A Sure Cure For Piles.

Nothing Piles are known by moisture like coughing, sneezing intense itching when warm. This form, as well as Blind, Bleeding and protruding, yield at once to Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy, which acts directly on the parts affected, absorbs tumors, allays itching and effects a permanent cure. 50c. Druggists or mail; circulars free. Dr. Bosanko, 103 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The trouble in love affairs is that the parties to it love too much to love long.

Brown's Iron Bitters cures Dyspepsia, Malaria, Biliousness and General Debility. Gives Strength, aids Digestion, tones the nerves—creates appetite. The best tonic for Nursing Mothers, weak women and children.

A man's best friend to-day is often the skeleton in his closet that torments him the most to-morrow.

Wasting away, growing thinner every day. Poor child, won't Mama get you a box of Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyers?

A woman's greatest rival in a man's heart is the pleasure he enjoys in having his own way.

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

How polite and gallant a man is to the women of the world who are not related to him.

FITS.—Epilepsy permanently cured by new system of treatment. TWO TRIAL BOTTLES FREE. Send for treatise. Epileptic Remedy Co., 41 Broad St., New York.

The mock marriage should be held binding, at least upon the mocker.—Ex.

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.

There is nothing more profound than pride, and, strange to say, nothing more ridiculous.

The Only One Ever Printed—Can You Find the Word?

There is a 5-inch display advertisement in this paper this week which has no two words alike except one word. The same is true of each new one appearing each week from the Dr. Harter Medicine Co. This house places a "Crescent" on everything they make and publish. Look for it, send them the name of the word, and they will return you BOOK, BEAUTIFUL LITHOGRAPHS or SAMPLES FREE.

A man can't love a woman he does not trust; women love men every day they can't trust.

The Texas Fair.

[Dallas (Tex.) Farmers World.]

As far as can be learned the attractions at the fair this year will far surpass those of past years. Fortunately the farmers have made good crops in Texas and are cheerful and good-humored and can afford to the good wife and little ones a short, inexpensive pleasure trip to the fair. They will be welcomed by the hospitable people of Dallas, and they should come and see all the fine stock and varied industries of the state on exhibition. They should come and see the great machinery exhibit, the merchants' exhibit, the races, the shows and the great crowds. They should come and see Texas in miniature gathered at the great show, and learn by touch and sight of her marvelous resources and matured grandeur. The farmers will come for both the profit and the pleasure and Dallas will treat them as becomes the chief city of the state, situated in the midst of the finest farming country in the world, upon which she depends for her growth and prosperity. This enterprise is bigger than Dallas. It belongs to the state, and peculiarly to the farmers of the state, where they can meet together, see and hear all about the modern improvements in farming, study the products of the various portions of the state, see the fine stock and learn how to improve their own, and, withal, get together once a year with their families and their neighbors in an innocent, inexpensive way of recreation and pleasure. The railroads will reduce the fare and trains run so that a great many farmers and their families can visit the grounds and return home daily. Let all come and add in the great work of making this institution permanent and the pride of the state.

The worthless drunkard will strain at a gnat and swallow a barrel of whisky.—Ex.

"August Flower"

For two years I suffered terribly with stomach trouble, and was for all that time under treatment by a physician. He finally, after trying everything, said stomach was about worn out, and that I would have to cease eating solid food for a time at least. I was so weak that I could not work. Finally on the recommendation of a friend who had used your preparations with beneficial results, I procured a bottle of August Flower, and commenced using it. It seemed to do me good at once. I gained in strength and flesh rapidly; my appetite became good, and I suffered no bad effects from what I ate. I feel now like a new man, and consider that August Flower has entirely cured me of Dyspepsia in its worst form. JAMES E. DEDERICK, Saugerties, New York.

A worn-out Stomach.

W. B. Utsey, St. George's, S. C., writes: I have used your August Flower for Dyspepsia and find it an excellent remedy.

INDIAN DEPREDATION | PENSION | PATENTS | LAND | HOMESTEAD | POSTAL

CLAIMS

The "EXAMINER" BUREAU of CLAIMS UNDER THE DIRECTION OF San Francisco Examiner.

If you have a claim of any description whatsoever against the United States Government, and wish it specially adjudicated, address JOHN WEDDERBURN, Manager, 615 F Street, N. W. Washington, D. C.

ARE YOU A FARMER?

If so you are one from choice and can tell whether farming as an investment pays. Do you make it pay? Have you first-class tools, fixtures, etc.? You say yes, but you are wrong if you have no scales. You should have one, and by sending a postal card you can get full information from

JONES OF BINGHAMTON, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

THE FARM AND HOME.

THE BEST WAY IN WHICH TO BUILD A HORSE STALL.

An Economical and Efficient Home-Made Plank Drag—How to Manage an Orchard—Farm Notes—Home Hints.

A Good Horse-Stall.

The best floor for horse stalls is one that is made open, so that the liquid will immediately pass through the bedding and the floor into a water-tight gutter under the floor. To make this gutter says E. W. S. in the Country Gentleman, excavate a trench in the earth 3 feet wide and 19 inches deep under each stall, extend nearly to the manger, 10 inches beyond its open end behind, slanting the sides up to the partition of the stall on each side and up the open end. This should be concreted by placing one inch of coarse gravel on the bottom and up the slanting sides and end. Fill this with thin mortar made of one part common cement and three parts fine sand, and then spread a thin coat of thicker concrete mortar over it, and give a finishing coat of Portland cement mortar.

This will hold all the liquid droppings, and not be broken in cleaning. The floor upon which the horses stand is best made of 3 by 4-inch hard wood scantling—oak, hickory or maple—placed lengthwise of the stall, and three-quarters of an inch apart. Now, to support this wooden floor, over this hollow gutter use a T-rail 1½ by 1½, and ¼ inch thick, placed across the center of the stalls, and by an angle-iron ¼ by 1½ inches across the open ends of stalls. The T-rail is placed head down, and a notch an inch deep is cut across the wooden scantling to receive the T—the scantling resting upon the head of the T in the center, upon the angle-iron at the outer end, and upon the stall-bed at the manger. It will be seen that the T-rail and the angle-iron will hold these scantling, composing the wooden floor, from moving endwise, and the scantling being 3 inches thick and straight-grained, will make a perfectly safe floor of considerable durability. The gutter extending 10 inches beyond the angle-iron, permits a long-handled shovel to pass under and clean it out. A plank 12 inches wide, laid parallel with the angle-iron, covers this open space in the gutter, and is easily removed when the gutters are to be cleaned.

We have used horse stalls constructed in this way for some twelve years, and have found them very satisfactory. It will be seen that if any defect occurs in any of the scantling composing the floor, they are easily removed and replaced. A floor constructed in this way renders it much easier to keep horses clean, and saves one-quarter of the bedding. There are usually several horse-stalls placed side by side, and we will suppose there are four such stalls 4½ feet wide. This would require a T-rail about 18 feet long and an angle-iron of the same length, these being laid before the divisions in the stalls are made. It will also see that if manure is any object, he will thus save all the liquid in its best form for application as a fertilizer.

Plank Drag.

Some years ago I saw a cut of this implement in one of the agricultural papers. I was then about purchasing a heavy land roller, but concluded to try the drag. My drag is made thus: Take three oak plank six feet long, one foot wide and two inches thick. Place the front edge of the rear plank on top of the back edge of the middle plank—lap about 1½ inches—place the front edge of middle plank in like manner on back edge of front plank. Next are required two oak scantling, 4 feet long and 2x4 inches. Bolt or pin these scantling on top of the three plank through where the plank lap, in such a way as to hold the plank and scantling firmly together. Let the scantling run a little angling and project in front one foot. The front ends should be two feet apart. Attach a chain to each front end of scantling, and to the chain hitch the evener. The drag can be weighted and three horses used if necessary. For crushing lumps and leveling this tool cannot be beaten. I find it almost indispensable in preparing land for early vegetables, such as onions, beets and celery. I would spend at least one day on an acre with drag and harrow. My method is to alternate, first using a fine tooth harrow and then the plank drag. It is really surprising what a splendid seed bed can thus be made. After this if thoroughly done, hand raking is very seldom required. The manure is always drawn direct from the stable and is coarse. All that can be covered is used. The manure naturally works to the surface but as above described it becomes fined so as not to trouble the seed rower. This may appear to be a tedious operation to the average farmer, but whatever success I may have had in raising vegetables I attribute to thorough and careful preparation, and the plank drag has done its full share in this line.—National Farmer.

How To Manage An Orchard.

I see an inquiry in your paper from a brother about the management of a young orchard. As I have never seen anything in your good paper from this country, I will give that brother my experience in raising an orchard; I have raised three in my life: Set your trees twenty-five or thirty feet apart, and set them just the same way as they sat in the nursery—the north to the north; let your ground slant to the north-west, for apples; for peaches, north-east; set and tend them in corn, for the south-west side of the trees begin to die first, on account of the heat of the sun in July and August, and as corn is so high by that time of the season, it will shade the body of the trees and keep them good. Never sow your orchard in grass, as that makes a sod; if you sow anything, sow it in red clover; it is a pulverizer. Don't let it stand more than two or three years then plow it up again. Some say your ground will get poor, but dung it and don't let the manure go within two feet of the body of the tree, and you can't have it too rich. Never prune your trees till the sap is up; then it won't make half such a sore. Wash the bodies of your trees with strong soap suds every spring till the top is big enough to shade the body, then the body should be limed every three years after that. I have an orchard that is thirty-five years old, and you won't find any dead limbs in the tops. The apples retain their rich taste; the lime soaks into the sap and enough of it goes into the apple to keep the worms out; the fruit is smooth and plump. If you haven't fruit every year, set one-half in the fall and the other half in the spring, and you will have fruit every year.—ELDER W. H. BOLANDER, in Journal of Agriculture.

Keeping Winter Apples.

The following rules are recommended for gathering and keeping winter apples: 1. Gather rather early, or before too ripe. 2. Handle carefully, like eggs, and place in a cool shaded apartment, opening to the north, until freezing weather is about to set in. 3. Assort carefully, removing all specimens which are decaying or about to decay, and store in a room where the selected fruit may be kept within a few degrees of freezing, without much change in temperature. 4. In a damp fruit room, place on airy shelves; in a very dry room, pack in boxes or light barrels.

The Silo.

There is no doubt that the silo has been a paying investment to many farmers, particularly to those who keep a dairy. There has been much written and said in favor of the silo and there has been something said against it also. Many will build and use silos this season for the first time, and we should say to them not to expect to get more out of the silo than they put in. Green corn fodder is not the best dairy feed we have, even if each stalk carries a good-sized ear, and in feeding ensilage remember that you are feeding green corn fodder and nothing else, and to make a perfect ration you must add some bran ground oats, linseed meal or other like feed. Some dairymen feed little or no hay with the ensilage. We think this is a mistake; if clover hay is fed in connection with the ensilage it will be well paid for in the pail. Cows even when on the best of pasture like a little hay and when fed on ensilage in the winter should have some hay. Clover hay and ensilage that has plenty of grain in it ought to make about as good and cheap a ration as a dairyman could wish for.—National Farmer.

Marketing.

The best market for poor chickens is at home—never away. Grade your dressed poultry before sending it to market. A strictly choice package brings top prices always; never so with inferior. A farmer who excels in catering to his market is generally successful with the raising of his chickens, and he knows how because he studies to produce profit and give satisfaction. We have in mind a farmer who markets broilers nine out of twelve months of the year, by the aid of incubators and brooders, and each week finds him marketing his stock. His neighbors do not attend much to poultry. He is gathering in extra dollars while they are going to sleep. Do you keep poultry and does it pay? If not, something is the matter; find out what it is and don't slumber longer.—National Stockman and Farmer.

Mutton and Wool.

It is evident to the most cursory observer that the American farmer no longer regards wool as the only profitable product of his flock, indeed it is very questionable if, with very rare exceptions, the great range flockmasters so consider. It is evident therefore, that wool will play a much less important part in the economic politics of the country in the years to come, than it has in the years agone, and it is fully expected that such a change will inure very largely to the good of all concerned. It has been made a football of by designing men for many years, hence, like the ball, it is now up and then down, and the "old fellow" himself could not tell where it would be next.—Rural World.

Hints for the Toilet.

When the eyes are tired they should be carefully bathed with warm water.

If the face seems constantly dry rub it with olive oil every night for a time. If too oily put a little borax in the water used for bathing it.

For freckles put a teaspoonful of borax into a pint of hot water and apply it hot to the face. Sponge the face for ten minutes and frequently repeat the process.

Hard water should never be used on the skin. Distilled water is best, rain water second best. Water may be distilled by first boiling it, then straining, pouring from one jug to another through a coarse cloth.

When the hair is inclined to fall out and become thin the head may be wet with sage tea or salt water with good effect. A few drops of cantharides put into alcohol, with a very little castor oil, and rubbed into the roots of the hair will prevent its falling out.

Pin Feathers.

Pork cracklins make a cheap meat ration.

Oil the roosts with kerosene or crude petroleum.

Hens confined in yards will lay better if they are fed some meat.

Don't spend $1 worth of time in trying to cure a 50-cent hen that's sick.

Give the hens that are confined in yards plenty of material for egg shells and for gizzard work.

Don't expect the hen to attend to the business of egg-laying unless you attend to the business of feeding them.

"Don't count your chickens before they are hatched," and don't be too sure of your count after they are hatched until they have grown up.

If the cracklins are chopped up and soaked in water over night, then mixed with middlings, you will have a good morning ration for the hens.

Farm Notes.

Clover straw makes splendid bedding.

Wait until the heifer has her second calf before determining her value.

Unless a variety of stock is kept, more or less roughness will go to waste.

Good colts of the right stamp are just as ready sale as steers, and are more profitable.

The average western farmer needs to grow a larger acreage of clover and grass, and less corn.

A silo ten by ten feet and fifteen feet deep, will store sufficient ensilage to feed twenty-five head of cattle two months.

Almost any kind of shelter is better than none, and with very little work very comfortable shelter can be made with straw.

What farmer in all this land when he sits down to a nice meal of fried chicken will not admit that it pays to grow poultry?

Bran and oil meal can nearly always be used to a good advantage in feeding the fattening hogs, and a thriftier growth at a less cost will be secured than if corn alone is fed.

It Is Well to Remember

That milk will clarify boiling molasses.

That ten common sized eggs weigh a pound.

That two teacupfuls butter well packed weigh a pound.

That lard may be sweetened by boiling in it a pared potato.

That cold sliced potatoes fry better for sprinkling a little flour over them.

That most fruit stains may be removed by pouring boiling water on them.

That cistern water may be purified by hanging therein a bag of charcoal.

That you can sweep a rag carpet much cleaner by sweeping across the breadths.

That to stir a little flour into mush when making will prevent its breaking when cut for frying.

That tumblers used for milk should first be rinsed in cold water; hot water drives the milk into the glass.

That a penny or a larger silver piece will remove paint from glass readily. Just wet it and rub the paint.

That one part of suet to two parts of lard rendered together make a better moistener for frying purposes than lard.

That galvanized iron wire is much better to hang clothes on in winter than a rope, as the clothes will not freeze to it.

The oldest college in North America was founded in 1551—the College of St. Ildefonso, in the City of Mexico. The next oldest is Laval college, Quebec.

COTTON BLOSSOM CLUB.

LORD CORNWALLIS JACKSON TELLS A GHOST STORY.

Dreams Seem to Play an Important Part in the Lives of Men—Trouble in the Treasurer's Office—An Interesting Meeting.

"Since movin' to dis yere town," said Brother Gardner, as the meeting opened, "I has discovered dat mos' ob de colld populashun gits up in de mawnin' an goes to bed at night 'cordin' to de rules laid down in dream-books. I reckon dat every house on Thompson street has got a book, an' dat it am konsulted ten times whar de Bible am once. I has bin axed mo' dan a hundred times if I believed in dreams. To a sartin extent I does. I'se an ole

Lord Cornwallis Jackson Pass'd Away.

man an' I reckon I'se had at least fo' million dreams in my time.

"To dream dat yo' was standin' in front of Rear Admiral Bumbo's plejstand on Thompson street when a funeral procession passed by, an' dat all de horses had white feet, an' all de wheels of de kerridges was painted red, an' all de hack-drivers had on blue hats, an' nineteen yaller dawgs was follerin' on behind, is a sign dat yo' owe dis club one month's dues, an' de same had better be paid at once.

"To dream dat yo' is ridin' on a white hoss is a sign dat taters is gwine to be high in de fall, an' yo'd better git on dat hoss an' go to work.

"To dream yo' is walkin' down Broadway in de afternoon, an' dat you suddenly pick up a wallet wi' $100 in it, is a sign dat de butcher an' grocer an waitin' anxiously to the money yo' owes dem.

"To dream dat yo' is passin' a barn an' dat a black cow wid blue eyes shakes her head at yo', is a sign dat dere hain't mo' dan two meals of flour left in de barl.

"To dream dat yo' has sold yer dawg to buy a lottery ticket, an' dat de ticket has drawn $1,000, is a sign dat two of de chillen can't go to skule fur de want of shoes.

"Dar am heaps of odder dreams dat mean heaps of odder things, but dese am fair samples of de stock on hand. If dar' am anybody in dis hall to-night who is silly 'nuff to believe dat he can lay on de bread of his back on his ole straw-bed an' grunt, an' snuff, an' snore an' dream what's gwine to happen a week ahead, dat person had better slip softly out an' nebber come back no mo'. We doan' want him yere.

"Jist one word mo'. I understands that sartin pussons in dis club claim to hev seen ghosts. I understands that Lord Cornwallis Jackson claims that a ghost woke him up one night las' spring an' told him that his brudder

A Fair Judge.

down in Kentucky was dead. If sich a thing should happen agin, Brudder Jackson would lose his membership yere, speshally as I happen to know dat he nebber had any brudder."

Sir Isaac Walpole desired to call up the case of Elder Toots. Three weeks ago the elder fell asleep during the meeting and rolled down the back stairs and broke a door. He was promptly fined $7,000 under the provision of by-law No. 7,284, and at that time he said he would pay the fine. After a little figuring, however, he had discovered that he would be obliged to live 672 years to do it, and had become discouraged. He had paid for the door and was willing to donate a bunch of shingles towards the repairs on the roof of Watermelon hall, but he could do no more. Sir Isaac moved that the fine be remitted and the elder restored to all his rights and privileges.

"As dis seems to be de sense of de meetin' it shall be so done," said the president; "but I hope de great moral lesson will not be lost sight of. If dis pureceedin's of dese meetin's can't keep a member awake, he'd better keep away."

The Hon. Canterbury Snowdrop then secured the floor to ask for information. He had heard it hinted in certain quarters that the treasurer could not make his books balance into 42 cents and that he had been forced to give the club a chattel mortgage on his furniture to secure the shortage. Did such a state of affairs exist, or had the rumor been spread abroad by enemies of the club?

"Brudder Snowdrop," answered the president with a vigor that put out three of the lamps nearest to his desk, "does you imagine dat I has gone blind an' deaf?"

"N-no, sah."

"Has yo' any reason to believe dis club am run like a Nashuual bank?"

"Skassly, sah—skassly."

"Let me tell yo', Brudder Snowdrop, dat when de books in dis club doan' balance right up to a cent yo' won't h'ar any rumors flyin' around! Yo'll h'ar and feel an airthquake right in dis hall! Dar hain't nuffin' in dis club which doan' balance like a grist gwine to a mill on hossback, an' dat's de way it will be run as long as I run it. Yo' kin now sit down an' feel tickled, an as de fish in de stove seems to hev gone out, we'll put de rest of de business in de ice-box an' go home."

Of One Mind.

Self-Made-Man—I can't see any sense in wasting so much valuable time on dead languages.

College Student.—Neither can I. Since Willkins started to win the Latin prize he hasn't been worth a cent in the boat crew.

Mr. Hayseed's Idea.

Mrs. Hayseed (looking over the paper)—La me! The Legislature has offered a reward for killin' English sparrows.

Mr. Hayseed—Huh! Them legislators will do anything t' cotch th' Irish vote.

The Market Dull.

De Broker—"Why is it that the stock market is so fearfully dull?"

De Curbb—"Um—I believe most of the bank officials, city treasurers, and confidential clerks, who have been speculating in stocks, are locked up."

THE TAILOR'S DEPOSIT.

A Customer Shows Him That It Is Foolish to Ask For It.

He was a substantial and well-known business man of the city, and when he walked into a tailoring establishment on Main street the other day he asked in a business-like way to be shown some plain gray goods for a business suit. The second piece shown him struck his fancy and he asked the cost, told how he wanted it made and had his measure taken. Then, handing the tailor his card, he said:

"Your place was recommended to me by Mr. ———, who always deals here."

After asking when he should call for it he started out.

"We always require a deposit of $10," suggested the tailor.

"A what?"

"A deposit of $10. You know, sometimes people forget to come after clothes, and they have to be sent to the misfit man."

"You mean you want me to pay $10 down?"

"Yes, sir; it is necessary in our business."

"Suppose you make a mistake in the fit?"

"O, we always make them fit before they go out."

"Now see here Mr. Tailor, suppose you get things mixed and cut out my clothes on the same pattern of that slab-sided, slope-shouldered, bandy-legged dude you just measured, do you suppose altering would do them any good? Not much. Now you have had a square whack at me; you have gone all over my anatomy with that string and triangle. You have punched me in the side and poked around to find out where the joints were and if you haven't done it right I don't expect to pay you for it. Hear? I'll tell you what I'll do, though; I'll give you a $500 bond to be here on time and take the clothes if they fit, leaving the question of fit to a committee of three selected tailors. But you will have to pay the expenses. Or I'll do this: I'll pay you for the suit now if you will give me a bond of the same kind to make the clothes fit or return the money with interest. But you must pay all expenses. If you don't want these terms, partner, you can look me up in Bradstreet's and find out who I am and make the duds, or you can pay me for the trouble of submitting to this measuring business. See? But you don't get any contingent fee out of me on a suit of clothes."

The tailor took the risk.—Kansas City Times.

The Adventures of a Kite.

Here is a story which, though bearing a flavor of Baron Munchausen about it, is strictly true, asserts the Philadelphia Record. Some time last summer, while at Sea Isle City, a son of George Fiavell, the manufacturer, of Miller street, Germantown, amused himself by flying a sun kite. In some way the huge paper bird finally got away from him and went out to sea, with sufficient quantity of string attached to give it resistance. Five weeks afterwards a dispatch was received from Belfast, Ireland, saying that three fishermen noticed a kite sailing toward them fastened to some object in the water, which, upon examination, proved to be a duck which in some manner became entangled in the string while following the trade winds across the Atlantic. The description of the captured kite tallies exactly with that of the one lost at Sea Isle City.

The Printer.

The "machine printer" is one of the chief obstacles with which writers have to contend. He it is who sets up whatever the copy looks like to him, regardless as to whether it makes sense or not. Such a one it was who set up "Gambetta" as "I am better," and made a heading intended for "Bridge Carried Away by a Drive of Logs" read, "Bride Carried Away by a Drove of Hogs." Another of this class made an advertisement which read, "The Christian's Dream—no cross, no crown," appear as "The Christian's Dream—no cows, no cream."

The Merry British Beggar.

I brave the day, I brave the night,
I throw my sorrows to the wind,
And try to keep a cheerful mind,
Although my coat is thin and light,
Although my hat,
Is wondered at,
Because I shaved the outer rim
To try and keep it smooth and trim.

I laugh and sing, and whistle, too,
When I have wind enough to spare.
But in the sharp and frosty air
My breath comes short, my nose turns blue,
My fingers freeze,
And my poor knees
Would knock together did they dare;
But still I keep a jaunty air.

When bread is scarce and shelter poor
I watch the sparrows, and I say
"I only want a meal a day."
And if they turn me from the door
I tramp for weeks,
And dodge the beaks,
And with no money for a bed
I try an archway or a shed.

I brave the day, I brave the night,
I throw my sorrows to the wind,
'Tis wise to keep a cheerful mind
And screw your courage for the fight.
And so, kind sir,
In case you err,
With over-pity, worse than none,
Just hand a copper and have done.

LIGHT AND LAUGHABLE.

"Pa," said Bobby, "look at that striped horse." And the old farmer gazed on the zebra at the circus and said, "Yes; looks as if he'd 'scaped from some penitentiary, I'gosh!"—Judge.

Little Brother (bedtime)—"Why don't you take your stockings off?" Little Sister (whose mother buys the cheap black kind)—"I'e dot all of 'em off 'at will come off."—Good News.

"Papa," said Willie, as the brass drum went by, "that man ain't as strong as he looks, is he?" "I don't know. Why?" "He doesn't seem to be able to break the box open."—Harper's Bazar.

"If I were to commit suicide," said Gus De Jay to his father's physician, "what kind of a verdict would the coroner bring in?" "Justifiable homicide" was the emphatic reply.—Washington Star.

"That plumber I employed is a fool." "Why?" "I told him I wanted running water in my bedroom, and he put it there, but with nothing to shut it off. Said that wasn't specified."—Harper's Bazar.

Stranger: "Your farm has a prosperous look." Farmer: "Wall, I ain't complainin'. I've worked this 'ere farm night and day for nigh onto forty years, an' now I've 'bout made up my mind to let er out on shares an' retire from business. I've got money saved up." Stranger: "Retire eh! What will you do with yourself then?" Farmer: "Same as they all do. I'll become a weather prophet."—New York Weekly.

Gus Snobberly, who is a poetry-stricken youth, applied to old Mr. Bondclipper for the hand of his daughter Lucy, who was in the room at the time. "What are your resources?" asked old Bondclipper. "In the first place, I've sent my application to President Harrison for a position in one of the departments." "Have you any other resources?" asked the prospective father-in-law. "You bet I have. I'm seriously thinking about giving up smoking." "Pa," said the young lady, "that's enough for us to begin with, isn't it?"—Texas Siftings.

COLOR AND COWARDICE.

A Man Is Not Always Frightened When He Turns Pale.

Colonel Mosby has a peppery temper, and it was my misfortune to excite it on the occasion of our first meeting, says a writer in the Los Angeles Express. Our talk after a time turned on the subject of courage, and I repeated the old story of General Custer and the recruit. Custer is said to have been one of those rare men who are born without the sense of fear, and never lost color in any moment of peril. His troops were standing under fire, not permitted to return it.

"Say," asked the quaking recruit of the veteran next him, "when are we going to get the order to retreat?"

"Well," the old soldier said, "there's Custer on his horse just before you. Keep your eye on him, and the moment you see him turn pale you must cut and run."

"Fudge," snapped Colonel Mosby; "a man who turns pale has no business going into battle."

"Why not?"

"Because he's a coward, sir."

Then I treated him to the other chestnut about the duke of Wellington, who pointed to a ghastly faced young officer marching past with head up toward the field of Waterloo, and said: "There goes a brave man. He knows his danger, but goes to meet it." I also stated the fact that I had seen men in mining camps go into shooting scrapes white as sheets, but nevertheless fight coolly and like the very deuce.

"Pah!" was all Mosby said, and giving me a look which might have meant that he suspected the color of my own liver he wheeled and left me. But he came back presently and talked of other things, to show that he forgave me.

The Tramp With Consumption.

I was at my uncle's, near Niagara Falls, in Canada, and had hardly arrived when he said:

"Now, Nevvy, you'll be wandering around more or less, and I want to caution you about an old ram I took up as an estray the other week. He's down in the lot where the gravel pit is, and just as sure as you give him a show he'll be the death of you. I saw him knock a cow off her feet at one bang, and I wouldn't go into the lot for $50.

Next day I skirted the fences and found that chap anxious for business. I didn't give him an opening, however, but somebody else did. I was standing in the barn with uncle, when he suddenly exclaimed:

"Great Joseph! but there's a tramp in the gravel pit lot! That ram will smash him to pulp in two minutes!"

He shouted, waved his hat, and shouted again, but the tramp was a quarter of a mile away, and walking with his head down. The ram was lying down in the pit, and the yelling brought him out. We saw him scramble up the bank, and my uncle gasped out:

"Git a hoss hitched up to go for the undertaker, for that tramp won't be alive two minutes later!"

He was, though. The ram came at him on an angle, and he caught sight of the animal when about ten rods off. He wheeled to the right, stood still, and the ram got within ten feet, and then sailed through the air on a straight line to strike him. Next instant the tramp had him by the horns, and with a twist and a jerk he broke his neck with a snap. He tarried to be sure the ram was dead, and then came on, climbed the fence, and said to us:

"Gentlemen, you see before you a man who has been unfortunate. I have consumption, and am hardly able to stand. I want to get to a milder climate as soon as possible."

Common Fellows.

A dream which President Lincoln related to one of his friends has a homely significance for many another "common fellow." Lincoln dreamed that he was passing, on some public occasion, between ranks of the people, when he heard one man say to another, as he pointed him out, "He's a common-looking fellow, isn't he?" "Well, my friend," replied Lincoln, in his dream, turning to the man whose remark he had overheard, "God likes us common-looking fellows, or else he wouldn't have made so many of us."

The wit and wisdom of this dream thought are good enough for any waking moment. Yes, God evidently likes common-looking fellows, and he has evidently given the work of the world into the hands of common men. The "genius" was always rare, and he is growing rarer. As the general level of intelligence and virtue rises, fewer and fewer mountain peaks of commanding intelligence rise above the level. And even at their best the men of genius have never done the world's work, or fought its battles, or carried on its reforms. They have often obtained the glory and won the applause, but a Napoleon without his army, a Gladstone without his constituency, a Spurgeon without his audience, would be far more helpless than the "common fellows" without their leaders.

A Dream of Happiness

May be followed by a morning of "La Grippe." Easily, and why? Because the displacement of covering in bed, a neglected draught from a partly closed window, an open transom connected with a windy entry in a hotel, may convey to your nostrils and lungs the death-dealing blast. Terrible and swift are the inroads made by this new destroyer. The medicated alcoholic principle in Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will check the dire complaint. A persistence in this preventive of its further development will absolutely checkmate the dangerous malady. Unmedicated alcoholic stimulants are of little or no value. The just medium is the Bitters. Not less efficacious is it in cases of malaria, biliousness, constipation, rheumatism, dyspepsia and kidney trouble. The weak are usually those upon whom disease fastens first. Invigorate with the bitters.

Life is a narrow margin paved with banana peels.—Ex.

Get a Good Start in Business Life by securing a thorough business education at home, by mail, low rates; Bryant's College, Buffalo, N. Y.

There is always rum for one more at the bottom of the ladder.—Ex.

How to Make Money.

I read what Mr. Jones said about making $6 per month. I can beat that. I sent $5 to H. K. Deino & Co., of Columbus, O., and received a fine plating machine. It plates on all kinds of metal with gold, silver or nickel. I made $3 the first day plating tableware and jewelry; $20 the first week. My school-mate makes $5 to $15 per day selling platers. Any one can get circulars by writing the above firm. A READER.

Every belle has a pa value. However she is not altogether merchandise.—News.

Is your Dog sick? Pamphlet free "Dog Diseases." Spratts Patent, New York City.

The battering-ram was the first put-up job.—Ex.

ALBERT BURCH, West Toledo, Ohio, says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure saved my life." Write him for particulars. Sold by Druggists 75c.

Most men do their hardest work in looking for an excuse to loaf.

The Lord hears lots about the faults of husbands from over-religious wives.

Commendation.

All claims not consistent with the high character of Syrup of Figs are purposely avoided by the Cal. Fig Syrup Company. It acts gently on the kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the system effectually, but it is not a cure-all and makes no pretensions that every bottle will not substantiate.

After all, the most agreeable men in the world are those who know when it is time to go.

Don't use mercury and iodide of potash for blood diseases. If your blood is bad Dr. John Bull's Sarsaparilla will quickly restore it to a healthful condition. It is the best vegetable blood purifier in the world, and it never leaves any evil after-effects. It is pleasant to take and exhilarating, yet a discontinuance of its use will not cause a craving for more.

There are none against whom men need protection so much as those whom they implicitly trust.

Malaria cured and eradicated from the system by Brown's Iron Bitters, which enriches the blood, tones the nerves, aids digestion. Acts like a charm on persons in general ill health, giving new energy and strength.

The defeated candidate is a regular up-the-creek.—Ex.

Learn Shorthand by mail and get good position. Write Shaffer's College, Owego, N. Y.

The only way to take Time is by the tangs.—News.

"Hausse's Magic Corn Salve." Warranted to cure or money refunded. 25c. Sold by druggists or sent by mail for 25 cents.

Most babies cry in church because they are frightened by the boisterous talk of the preacher.

Major's Cement Repairs Broken Articles. Mend all the Major's Best Cement Glue.

The best bred man is he who gives the most; he is also the one least regarded when he stops giving.

There's danger in a cough—more than ever when your blood is "bad." It makes things easy for Consumption. But there's a cure for it in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. A positive cure—not only for Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Bronchitis, Asthma and all lingering Coughs, but for Consumption itself in all its earlier stages. It's reasonable. All these diseases depend on tainted blood. Consumption is simply Lung-scrofula. And for every form of scrofula and blood-taint, the "Discovery" is a certain remedy. It's so certain, that its makers *guarantee* it to benefit or cure, in every case, or the money is refunded. With a medicine that is certain, this can be done.

There's a cure for Catarrh, too, no matter what you've been led to believe. If there isn't, in your case, you'll get $500 cash. It's a bonable offer that's made by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. There's risk in it, to be sure, but *they* are willing to take the risk—you ought to be glad to take the medicine.

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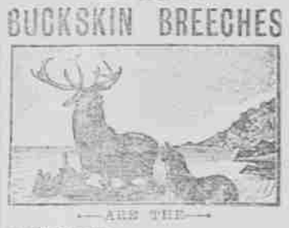

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