UNDER CHURCH EAVES

Harris Holbrook, college graduate of a week, prospecting around in harum-scarum fashion to work off some exuberant sense of freedom, did not count upon an adventure when he ascended the roof of the old brown church where the workmen were chipping and hammering and jabbering. He had climbed up for a view of the buildings of the city, and "the glory of them."

He was a good-looking, compactly-built fellow, in a cool linen suit, as he balanced himself up on the staging, indolently, and exchanged civil words with the workmen. His eyes came back from Trinity and the "New South" to his immediate surroundings. A park and two tall family hotels bounded three sides of the church. Directly below him were the roofs of dwellings, with blooming back yards. The staging extended up to the brown east wing, which folded itself against the body of the church. From his point of view, he could look into the back third story windows of the wings which had been converted into a home-like boarding house. He had a fleeting glimpse of airy muslin draperies, which betokened a feminine occupant. His curiosity was excited at once. He could see pictures hung low against a delicate wall paper, a well-filled bookcase, and a pale green and salmon carpet. A writing desk littered with papers stood near the farther window.

He was weaving a bit of romance around the occupant when a shapely arm and shoulder appeared in the window next him, and a slim white hand which he could have almost touched, drew down the curtain quickly.

Feeling as if his curiosity had been rebuked, he turned and walked along the staging slowly to the rear of the church. As he retraced his steps he had another glimpse of the arm and shoulder clothed in cool lavender at the desk, writing, but he could see nothing of the face except the tip of a pink ear, and brown frizzes stirring in the breeze over her temples. He felt something of the student recklessness of his sophomore period, urging him to vault into the room his perch, and apologize afterward for the intrusion. He had been invulnerable to the smiles of "sweet girl graduates," but he was possessed to make the acquaintance of this denizen of the wing under the church eaves, who kept out of his range of vision, and gave him no chance for a bit of sly flirtation. She had an atmosphere. He felt its influence in widening circles around him. He half believed she was not pretty. Pretty women were not apt to have this magnetic, far-reaching atmosphere. He could see the arm moving as she wrote. Was she novelist, or poet, or copyist, he wondered.

He directed his glass over the city and watched the window, alternately. Presently he could see the pen laid down, impatiently it seemed. Then the shoulders and frizzes disappear from the desk, and soon he felt sure he heard the door open and shut. She had gone out.

"If it wasn't for the eyes of these workingmen I'd climb into the room and leave a note on her desk, or a couplet to her shoulder and frizzes," he thought daringly.

Just then a paper sailed out through the window, whirling and turning somersaults as if mad with delight in its mission. It circled round the chimney on a roof below, peeped into a skylight, dipped down like a bird upon a vine creeping over a trellis in the yard, flew back to the open window as if to return home, changed its mind and gyrated within range of the linen-clad figure with a tantalizing "catch-me-if-you-can" expression. At the risk of losing his balance, he captured the half sheet of note, with words upon it, and was debating whether to read or not to read, lest he should encroach upon a private matter, when he became aware that it was merely a prosaic receipt for some money paid to Brown & Co., furniture dealers, by Kate Goosechase.

Goosechase! ye gods! The name was like a dash of ice water. Could it belong to the graceful arm and shoulder and crimpling brown hair? Should he make the paper an excuse for calling to return it? But he couldn't make up his mind to ask for Miss Goosechase. The romance seemed to be oozing out of his little adventure. Perhaps it didn't belong to her. It seemed to be an insult to the shoulder and pink ear tip to couple them with such a name.

Suddenly he remembered that he was to meet his cousin Bertha at the depot on the 11:30 train. There was no time to spare. He slipped the paper into his linen vest pocket, and hurried down to the street. In the excitement that followed Bertha's arrival, and the drives and harbor excursions to be planned, he forgot Miss Goosechase and the folded receipt, which bided its time quietly, in the unused linen vest-pocket, until Harris and the rest of the Holbrook family got back in September from their summer sojourn in their "cottage by the sea."

The very first night he got back to the city he dreamed he was standing on the pale green and salmon carpet of the pretty room under the church eaves trying to compose a poem to the lavender-draped divinity of the place and racking his brain to find a word that would rhyme gracefully with Goosechase. He awoke with a feeling that, directly or indirectly, his dream was to meet with verification.

A week passed. Harris' chamber was to be newly furnished, and he set out one morning commissioned to select something that would suit his rather fastidious taste. As he walked up the large furniture rooms of Brown & Co. he caught sight of a roll of carpeting, the identical pattern of that in the chamber of the brown wing. Deciding at once that it would suit his chamber also, he passed along looking at furniture and balancing the comparative merits of oak and walnut.

He stood before a pretty dressing case, that took his fancy, testing the truthfulness of the oval mirror, as it reflected his embrowned face and clear blue eyes, when he heard voices on the right near him, the owners being hidden by a tall cabinet.

"Mr. Brown, I am positive I paid that instalment," a clear, decided feminie voice was saying.

"Durell says he knows nothing about it. He keeps the books, you know," returned an unpleasant masculine voice. "It is strange you cannot show the receipt, if you had one."

"I did have a receipt," returned the first voice, slightly tremulous, yet with a touch of defiance. "I went out that morning I paid it, feeling annoyed with the noise of workmen repairing the church, and carelessly left the window open near the desk where the receipt was lying. It must have blown out, for I never saw it afterwards.

"You must produce the receipt, Miss Goosechase, if you expect us to believe you returned the dealer insolently.

The name made assurance doubly sure to Harris. He wheeled round from the mirror, as he saw the two figures, who had stepped from behind the cabinet, reflected behind him. He overlooked the man and saw only a tall, slight graceful young lady with a refined, interesting face, which had a flush of something like indignation upon it at present.

"Miss Goosechase?" he questioned, lifting his hat and ignoring the wiry furniture dealer completely.

"Yes," she returned in some surprise.

"I beg pardon. I have overheard your conversation. I was on the roof with the workmen that morning. I caught the receipt that blew out the window, and must apologize for not returning it to you at once. It slipped my memory afterwards. You shall have it now without any delay.

The dealer eyed Harris with a half-beaten, half-incredulous look, and the bright, sweet smile with which Miss Goosechase thanked him banished his dislike of the name forever.

He ascertained that she still occupied the same room, and rode up town, in some excitement. He rushed to his room and bundled out the linen suit with fear and trembling lest the receipt should not be forthcoming. He waltzed across the room with an imaginary partner, when he found it folded away in the small vest pocket. It seemed to wink at him knowingly as he unfolded it. The suit had not been worn on account of some misfit, since that morning on the church roof.

He would not trust to the mail, and within an hour he delivered the paper to her in the pleasant parlor of the brown wing of the old church.

"I was paying for my room furniture on installments," she remarked with a smile. "I thought the firm was fair and square in its dealings, but it seems there is something wrong. I cannot thank you sufficiently for tiding me over this unpleasantness."

Harris found her atmosphere so rare and magnetic upon a nearer view that he went out from her with his head turned completely.

She smiled a little when his note came asking permission to call upon her.

So it came about at length, that Harris was admitted into the pretty room whose owner had so tantalized him that June morning and found it permeated with her gracious atmosphere, just as he had expected. They became fast friends. She confided to him her literary ambitions, successes and defeats, and he told her how he was buckling on his business armor in his father's counting room.

Miss Goosechase has lately promised to marry Harris, although she declares archly she is only induced to do so by the opportunity to change the name that had been her cross from childhood. Harris, for a man, seems strangely satisfied with the situation.—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

A Dog's Sense.

From the Boston Record.

A young girl was crossing the Public Garden the other morning upon the main path which crosses the bridge. She was accompanied by a magnificent mastiff, who strode along beside her in the most companionable sort of way, looking up into her face occasionally as if to remark casually that it was a very fine morning, or to ask if there was anything he could do for her.

The two crossed the bridge together, and finally came to the Charles street gate. Here the young girl, evidently not wishing to have the care of the dog in the busy streets, turned to him and said:

"There, that is far enough now, Marco. You need not go with me any farther, but turn about and go back home."

She did not take her hands out of her muff to point the way, and she spoke as she would to a small brother, in a pleasant, conversational voice.

Marco looked at her with his large eyes, then looked across the Common wagging his tail slowly, as though he was thinking how very pleasant it would be to go the rest of the way. Finally he turned back to her again and with a movement of his head and eyes asked as plainly as though the words had come from his mouth: "Please let me go a little farther, it is such a fine morning."

"No, dear; I'm going shopping, you know," answered the girl, explaining the difficulty, as if Marco were human.

"There'll be crowds of people, and I shall not know what to do with you. But go along now, there's a good fellow, and I'll be back soon."

Without another word Marco turned and walked back across the gardens. He did not slink away, as some dogs do when sent back, but marched leisurely along with his head in the air, stopping a moment on the bridge to watch the children skating below, then trotted on toward Commonwealth avenue. The Athenian watched him until he had disappeared beyond the gates, then resumed his own way, wondering whether Darwin loved dogs or not.

Western Freedom.

The editor of a Western paper has this to say: "The dead-geranium-leaf-eared spotlet, whom fate has willed shall wither and blight the weekly Dreadful around the corner, refers to the editor of this flourishing and influential journal as a pinfeather journalist and a can't-get-there dude. He also goes on to say that as a newspaper freak we are probably the finest specimen of the kind ever captured alive. Brethern of the press, this is all wrong. Let us be courteous to one another. In this work-a-day world of ours there is no influence so soothing and refining as that courtesy. The soft, low-spoken word, the gentle smile, the kindly reference—who has not felt their balm, been helped over some rough place in life's pathway by their beneficial effect? Brethern of the press, again we say let us be courteous to one another, and let the microbe pull his number five hat deep down over his eyes and ponder upon these words. Selah!"—Tid-Bits.

STRIKING A MATCH.

"Well, Miss Hildeburn, I must say I'm real sorry you and Mr. Sangster have fallen out like that."

"Oh, Mrs. Collins, indeed you are mistaken. There has been no 'falling out' between Mr. Sangster and myself. Indeed, I am not on sufficiently sociable terms with any of your gentlemen boarders to have a quarrel."

Saying which Miss Hildeburn, a slight, delicate-featured girl of 18, walked out of the room with ever more than her wonted dignity of manner and carriage.

"Nevertheless, notwithstanding," pursued Mrs. Collins, resuming her ironing, "I do believe there's been a misunderstandin' between those two; and a real pity it is, for he did admire her amazin'ly. He couldn't conceal it. Only they seldom knows what is good for 'em, and she's a lettin' her pride stand in the way of her happiness now."

"Pride, indeed!" sneered Miss Jane Humphries, Mrs. Collins' niece and assistant, a tall, red-haired, stylishly dressed damsel of five-and-thirty. "I'd like to know what right a girl who earns her livin' by givin' music lessons at 50 cents an hour has to be proud; and as for Mr. Sangster, I don't believe he ever had a serious thought about her."

"La, Jane, I don't know where your eyes kin be, if you didn't see how fairly wrapped up in her he was about two weeks ago. He's a splendid young man, anyhow, and I'll see if I can't mend matters between 'em.

"You'd better be mindin' your own business, I think, Aunt Martha," said Miss Jane, with a spiteful laugh.

"Never you mind, Jane," persisted the warm-hearted Mrs. Collins; "I'll manage it some way. You say she's afraid of ghosts, poor lamb!"

The following evening the kind-hearted landlady tapped at the door of the scantily furnished fourth-story room occupied by Lucy Hildeburn, and from which now proceeded a melancholy strain.

"Studying your piano at nights again?" queried Mrs. Collins reproachfully, when the young girl opened the door.

"I am very busy just now, and must put all the time I can into study."

"Well, but you mustn't forget what the doctor told you about overworkin' your brain," said Mrs. Collins.

"However," she added, "I won't detain you longer'n I ken help. I'm come to ask a favor. I'm goin' to the theater this evening.' So is Jane. So's everybody in the house, I b'lieve; and the girl has gone to bed with a toothache. So I'm goin' to ask you to give an eye to the furnace. I've just put on fresh coal and opened the lower doors; but will you please go down at 8 o'clock and close the doors?"

"Certainly," assented Lucy, upon which Mrs. Collins produced a lantern, saying:

"Just take this down with you. The cellar's all dark, you know."

Lucy took the lantern, closed the room door and returned to her piano, while Mrs. Collins walked away, chuckling to herself.

"That lantern 'll go out just five minutes after she sets it down, and she'll find herself all in the dark. And she's afraid of ghosts, poor lamb! But what if somebody who ain't a ghost should happen to be goin' down there about the same time, and be obliged to strike a match to calm her fears?"

And even while indulging in this pleasing reflection, Mrs. Collins tapped at a door on the second floor.

Her summons was responded to by a pleasant-looking young man, who just now, however, wore a very dejected countenance.

"La! Mr. Sangster, I didn't expect to find you at home this evening."

"I didn't feel like going out tonight," replied the young man in a weary tone.

"Well, since you are going to be at home," said Mrs. Collins, "would you be so kind as to look after the furnace? I've left the lower doors open but I'll be very much obliged if you go down at about 8 o'clock and close 'em. And you needn't take a light. There'll be one down there."

Mr. Sangster readily promised to comply with the request, and Mrs. Collins went away, hoping for what she considered "the right results."

Meanwhile, poor Lucy Hildeburn, sitting at her piano, continued to draw forth such melancholy strains that the tears rolled down her cheeks.

"I must go away from here," she said, half aloud, "I can't bear it much longer, indeed I can't, seeing him day after day, loving him as I do, and knowing that matters can never be adjusted between us. He is as proud as I—but, oh dear! what am I thinking of? It wants just two minutes to 8. I must go down and close the furnace doors."

Thereupon she lighted the lantern and proceeded down stairs.

Ugh! What a chill draught was blowing in through one of the gratings!

And there were strange noises all around.

Lucy's heart thumped so violently she was tempted to turn and run up stairs again.

But, goodness! The furnace was dreadfully, dangerously hot.

Lucy summoned up all her resolutions, and, stooping down, closed the doors.

They swung to with a bang, and when she essayed to open them again she found the effort beyond her strength.

What was to be done in the case of the fire needing more draught.

She might, after a while, find it necessary to put on more coal, and that it would be well to put on more draught.

But while she was debating with herself a more serious mishap occurred, for the candle inside the lantern suddenly achieved the most inexplicable somersault and she was left in utter darkness.

Moreover, to complicate the miseries of her situation, she now heard stealthy footsteps descending the cellar stairs.

Poor Lucy stood quite still, while her hands clasped together over her heart.

This was a burglar, undoubtedly. He had seen all the male inmates of the house going out and the lights lowered, and had thus chosen his opportunity to come in and conceal himself in the cellar.

The first idea that suggested itself to her was to creep under the steps and remain there until Mrs. Collins' return.

Ere she had time to do this, however, a man's form became visible in the dim, semi-twilight that was shed from the kitchen door above.

Lucy, with a desperate instinct of self-preservation, put up both hands, exclaiming:

"Have pity on me! Oh, have pity and spare my life!"

Upon this the burglar drew back, very much surprised.

"Miss Hildeburn!" he exclaimed, as he struck a match. "What are you doing here, and how can I serve you?"

Now poor Lucy, completely unnerved and dreadfully ashamed of herself, sat down on a reserved coal-scuttle and burst into a fit of weeping.

Then Mr. Sangster knelt down beside her, and a confused interchange of explanations of various kinds ensued.

The result was that at the expiration of a half-hour Mr. Sangster took Lucy in his arms and kissing the tear-stained face, murmured:

"God bless you for this promise, my own darling!"

When Mrs. Collins came home two hours later the house was very quiet, the furnace in good order, and neither Mr. Sangster nor Miss Hildeburn visible. But the following day Lucy confided to her a secret, and Mr. Sangster absented himself mysteriously for about three weeks, After that, Miss Hildeburn also disappeared.

"Gone to visit her aunt at Swathmore," Mrs. Collins explained to the other boarders.

But a fortnight later the carrier brought some wedding cards to the house.

"It was all brought about through the furnace," said Mrs. Collins, with a gleeful chuckle.

But Miss Jane was infinitely disgusted.

The Humbug of Free Ships.

The Providence Journal contributes its quota of misinformation to a debate that has been going on for several years, and which never fails to bring out a liberal supply of ineptitudes:

"A few years ago and the United States was the most formidable rival that Great Britain had for the commerce of the world, and now the American flag is practically banished from the high seas. What did it? An absurd law prohibiting the purchase of ships in a free market."

And mighty lucky it is for American capitalists that they are no longer owners and navigators of ships on the high seas. For many years, under high-pressure competition, British, German, and Scandinavian, and with the pauper wages of those countries, the business has been carried on at a constant loss. Except the Cunard Company, which paid one small dividend in 1887, none of the great English lines of steamers has paid a dividend for years, and none is likely to pay a dividend.

By heavy subsidies the Government of Germany, like that of France, maintains these lines with a view to ultimate military purposes; and it is impossible that outside ship owners should compete with them. If our navigation laws were altered so that we could buy in what the Journal calls a free market all the ships we could undertake to run, we should only lose money by the operation. In fact if ships were given us, we could not run them at a profit, unless the coast of repairs and the rates of wages for sailors, stokers and laborers were brought down with us to the lowest limit of England, Germany or Sweden.

We are a great deal better off for being out of that business than we would be if we were in it. Meanwhile, thanks to our wise old laws, our American coasting trade is fairly profitable and bigger than ever before. No English need apply.—N. Y. Sun.

Navy Mobolization.

From all I can see the Admiralty are about to perpetrate a practical joke of unprecedented dimensions in this much-advertised "mobolization of the navy." According to the official theory, as I understand it, the object of the proceedings is to show the public and the world exactly what we can do in a real emergency. All in a moment the message is to be flashed forth from Whitehall that war has been unexpectedly declared against us and that the enemy's fleet is already at sea. Within such and such a time every man Jack is to be embarked and every ship is to take its place either on the coast or in line of battle. It sounds very pretty. When you come to look at the facts it is nothing short of sublime. For about three months past this impromptu effect has been in active preparation. Whitehall has been cudgel-Simply because, after all this time not the word been given weeks ago? when the word is given. And why has water's edge ahd told what to do has been brought down to the mission, every available blue jacket that will float has been put into combeen straining every nerve, every ship ing its brains, the dockyards have and all these efforts, we are not ready. When we are, and not till then, the obliging enemy will declare war. The button will be pressed in Whitehall, the fleets of Britain will go forth and sweep the foeman from the seas, and the First Lord will turn round and say to the dumbfounded panic monger: "Observe. There is no deception. This is what we can do at twenty-four hours' notice!" As a joke it is not bad, though a little out of place. —London Truth.

The Muskrat in Delaware.

The muskrat is naturally a wary animal, but when passed by hunger is quite venturesome and often vicious when disturbed. They seldom exceed 5 pounds in weight in this State. They live in burrows or hollow logs, on the margins of streams, seldom venturing out for food until nightfall. On the marshes their towns resemble the famous "dog towns" of the western prairie. They are found both near salt and fresh water. They subsist chiefly on water mollusks. They are most numerous Kent County. Many persons living near marshes bordering on Deleware Bay buy large quantities of marsh land and devote their time solely to muskrat farming. The sale of the hides when cured is quite renumerative, while the flesh finds a ready sale in the local markets.

Bridget, has Johnnie come home from school yet? "Yis, sorr." "Have you seen him?" "No, sorr." "Then how do you know he's home?" "'Cause the cat's hidin' under the stove, sorr."—Time.

The National Pie Eaters.

We have been called a nation of pie eaters. From the humblest American citizen to the President of the United States pie occupies a prominent place in the household larder.

Who invented pie is not yet known, nor exactly how the name orignated

It is generally supposed that the word pie has its origin with the printers, but just how is lost in obscurity.

Talking about the consumption of pies, a good many of them are consumed at the capitol by our able lawmakers.

Just off from the rotunda is a lunch stand presided over by a soldier's widow. She is familiarly known as Jennie. Jennie is well known by all the members and Senators, and every day the stroll from their seats in the halls of legislation and visit the little stand to satisfy the inner man.

On the stand, displayed in a tempting manner will be found a variety of cakes, apples, peaches, bananas, sandwiches—beef and tongue— milk and pie.

The last named article has a strong hold on the appetite of the solons, and they'll eat pie in preference to anything else.

The Critic reporter stopped at the stand the other day to partake of a little repast, when his attention was attracted by the usual large number of Congressmen who rely on Jennie to prepare them a small lunch.

As a rule the members go to the House restaurant when hungry, but it frequently happens that they cannot spare the time, so they run over to Jennie's lunch counter.

"Jennie," asked the reporter, "what kind of pie do the members eat?"

"What kind of pie? Why, anything, so it's pie. These are grand pies; they never give you dyspepsia, nor the like. But don't you ask me any more questions, because I won't answer them; you reporters are so inquisitive, always finding out things."

"Does Congressman Vance eat pie?"

"Yes, nearly all the members eat pie. If they don't eat pie they eat something."

While the reporter was asking questions Hon. Amos J. Cummings came along and said: "What kind of pie to-day Jennie?"

"Apple, plum, pinneapple, blackberry, cocoanut, peach and custard. I keep custard pie for Mr. Vance."

"Well, give me a slice of peach and a glass of milk."

Mr. Cummings took the pie in his right hand and gracefully put it out of sight. He doesn't lose much time in masticating a slice of pie.

M. O'Donnell of Michigan does not stick to one kind of pie; he changes off. One day he'll prefer apple, the next cocoanut or blackberry, and so on. He eats his pie with a fork.

Very seldom does the Hon. Joe Cannon eat pie, but occasionally he stops by for a piece of apple pie.

Mr. Buchanan of New Jersey is one of the House pie eaters. He generally lunches on the grape pie. When the crust is rather firm he cuts the pie into little squares and washes them down with a swallow of milk.

Mr. Fitch and Amos Cummings are very fond of the German dish Zwiawil Kuchan, and Jennie keeps it for their special benefit.

Chairman Mills of the Ways and Means Committee now and then patronizes Jennie to the extent of a half of a lemon pie. He uses a fork with his pie.

Mr. Guenther, Vice-President of the P. F. O. N. Organization, is another one passionately fond of pie. He eats his pie about two c'clock in the day.

"Gif me some pie milk," he'll say.

"I don't care, so it's pie."

Mr. Boothman of Ohio, like all the Western members, is fond of the seductive pastry. He frequently gets on the outside of two slices of pineapple pie.

Mr. Funston of Kansas, who represents an agricultural constituency, like huckleberry pie and Jennie always has a slice put by for him.

Mr. Burrows of Michigan eats his pie as he would apiece of cake.

Judge Barnes of Georgia is also a slave to pie.

Tim Campbell eats his pie with a knife. He is very partial to mince pie when in season.

Sunset Cox says a man's digestive organs are out of repair when he can't enjoy pie.

Mr. Baker of New York always uses a spoon when he tackles a slice of custard pie.

The New England members as a rule will eat no other kind of pie than apple.

Big Tom Reed usually eats pie in the House restaurant.

New varieties of pie are constantly making their appearance. The other day Major McClammy of North Carolina wanted some orange pie, while Major Martin inquired for grape.

"Charlie" Mason of Illinois is known in the House as the great Chicago pie eater. He eats nothing but cocoanut pie, and generally he consumes a half-one for lunch. He says that any man who doesn't like pie is worse than a liar.

Dog Farming in China.

The rearing of dogs for their skins is pursued in China just as sheep farming is in Australia. There are thousands of small dog and goat farms scattered over the northern districts of Manchuria and Mongolia. Nature has provided a magnificent protection to withstand the cold of these northern latitudes, where the thermometer (Fahrenheit) goes down to twenty-five degrees below zero —that is, fifty-seven degrees of frost, and it is doubtful if the dogskins of any other part of the world are to be compared with those from Manchuria or Mongolia, either in size, length of hair or quality. The fur is at its best during the winter, and the dog is killed before the thaw sets in, which is effected not by the knife, which might injure the fur, but by strangulation. Last year the value of the skins fell off, owing to the stocks of previous years being undelivered. It is difficult to understand how the farmers can rear the animals for the price they obtain for the hides. To provide a well-made dogskin rug at least eight animals must be slaughtered, which, at three taels per rug of eighty inches by sixty-eight inches, would allow not quite fifty-five cents per dog, including the sewing, choosing, etc., for the skins must fairly match in color. The flesh, however, is no doubt used for human food, and the market value thereof enters largely into the farm's profit and loss account. When a girl is married she receives, perhaps, six dogs as her dowry.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Growth of the United States.

The United States has a population of at least 62,000,000 at this moment. This makes it second in this particular among the civilized nations of the world. Keeping in view the ratio of growth of the countries named between recent census periods, there are to-day about 88,000,000 inhabitants in European Russia, 47,000,000 in Germany, 40,000,000 in Austro-Hungary, 38,000,000 in France, 37,000,000 in Great Britain and Ireland, 30,000,000 in Italy and 17,000,000 in Spain.

The population of none of the other countries in Europe reach 10,000,000—Turkey's inhabitants outside of Asia aggregating scarcely half that figure. Russia alone of the great powers of Christendom exceeds the United States in population. Even Russia must soon be left far in the rear. July 4, 1890, when the next national enumeration takes place, the United States will have 67,000,000 inhabitants. It will have 90,000,000 in the year 1900 and 124,000,000 in 1910. This computation is based on the average growth of the country during the century. Employing a like basis for Russia, that nation before 1910 will have dropped to second place, the United States taking the first.

Forty years ago the United States stood sixth in point of population among the civilized nations of the globe and twenty years ago it stood fifth. Twenty years hence it will stand first.—Globe-Democrat.

Log Cabins are neither fashionable nor in demand, but they were more comfortable and more healthy than are many modern dwellings. Warner's Log Cabin Hops & Buchu is a reproduction of one of the best of the simple remedies with which Log Cabin dwellers of old days kept themselves well. Did you ever try "Tippecanoe"?

Ignorance Kept Him Honest.

A story is told of a postmaster whose lack of knowledge of working his own "nest" lost him an increase of $100 on his salary next year. When he sent his returns in he lacked 31 cents of the amount called for by the law to permit an adjustment of his salary. His report showed the receipts of his office to be $2,099.20. As the department allows a fraction over a half a dollar to be counted as a dollar, the postmaster would have been $100 more in pocket if he had had shrewdness enough to buy 31 cents' worth of stamps out of his own pocket. Since he sent his report he has learned his mistake, and anybody in the county now can kick him. His was the only case of the kind in 2,500. It caused much merriment among the clerks in the postoffice department.—Washington Cor. Baltimore American.

The Elite of Chicago.

Here in the west high-toned society changes about once every seven years; it is shed about as often as the human skin is, says the Chicago News. We have an elite directory that was published here in Chicago about twelve years ago. Comparing it with the elite directory of 1887 we find that the elite element of 1876 has almost wholly passed away; what remains is doubtless owing either to a lack of opportunity or a failure to convict. Many of our old elite are in the penitentiary, or have moved to Kansas City, or are otherwise under a cloud. The average age of an eliter is seven years, of an elitress ten years—at least this is the estimate given by the wisest of our local savants.

Sowing Seeds of Character.

If you should see a man digging in a snow-drift, with the expectation of finding valuable ore, or planting seeds upon the rolling billows, you would say at once that he was beside himself. But in what respect does this man differ from you, while you sow the seeds of idleness and dissipation in your youth, and expect the fruits of age will be a good constitution, elevated affections and holy principles! If you desire a virtuous and happy life, in youth you must shape your character by the Word of unerring wisdom, and plant in your bosom the seeds of virtue.

The World's Longest Gun.

The ever increasing length of cannon recently gave rise to the question as to the length of the longest piece of ordnance ever successfully fired. The surprising reply was: "Fourteen miles." The term "ordnance" is taken to mean anything that carries a projectile, and the piece of ordnance in question is the straight iron tube which conveys natural gas from Murrayville to Pittsburgh, Pa. The projectile fired this tube was a large "gumbrll," which fitted closely the interior of the pipe. This was inserted at the gas well and the gas turned on in full force. The ball was driven the entire length of the cube, coming out at the farther end in a "few minutes." It thus appears that the arts of peace may produce longer guns that the arts of war.

A Unique Bank Bill.

A. M. Craig, of Southington, Conn., has a curiosity in the shape of a bank note, on one side of which is a promise to pay $10 and on the reverse $20. In 1861 among the notes made by the government for the Second National bank of Springfield, Mass., there was an error in printing one sheet of three bills, and they were signed and paid out, first to the town and then to the fire department and then to the merchants. The error was, of course, at once discovered, and the bills called in. Two of the number were found and destroyed, but the third was lost. Mr. Craig not long ago was shown some curiosities, among them this bill. He made an offer for it which was accepted. He has already been offered over $200 for it by curiosity seekers.

An Anaconda in Connecticut.

Frank Daniels, of Waterford, Conn., came upon a snake in his field a few days ago, and, although the serpent was as big as an anaconda, he attacked it. The snake was in no mood to be trifled with, and it lifted its angry crest as high as Mr. Daniels' chest and pitched into him. For a time it was a slugging match, the farmer being armed with a part of a rail, then it degenerated into a rough and tumble wrestle, in which first one and then the other of the combatants had the under hold. Finally the man got the reptile down, after a desperate and protracted struggle, and pounded its head with the rail. The snake was a black one and measured eleven feet in length. It was the biggest snake ever killed in Waterford.

Ex-President Hayes is in his sixty-sixth year.

The time is never lost that is devoted to good works.

NERVES! NERVES!!

What terrible visions this little word brings before the eyes of the nervous.

Headache, Neuralgia, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Nervous Prostration.

All stare them in the face. Yet all these nervous troubles can be cured by using

Paine's Celery Compound

For The Nervous
The Debilitated
The Aged.

THIS GREAT NERVE TONIC

Also contains the best remedies for diseased conditions of the Kidneys, Liver, and Blood, which always accompany nerve troubles.

It is a Nerve Tonic, an Alterative, a Laxative, and a Diuretic. That is why it

CURES WHEN OTHERS FAIL.

$1.00 a Bottle. Send for full particulars.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors, BURLINGTON, VT.

By its mild, soothing and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases of nasal catarrh, also "cold in the head," coryza, and catarrhal headaches. 50 cents by druggists.

They are never alone who are accompanied by noble thoughts.

Beauty Without Paint.

"What makes my skin so dark and muddy?
My cheeks were once so smooth and ruddy!
I use the best cosmetics made,"
Is what a lovely maiden said.

"That's not the cure, my charming Miss,"
The doctor said—"remember this:
If you your skin would keep from taint,
Discard the powder and the paint.

"The proper thing for all such ills
Is this," remarked the man of pills:
"Enrich the blood and make it pure—
In this you'll find the only cure."

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will do this without fail. It has no equal. All druggists.

Simon Cameron is in his ninetieth year and still hale and hearty.

How Intelligent Women Decide.

When the question has to be met as to what is the best course to adopt to secure a sure, safe and agreeable remedy for those organic diseases and weaknesses which afflict the female sex, there is but one wise decision, viz., a course of self-treatment with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is an unfailing specific for periodical pains, misplacement, internal inflammation, and all functional disorders that render the lives of so many women miserable and joyless. They who try it, praise it. Of druggists.

A household that has a baby has no need of an alarm clock.

Drunkenness Growing Less.

It is a notorious fact that the great tendency among the people to stimulate is having a reaction. Lately an article called Moxie Nerve Food has appeared upon the markets, which is sold in all the drug stores, hotels, and drinking saloons in the country, that gives all the nerves require of a stimulant, without reaction or harm, and old drinkers like it better. It is taken by all classes of the people, from the clergyman to the tramp, for its remarkable, harmless support to the nervous system.

A man has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act one.

Half Rate Excursions.

The first of the series of Harvest excursions via the Missouri Pacific railway and Iron Mountain route to Arkansas and Texas, will leave September 11th and 25th, October 9th and 23d. Tickets will be sold at one fare for the round trip with a limit of thirty days to return and ample stop-over privileges.

Wisdom and manners have always come from the east.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

We respect ourselves more if we have succeeded in life.

Johnny Sherer has just secured a fine position in one of the banks in Burlington, Iowa, where he has been attending Elliott's Business College.

Sleeping-car porters generally give a fat man a wide berth.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Wool is said to improve with age. It feels it a "duty," probably.

On the new time card, in effect Sept. 2nd, the Union Pacific Railway is the only line that can offer the traveling public two daily trains from Council Bluffs, Omaha and Kansas City to Los Angeles and San Francisco.

Also bear in mind that passengers from Chicago taking "The Overland Flyer" at Council Bluffs practically make 24 hours better time from Chicago to San Francisco, and 8 hours better time from Chicago to Portland, than they can make via any other route.

Claus Speckles will introduce the beet sugar industry in America.

One of the largest furniture stores in Nebraska is that of Hardy & Pitcher at Lincoln.

To be ashamed of one's trade is the very essence of vulgarity.

Faithfulness and sincerity are the highest things.

A pine belt, seventy-five miles wide, girds Georgia from east to west.

Sheer nonsense—clipping a horse.

ST. JACOBS OIL

TRADE MARK

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN.

CURES Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost-bites.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers Everywhere. Fifty Cents. The Charles A. Vogeler Co., Balto., Md.

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Ely's Cream Balm Cold in Head

ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

$75.00 to $250.00 A MONTH can be made working for us. Agents preferred who can furnish a horse and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities. B. F. JOHNSON & Co., 1009 Main Street Richmond, Va.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

GOLD. Live at home and make more money working for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex. Costly outfit FREE. Terms FREE. Address, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

$5 to $8 per day. Samples worth $1.5 FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. Write Brewster Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

GOLD is worth $600 per lb. Pettit's Eye salve is worth $1,000 but lasold at 25cs box by dealers

CANCER Treated and cured without the knife. Book on treatment sent free. Address F. L. POND, M. D., Aurora, Kane Co., Ill.

W. N. U., Omaha. 429—36.

Vigor and Vitality

Are quickly given to every part of the body by Hood's Sarsaparilla. That tired feeling is entirely overcome. The blood is purified, enriched, and vitalized, and carries health instead of disease to every organ. The stomach is toned and strengthened, the appetite restored. The kidneys and liver are roused and invigorated. The brain is refreshed, the nerves strengthened. The whole system is built up by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I was all run down and unfit for business. I was induced to take a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it built me right up so that I was soon able to resume work. I recommend it to all." D. W. Heath, 4 Martin Str. et, Albany, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

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DR. WINCHELL'S TEETHING SYRUP

Is the best medicine for all diseases incident to children. It regulates the bowels; assists dentition; cures diarrhœa and dysentary in the worst forms; cures canker sore mouth; is a certain preventive of diphtheria; quiets and soothes all pain; invigorates the stomach and bowels; corrects all acidity, and gives energy and tone to the entire system; will cure griping in the bowels and wind colic. Do not fatigue yourself or child with sleepless nights, when it is within your reach to cure your child and save your own strength. Prepared only by the

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Sold by all Druggists at 25c. per Bottle.

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