

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

Brown—"Jones wants to sell me his horse." Robinson—"I am not surprised, I sold it to him a fortnight ago."—King.—Chicago Tribune.

"Sevendick sings his own songs, doesn't he?" "Yes; you don't suppose he could get anyone else to sing them, do you?"—Philadelphia North American.

Jaggles—"There are scores of dialects in the Philippine islands. Wagles—"Well, I don't care. I'll probably be dead before the magazine writers get on to them."—Town Topics.

Somewhat Encouraging—"Did that rich young Goldbag propose to you last night?" "Not exactly, mamma. But he asked for an option on me for 30 days."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Tess—"She's old Brownson's widow." Jess—"Which one is she?" Tess—"What do you mean?" Jess—"Why, he was married twice. Is she his first or second wife?"—Philadelphia Press.

One of the directors was visiting a rural school. "Will the youngest girl in the room please rise," he asked. Immediately there was a great commotion, and every female in the room stood up, including the teacher.—Ohio State Journal.

"This bone," said the professor of anatomy, "is the humerus. Now, then, designate its proper location in the human body." "It's located in the elbow," said the first scholar, "and is more commonly known as the funny bone."—Philadelphia Press.

A Speedy Retribution.—Small Boy—"Arf ticket to Baker street." (Pays, and awaits delivery of ticket.) Clerk—"It's a shameful thing, a kid like you smoking!" Small Boy (indignantly)—"Who are yer callin' a kid? I'm 14!" Clerk—"Oh, are you? Then you pay full fare to Baker street."—Punch.

IN THE WRONG CAR.

The Strange Predicament of a Traveller Who Went for a Drink of Water.

The life of William Sanders had been simple and uneventful. For 50 years he had lived in Tillman county, digging his living out of the soil, taking an interest in its quiet politics and looking with a stranger's eye upon the great world without, says the Indianapolis News. His ideas of municipality were expressed in Tillman's county seat. His conception of modern transportation was decidedly vague. He had seen a railroad train many times from the station platform, but he had never ridden on one. Having by virtue of his 50 years of simple and economical living accumulated a modest income, he had decided upon a little journey into the world. Due preparation was made. When the day arrived, accompanied by a delegation of "god-speeders" and 50 pounds of excess baggage, William Sanders made his way to the station. William Sanders handed his traveling bag to the porter and climbed the sleeper steps amid the farewells of his friends.

"This is your section, sir," said the porter, depositing his baggage on one seat while William sat down in the other to gaze in wonder at the flying landscape. At the first call for supper he made his way to the dining-car and ate a hearty meal. The finger bowl failed to embarrass him and he dropped a coin upon the palm of the expectant waiter with the air of an experienced traveler. Night came, his berth was made up and he disrobed and lay down to dream of his new experiences. Presently he awoke to find himself thirsty. Peering through the curtains and seeing no one in the dimly lighted aisle, he stepped out of his berth and made his way to the water tank. For some reason it was empty and William, not to be denied, passed into the next car, where he quickly quenched his thirst. Then he looked for the number of his berth, found it, crawled in and was soon asleep again. When William was awakened the next morning by the bustle of people dressing and looking for his clothes he found them missing. Thinking the porter had removed them, he called the servant and demanded his apparel.

"Your clothes?" replied the bewildered porter. "I haven't got them. I didn't know that your berth was occupied anyhow. When did you get on and where are you going?"

"I got on at Tillmansport and I'm going to New York," replied William through the opening of the curtains.

"Did you get up for anything in the night?" asked the porter, a suspicion as to the true state of affairs beginning to dawn upon him.

"Yes, I got up for a drink of water. I couldn't get it in this car, and so I went into the other one," answered the traveler, beginning to scent trouble.

"Yes, and you're in the other one now," replied the porter.

"This train was divided in the night, and your sleeper was attached to a train bound for New York, while this one goes to Washington."

"Great Scott! My baggage, my clothes and my money are all in the other car. What shall I do?" moaned the wretched traveler, upon finding himself without a cent of money and clad only in his night robe, 300 miles from home. When the porter explained the situation to the other passengers they raised a small purse which enabled the porter to telegraph ahead to have William's possessions returned to Washington, at which place the porter secured for him enough apparel to enable him to reach a hotel, where he spent two days' imprisonment and suspense awaiting the return of his valuables. When at last they came he took the next train for Tillmansport.

Bright. Mrs. Hicks (in the kitchen)—Why don't you devote an hour or two a week to scouring up your copper? Bridget—Scour up me copper, mum; indeed, an' the likes of him don't need it.—Harlem Life.

RISKED LIFE FOR A LAMB.

Hazardous Exploit of a Young California Hunter in the Mountains.

The national zoological gardens of Washington are to be enriched by a collection of all the native animals of the United States, and the work of securing these specimens is being actively pushed. Among the most interesting of these animals will be the mountain sheep of Colorado. They are exceedingly wild and difficult to catch and tame. An old hunter, Buffalo Jones, and his daughter Olive, says the Chicago Chronicle, have been engaged to furnish half a dozen of these sheep and have begun to execute their commission. One morning lately a couple of sheep were surprised by Buffalo and his daughter, but with great agility leaped over and among the rocks and disappeared from view, leaving a young lamb behind. But the animals were in a valley whose sides were exceedingly precipitous and no human being could climb up or down without imminent danger of losing his life.

Miss Jones was determined to secure the lamb, however, and offered to descend the cliff to the refuge of the animal provided her father would lower her by a rope tied under her arms. He at first demurred, regarding the risk as too great, but Olive insisted and he finally agreed to the plan. He placed the rope around the girl with his own hands and satisfied himself that everything was as safe as precaution could make it. Jones and the guide took firm hold of the rope, Miss Olive stepped over the summit and slowly and carefully the descent began.

There are few better mountain climbers than Miss Jones. With staff in one hand and a coil of rope in the other, she picked her way down the bare rocks, scarcely bearing on the rope that swung from above. But Miss Jones had some luck with all her instinct and judgment and she found the game before she had peered into a dozen crevices. An exciting moment followed. The sheep was thrown into a frenzy of terror at the awful sight of a human being so close to him and struggled wildly to get away. But the outlet was firmly blocked by the determined young woman and a rope was ready for him when he thrust his head within reach of her. He fought with all his young strength, but it was not enough to save him. The sturdy girl forced him under subjection, tied him fast and hauled him out of his hiding place.

When the men felt the rope shake violently as a signal for them to pull up they knew what to expect, but pulled grimly, hand over hand, until the top of the girl's hat came into view and old Buffalo Jones, straining to catch the first sight of her, drew a profane breath of relief. His relief gave way to joy when a moment later he caught the color of wild sheep's wool below the hat. He knew then that the first of the dozen rare specimens he had recklessly promised to gather for the government had actually been secured, thanks to the sagacity and bravery of his daughter.

The girl and her prize were carefully helped up the rocks and over upon safe ground, where the men felt to examining the captive with the keenest enthusiasm and curiosity. It was found to be a fine specimen of the real Rocky mountain wild sheep, a little over a month old and already sprouting a fine pair of ram's horns.

TURKEY'S MUSICAL MONARCH.

The Ottoman Ruler Is Said to Be a Skillful Performer on the Piano.

The sultan of Turkey is not one of those dangerous mortals described by Shakespeare who "hath no music in his soul." It is said that he is exceedingly fond of the divine art and plays the piano with far greater skill than the majority of amateurs. Death has recently robbed Constantinople of a musician who at one time was the leading spirit in Turkish musical affairs, Gen. Guatelli Pasha, who only held his military title by virtue of the fact that he was bandmaster in chief to the sultan. In 1848 the general, an Italian by birth, stepped into the position as the successor of Giuseppe Donizetti, brother of the composer of "Lucia," etc. In addition to directing the musical affairs of the Turkish army, Donizetti had also had the musical education of the then sultan's sons under his special care. Among these youths was Abdul Hamid, the present sultan, who not only played himself, but has also seen to it that his numerous children have had a good musical education.

Guatelli Pasha is proud to be almost as great a favorite at the Turkish court as Donizetti had been, and he was an especial favorite of Sultan Abdul Aziz, whose unhappy fate is now a matter of history. It was because of this friendship with Abdul Aziz that the present sultan, when he ascended the throne, never made a favorite of Guatelli Pasha, but he permitted him to keep his rank and his high salary, and only gave him a temporary substitute in the person of Aranda Pasha, a Spanish musician, who is a great favorite with the present sultan. Guatelli Pasha was a very kind-hearted man, and in the days of his power always gave a warm welcome to musicians on tour who visited Constantinople. Most artists who played before the late sultan owed their introduction to the general Italian, and they were generally duly grateful, for it is the custom at the Turkish court to give a virtuosos a substantial sum for a concert, in addition to some glittering decoration. Guatelli Pasha was 84 years of age when he died the other day.

Life. Life is more than a living.—Ram's Horn.

Her Tip of No Avail.

A determined woman from the west visited Washington not long ago for the purpose of interviewing a member of the cabinet on a subject of interest to her. She called, as it happened, just at the time when the frauds in the Cuban postal department were made public, and the majority of the president's advisers, absorbed in considering the matter, had given instructions that they were not to be disturbed.

"So you refuse to take my card to the secretary?" asked the determined lady of the messenger.

"It would be against my orders, and I don't dare to," replied the messenger, politely.

The visitor turned away in high dudgeon, but a happy thought occurred to her and she retraced her steps. "Here my man," she said, insinuatingly, "here is 50 cents. Now will you take my card in?"

"I'm not a bigger man than that to keep your card out, madam," responded the ducky, shaking his head.—N. Y. Tribune.

Cured, After Abandoning all hope, by the use of Palmer's Lotion. A. J. Jessup, Mt. Airy, Hamilton Co., Ohio, wrote: "Your Lotion cured me of a most distressing and unsightly eruption on my face of over five years' standing, after I had given up all hope of obtaining relief." Palmer's Lotion Soap should be used in connection with the Lotion as its medicinal properties render it preferable to any other soap. If your druggist don't keep it, send his name to Solon Palmer, 374 Pearl St., New York, and receive free a pamphlet of testimonials and a sample of Lotion or Soap.

His Sole Object. Stranger—You say old Zeke only had a knife when he was tackled by the grizzly. Did he live to tell the story? Native (disgustedly)—That 'pears ter be the only thing he did liv fur, doggone it.—Philadelphia Record.

Census Pleasantry. Census Taker—You live here, do you? Well, what relation are you to the head of the house? Citizen—See here, now, don't get too funny, or I'll go and call her in.—Indianapolis Journal.

The Best Prescription for Chills and Fever is a bottle of Groves' Tasteless Chill Remedy. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price, 50c.

"Well," said the street car conductor, as he rang up another fare, "I'm not much of a politician, but I'm generally for the ticket."—Indianapolis News.

THE MARKETS.

Table with market prices for CINCINNATI, July 11. Includes items like CATTLE, Select butchers, CALVES, HOGS, Mixed packers, SHEEP, LAMBS, FLOUR, WHEAT, CORN, OATS, RYE, HAY, MESS PORK, LARD, BUTTER, Choice creamery, APPLES, POTATOES, TOBACCO.

Table with market prices for CHICAGO. Includes items like FLOUR, WHEAT, CORN, OATS, RYE, PORK, LARD.

Table with market prices for NEW YORK. Includes items like FLOUR, WHEAT, CORN, OATS, RYE, PORK, LARD.

Table with market prices for BALTIMORE. Includes items like WHEAT, CORN, OATS.

Table with market prices for INDIANAPOLIS. Includes items like WHEAT, CORN, OATS.

Table with market prices for LOUISVILLE. Includes items like FLOUR, WHEAT, CORN, OATS, PORK, LARD.

Table with market prices for WINCHESTER. Includes items like WHEAT, CORN, OATS.

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Japan Anxious.

Japan has become alarmed over the emigration of many of her residents to this country. It is stated that they are lured here by misrepresentation and then turned adrift. This is like the misrepresentations which delude people into believing that any other medicine is equal to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters for stomach disorders. In the Bitters lies safety and surety. It is worth its weight in gold in all cases of indigestion, constipation, dyspepsia, malaria, fever and ague.

Wholly Unexpected. "Is the head of the family in?" asked the agent at the door. The meek little man with the slight side whiskers replied at once: "I am he."

Now, this answer, violating all traditions, was deemed rarely humorous by the overhearers, to whom the unexpected was the soul of wit.—Indianapolis Press.

Marquette, on Lake Superior, is one of the most charming summer resorts reached via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. Its healthful location, beautiful scenery, good hotels and complete immunity from hay fever, make a summer outing at Marquette a very attractive proposition from the standpoint of health, rest and comfort.

For a copy of "The Lake Superior Country," containing a description of Marquette and the copper country, address, with four (4) cents in stamps to pay postage, Geo. H. Headford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Resenting an Insult. Mars, searching among the stars for one who would love him for himself alone, had assumed a modest disguise. Thus he wooed Venus, and told her of his love.

"Are you serious?" she asked, cautiously. "Madam," he cried, "you insult me." For Sirius, as every one knows, is the Dog star.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Best for the Bowels. No matter what ails you, headache to a certain extent, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. Cascarets help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put in metal boxes, every tablet has C. C. C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

A Suspicion. When a woman brings out only one glass, calls it a loving cup, and asks all her guests to drink out of it, there is always a suspicion among those not posted on social customs that she hasn't enough glasses to go around.—Acheson Globe.

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn? Shake into your shoes, Allen's Foot-Powder, 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.

Always Dressed Up. If all were rich, no doubt 'twere best, in some ways, we suppose; but, oh, how sad to lose that zest we feel in Sunday clothes.—Indianapolis Journal.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

The greatest match maker in the world loses all desire to make a match when she discovers that her kitchen girl has a follower.—Acheson Globe.

Carter's Ink Is Used by the greatest railway systems of the United States. They would not use it if it wasn't the best.

No, Augustus, the knapsack is not so called because it is used as a pillow.—Indianapolis News.

Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—Wm. O. Endsley, Vanburen, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

In politics, the wise man layeth pipes, while the fool only spouts.—Detroit Journal.

Wash FADELESS DYES do not stain the hands or soil the kettle. Sold by all druggists.

It's when a year is complete, is when that he is really up against it.—Indianapolis News.

Mothers must not forget that Dr. Moffett's Teething (Teething Powders) will cure their child.

Do not stone the baby when you rock the cradle.—Chicago Daily News.

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

The crowbar opens but it never closes.—Chicago Daily News.

All the Kentucky belles chew Kismet Gum. They like it.

The circulation of the blood is an affair of the heart.—Chicago Daily News.

WALTHAM WATCHES. The Waltham Watch Company was the first company in America to make watches; the first to be organized (half a century ago), and is the first at the present time in the quality and volume of its product. Waltham Watches are for sale by all retail jewelers.

Satisfaction is unusual with "Five-Cent cigar smokers," but it has been the everyday experience of hundreds of thousands of men who have smoked Old Virginia Cheroots during the last thirty years, because they are just as good now—in fact, better than when they were first made. Three hundred million Old Virginia Cheroots smoked this year. Ask your own dealer. Price, 3 for 5 cents.

Parlor Cafe Car En route to Texas. It will cost you only 50 cents extra to ride all day in a Cotton Belt Parlor Cafe Car (25 cents for a half a day). Passengers to Texas, via Memphis, can take advantage of this Car, which is furnished with easy chairs, has a Gentlemen's Observation Smoking Room, a Ladies' Lounging Room and a Cafe where meals are served on the European plan, at reasonable prices.

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