

Fashions in Lies.

"What is the style of spring lie, this season?" asked a one-eyed man, as he dropped down by the exchange editor's side.

"Haven't seen anything of it," replied the exchange editor, plunging his shears into the account of a tornado that shifted a State line a hundred feet and landed a river in a cottonwood grove without disturbing a ripple.

"I'm glad of that," said the one-eyed man, rubbing his hands slowly. "I never liked that lie. It always seemed far-fetched and unwholesome; beside, you couldn't help thinking that a frog might swallow a quorum of the snake and not leave enough to transact business. Do you see anything of that lie about the dragon out in Illinois, with wings like a corn-patch and a smell of brimstone? Is the dragon current this year?"

"Haven't struck him yet," answered the editor, eliminating the profanity from a far western account of a mine explosion, in which forty men were blown through the side of a mountain seven miles thick. "If he's around he's flying very low."

"That pleases me, too," smiled the one-eyed man, stroking his chin. "The only objection I ever had to that dragon was the smell. It never sounded reasonable. If they had said he smelled of brimstone and molasses it might have worked in a girl's boarding-house as a fair spring lie, but they couldn't fix it to do for men unless they perfumed him with blue pills. It was a great mistake. Have you struck any fresh particulars about the sea-serpent since the thaw?"

"To early for him," returned the editor, writing a new head-line to an account of a baby who fell out of a window sixty feet, and bounced back without split, bruise or chip-off. "He'll be around by the 14th of July."

"The 14th of July," murmured the one-eyed man. "I reckon you're right. Yes, you're right; with a head like a barrel and eyes like coffee cups; estimated by Mr. William Jennings, of To-bago township, to be at least two-thirds of a mile long. Yes, that's his date, July 14. I like to read about him. There's always something breezy and fresh about that serpent, though he must be getting on in years now. What become of the two old people that were born at the same moment, and died within ten minutes of each other, at the advanced age of 104? Ain't they dying this season?"

"Not that I've heard of," rejoined the exchange editor, pruning down a long article on a boy who was cut in half lengthwise by a steam grindstone, and whose recovery was confidently anticipated by the eminent local physicians.

"I hope they haven't quit the business?" observed the one-eyed man, with anxiety. "I've kind of warmed up to those old chumps. There was something unalloyed about 'em that caught me, and I count on getting up to 'em regularly if I am going to keep my health. Maybe the backward season has been against 'em. What's the news about the skeleton found in the tree with a bag of money tied to his spine? Let's see, he's a spring product, isn't he?"

"No, fall," replied the editor, glancing over a report of a man who had just fed on his kidneys for forty years. "He'll come around about the 3d of October."

"Just so, just so. I was misled on him. He's an old friend of mine, seems like one of the family; and if they should go over his season without finding him, appears as though I should commence to pine. Is there anything new this spring; any servant girls making Greek poetry in their sleep, any live frogs found concealed in a Philadelphia brick, and springing eight feet in the air after an imprisonment of 18,000 years? Anything of that sort?"

"Nothing," sighed the exchange editor, putting sub-heads into an account of a whale climbing to the top of Abscon lighthouse to borrow a match. "Nothing fresh, except this one about the payment of a church mortgage out in Wisconsin, but that won't be popular."

"I suppose not; I suppose not," murmured the one-eyed man. "Well, I'm much obliged. So long! It warms me up to see the old ones come around. A man of my age would miss 'em if they let up, and I began to be a little ticklish about the serpent and the skeleton, until you explained the dates."

And as he went out, the exchange editor turned over an article on an old woman of ninety, who was cutting her eighth set of false teeth and fourth head of hair.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Learning to Swim.

The bathing—I might say the drowning—season is about to begin, and many lives will unhappily be lost. As the human frame, built for bulk, is lighter than water, all that is needful to save life is to permit the body to sink until it shall displace as much water as equals the body's weight. Then paddle gently as the lower animals do, with hands and feet, the head being held erect, wherever it is desired to go. This direction being carried out is absolutely all that is needful under ordinary conditions to preserve life. These few directions ought to be stuck up in every bathing place—every bathing and skating place—in the three kingdoms.

Children in every instance ought to be made to tread water, from their earliest age, say in shallow slate baths with blood warm water, or when convenient an suitable, in some river, pond, or in the open sea. A leather belt with ring, and a stout rod with line and hook are employed by Portuguese mothers to instruct their children. The mother, rod in hand, stands on the brink. The child learns in the water. In Paris swimming schools the same procedure is resorted to. The business cannot be begun too soon. I saw mere infants sustaining themselves perfectly in the tepid waters of Africa. Treading water is far safer than swimming in a broken sea. Every adult, man or woman, who has not practiced it, should begin. Once the conviction is instilled that the body is lighter than water, the risk of drowning is reduced to zero. The process involves no uncertainty, no delay. Very different from swimming, it can be acquired at once.—Nature.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—French rolls; One quart of flour, one-half pint of milk, one-half cup of yeast, two tablespoonfuls of butter, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, raise over night and bake in a quick oven.—The Household.

—It is lamentable that so few farms have a supply of small fruits. Many farmers never have a berry of their own raising, while that most hardy fruit, the common red cherry, is not at all plenty.

—Judge Miller, of Missouri, says he has learned how a full week may be gained in getting sweet corn for boiling. As soon as the ear is formed, break the top down or cut it off, but leave the stalk erect in order that the pollen of the tassel may be sure to dust the silk of the ears, as they may not be fully impregnated should the stock be topped.

—Velvet cake: One pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, one pound of flour, one pint of ice water, four eggs, two teaspoonfuls of good baking powder sifted well with the flour. Bake in jelly-cake pans, and spread icing and grated cocoanut between the layers. Pastry cream may be used with the cocoanut instead of the icing. Or it may be flavored delicately with orange, and put together with orange marmalade. It may also be baked in a loaf.—German-town Telegraph.

—There is no better way to serve a large white fish than to bake it; after cleaning it put it in the refrigerator, while you prepare a plain stuffing of bread crumbs, a little butter, and some herbs. Keep a ball of cotton yarn and several large needles in the kitchen to use when stuffing fish and fowls. After stuffing the fish lay it on a deep plate or platter in the dripping-pan, so that the grease will drip from it and not be absorbed in it; garnish with water-cress.—N. Y. Times.

When to Cut Timothy.

It is still an unsettled question among farmers whether it is better to cut grass before, during, or after blooming; and some even advocate, in practice, if not in theory, the ripening of the grass before mowing. Upon this question it seems to us that some light may be thrown by comparing the grasses proper with other closely allied plants.

Take wheat, for instance. We all agree that it attains its full value only when ripe; but why? because this plant is so constituted that it expends all its energy in laying up within its seeds a great quantity of starch, gluten, etc., which are drawn directly from the stem, leaves and roots, where they have been elaborated from juices derived from the soil, and where they are succeeded by hard, woody, almost indigestible tissues. Were we to use wheat as a hay-plant—as is done on the Pacific coast—we certainly would not allow this transformation to take place, thus causing the substitution of woody fibre for the nourishing tissue of the young plant, and involving the large loss of the remaining nutriment through the shattering of the grain; yet such a course would be quite as rational as that of permitting our heavily seeded grasses, such as timothy, to ripen before cutting; for, although it is true that the seeds of timothy bear a much smaller proportion to the weight of the whole crop than do those of wheat, and do not abstract the nutrient constituents so completely from the stem and leaves, yet they do abstract a very considerable proportion, and this portion is even more completely withdrawn from the value of the hay than it would be in the case of ripe wheat-hay, as the seeds of timothy are so small and their coats so hard, that if they are not shattered from the hay before it reaches the manger, they will escape being crushed by mastication, and therefore will resist the action of the digestive fluids.

We suppose that no practical farmer will deny that the smaller grass-seeds, when mature, generally resist the digestive processes; but, if there should be such a doubter, let him examine with a microscope the droppings of a horse that has been fed on ripe hay; or let him use such droppings as a top-dressing on bare land where it is desired that grass should grow. We have found this the speediest way to re-seed sterile places.

A series of experiments quoted by Prof. Jordan, of the Pennsylvania Agricultural College, in an article published in the American Agriculturist, show that there is a constant increase in the dry matter of the hay-crop from the period of blooming until that of ripening; the average weight per acre of eight crops out when headed out being 2,586 pounds; of eleven crops cut in bloom, 2,996 pounds; of eleven crops cut when considerably past bloom, 3,132 pounds; and of five crops cut when ripe, 3,478 pounds.

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Prof. BALL now estimates the age of the world at 4,000,000 years, but it is only within the last five years that a man dared write "Hon." before his name after presiding at a ward caucus.—Detroit Free Press.

A CONNECTICUT man aged seventy-four, and once worth \$15,000, has been indicted for stealing eight cents' worth of apron laces. Poor old man! Not enough left to pay for his board.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"An honest man's the noblest work of God. Nothing is said about an honest woman, because she isn't such an astounding variety."—Norristown Herald.

AS IOWA man in Chicago was in great luck the other day. He procured a license to get married, but was arrested and taken to Iowa before he could use it.—Chicago News.

An Electric Lamp Story.

An old couple went to the Crystal Palace, were charmed with the electric incandescent lights, and asked the price, and found it moderate, the Swan lamp only costing 6s each. Their means were limited, but the advantage seemed great, and they resolved to risk it, and invested in three or four Swan lamps.

"Of course," said the intelligent clerk, who handed them the Swan circulars, "you know all about the engines and the different systems of producing electricity?" "Just like these fellows, my dear," said the cautious old gentleman sotto voce, nudging his wife. "Come along, Maria." He thought he was going to be wheedled into buying a lot more things by a pushing young tradesman, and so the two hurried off. They got home, and taking a box of lucifers, applied match after match to the "filament," after removing the globe (a vacuum) with some difficulty. Still the thing would not light. At last, enraged, they appealed to the firm, and were—too late—initiated one step further into the mysteries of electric lighting, which certainly seemed to them to be a case of "lucis a non lucendo."—London Truth.

—People who eat sardines should buy them of first-class dealers, who have a good name to lose; for the brands of long-established firms are forged and imitated, and the worst qualities of all are exported. The best are preserved, when fresh, in genuine olive oil, while the cheap are made of fish that have been spoiled in salting on the smacks, and the oils used are of the cotton-seed or the lard species.—N. Y. Sun.

There is no cure for consumption, and yet consumption of lungs, liver and kidneys may be checked and the decay arrested by using Dr. Guyot's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla. It strengthens every organ of life and restores all lost or impaired organic functions to their normal condition. A single bottle will convince you of its great merit.

An English physician says a man can stop a fit of sneezing by crawling down stairs head first. Almost anything can be cured that way if the stairs are steep enough.

MR. CLEMENS KNOWLTON, of Falmouth, Ky., writes: "I was quite an invalid, afflicted with a complication of diseases that showed a tendency to weaken and exhaust my brain and nervous system. I found myself quickly cured by using a bottle of Dr. Guyot's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla. It has given perfect tone and real strength to every part of my body, and my blood is free from all impurity."

A CURIOUS incident occurred at Paris the other day. A couple had come to be married, and the Mayor, having completed the ceremony, was proceeding to read the regulations from the Code on Civil Marriage, when the bridegroom, interrupting, said: "Pardon, M. le Maire, but I think, now that we are really wedded, it is needless to read us about the law of marriage. Pray let us hear the details of the new divorce bill; that will be much more practical."—Figaro.

Advertising Cheats. It has become so common to write the beginning of an elegant, interesting article and then run it into some advertisement that we avoid all such cheats and simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in plain, honest terms as possible, to induce people to give them one trial, as no one who knows their value will ever use anything else.—Providence Advertiser.

The hair of a Providence girl is so full of electricity that when she combs it the crackling is as loud as the snap of a whip. Shocking, isn't it?—Lowell Citizen.

Advice to Consumptives. On the appearance of the first symptoms—as general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chilly sensations, followed by night sweats and cough—prompt measures for relief should be taken. Consumption is a serious disease of the lungs—therefore use the great anti-scorfulic, or blood-purifier and strength-restorer—Dr. Pierce's Golden Balm Discovery. Superior to Cod Liver Oil as a nutritive, and unsurpassed as a potent. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, and kindred affections, it has no equal. Sold by druggists the world over. For Dr. Pierce's pamphlet on Consumption, send two stamps to WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

"SAN FRANCISCO is clamoring for brass-bands in church." Extreme measures must be taken to keep San Francisco people awake, evidently.—Chicago Times.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belt and Appliances on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing complete restoration of vitality and manhood. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days trial is allowed.

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The Weaker Sex are immensely strengthened by the use of Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," which cures all female derangements, and gives tone to the system. Sold by druggists.

WEEKS a dead fly works his cold and rigid remains on a nearsighted man as a dried currant in a rice pudding, he calls it current humor.—Burlington Hawkeye.

ON MY HEAD!—Sick headache, nervous headache, neuralgia, nervousness, paralysis, dyspepsia, neuritis, and brain diseases, positively cured by Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills. They contain no opium, quinine, or other harmful drug. Sold by druggists. Price, 50 cents per box, two boxes for \$1, six boxes for \$2.50, by mail by Dr. C. W. Benson, Baltimore, Md.

The circus performer is the esthete of the period now, for he is in tents most of the time.

"Presumption begins in ignorance and ends in ruin." On the other hand, the production of kidney-wort began with wise, cautious and scientific research, and its use ends in restoring shattered constitutions and enervating men and women with health and happiness. "My tormented back," is the exclamation of more than one poor hardworking man and woman; do you know why it aches? It is because your kidneys are over-taxed and need strengthening, and your system needs to be cleansed of bad humors. You need Kidney-Wort.

The green turtles are those that allow themselves to be picked up on the beach.

The term hydra may be used to represent any manifold evil. If you would battle successfully with this many-headed monster of disease you will find it expedient to keep Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound always at hand.—Dr. Manning.

The ball comes through the crack of the rifle.—Boston Transcript.

A BOTTLE OF WALKERFIELD'S BLACKBERRY BALSAM, costing thirty-five cents, will effectually cure the worst case of Diarrhea, Dysentery, or Flux. It has become so popular that it is almost a legal tender in the Mississippi Valley where it has been in use for the past thirty-seven years. It can be had at the Drug Stores.

MR. REDHEFFER lives in Morton, Pa. Calling a man Redheffer sounds very much like a bull.

The wonders of modern chemistry are apparent in the beautiful Diamond Dyes. All kinds and colors of ink can be made from them. Try them.

If a hotel is built in four flats, what key is necessary to open it?—Musical Herald.

SKINNY MEN. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia. \$1.

The wedding of two people who have been married before is naturally a re-church-y affair.

FLIES, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, crows, cleared out by "Rough on Rats," 15c.

A MAN that is dead broke can't be a broker.

SOLD everywhere—is Frasier's Axle Grease. Superior to all others. Try it and be happy.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. \$2.

TRY the new brand, "Spring Tobacco."

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