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NO. 11.

As Good as a Seashore Cottage.

"Are you going to the seashore this summer?" Jones asked of Brown. "Not exactly," said Brown, "but we're going to accomplish the same result without going from home at all." "What do you mean?" "Why, it's this way. You see, when a person of my means takes a cottage at the seashore he of course gets a poor sort of shanty, because we can't afford a large, finely finished and well furnished house. You know the sort of place the usual summer cottages are. Well, we've decided to accomplish the result in another way. We're going to move up into the attic for the summer. "Move into the attic?" "Why, certainly. It is unfinished, just like a seashore cottage. The sun beats down on the shingles and raises the temperature above 100 degrees every sunny summer day. That's just like a seashore cottage. There isn't by any means room enough in it for our large family, and that's like a seashore cottage too.

"When it rains, the water doesn't beat through our roof, to be sure, as it does through the roofs of seashore cottages, but we can remedy that by poking a few holes through the shingles here and there and getting the roof mended in the fall. It will smell a little stuffy, but that is eminently like a seashore cottage. We shall keep a clothesbasket full of unwashed shells standing in the corner to produce a realistic effect. On the whole, we shall be ever so much more comfortable in our own accustomed garret than we should be at the seaside, and we shall have this inestimable advantage that when we get sick of it we can simply move right down into our own comfortable home, whereas, if we were at the shore and paying a high price for a cottage, we should feel bound to stick it out to the bitter end. Oh, I tell you, it's a great scheme."—Boston Transcript.

Millions of Valueless Money.

Eighty million dollars in bills were received at Atlanta a day or two ago, the mammoth packages of money filling five large dry goods boxes and making in all a dryload. None of the bills was current, however, as they represent "nothing in God's earth now and naught in the waters below it." They were Confederate bills of the rarest type. The huge pile of genuine Confederate money was shipped from Richmond, the former capital of the Confederacy and is now the property of Charles D. Barker of Atlanta. The money is of every denomination issued by the departed nation, and in the big collection are bills of the rarest type. There are bills issued during every year of the war. Thousands of them are very valuable as relics, but the great number of them Mr. Barker has on hand will make them so common as to bring but little on the market. This \$80,000,000 of Confederate money has been all along supposed to have been destroyed. This is undoubtedly the largest lot of Confederate money in the world.—Savannah News.

Bicycle Sulky Records.

The veteran reinsman, Budd Doble, who drove Dexter when he made his famous record years ago and piloted Nancy Hanks to the wire in 2:04 last season, agrees that these records are not to be discounted because made with the pneumatic sulky.

"The progress of tracks, sulkies, rigging and horses is natural," he said. The conditions under which Dexter made his record were far more favorable to speed than prevailed in the day of Flora Temple, and Maud S trotted under still more favorable conditions than Dexter, yet in each case the latter record was accepted as standard.

Time and ingenuity may bring forth even greater aids to speed than the present bicycle sulky and kite shaped track have proved to be, but they must be accepted as legitimate means of lowering the trotting record.—New York Herald.

Jewish and Italian Immigration.

More than one-third of the 53,000 immigrants who landed at this port last month were Italian and Jewish. The inflow of these races this year surpasses that of every other year. It is evident that both the Italians and the Jews are pleased with this country, and that those of them who have been here for some time give encouragement to others to come. For a short time the Jews of Russia found some trouble in getting passage to this country, especially from Hamburg, but when excluded from German ports they go to Belgian, Dutch, British or French ports, where plenty of steamships are at their service, as can be seen by the arrival of so many of them here every week.—New York Sun.

Sixty-eight Years of Wedded Life.

George Gilbert and wife of Gilbertsville, Montgomery county, were married Nov. 8, 1825, and will celebrate their sixty-eighth marriage anniversary in November next. Mr. Gilbert will be 90 years of age on Nov. 8, 1893, and his wife will be 90 on March 9, 1894. Mr. Gilbert is still quite active and was seen in the field last week mowing and haymaking, but his wife has been bedfast 19 years, though her mental faculties are unimpaired. The couple have had 10 children, eight of whom are living.—Cor. Philadelphia Ledger.

A Good Use For Last Season's Dresses.

The enormously increased price of woman's gowns, it is claimed by the dressmakers, is due to the portentous size of the sleeves. Eight yards of silk is reported as the allowance made for these befrilled and beupuffed elements of the gown in Paris, which accounts perhaps for the fashion of using a different material for the sleeves. Anyway the women who are despairingly questioning, "What shall we do with our last season's gowns?" may find here the happy solution of the question—make them into sleeves for this season's dresses.

Nearly Drowned by Hailstones.

C. Stanley Hurlbut, the well known oarsman, had a thrilling experience on the Schuykill river during the terrific storm on Wednesday night and had to swim for his life.

Mr. Hurlbut is a member of the Malta Boat club, and after office hours on Wednesday started up the river in a single shell to the race course. Here the storm overtook him, and the hailstones perforated the covering of his shell. The craft began to fill with water and settle. It was only by skillful handling that Mr. Hurlbut kept right side up, all the while the hail pelting him in a fusillade.

At one time he was in imminent danger of losing his life by being run down by the four oared shell of the Pennsylvania Barge club, which bore down upon him, appearing suddenly through the veil caused by the storm, not 10 yards away. A blow from the sharp prow of the shell would have been fatal to the oarsman, and Mr. Hurlbut, realizing his peril succeeded by a powerful left hand stroke in throwing his shell out of the line.

The boat shot by like a flash and left the oarsman fighting with the waves, which rolled over his boat, causing it to settle at least one foot. He succeeded in getting to the shelter of a pier at Columbia bridge, when the shell turned, leaving him in the water. With the craft in tow Mr. Hurlbut started to swim to Belmont landing, where he was assisted by several young men who had witnessed his exciting struggle. The shell is a wreck.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Prosperity in Nevada.

We would advise the chronic kicker who thinks Nevada fit only for horned toads and rattlesnakes to take a trip through the country and try to find a better place. The farmers on the Truckee meadows live and dress better than in any other section of the country, have more of the pleasures and comforts of life than any of the farmers in any part of California; they live in better houses, get better prices for their produce and are in every way better off. We hear glowing accounts of the country about Los Angeles, the beautiful orange groves, the immense yield of the land devoted to the cultivation of prunes, but distance lends enchantment to the view. Nevada is just now undergoing a business depression, owing no doubt to the unsettled condition of the financial question, but we are better off here and have less to growl about than the people in San Francisco. Let those who think they have a hard row to hoe dig up their sack and take a trip to other sections of the coast, and we venture the assertion that they will return home better satisfied with themselves and this portion of the world at large.—Reno (Nev.) Gazette.

A Pitiful Scene at a Railroad Accident.

In the recent railroad accident at Newburg, N. Y., one woman—Mrs. Elberston of Setauket, N. Y.—who was severely injured, was taken from the wreck hysterically crying for her baby. She had been traveling with her husband, who was also injured, and Addie, her 3-year-old child. For a few minutes no one could tell her what had become of the little girl. Then the child's dead body was found in the wreck, and hugged closely in her arms was a doll. Mr. Elberston heard his child was dead, but he cautioned the men not to tell his wife.

Mrs. Elberston, although badly injured, refused to go to the hospital until she found the child. Then one of the men, counting on her hysterical condition, placed in her arms the doll that had been found locked in the child's embrace. Mrs. Elberston took the doll and went to the hospital, believing that she had her child.

Labourer's View of the Seal Question.

I have always been at one with the United States in respect to the seal controversy. By international law we are right, by common sense they are right, and when the former conflicts with the latter I am on the side of the latter. Seals are fera natura, and the United States government weakens its argument by contesting this. Their habitat is the open sea, and once a year they betake themselves to American territory in order to bring their progeny into existence. If slaughtered on the way, they would be exterminated in a few years. No one wants this, but if killed in undue numbers when on the territory of the United States this extermination would equally be the result. Common sense therefore says that they ought to be protected while in the sea, as well as protected from excessive destruction while on land.—London Truth.

Look Out For the "Bible Wagon."

The first electric organ to reach this country has arrived at the Boston custom house from England. It has been built for St. Thomas' church, Taunton. Another curious importation is a "Bible wagon," which has arrived from Glasgow. It is an elaborate affair, strangely fashioned and bright with varnish and gilding. It is equipped with seats, book racks and a high pulpit, which with its stand is mounted on a swivel and can be "aimed" in any direction.—Boston Letter.

A Sturgeon Weighing Over a Long Ton.

Some fisherfolk the other day captured in York bay, on the Don, a sturgeon weighing 75 pounds, or about 2,000 pounds English. The fish was taken, singularly enough, in an ordinary net and without damage to the meshes. A sturgeon of this size will give about 10 pounds of caviare, having a marketable value of 1,000 rubles.—London News.

Fearful.

George—Aren't you afraid much sandy will hurt your complexion?
Ethel—Yes. You are, too, ain't you?—New York Weekly.

Superstition About Unlucky Houses.

There is a superstition about unlucky houses, of which the Blaine house in Washington is just now the most notorious example, and which is enough to make a conservative, common sense real estate agent pound his head against the bricks. The proper commercial spirit in which to meet the superstition is embodied in the sentiment, "Give me good plumbing, and I will risk the luck." But Mr. Hudson thinks it conceivable that the emotions of persons who suffered unduly in particular houses may somehow stick around the premises and bother impressionable tenants who come after.

He tells of a London lady who hired a house and was straightway seized with a persistent longing to study art. She did so and became proficient, and did not find out until afterward that the tenant who had preceded her had been an enthusiastic devotee of art. The same lady hired another house years afterward, but had to leave it because of its depressing influences. Inquiry brought out the fact that the house had once been occupied by a cruel husband, who had abused his wife and finally abandoned her, and that no tenant had been able to live comfortably in it since.—Harper's Weekly.

A Cling Call For a Drummer.

"I am sure I do not look like a hay seed," said a commercial traveler to me yesterday, "and yet I practically blew out the gas at my hotel last night."

"You see," he continued, "there are both gas and electric light fixtures in the rooms, and they are close together. Well, I started to turn out the electric light and made a mistake and turned the thumb piece of the gas burner, opening it, of course. As the electric light did not go out, I at once saw my mistake and corrected it by turning the electric light button, laughing at myself the while. When I got up in the morning, I discovered that in my amusement over my error I had forgotten to turn the gas thumb piece back again, and it had actually been open all night. Think of it!"

"What! and you were not?"
"Oh, I wasn't asphyxiated. You see, the hotel does not use gas, and there was nothing but air in the pipe. But it was a close call, wasn't it?"—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Minute Mechanical Construction.

That minute mechanical construction can lay claim to considerable antiquity is evidenced by the works of Pliny and Adrian, who relate that Myrmicidæ constructed out of ivory a ship with all her appurtenances and a chariot with four wheels and four horses, both so small that a bee could hide either of them with its wings.

A still more wonderful work is that of Mark Scalliot, a London locksmith who in 1570 manufactured a lock consisting of 11 different pieces of steel, iron and brass, which, together with the key belonging to it, weighed only one grain. The same artist constructed a chain of gold containing 43 links, which he fastened to the lock and key, and upon these being attached to the neck of a flea the insect was able to draw them with ease.—Boston Commonwealth.



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J. O. WILSON, Contractor and Builder, Sulphur Springs, Texas, thus speaks of Ayer's Pills:
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