One Comfort.

Mamma — Polly, when you are naughty you are ashamed to see me; you run and hide. That is the way it will be at Judgment. You will be so ashamed that you will ask the mountains to cover you up.

Polly (not at all impressed, but very cheerfully)—Anyhow, on Judgment I will know all the other people's sins. —Harlem Life.

No Wonder.

No wonder that the gurgling frog
Who in the swamps doth sing
Is hoarser than a rasping saw
Or almost anything.
If you or I stayed out all night
And got our feet so wet,
We'd, too, be hoarse and have sore throats
And rheumatiz, you bet!
—N. Y. World.

HELD THE WINNING HAND.

Parent—If you don't stop crying at once, sir, I shall give you a severe thrashing.

Son and Heir—And I shall tell the conductor I am over age. Ba-hoo!—Punch.

Disquieting Symptoms.

Fair Patient—Doctor, I think I have some serious brain trouble.

Physician—What makes you think that?

Fair Patient—I can't thrust a hatpin through my skull without causing me the most intense pain. — Detroit Journal.

A Bad Reputation.

Grace—That man is a train wrecker.

Clara—I didn't know that he had anything to do with railroads.

Grace—He hasn't; but he was my partner in the last cotillion.—Town Topics.

Feminine Logic.

Woman—If that medicine makes you feel worse, Ellen, why do you keep on taking it?

"Why, I'm not going to pay 85 cents for medicine, William, and then waste it."—Indianapolis Journal.

Again the Professor.

"It is extremely provoking," said the professor, vigorously running his hand through his hair, "but the most pleasant recollection I have of my trip abroad I cannot seem to remember."—Judge.

The Two-Faced World.

It's a beautiful world and a dark, drear place,
Given over to joy and to woe,
And they find it bright who take honest delight
In striving to make it so.
—Chicago Times-Herald.

SOME UNTOLD TALES.

Mistress—Your master has been making complaints about you to-day, Sali.

Housemaid—Very likely, ma'am! But I'm more considerate, and don't run to you always and tell you the complaints he makes to me about you!—Der Floh.

Then and Now.

"Edgar, dear!" she used to call,
When wedded life was new;
But now she's very apt to bawl
When he's wanted: "Say, you!"
—Chicago Daily News.

Kansas City voters defeated a candidate for the school board because he smoked cigarettes.

Her Ideal.

Ethel — Loow quickly, dear! there goes Mattie Straitlayce. She married her ideal of a husband.

May—I wonder what her ideal of a husband is?

Ethel—A man who will let her do just as she pleases without letting her know that he knows he's letting her do it.—Judge.

Just So.

"What is an island?" asked the teacher, addressing her interrogation to the class in geography.

"An island, ma'am," replied Johnny Broadhead, a studious lad who had Porto Rico in mind, "is a body of land entirely surrounded by politics."—Puck.

One Idea of Prosperity.

"I hear a lot about prosperity," he said, grumblingly, "but I don't see much of it."

"You don't?"

"Naw. Why, a fellow has to work for what he gets just the same as he always did, doesn't he?"—Chicago Post.

Search for Information.

"Papa," asked Philip Peikasle, "what country was Pandemonium king of?"

"Pandemonium is not the name of a monarch, Philip."

"Oh, he must have been, papa, because I read in the papers that Pandemonium reigned."—Judge.

In Trade.

Tom—O! he's using all sorts of schemes to bolster up his pretensions to leadership in swell society.

Dick—Does he admit that?

Tom—O, yes; he doesn't deny it.

Dick—Then he's not a gentleman, after all. Merely an up-bolsterer.—Philadelphia Press.

Philosophical.

Trouble's a thing it doesn't pay
To either lend or borrow.
The man of wisdom ne'er gives way
Beneath a load of sorrow.
Each dog is bound to have his day;
Yours may dawn to-morrow.
—Chicago Daily News.

IT'S ALWAYS THE WAY.

"It's a badly managed world, I reckin," said little Wilberforce. "Nights Mr. Brownjohnson comes to sit on the sofa with Cissie, I've got to go to bed—and nights he doesn't come—well—there isn't no special fun in sitting up! Bah!"—Ally Sloper.

In the Spring.

In the spring the vernal sunshine
Brings out all the birds and buds;
In the spring the young girl's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of duds.
—Harlem Life.

Considered Fastidious.

"Mrs. Clump says her second husband's awful fussy about his eatin'."

"Don't her cookin' suit him?"

"'Tain't that; but, good land! he wants a clean napkin twice a week, and another plate f'r his pie."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Not Enough Rocks.

Friend—Trouble with your wife, eh? What rock did your domestic ship split on?

Spinks—None at all. Hadn't rocks enough; that was the difficulty.—N. Y. Weekly.

Slow Suicide.

"Poor Alfred! I'm afraid he won't live long."

"Why? Has he the consumption?"

No; but he has decided to depend on his literary efforts for a living.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Baby's Picture.

Wife—I'm tired to death. Been having the baby's picture taken by the instantaneous process.

Husband—How long did it take?

Wife—About four hours.—N. Y. Weekly.

Compact Apartments.

Stubb—Is Mr. Winter's flat small?

Penn—Small? Why, every time one of his children wants to sneeze they have to rush out in the hallway.—Chicago Daily News.

RAILWAY STOPPED BY LIONS.

Two Savage Beasts Ate Twenty-Eight Men and Delayed Construction for Months.

Speaking in the house of lords of the progress of the Uganda railway, Lord Salisbury mentioned that among the unexpected difficulties encountered were a pair of man-eating lions, which stopped the works for three weeks before they were shot, says the London Spectator. As some 5,000 men were at work on the line, their intimidation by two lions seems almost incredible. Yet it is a fact that so dreadful was the pressure exercised by the constant attacks of this pair of man-destroying wild beasts, and so cumulative the fear caused among the Indian laborers by the sight and sound of their comrades being carried off and devoured, that hundreds of these industrious workmen, trained on similar duties under the service of the government of India, abandoned their employment and pay, and, crying out that they agreed to work for wages, not to be food for lions or devils, rushed to the line as the trains for the coast were approaching, and, flinging themselves across the metals, gave the engine drivers the choice either of passing over their bodies or of stopping to take them up and carry them back to Mombasa. Many of these were not timid Hindoos, but sturdy Sikhs. Yet the circumstances were so unique, and the scenes witnessed from week to week so bloody and appalling, that their panic and desperation are no matter for surprise. Lord Salisbury understated the facts.

Though the works were stopped for three weeks, the lions' campaign lasted, with intervals of quiet when one or the other had been wounded, from March till the end of December. In this time they had killed and ate 28 Indians, and it is believed at least twice this number of natives, Swahilis and the like, besides wounding and attacking others. They attacked white engineers, doctors, soldiers and military officers, Abyssinian askaris, sepoys, bunniahs, coolies and porters. Some they clawed, some they devoured, some they carried off and left sticking in thorn fences because they could not drag them through. At first they were contented to take one man between them. Before the end of their career they would take a man apiece on the same night, sometimes from the same hut or campfire. The plain, unvarnished tale of this "prehistoric revival" of the position originally held by man in the struggle for existence against ravenous beasts is set out at considerable length and detail in the Field of February 17 and February 24 by Mr. J. H. Patterson, one of the engineers of the line, who after months of effort and personal risk, succeeded in breaking the spell and killing both the lions, which the natives had come to regard as "devils;" that is, as equivalent to were-wolves, and guided by the local demons.

THE FREIGHT BUSINESS.

It Is Not a Haphazard Thing as Many of the Uninitiated Suppose.

Most people have an idea that freight is the last thing that railroads look after. Many profess to believe that a piece of freight once started on its journey is allowed to loaf along at its own sweet will and pleasure, stopping where it wishes and staying as long as it likes, and only bringing up at its destination when there is nowhere else to go, says the Lewiston Journal.

When you have waited day after day for that piano which was shipped a month ago, you are ready to adopt that opinion. But don't be in a hurry. When that piano box shows up in Poughkeepsie at the time it should be in Portland, the Poughkeepsie agent does not uncase the instrument and give a series of box car recitals for the next two months. You may think he does, but he doesn't. Not a bit of it! There is no welcome anywhere for the Wandering Willies of freightdom. No agent wishes to be caught with missing freight piled up in his yard or house. The truth of the matter is, the railroads are constantly punching laggard freight in the ribs and admonishing it to move on.

It is an interesting study to see how the railroads handle their immense freight business. To the outsiders a freight office seems like confusion worse confounded, but to the men who have been trained to the work it is all as simple as a problem in short division. No matter how far from home a car is, it is always in touch with the home office. If the car has had bad luck and one of its trucks is sprained, the home office knows about it and sends an order to have it placed in the nearest car hospital and doctored up to working condition. The office knows just what the car is carrying and if it thinks its traveling expenses are getting too big it shifts its route or calls it home. It is only once in awhile that a car gets away from the home office altogether, and when one does there is no sleep for anyone till the runaway is found and started in the right direction.

After you have listened to a freight agent's description of the elaborate plans taken to look after freight you will marvel that a single package ever goes astray.

But—the man who is waiting for that piano knows that it does.

An Observing Saint.

Smirking up to his mother one day, Tommy said:

"Ma, haven't I been a good boy since I began going to Sunday school?"

"Yes, my lamb," replied the mother, fondly.

"And you trust me now, don't you, ma?"

"Yes, darling."

"Then what makes you keep the mince pie locked up in the pantry the same as ever?"—Collier's Weekly.

HOUSEHOLD LORE.

Items of Information Which May Be of Value to the Busy Housewife.

"Linen underwear for all seasons of the year" is a slogan which is bringing a host of followers to the standards of Father Kneipp and his other advocates of hygienic dress. Among the chief objections urged against the wearing of woolen next to the skin is the fact that woolen cannot be easily sterilized. Linen or cotton can be boiled. Not so wool. Woolen underwear can only be sterilized by washing in naphtha or strong disinfectants, which is never done save by doctors who have been attending infectious disease. A woolen garment will absorb germs much more readily than linen or cotton as it hangs on the line in the process of drying. Wool next to the body is apt to be irritating to the skin, as it is relaxing to the blood vessels. While it is true that wool is absorbent, it is also a matter of fact that wool containing some oily substance has not the absorbent qualities of linen or cotton. A person who wears wool next to his skin cannot have as clean a skin as a person who wears linen or cotton, says the Washington Star.

Aspic, which forms such a pretty garnish for cold meats and fowl, is now quite as popular as a jelly for little molds of salad. It is very inexpensive and can be readily made even by the inexperienced cook. Soak half a box of gelatine in half a cupful of cold water for 30 minutes. Simmer gently together for the same length of time a pint of stock or consomme (or, if you lack the stock, half a teaspoonful of beef extract to pint of water), a teaspoonful onion juice, a bay leaf and a stalk of celery. Add the gelatine, strain, season with salt and pepper and set away to cool. When stiff cut into blocks and use for garnishing. Tongue, boned turkey or chicken, birds or fish may be molded in aspic, pouring the liquid jelly little by little about the article to be molded, and allowing each layer to harden. Keep the mold in a cold place until ready to serve. To remove it, dip the mold quickly in warm (not hot) water, set the platter over it, and invert the dish and mold together. Lettuce or parsley make a pretty foundation for the dish.

A baked bean sandwich is the latest addition to the long and growing list of vegetable sandwiches. Brown bread, it is hardly necessary to say, furnishes the foundation for this delicacy, the filling consisting of baked beans mashed slightly and moistened with their own liquor. A few thin slices of raw onion is thought by many to add additional zest to the tidbit.

Other sandwiches which have recently bounded into favor in Gotham are still more suggestive of a plebeian origin. Molasses sandwiches have a liberal filling of that sticky sweet beloved of childhood, while brown sugar sandwiches have this sweet stuff thickly plastered in, the bread in both cases having an amount of butter on it. Anything savoring of bohemianism is quite sure to be a success among the "smart" set, and molasses and brown sugar have carried the day by acclamation.

Speaking of molasses, it is of interest to note that "Venice treacle," or molasses, formed an important part of the dietary of Old Parr, who lived to be 152 years old. The other comestibles to which he clung quite as faithfully were garlic and butter.

TEACHING A CHILD NUMBERS.

It Is a Mistake to Allow Little Folks to Count Indiscriminately When Learning.

It is unwise to teach the child to run over the names of numbers without associating the names with any meaning. "He can count to five—to ten," boasts some thoughtless parent, when the baby tongue has repeated the string of one, two, three, etc. And but little more useful is the plan now followed of having baby count objects, such as spools or pennies. All this, says Florence Hull Winterburn, in Woman's Home Companion, "is artificial training, sure to disappoint our expectations in the end. For some day when baby is displaying his little accomplishment he makes sad blunders. He puts five before two; leaves out four altogether; and when questioned thinks three is more than six, and shows utter ignorance of any power of genuine counting. This is not at all surprising. The words one, two and so on mean absolutely nothing to him until there has grown up in his mind the sense of quantity. When he realizes the distinction between a little of a thing and more of it, between a few objects and many of the same kind, he is beginning to grasp the great generalization implied in the power of measurement. He must get an indefinite sense of the difference between large masses and small masses, many objects and small objects, before he can at all comprehend that there are definite degrees of value. Intelligent children take pleasure in comparing one thing with another. They love to measure and to weigh articles in miniature scales; they continually note differences between objects, and although their distinctions are always crude and sometimes absurd, they occasionally show surprising sharpness in finding out contrasts.

The faculty of discerning differences is closely allied to what is called mathematical faculty. Yet how many parents will applaud the child who shows readiness to repeat numbers, and frowns down the "nonsense" of curiosity as to relative weights and sizes, or the child who insists on details!

Puddings and Tarts.

The woman who can make a good pudding in silence is better than the woman who makes a tart reply.—Chicago Daily News.

WIGGINS (2) 2:19½.

Bay horse; 15 hands 3 inches; foaled 1893.

By ABERDEEN, sire of Kentucky Union 2:07¼, Dentine (4) 2:13¾, Alabaster (4) 2:15, and sixty-three others in 2:30.

1st dam, ALBINA DE MER (dam of Wiggins (2) 2:19½, Mabel Moneypeny (2) 2:20, her first two colts trained), by STAMBOUL 2:07½, son of Sultan 2:24.
2d dam, BELLE BLANCHE, by THE MOOR 870, sire of Beautiful Bells (dam of 8 in 2:30 list), Sultan 2:24, etc.
3d dam, BELLE VIEW MAID (dam of Center 2:29½), by Idol 177.
4th dam by PILOT, JR., sire of dams of Maud S. 2:08¼, Jay-Eye-See 2:10, etc.
5th dam by MAMBRINO MESSENGER.

"Breed to early speed, if you want early speed." WIGGINS took his record of 2:19½ and could beat 2:14 as a two-year-old. He started in six races, winning five straight without losing a heat and was the best colt of his year—1895. Now is the time to breed your best mares, while he stands at the low fee of

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LORD RUSSELL,

(Full Brother to the Great Maud S. 2:08 3-4.)

Sire of Kremlin, 2:07¾; Hustler Russell, 2:12¾; Russellmont, 2:12¾; Sea Bird, 2:17¾; Lee Russell 2:18¼ and nineteen others in the list.

LORD RUSSELL is out of the great brood mare Miss Russell, the dam of seven better than 2:30; four better than 2:20, and two that have beaten 2:10. She is also the dam of five sires of speed, among them the great Nutwood, and is the dam of four producing daughters. Note what strong producing blood LORD RUSSELL has. He will stand at

$25.00 to Insure.

SCARLET WILKES,

2:22 1-2, Trial 2:14 1-4,)

Sire of George, 2:13¾ trotting, 2:19¼ pacing; Mercury Wilkes, 2:14¾; Capt. White, 2:16; The Duke, 2:16¼, &c., three to beat 2:20 in 1899.

by Red Wilkes.

1st dam Tipsey, (dam of The Shah 2:10¼, Scarlet Wilkes 2:22¼ Glen Mary 2:25 and Glen Wood, sire of Glen Arthur 2:14, and Gipsy B., 2:17), by Alcalde; 2nd dam Mary Weaver (dam of Don 2:22, Robin M. 2:24½ and Mary B. 2:29), by Vermont Black Hawk.

SCARLET WILKES is the best disposed stallion in the country.

$15.00 to Insure.

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STEPHON 20404

Is a dappled gray horse, foaled Oct. 20, 1892; bred by Jacob P. Sleight, of Lansing, Mich.; stands 16¼ hands high, and weighs 1760 pounds. This is the only purely-bred and registered Percheron stallion ever offered to the public in Kentucky. He came from the Oaklawn Farms, owned by M. W. Dunkam, of Wayne, Ills., the largest breeder of Percheron and French Coach horses in the world and the owner of more prize-winners than any other breeder in France or America.

PEDIGREE:

[Recorded with pedigree in the Percheron Stud-Book of America.]

Gray; foaled October 20, 1892; got by STRADAT 7112 (2463); dam Abydos 960 (869) by ROMULUS 873 (785); 2d dam Elise by DUKE-DE-CHARTRES 162 (721).

STRADAT 7112 (2463) by Passe-Partout (1402) out of Biche (12004) by a son of Coco II (714).
PASSE-PARTOUT (1402) by Comet 104 (719) out of Sophie by Favori I (711), he by Vieux-Chaslin (713) out of L'Amie by Vieux-Pierre (894), he by Coco (712).
COMET 104 (719) by French Monarch 205 (734) out of Suzanne by Cambronne.
FRENCH MONARCH 205 (734) by Ilderim (5302) out of a daughter of Vieux-Pierre (894), etc.
ILDERIM (5302) by Valentin (5301) out of Chafon by Vieux-Pierre (894), etc.
VALENTIN (5301) by Vieux-Chaslin (713), he by Coco (712) out of Poule by Sandi.
COCO (712) by Mignon [715] out of Pauline by Vieux-Coco.
MIGNON [715] by Jean-le-Blanc [739].
COCO II [714] by Vieux-Chaslin [713], etc., out of La Grise by Vieux-Pierre [883]
ROMULUS 873 [785] by the government approved stallion Romulus, son of Moreuil out of Fleur d'Epine by the government approved stallion Cheri, he by Corbon

This horse has been shown only three times, winning first prize in each event and in one of them there were eight other entries of different draft breeds.

STEPHON will make the season of 1900 at our place 4½ miles West of Paris, on the Hume pike, at

$15 TO INSURE A COLT.

Money due when colt comes, mare parted with or bred to another horse. A lien will be retained on all colts till service money is paid.

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SIRE OF MARION MAID (P.) 2:22½.

BY DIRECTOR 1989.

(RECORD 2:17)

Sire of Directum 2:05¼, Direct 2:05½, Direction 2:08½, etc.); dam Lida W 2:18½ (dam of Nutwood Wilkes 2:20½ and Direct Line 2:29), by Nutwood 2:18¾ (sire of Lockheart 2:08½, Manager 2:06¾, etc.); second dam Belle (dam of Lida W. 2:18½), by George M. Patchen Jr. 31 (sire of 11 in the 2:30 list); third dam Rebel Daughter by Williamson's Belmont, etc. Will make the season of 1900 at Brooklawn Farm, Hutchison, Ky., at

$15 TO INSURE, WITH RETURN PRIVILEGE.

Mares kept on grass at $3 per month, or on grain at $8. Care will be taken to prevent accidents and escapes, but will not be responsible should either occur.

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