you. If you ever had a shadow on your reputation there is none there now. It is useless for your neighbors to try to lay you in the shade. You do not need any wood in the stoves to cook with, as the stoves are already red hot.

All kinds of businesss transactions are red hot, and people get their fingers burned, and it is impossible for people to treat their enemies with the usual cool indifference. The mercury is at the extreme Fahrenheit of its career, and nothing but hot words now pass current between neighbors. Water, when it gets to such a consistency that you can roll it up in your hands and make a base ball out of it, is certainly a wonderful thing. You perspire until you are dry, and it looks as if they would have to soak us a week to bring us back to life and soften us up a little until we are more pliable. Even the shades of departed heroes are few and far between.

The usually cool, calculating man is not here now, nor the neighbor who can give you the cold shoulder. A cake of ice out in the sun soon is done brown, a well-baked crust being formed on the surface of it. Boarders are not complaining about the landlady's cold victuals at meals, for they are all hot. If you want to bake bread just put it into a refrigerator and it will soon be done. Ice-cream signs are all taken in, and the young men cease to be taken in, as ice-cream can not endure this weather and survive.

If you put rods on your house to prevent the heat from striking it your labor will be in vain, for the sun-bolts will strike down through the roof and catch you, even if you are under a feather-bed.

The man who ventures out with a cool soaked brick in his hat, thinking to knock the heat off with it, will soon go to ground struck either by the heat or the brick. Lawyers to-day are actually sweating in their efforts to make other people sweat. Old grudges seem to be softening and running away, and old sailors say that there is certainly a clear passage to the North Pole and it would be a good time to start out for it now if you were well equipped with linen dusters and have a goot assortment of fans. Fans do no good here, as they merely blow the heat against your face and singe your beard off. If one were a Shadrach, Mesach or an Abednego he might go through this fiery ordeal without a singe, but I do not think any of us are eligible for the position. Yet if you start out with a buggy you will be apt to think that you are an Elijah making the trip in a fiery chariot—though without clearance papers. Money in you pockets gets hotter than ever and burns holes in them a great deal quicker.

It is such a fierce hotness that we are grievously depressed because we can not run around and pay other people what we owe them—so are said other people. The umbrella handle actually blisters your hand when you start out with it, while you feel that you are a sort of a walking conflagration, and yearn for some one to put you out. The fiery effusions of the poet can not be quenched even by the cold water which the humane editor throws on them. Figures of speech are inadequate to express the figures of heat. The earth is heated so far down that we will have hot winters for some time. But we can safely state that book agents, insurance men, fleas, flies and other insects are standing this hot spell wonderfully well.—*A. W. Bellaw, in Detroit Free Press.*

NOSES REMODELED.

A Berlin Surgeon Who Repairs and Remakes Noses of Every Description.

There are some people in this world who should carry their noses in a scabbard, if for no other reason than to hide them from the public gaze. New Orleans is full of such people. Many of them have knotty, lumpy, flat, twisted and curly noses, which are a positive humiliation to the owners and a source of much mortification to the rest of mankind. But the ugly nosed men and women need no longer suffer. The hour of their deliverance from ungainly beaks has come, and if they do not haul out the artillery and fire a salute it is their own fault.

A Berlin surgeon has discovered the art of repairing and remodeling noses of all sizes and ages. He can take a nose shaped like an artichoke and by his peculiar method turn it into a beautiful and really classic snout. He bars nothing. The fact of the matter is he invites the hideous and pays a premium for it. The man with a nose twisted like a gourd handle or a ram's horn is his pleasure. The man with no nose at all is his delight and joy.

This Berlin surgeon, when he gets hold of a bad nose, puts chloroform under it and then grasps it with a pair of bone forceps and smashes, cuts and knocks it into a pulp, and then he goes quietly to work, and, with the nasal bone for a foundation, builds a nose that makes the gods weep with envy, and which is a real luxury to wipe and to blow.

This discovery is going to be a blessing to the human race, for the reason that he is willing to impart to his brother professionals the knowledge he has gained concerning noses, and to make them the beneficiaries of his art. This generosity on his part leads us to believe that a good deal of ugliness now existing in the human family will be destroyed. For instance, the society girl with a pug nose tilted up at the end, and which causes her to look as if she were constantly smelling a boneyard or a garbage barrel, can have it transformed into a proboscis as delicate and as captivating as that worn by the handsome girl whose likeness is imprinted on our silver dollar. The person with a short nose can have it properly and artistically elongated; the long nose can be judiciously curtailed, and the fat and warty nose treated in such a manner as to make it appear thin and muscular.

The greatest benefit to be derived from the discovery, however, is the fact that it will make the men of to-day braver and readier than they are to battle for their personal rights, for the reason that if they get into a fight and their noses are mashed, they can go off and put them in dock and have them repaired at small cost. A broken nose will not amount to much more than a broken walking-stick, and the dudes careful of their good looks will be happy.

It is the one ambition of the Berlin surgeon's life to secure the job of putting a decent nose on the Duke of Cumberland. The Duke was born without a nose, and a scrub doctor, who pretended to know all about such things, made him a nasal organ out of flesh cut from his aristocratic arm. Unfortunately, however, for the Duke, his nose looks like a huge red tumor, which wabbles from one side to the other when he walks, and trembles and oscillates in the wind as if it were a clump of jelly. The Berlin nose-maker says that he can remove the one-horse affair from the face of the Duke and build him a royal smelter that will stand up against a forty-mile gale as stiff as the bowsprit of a Dutch ironclad. He will guarantee it not to flop, shake or to become loose in its fastenings, and, therefore, we advise the Duke to take advantage of the opportunity and get a beak with some backbone to it.—*N. O. States.*

THE PECULIAR MAN.

A Public Nuisance Which is to be Found Almost Everywhere.

The peculiar man is a public nuisance. He obtrudes his peculiarity on all occasions with the same sort of pride that causes a Neapolitan beggar to glory in the display of some ghastly deformity.

The peculiar man glories in his peculiarity; he calls it individuality, and avers very truthfully that nothing should make a man sacrifice his individuality. He quotes: "The leopard can not change his spots," and so emphasizes his peculiarities.

The peculiar man invariably has the most remarkable set of principles. True, one should have principles, but it remains the province of peculiarity to force its principles down the helpless throat of its neighbor. Our peculiar man accounts for all his unpleasant traits by the stock remark: "Oh, you know I am a peculiar man." And so he is—peculiarly disagreeable.

The leopard's spots are born with him; the blemishes on the peculiar man are usually the product of cultivation, and exaggerated to form an excuse for bad temper, obstinacy or some equally unpleasant trait, only permissible without reproof, behind the shelter of peculiarity.

What right has any man to claim a monopoly of traits either good or bad? A man goes about growling at everything, a perfect bear, never a pleasant, civil word for any one. "But then he is a peculiar man." A man eats at outrageous hours, it is all right. He is peculiar. A man drinks every thing or nothing, goes nowhere or everywhere, has bad manners, bad habits, bad clothes; but claims peculiarity and feels himself safely hedged from criticism and entirely exempt from the duties owed by the civilized, commonplace man to his fellows. This sketch is not funny, it isn't intended to be funny—it is moral.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

TWO NEAT REPLIES.

How Andrew Jackson Silenced an Exceedingly Boastful Individual.

Andrew Jackson, it is related, was at one time entertained at dinner by a gentleman, and among those present was one of those people who often find their way into story books, etc., as the type of that offensive class of Americans who are always trailing their nationality in the dust in the effort to exhalt their individual independence. This particular gentleman, over the wine and walnuts after dinner, in order to emphasize his own independence of disposition, of which he was loudly boastful, remarked with a rare exhibition of self-complacence to General Jackson:

"I always vote against you, sir."

The company was naturally rendered speechless by this unexpected disclosure, and the scene actually looked squally; but General Jackson put a stopper on the boastful individual and avoided further trouble by smilingly remarking:

"And I, sir, have always fought the battles of my country that you might enjoy that privilege."

Another instance of a happy response is that of the old Southern judge—but whether a judge in courtesy or in fact, the writer can not state—who must have had the faculty of quick and appropriate reply pretty well developed, if the story related of him is true. He had been a fierce Secessionist, and the fact was not forgotton when, after the war, he re-entered the political arena of his native State. Speaking at a certain place one evening in the interest of his own candidacy for Congress some one in the audience, who evidently had a good memory, inquired:

"Didn't you speak here just before the war?"

"I did," promptly responded the judge.

"And didn't you say we could whip the Yankees with pop-guns?"

"I did," replied the unabashed judge, "but, confound 'em, they wouldn't fight that way!"—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

Why He Bought a Revolver.

"Heard you've been out fishing, Gadsby?"

"Yes, I spent the best part of ten days setting on a wet rock and holding a pole over the water."

"Catch any thing?"

"Naw. Miserable luck! Would you believe it, every time I pulled my line out one afternoon my bait was gone? I felt like asking the railroad and hotel for my money back."

"Yes, I should think you would! You were entitled to a re-bait, anyhow."

Gadsby has traded off his fishing outfit for a nickel-plated revolver.—*Merchant Traveler.*

—A new sewing-machine, said to do excellent work, has been brought out in England, and is meeting with an enormous sale. It is the invention of a German. It makes a perfect lock-stitch, is only eight inches wide, and once inch in thickness. It contains no wheels, and is fastened to a table by means of a thumb clamp. It sells for two dollars and sixty-two cents. As it can be packed in a small box it can be carried in the pocket.

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I have knocked the bottom out of prices on goods, and if you want anything in my line from a Collar-Button to a New Fall Suit, do not buy until you have inspected my stock.

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