A LITTLE NONSENSE.

"I wonder why women are so anxious to get together and sew for charity." "As it were." "What?" "I mean 'sew to speak.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Signs of Antiquity.—It is said that Roquefort cheese dates back to Pliny's time. Some of it smells as if it were a great deal older than that. —Boston Transcript.

"Editors are so inconsistent," said Keedick to Fosdick. "What's the matter now?" "Here is one editor that has put 'A Quiet Corner' on the women's page."—Town Topics.

"Here comes 'The Man with the Pick,'" said a South Illinois street fruit vender, as a policeman lifted a peanut from his stand and walked off, without even winking or blinking.—Indianapolis News.

At the Summer Hotel.—"Who is that good-looking young waiter who is tossing the plates across the room? Is he a student, too?" "Yes. He holds the record in Harvale for discus-throwing." — Cleveland Plain Dealer.

More Wrangling in the Choir.—"Why can't you be obliging?" cried the facetious music rack. "The bells play when they're tolled. Come! give us a tune." "No," grumbled the organ, in deep diapason, "I'll be blowed if I do!"—Philadelphia Press.

Special Service.—"Big fire down on the street," said the sub-editor on the thirty-ninth floor of the new office building. "How do you know?" asked the chief. "Just got a special dispatch from our staff correspondent on the first floor." — Philadelphia North American.

"Is it an indication of mental derangement for a man to talk to himself?" asked Willie Washington. "Judging by the men I have heard," answered Miss Cayenne, "it is not. The derangement is shown by the fact that the man listens to himself." —Washington Star.

NO MORE THE GRAND MANNER

The Gentleman of the Grand Air Is No Longer in Evidence in English Society.

The "grand manner" has gone from the world and the world seems little put out at its departure, says the London Spectator. Time was when it was a token at once of breeding and education. Scholarship unadorned with it was held up to naked scorn as naked pedantry; manners with no touch of the grand air could pass muster in polite circles; literature saw in it the sum and substance of its being. It did duty for a whole lexicon of qualities, but its outward aspect was unmistakable, depending upon a very simple theory of society and human life. If men are to wear honors and successes lightly, the background of ease will come into prominence, and they will study to amuse. And so came that social finesse which our great-grandmothers adored, those bowings and smirkings which their grandchildren scoffed at, and the whole pleasing science of the beau monde.

The tear of sensibility may be dropped over its tomb, but there can be no question of its revival. The most its admirers can do is to write the history of its floruit. It belonged to an age when wealth, leisure, culture and all the good things of life were confined to a class, and it dropped and withered at the advent of democracy. Our modern seriousness and our modern businesslike air killed it, and they chose the cruelest of weapons. It might have survived frank opposition; it could not endure being made to look ridiculous.

But with the rubbish went much that was admirable. At its best this grand manner meant an exuberant vitality, a genuine zest for life. Its exponents might fail, but they failed gallantly. It all worked out to a kind of intense self-respect, which might be ludicrous, but was rarely ignoble.

Most great men have been many-sided, but with the gentleman of the grand air it was a social duty, and all traces of the process must be hidden from sight.

Disraeli was almost the last of the "grand manner" disciples, and the abuse of him which was current for so long shows how people had come to regard the affectation. For an affectation it was, though a charming and sometimes a noble one. Versatility can never be abolished, but a pretense of ease and insouciance and a parade of divers accomplishments may easily be discredited. The splendid impassiveness of the great gentleman has succumbed to modern worry and haste, and for the most part we frankly confess that dignity is a nuisance and an anachronism. But the other side of the thing—the taste for a liberal culture—shows signs of revival and we may see a return to the grand manner, brought up to date and purged of its silliness.

An Old Saw That Is Senseless.

In olden times when a person died it was customary to toll the church bell a certain number of times to indicate whether it was man, woman or child. For a woman it was tolled three times and for a man thrice three times. The stroke of the bell was called a "teller," and hence it was nine tellers for a man; or, as folks said in those days: "Nine tellers mark a man." This saying, which was continued long after the tolling custom was abolished, finally became converted into the present saying: "Nine tailors make a man," which is devoid of both sense and reason.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Something in Prospect.

Antonius—How fares thyself, old comrade—things coming thy way, forsooth?

Hamakter—Not so much as of yore Antonius, but alas, the hen laying season cometh on apace.—Ohio State Journal.

THE SOUNDS OF BULLETS.

Small Balls Hiss, Spat and Whirr—Noises That Are Trying to the Nerves.

In these days when the arms of the armies of the world are changing and the small jacketed bullet is taking the place of the lead bullet that smashed into its objective like a huge rock crashing into a mud puddle, it is interesting to note the different sounds these small balls make in passing through the air as compared with their greater forefathers. On this head, says the Milwaukee Journal, Col. Philip Reade, of the army, who heard all kinds on the wild hills of San Juan before Santiago, says:

"The Mauser projectiles, like all others from hand portable firearms of projection, have a hum that can be heard after they are past and ceased to be dangerous to you. The projectile, you know, travels faster than sound. You also know that an arrow is an arm of projection, a bow is an arm of projection, but a bow is not a firearm of projection. Its beginning is gradual, but the sound ending is instantaneous; its beginning and ending are pitched a little lower than its middle. The Mauser has a long z-z-z-z-z-z-eu when it passes by you. It is not noisy enough to alarm you until you find out what it does when it strikes. It has a nasty, malicious little noise like the soul of a very petty and mean person turned into hissing sound.

"Near Balloon Forks, 1,250 yards from the eastern face of Fort San Juan, July 1, 1898, the z-z-z-z-z-z-eu's were so frequent as to cease to attract attention. Gen. Kent never changed position of body nor of eyes during that fusillade or paid apparent attention to its effects. The royal palms of smooth gray trunks and at their top the fronds of green are ten feet above the ground. When a Mauser projectile strikes one of these splendid trunks there is a little quiver, as the projectile loses its z-z-z-z-z-eu, becoming and ceasing with z-z-z-z-z-zip, and buries itself in its fiber or passes through it. Then you begin to think the zeu-zeu-zeu-zip-zip-zip is a devilish tattoo. If it makes a noise like spat, sounding as though a switch cane had struck against green foliage, such as grew underneath the flying pinioned balloon, that prominent objective for the Spanish, that floated over the tops of the trees during that day, we knew that the bullet had struck twigs or a leaf.

"There is more of a drumming sound than a wheep, ping or whiz to a machine gun, a Gatling and those of its ilk, and the echo sometimes comes back like pattering raindrops; dr-dr-drr-drr-drrh-drrh-drrh-; pat-pat-pat-pat - pat - pat - pat - pat; whirr-whirr-whirr; 1,200 shots per barrel per second.

"Shrapnel and bursting canister exploding over one's head preparatory to hurling down 250 divergent leaden bullets to lacerate human flesh, startle you by a sharp, whip-like report, and create, for an instant, a nervousness which is hardly possible not to show. They seem to cut holes in the air. You can't dodge any of 'em, but it's human tendency to try to. The buzzy-wuzzy - buzzy - wuzzy - buzzy - wuzzy, plump-thud! is really funny. So is the buzzy - wuzzy - buzzy - wuzzy - buzzy-wuzzy crash! These are the sounds that a solid shot, about as big as a joint of a stove-pipe, makes when fired from a muzzle-loading cannon. The plump means that it has struck earth. Crash means that it has hit a big tree-top."

A QUEEN'S NEEDLEWORK.

An Apron Embroidered by Mary, Queen of Scots, Has Recently Come to Light.

Interesting is the story told in Ladies' Home Journal of the bringing to light of an apron embroidered by Mary, Queen of Scots, while in jail awaiting execution: "A Mr. Meyers, an American costumer, who was in London on business, had an opportunity to buy a lot of ancient embroidered garments. Among those which he purchased was a dress known to have belonged to Mary, Queen of Scots. In ripping this to use the gold and silver threads with which it was wrought, an apron was discovered sewed between the outside and the lining, where it had been carefully hidden by the unfortunate queen herself. Subsequent search has since fully established the fact that the apron is the work of the fated queen. It has been shown to experts in England, France and the United States, and all agree in declaring the stitch used to be the one called the 'Lost stitch,' which has been searched for by embroiderers unavailingly for over 200 years. Under the microscope the work seems to be done in a series of French knots which produce infinitesimal disks of silk. These disks lie side by side and very close together. There are hundreds of them to the square inch, all evenly laid with the colors exquisitely blended. Around the edge of each petal, forming a line around every part of the design, is a fine tracery of white, either a stitch of marvelous ingenuity or a microscopic cord couched on. The blossoms are chiefly marigolds, jessamines, roses and morning-glories. They are arranged with their leaves to form a running border design—flowing yet disconnected."

Mrs. Brown's New Cook.

Mrs. Nolittle—Mrs. Brown is putting on airs nowadays. She has a new cook with a high-sounding name.

Mrs. Nomore—Indeed! I thought she did her own work.

"No. I took dinner there yesterday, and they had the loveliest dessert I ever put in my mouth. She didn't tell what it was, but she said that Charlotte Russe made it, and I suppose she's the new cook."—Judge.

Revolution in Water Travel.

Experiments have proven that vessels, fitted with propellers which imitate the fish's fin, develop a remarkable propelling power. It will cause a revolution in water travel. Men gradually learn that Nature's ways are best. One cause of the remarkable success of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters springs from the fact that it is a harmless, natural medicine, made of Nature's most strengthening herbs. It is a sure cure for constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness or weak kidneys.

Too Anxious.

It was at a wedding, and as the soon-to-be wedded couple walked down the aisle of the little church embarrassment was plainly written on the face of both; but when, in response to the question by the minister if either of them knew of any reason why they should not lawfully be joined together, there came boldly forth from each the answer "I do," the evident embarrassment on their part was changed to one of real on the part of the clergyman.—Harper's Monthly.

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn?

Shake into your shoes, Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or New Shoes Feel Easy. Cures Corns, Itching, Swollen, Hot, Callous, Smarting, Sore and Sweating Feet. All Druggists and Shoe Stores sell it, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

A Baseball Enthusiast.

Teacher—Now, Sammy, please tell me what you know about the nine Muses.

Sammy—I never saw 'em play, miss, but I'm willin' to bet that the "Bluebirds" kin beat 'em out every time.—Richmond Dispatch.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Man's liberty has been threatened in numerous ways throughout history, but he has always been free to make a fool of himself.—Chicago Democrat.

Prof. Chas. P. Curd, St. Louis, Mo., writes: We unhestitatingly attribute the recovery and continued good health of our little boy to Teethina (Teething Powders).

"George says he doesn't know the taste of liquor." "Pours it down so fast, I suppose, that his palate doesn't get a chance."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Lots of people standing up inside a crowded street car simply means so many riders are strapped for room.—Buffalo News.

Carter's Ink Is Used Exclusively

by the schools of New York, Boston and many other places, and they won't use any other.

A sure way to attract people who want to talk is to have a book you want to read.—Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

Thirty minutes is all the time required to dye with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES. Sold by all druggists.

"Did he prove to be a strong candidate?" "No, the second assessment broke him."—Detroit Journal.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'Brien, 322 Third Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

THE MARKETS.

Cincinnati, June 13.

CATTLE—Common	$4 00	@ 4 40
Select butchers	4 95	@ 5 00
CALVES—Extras		@ 5 75
HOGS—Select packers	5 15	@ 5 25
Mixed packers	5 10	@ 5 15
SHEEP—Choice	4 25	@ 4 50
LAMBS—Extra	7 10	@ 7 25
FLOUR—Spring pat.	3 65	@ 3 85
WHEAT—No. 2 red		@ 77
CORN—No. 2 mixed		@ 44½
OATS—No. 2 mixed		@ 25
RYE—No. 2		@ 62½
HAY—Choice timothy	14 75	@15 00
MESS PORK		@11 70
LARD		@ 6 37½
BUTTER—Ch. dairy		@ 13
Choice creamery		@ 20
APPLES—Ch. to fancy	5 00	@ 6 00
POTATOES—Per brl.	1 50	@ 1 65
TOBACCO—New	1 30	@15 75
Old	4 00	@14 75

CHICAGO.

FLOUR—Win. patent.	3 70	@ 3 80
WHEAT—No. 2 red	75	@ 76
No. 3 spring	71	@ 71½
CORN—No. 2	38⅞	@ 39⅜
OATS—No. 2		@ 23
RYE—No. 2		@ 57
PORK—Mess	10 15	@11 30
LARD—Steam	6 45	@ 6 57½

NEW YORK.

FLOUR—Win. patent.	3 60	@ 3 90
WHEAT—No. 2 red		@ 83½
CORN—No. 2 mixed		@ 45⅛
OATS—No. 2 mixed		@ 27
RYE		@ 62½
PORK—Mess	11 75	@12 50
LARD—Steam		@ 6 85

BALTIMORE.

WHEAT—No. 2 red	70¾	@ 71
Southern	72½	@ 76½
CORN—No. 2 mixed	43	@ 43¼
OATS—No. 2 mixed		@ 27
CATTLE—First qual.	5 00	@ 5 35
HOGS—Western	5 60	@ 5 75

INDIANAPOLIS.

WHEAT—No. 2 red		@ 76
CORN—No. 2 mixed		@ 40
OATS—No. 2 mixed		@ 23½

LOUISVILLE.

FLOUR—Win. patent.	4 25	@ 4 50
WHEAT—No. 2 red		@ 72
CORN—Mixed		@ 44
OATS—Mixed		@ 25
PORK—Mess		@12 25
LARD—Steam		@ 6 87½

One of the keenest disappointments a misanthrope meets is the lack of a demand for his sentiments when an epitaph is to be written.—Chicago Democrat.

Hall's Catarrh Cure
Is a Constitutional Cure. Price, 75c.

The foolish will never take simple remedies.—Chicago Democrat.

'Tis sweet to kiss—so is Kisme Gum to chew.

True courtesy is of the heart. — Ram's Horn.

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This is a critical period in the life of every woman and no mistakes should be made.

The one recognized and reliable help for women who are approaching and passing through this wonderful change is

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

That the utmost reliance can be placed upon this great medicine is testified to by an army of grateful women who have been helped by it.

Mrs. Pinkham, who has the greatest and most successful experience in the world to qualify her, will advise you free of charge. Her address is Lynn, Mass. Write to her.

Not the Cheapest But the Best—Buggy our factory can build for the money. $34.67 buys the buggy here illustrated, fully equipped, with heavy rubber or drill top. End springs. Painting, gear, dark Brewster green, body black, with very fine finish. Kerotel leather trimmed. The best hickory screwed rim wheels, 1-inch tread. Full length Brussels carpet. Boot, storm apron, whip socket, full drop back, toe nail, nickel line rail, leather trimmed shafts. We have vehicles from $8.68 up, including Road Carts, Road Wagons, Surreys, Phaetons, Trap, Spring Wagons and Business Rigs. Shipped C. O. D. east of the Rocky Mountains on receipt of $5, subject to examination. Send 2c to pay postage on our free Buggy and Harness Catalogue. . . **T. M. ROBERTS' SUPPLY HOUSE,** Minneapolis, Minn.

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TEETHINA Relieves the Bowel Troubles of Children of ANY AGE.

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BILE BLOAT

Puffs under the eyes; red nose; pimple-blotched, greasy face don't mean hard drinking always as much as it shows that there is *BILE IN THE BLOOD.* It is true, drinking and over-eating overloads the stomach, but failure to assist nature in regularly disposing of the partially digested lumps of food that are dumped into the bowels and allowed to rot there, is what causes all the trouble. *CASCARETS* will help nature help you, and will keep the system from filling with poisons, will clean out the sores that tell of the system's rottenness. Bloated by bile the figure becomes unshapely, the breath foul, eyes and skin yellow; in fact the whole body kind of fills up with filth. Every time you neglect to help nature you lay the foundation for just such troubles. *CASCARETS* will carry the poisons out of the system and will regulate you naturally and easily and without gripe or pain. Start to-night—one tablet—keep it up for a week and help the liver clean up the bowels, and you will feel right, your blood will be rich, face look clean, eyes bright. Get a 10c box of *CASCARETS,* take as directed. If you are not cured or satisfied you get your money back. Bile bloat is quickly and permanently

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10c. 25c. 50c. ALL DRUGGISTS

To any needy mortal suffering from bowel troubles and too poor to buy *CASCARETS* we will send a box free. Address Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago or New York, mentioning advertisement and paper. 420

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