A MARTYR
—TO—
INDIGESTION
Cured by Using
Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Words of Comfort to All who Suffer from Dyspepsia.

"For years, I was a martyr to indigestion, and had about given up all hope of ever finding relief, as the complaint only seemed to grow worse instead of better, under ordinary treatment. At last, I was induced to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and I hereby testify that after using only three bottles, I was cured. I can, therefore, confidently recommend this medicine to all similarly afflicted."—FRANKLIN BECK, Avoca, Ia.

"I am personally acquainted with Mr. Beck and believe any statement he may make to be true."—W. J. MAXWELL, Druggist and Pharmacist, Avoca, Ia.

"I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla for general debility and, as a blood-purifier, find it does exactly as is claimed for it."—S. J. ADAMS, Ezzell, Texas.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla The Only
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INDIAN SUMMER.

The Literature is as Hazy as Its Delightful Atmosphere.

There is a great difference of opinion among those who are wise in weather lore as to the exact time when Indian summer makes its appearance; some weather prophets declaring that it includes every warm day between Michaelmas day, the 29th of September, and Christmas, while others locate it in the month of October. Indeed, the opinions of scientists do not agree any better than those of ordinary individuals, but seem to be as hazy on the subject as the season itself.

After looking up much scientific data on the subject, and making a consensus of popular opinion, the fact seems established that this phenomenon of seasons really belongs to the month of November, although the signal service notes say that if Indian summer does not come in October or November, it will come in winter, as if it were a sort of movable season. Neither do scientists agree as to the cause of that hazy atmosphere which accompanies the season, a condition peculiar to North America. It was attributed by early settlers in this country to the smoke from prairie fires kindled by the Indians—hence the name. "Indian summer." But it is now said by scientific investigators, that the appearance of smoke is an optical illusion produced by a peculiar condition of the air, which might be compared to a dry fog. Sentimentalists declare that it is this dreamy haze which gives its great charm to this short, delightful season, when the whole world of nature appears like a beautiful dream. It is the fifth season, the mellow ripeness of autumn, when creation stands still in a lazy, languorous mood, and the picture is vanishing and indistinct like one of Corot's landscapes. It is the golden sunset of the year, brief and evanescent.

The subject of Indian summer was investigated as long ago as 1835, when Dr. Lyman Foot, of the United States army, in his report says that the Indians gave the season its name by calling it their "fall summer," which occurred in November. The doctor was stationed at Ft. Winnebago, Missouri Territory, at the time, and wrote from actual observation. He says:

"We arrived at this port the 3d day day of last November. We had three weeks of Indian summer, with all the peculiar redness of the sky in great perfection." He adds that he had long observed the season with curious attention and calls for an expression of opinion on the subject from other observers.

Prof. Willet advanced the theory in a report made to the government in 1867 that the dry fog is real smoke, not produced by prairie fires, but the product of chimneys. The late Prof. Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution, reported that a portion of the haze, filtered, was found to contain the lava of volcanoes and fragments of burned vegetables. Neither of these distinguished scientists added anything to the literature of our Indian summer, so when doctors disagree it is not expected that ordinary observers will be able to formulate any tenable theory of its course. The next best thing is to enjoy its opportunities, leaving its origin to the unknown source whence it is derived.—Detroit Free Press.

CONCERNING CAPES.

Some Ills for Which Short Ones Are Responsible.

It is now that the pungent odor of camphor and tar greets the traveler as he boards the street car. Last winter's overcoat has come forth from the chest where it has lain hidden from the self-respecting moth, whose olfactory nerves are supposed to be so well developed. Strange how far this tiny moth and his progenitress, the miller, are in advance of their enemies! When they discover a deadly odor they leave post haste for a more wholesome environment, but we linger and dally with the poison and grow pale and weak before we come to a realizing sense of our danger. And this reminds me of some other foolish things that we do. For instance, we wear shoes that pinch us until nature rebels and then we wonder why we have enlarged joints and other unpleasant additions to our pedal anatomy.

The short cape is doubtless responsible for more of the ills that flesh is heir to than any article of apparel. It is not warm enough for winter, even when made of fur. It is very well what there is of it, but there is not enough of it. In this respect capes are improving, as is shown by the adoption of the golf capes. Others are made with jackets underneath and this is still better. Some of the French wraps are long mantles reaching to the knees. These are warm, but far from graceful. Better have them the entire length of the dress.—Chicago News.

To Cover a Book.

To cover a book lay two pieces of cardboard over the sides and then sew on a cover of chamois skin or silk, pasting down the first blank pages at the front and back on the inside. Tie together with narrow ribbons or with chamois strings ending in tiny tassels made of the skin.—Philadelphia Press.

CENSORSHIP IN RUSSIA.

Very Irksome to the Czar's Subjects and to Foreigners as Well.

The Russian censorship is a thing of many departments. One of them is the censorship of the Holy Synod, which watches over religious matters and tries to prevent the publication or introduction into the country of books or printed matter likely to injure the interests of the Orthodox Greek Church. This censorship is the most stupid of all. It has a list of condemned books something analagous to the index of the Pope of Rome, and such authors as John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer and, of course, Darwin, are included in it.

Some years ago a French scientist published a mongram on mushrooms in which he maintained that all mushrooms were poisonous. This book was prohibited by the censor of the Holy Synod on the ground that, as mushrooms were the staple food of the Russian peasantry during the numerous fasts of the church, it would be detrimental to the best interests of religion to publish anything that might bring this article of food into discredit.

There is also a censorship of books and of the press, a foreign censorship and a censorship of the foreign press. The police also exercise a censorship over placards, theaters, handbills, etc. All these different censorships have to keep up a large and expensive staff so that the attempt to muzzle and shut down public opinion costs the Russian government a pretty penny.

The press censorship is arbitrary and peculiar. Most papers are allowed to print what they like without control, but if they print anything that displeases the government they are notified of the fact and receive what is called a first warning. This warning may be accompanied with suspension for a definite period—a week, a month, or a year. That, of course, means a heavy fine, for a paper that is unable to earn any money on the capital it has invested for a given time loses heavily. It has to keep up its staff, although it can not do any business. Its expenses go on, but its receipts are stopped. Then advertisers lose confidence in a paper that is warned. After a paper has been warned three times it may no longer appear. Thus the Golos has ceased to be. Yet such is the irrepressibility of the newspaper man in Russia that it is safe to say that there is not a big Russian paper published at the present day which has not had its second warning.

Some papers may not be printed without previously submitting all their proofs for the approval of the censor. This causes delay and is of course very irksome. There is a daily paper in Tiflis which appears only twice a year, owing to the distance of Tiflis from the central censorship at St. Petersburg, to which every number of the paper must be submitted before it can be published.

Under the book and theatrical censorship the Russian literary man, be he journalist or author, has been compelled to invent a style of his own—a style in which more is meant than meets the eye, which his reader understands perfectly, but which the censor is too stupid to perceive. Dramatic and art criticism, book reviews, and articles on travel and social customs are the disguises under which the Russian publicist presents his political opinions.

The foreign book censorship is the most absurd and ridiculous. While objectional books are ruthlessly confiscated, the public which wants to read them—and it is of necessity limited—can always get them, because in the interests of science and knowledge certain people are exempted from the operations of the censor's edict. Thus all professors are excluded, all governors of provinces, all senators, a number of officials and numerous others. Consequently a very large number of people who are not among these privileged mortals are sure to know somebody who is and can get their books through him.

The foreign censor has a particularly pleasant office. He is generally a man of taste and refinement, and can fill his library with the best of the forbidden books, if he will, and hang his walls with the most charming prohibited prints. Very often, when he takes a fancy to an etching or a book, he promptly confiscates and keeps it.

Very different is the fate of the foreign newspaper censor. His is a dull and dreary life of routine and India ink. The foreign press censorship is a department of the post office, and thereby hangs a tale.

Theoretically no foreign newspapers are admitted into Russia. The only person who is entitled by law to receive foreign periodicals is his majesty the emperor. He has what is called his list. By great graciousness his majesty has made a present of this list to the country. People may subscribe through the post office and obtain the papers on the imperial list, but no others, and a foreign paper that presumes too much on the toleration of his majesty is likely to be struck from the list.

The London Daily Telegraph, for instance, met this fate years ago, and since then copies of that paper can not be obtained in Russia, nor is the paper allowed to have a correspondent there. It has one, all the same, but his position is secret and risky.

As soon as a foreign paper crosses the Russian frontier its troubles begin. All the foreign papers that are sent to Russia must enter that country through St. Petersburg, the window, as Peter the Great called it, for Russia to look out of at Europe. When the papers get on the Russian train they are sorted and arranged by a staff on board, who lay aside a sample of each for the censor's eyes. When they arrive at the general post office in St. Petersburg the censor's work begins. He reads through the samples carefully and marks the objectional passages, which are then obliterated by means of India ink. Of course, even censors are human, and occasionally something escapes their watchful eyes. Then they have a warm time of it. On the whole, however, they do their work most efficiently.—N. Y. World.

Grape Preserve.

Grapes are good in season and out; that is, they are delicious when preserved, and now is the time for putting them up. In preparing grape preserve a tender-skinned grape should be used. The Concord grape is too tough-skinned to make a satisfactory preserve. Squeeze the pulp out of the skin and after putting it in the preserving kettle set it on the fire. Stir frequently and cook until the pulp will break up readily. This will require only a few minutes' boiling. Rub the pulp through a sieve, rejecting the seeds. Measure the skins and pulp and put them in the preserving kettle. For every quart of the fruit add one pint and a half of sugar and one gill of water. Cook for twenty minutes after the preserve begins to boil; then put in jars and seal. If you choose, use less sugar, or, if you prefer to have the preserve sweeter, allow a pound of sugar for each pound of fruit.—N. Y. World.

Would Excite Suspicion.

Wayside Rhodes—There's a piece of soap an' a washt basin back of that there barn. I've a mind to wash my face an' han's.

Dusty Walker—Don't do it, Rhody; it's a hoodoo. Ther las' time we disguised ourselves the police pinched us.

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A Modern Othello.

Landlord—I come to see you on a matter of great importance. You must move out on the first.

Tenant—What's the matter?

"During the six months you have been in my house you have not paid a cent rent. I care nothing about that, but you are everlastingly hugging and kissing my wife, and that's got to stop on the first of the month."—Alex Sweet, in Texas Siftings.

How It Works.

Prison Superintendent—Here's a lot of official documents showing that the man who has been in cell 90 for the last ten years has been found innocent of the crime for which he was convicted.

Assistant—Hum! What's to be done now?

Superintendent—Kick him out.—N. Y. Weekly.

Seasonable Aid.

"I would like to make your last hours comfortable," remarked the humorous man to the Thanksgiving turkey; "what can I do for you?"

"Thanks, awfully," answered the Thanksgiving turkey; "if you will furnish the chestnuts I'll do the rest."—Detroit Free Press.

A Broken Agreement.

Theatrical Manager—I'm not going to pay you for my theater.

Contractor—Why not?

Theatrical Manager—Because you contracted to build a theater to hold 2,500 people, and there haven't been 500 people in the place any night since it opened.—Truth.

Easily Explained.

Jones—I wonder why poets wear their hair long.

Brown—Didn't you ever have your hair cut?

"Yes, of course. What's that got to do with it?"

"Lots. Didn't you have to pay for it?"—Life.

A Forgotten Factor.

Cook—I wonder where the missus goes so often?

Second Girl—She's attendin' the Emancipated Women's league.

Cook—Huh! If she thinks she's goin' to git herself emancipated from me, she'll find herself mistaken.—N. Y. Weekly.

No More Interest in It.

"What made Sadie Tillinghast resign from the woman's suffrage league? She was one of the most earnest members."

"Yes, I know; but she seemed to lose all interest in the cause after Joe Gibbs proposed. They are to be married in a couple of months."—Judge.

The Kind of Gun He Meant.

Woodbee Buyer—I thought you said these lots were within gunshot of the depot.

Real Estate Agent—So they are; those new dynamite guns, you know, can shoot a distance of twenty miles or more.—N. Y. World.

Too Generous.

Mildred—Is your husband a very generous man?

Margery—Indeed he is. You remember those nice cigars I gave him for a birthday present? Well, he smoked only one and gave all the others away to his friends.—Truth.

Worthy of Confidence.

McNish—Do you think that McSimum is a man whom it is safe to trust?

McNash—I certainly do. He borrowed a lead pencil from me the other day and returned it as soon as he was through with it.—South Boston News.

Supreme Advancement of the Sex.

Young Man—Look out! There's a mouse!

The Advanced Young Woman (calmly)—Oh, how cunning! Can't you coax the little dear out this way?—Chicago Record.

Lest They Surely Will.

Young husbands with slim salaries
May now begin to figure
Upon the probabilities
That sleeves will soon be bigger.
—Chicago Tribune.

AN APPEAL.

"Maud Percy Sidney, listen to me. Me an' my child is desolate since you have took from us our purtector an' surport. If my words cannot move you, let the wasted form of this poor child melt your heart, if it be not made of adamank or cask iron."—Life.

In the Sanctum.

Visitor—Are you acquainted with Scribbler, who writes poetry?

Editor—I should say I know him. I had to buy a new waste basket last week on his account.—Tammany Times.

Give or Take.

Spencer—What do you mean by saying that it is give or take with Judge Sockitt?

Ferguson—Ten dollars or ten days.—N. Y. World.

Two Ways of Looking at It.

Single Man—How many children are you blessed with?

Married Man—I buy shoes for six.—N. Y. Weekly.

Unanswerable.

Tipple—Why wouldn't you live in a flat?

Sibyl—My dear, there's no room for a reply.—N. Y. World.

Neatly Done.

Gus De Smith—By the way, Hostetter, have you two fives for a ten?

Hostetter McGinnis—I have.

Gus De Smith—Then lend me one of 'em.—Texas Siftings.

Telling Too Much.

New Minister—Does your father go to church regularly?

Little Girl—Yes, indeed. Mamma would give him fits if he didn't.—Good News.

At Niagara Falls.

A.—Too bad that Niagara is not put to commercial uses.

B.—I'm of your opinion exactly. Are you an engineer?

A.—No; milk dealer.—Fliegende Blaetter.

Better Still.

"How did you come to break with Miss Sweetlips? You always said she was as good as gold."

"Yes, but I got acquainted with a girl who had the gold."—Boston Transcript.

Heard in the Court Room.

Defendant (to his attorney, just after acquittal)—Well, if I had told the truth you would have been in the soup.—Fliegende Blaetter.

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