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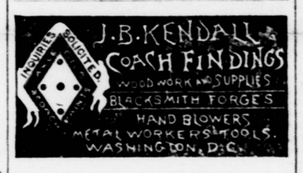

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SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.—Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak, watery, and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a nasal twang; the breath is offensive; smell and taste are impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility. Only a few of the above-named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood by physicians.

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"Untold Agony from Catarrh."

Prof. W. HAUSNER, the famous mesmerist, of *Ithaca, N. Y.,* writes: "Some ten years ago I suffered untold agony from chronic nasal catarrh. My family physician gave me up as incurable, and said I must die. My case was such a bad one, that every day, towards sunset, my voice would become so hoarse I could barely speak above a whisper. In the morning my coughing and clearing of my throat would almost strangle me. By the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, in three months, I was a well man, and the cure has been permanent."

"Constantly Hawking and Spitting."

THOMAS J. RUSHING, Esq., *2909 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo.,* writes: "I was a great sufferer from catarrh for three years. At times I could hardly breathe, and was constantly hawking and spitting, and for the last eight months could not breathe through the nostrils. I thought nothing could be done for me. Luckily, I was advised to try Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and I am now a well man. I believe it to be the only sure remedy for catarrh now manufactured, and one has only to give it a fair trial to experience astounding results and a permanent cure."

Three Bottles Cure Catarrh.

ELI TOMPKINS, *Bangor, P. O., Columbia Co., Pa.,* says: "My daughter had catarrh when she was five years old, very badly. I saw Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy advertised, and procured a bottle for her, and soon saw that it helped her; a third bottle effected a permanent cure. She is now eight years old and sound and well."

PATHOS AND POVERTY.

An Affecting Scene at the Death-Bed of a Child—She "Dot" Company at Last.

He groped his way through the dimly-lighted room until he reached the bed-side, and then, kneeling softly, he felt for the little hand that had up to now helped him to bear his troubles so well.

As he caught it in his caressing grasp there was a slight movement of the little body, and a pair of deep blue eyes gazed lovingly at him and a smile of rare beauty circled the thin lips and lent a heavenly look to the pale, shrunken features.

"Poppy," a soft, low voice came, "I so gad you come. I been lonely to-day; ain't nad no comp'ny tall."

A sound, almost a sob, came from the man's lips as he bent closer and imprinted a kiss of passionate love on her cheeks.

"Is my little darling feeling better?" he asked, knowing at the time how out of place the query was, for could he not see from her appearance that the strength now possessed by her was that which death lent to his victims only a few hours before he finally calls them.

"Oh, yes;" she gaily replied, "I doin' to dit up in mornin' and see you off to work."

"But had not papa better stay with you until you get well?"

"No," with a solemn gravity that had become a part of her since her mother had been placed in her narrow bed. "Papa must work, 'cause you might get out again, and you know how hard it was to get the job you got now."

He groaned aloud, and the child looked up quickly, and, flinging her arms about his neck, kissed him again and again.

Only a few months before he had buried his wife, and now death was claiming his little daughter, all that life had in it was wanted. No wonder he felt as if his heart would break as these thoughts flashed over him.

After the death of his mate he had struggled hard to keep above despair, and the mite of a child had helped wonderfully in that direction.

He was thrown out of employment and had to seek rooms in this poverty-stricken locality, but all the time the brave heart of his girl held him up.

Work came at last, and happiness was almost assured, when she was stricken with a deadly malady, and without means he was unable to give her the attention she should have had.

But all through the time of her sickness she had not murmured but for one thing, and that was company.

The people she was now thrown in contact with were more repugnant to her gentle nature than a comfort, and in her childish way she longed for bright faces that she was used to before her mother died.

As the night grew older she sank into a quiet sleep, and the lonely man held a vigil at her side, sitting as motionless as a statue, fearing lest the slightest move on his part would arouse her.

Toward morning she became more restless and occasional moans issued from her parched lips.

Just as the sun was peeping over the housetops and pouring a glad stream of light into the curtainless windows she once more opened her eyes and gazed lovingly at the bowed face, a soft, white arm was raised from the cover and a gentle voice said:

"Papa, I b'lieve I like you stay with me to-day. I so weak an' tired, an' want's comp'ny when I feels that way."

In an agony of sorrow the man raised her from the bed and held her tightly to his bosom, all the while giving vent to groans and sobs of heart-breaking.

She sank to sleep on his shoulder, and for some time lay so quiet that he thought she must be dead, but the soft breath fanning his neck told him that the end was not yet.

Presently she moved again, and put both her arms about his neck, whispering:

"Papa, I seed mamma las nite, an' she told me to come to her."

"My God!" moaned the stricken man, "is it not possible to spare me this one time?"

The child looked up at him with a puzzled expression on her countenance, and nestling closer in his strong embrace, said:

"Poppy, I don't want to go and leeb you, but mamma said you would come to us after a while."

"That I will, my love," sobbed the man, raining kisses on the now almost death-cold face, "and it will not be many days before we will all be together in a happier home."

"Don't lay me down, papa; I like to feel you hold me, an'—an's—it's getting cloudy, ain't it? The room seems to be darker than it was."

There was no mistaking this sign, and the father pressed the child greedily to his breast, as if by his warm embrace to ward off that foe which all have found indestructible.

The still quiet of the room was only broken by the dying child's gasps for breath, now coming irregularly, as the little form trembled and quivered in the effort to catch the life-giving air, but the attempts grew more convulsive and at greater intervals, and as the father noticed this a pain of utter desolation shot through his heart.

"My pet," he cried passionately, kissing the bright golden hair that he had been used to run his fingers through in days agone, and kissing the pale lips that so often welcomed him home with smiles of affection, kissing the once dimpled hands that were now so thin and poor and that were appealing to him for help in this awful hour, kissing her—ah, poor soul, kissing her longingly and madly, for he knew that those happy days were gone forever, and that in a few moments only the once precious form would be nought but a cold, calm piece of clay, all of its sufferings over, all of the pains past.

"Poppy," again came a whisper, so weak that you or I would have thought it only the sound of a gentle breeze, but he, with his eyes almost starting out from his head, bent quickly and eagerly to the face of his child.

"What, my darling?" he said.

"I dis want to tell you," came the voice, "that I dot comp'ny now, cause mamma is here for me. Dood-by, pop-py—dad-dy—I tome for you soon, I——." The sound died away and the little head dropped on his arm, never to move of its own will.

The father slowly and reverently raised the frail form and tenderly laid it on the narrow couch, smoothing back from the cold brow the tiny lock of hair that hung lower than the rest and that had been taught to twist itself up in a sweet little curl.

He mechanically closed the big blue eyes, and then sinking to his knees beside the child he cried:

"Oh, God! I can hardly stand it; but I thank Thee that she is at last with the company that she longed for."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Some Ways with Beans.

It is only since modern science has come to the rescue of puzzled housekeepers, and tables of food values been made up after long and careful chemical and other experiments, that the bean has taken its true place. From the beginning of history it has formed a part of the food supply, carried often as an exotic by wandering and invading tribes, and rejected often at points where it would have been most useful. The English for example, choose to consider the eating of dried beans as a French notion not to be tolerated, and exported their supply as food for slaves while slavery still lasted, and even to-day, one discovers in rural England, that the prejudice still lingers. On the Continent and indeed in many portions of Asia and Africa they are a staple, and in the United States no less, though in the South they are simply stewed, the baked bean of New England being almost unknown.

There is a calculation still extant, made by a famous Boston divine, of the number of bushels of baked beans he had preached to during a pastorate of some thirty years, and the dish loses none of its popularity as time goes on. It has a scientific basis too; its combination of pork and a little molasses, being an instinctive inclusion of precisely the elements required to give the utmost nutrition. The bean is rich in nitrogen—a muscle-making factor; the pork added the necessary heat-producing element, essential for the worker in a cold climate, and the molasses corrected a certain acrid quality and made them more digestible. Long cooking, which is essential for beans in any form, reduce the tough skins to something manageable. For the hard worker they are no objection. With those who take little exercise they often digagree, and for this reason may better be removed for soups or purees, by rubbing through a sieve.

Dried beans of all sorts, require simply a dry, cool place for their perfect keeping. In choosing varieties for family use, dark ones like the speckled cranberry or the turtle-bean are richer in flavor and make the best soup or puree, while the lighter ones are most delicate for stewing. For baking, any ordinary dried bean can be used, but the preference is generally for the smallest white cranberry bean. Dried Limas or butter-beans are the choicest for general table use, the latter being a favorite bean in both France and Spain as well as in Mexico.

For every rule in every country the essential in preparing beans for the table, is, long, slow cooking, and where this is secured the best qualities of this indispensable vegetable are emphasized, and the most sensitive stomach finds them a wholesome and appetizing food. Where they are freely used the quantity of meat eaten may well be lessened, as the bean abounds in muscle-making material, and at the same time has no over-stimulant for the nerves which Americans own in undue proportion, and which need various alterations in our present dietary. The Pythagoreans, were a wiser people than they are held to be, and the application of some of their laws of food would mean purer blood, clearer heads, and a dismission of the doctors. Their faith in beans had good foundation, and it is another tribute to the Pilgrim mothers, that they dropped their English prejudices, discovered the proper combination and placed beans in the front rank of vegetables most serviceable to man.--*Good Housekeeping.*

He Was Not Plowing.

The old story-books made us believe, says the Memphis *Appeal,* that April 20, 1775, Israel Putnam was plowing in his field when a messenger arrived in haste with news of the battle of Lexington, and that the hero farmer unyoked his oxen and left them to their fate, mounted a horse, and was off to the north without so much as saying "good-by" to those of his house.

And were we not brought up in the belief that this line,

"They left the plowshare in the mold,"

was inspired especially by his case.

And have not we, all of us, ever since our childhood been familiar with pictures representing him plowing, clad in a frock as long as a nightgown, which no farmer could wear at any kind of work without imminent and unescapable peril of being tripped up at every step he took—to say nothing of turning a furrow, when he would be indeed fortunate if he did not find himself under the plowshare?

And to know after many years that there was no plow in the case—to find out that that, too, is a myth!

It was, indeed, the day after the fight at Lexington, in the morning, and Israel Putnam was at work on his farm in Pomfret, Conn., says a writer in *Wide Awake.* But he was building a stone wall, with his hired men, and he had on a leather frock and apron—the frock must have been a short one; fancy one of that material coming to his heels! He took off the apron, but did not wait to change the check shirt he had worn in the field, and was off without delay. He rode the same horse 100 miles in eighteen hours, and reached Cambridge at sunrise the next morning.

Why He Was So Familiar.

"Hello, Jo," said a discouraged-looking young man to an acquaintance from whose sister he had just parted. "Sir," responded the party addressed, "you are too familiar, Casual acquaintances usually address me as 'Mr. Smith.'" "Oh, that was all right until this evening. You are a relative of mine now. Your sister has just promised to be a sister to me."—*Peoria Transcript.*

"I saw a singular metamorphosis the other day," said Pippins. "Well, what was it?" asked Bilsby. "I saw a man turn into a saloon."

THE GERMAN HERR LIEUTENANT.

His Wonderful Mustache—His Parade on Unter ten Linden—His Social Success.

The German lieutenant is the German dude. He has few characteristics, however, in common with the American dude. He is intelligent and manly. He wears no ultra-fashionable attire, and talks no ultra-foreign jargon. He has no yellow top coats, nor wide trousers, nor pot hats, nor patent leather shoes, nor big-headed canes. But there is a red stripe on each of his trousers legs, a big imperial eagle on his helmet, red straps on his heavy ulster; spurs on his boots, and at his side a sword in a massive scabbard, which strikes the pavement at every step. He often wears a monocle and always a mustache.

A lieutenant's mustache is probably the most carefully trained bit of whiskers in the world. Its proper development involves more labor than the combined mustaches of any three dudes in the whole United States. Three times every week the lieutenant's barber devotes half an hour or longer to oiling it, twisting it, patting it, and burning it into shape with hot irons. When the lieutenant is shaved the ends of his mustache are done up in tissue paper, so that the lather brush and the barber's fingers can not muss it. A very fastidious lieutenant puts a little flat wooden clamp on each end of his mustache every night when he goes to bed to keep the hairs straight and even. The result of all this training is a mustache which all German girls dream about and all German men, outside of the army, ridicule. The hairs are stiff, crinkled and spread away from the corners of the mouth in a fan shape. They shine with oil and are odorous of perfume. The lieutenant has his hair oiled daily, curled in front frequently and rubbed down with German elixirs of all colors, odors and effects.

After the lieutenant has been refreshed by his barber from the fatigue of early morning drill, he goes to the most popular cafe to show the poor humdrum chaps without swords or spurs or trained mustaches or curled front hair what a mighty fine fellow a lieutenant of the guards is. As soon as he enters the cafe his favorite waiter begins all sorts of feats of acrobatic politeness. He bows himself double whenever the lieutenant turns a hair. He scurries around like mad after the military periodicals, and shouts himself hoarse in ordering for the herr lieutenant the very best caviar, the freshest rolls and the strongest coffee which the cafe affords. He never addresses the lieutenant directly as "you." That would be too disrespectful to a real lieutenant, though it is good enough for men in bobtail coats and trousers without stripes. No, the waiter always asks: "Will the herr lieutenant kindly have sugar in his coffee?" "Will the herr lieutenant have a 2-cent beer or 2½-cent beer?" "Will the herr lieutenant have a fine domestic cigar for 3 cents or a super-fine cigar for 4 cents?" All this servility costs the lieutenant a cent. It would cost an American double that amount. A German civilian would have hard work to get it at any price. A Frenchman could not get it at all.

After coffee the lieutenant takes two little brushes from a case in his pocket and brushes his mustache. Then he goes out to give the girls a treat. In Berlin he exhibits himself on Unter den Linden; in Leipsic, on the Promenade; in Dresden, on the Bruhl terrace. He marches along in the middle of the walk, as erect and conscious as if he were on dress parade. He turns neither to the right nor left, save for an officer of higher rank. Civilians make way for him, for he is a bad man to bump against. He is keen to resent any incivility, and the man who shoves him rudely or gets on his toes is apt to bring up opposite him with swords or pistols the next morning in the Grunewald of Rosenthal. The lieutenant on this street parade, however, is not so busy admiring himself that he has no time to admire all the girls, who admire him. He ogles every pretty woman through his monocle. His admiration of a handsome young wife on her husband's arm is just as open as his admiration of the coquettish shop girl who walks alone. This does not bother the young wife very much, because most German women like to be looked at by lieutenants, but it frequently gets the husband into one of those scrapes with swords and pistols.

At dinner in a restaurant the lieutenant always gets the prettiest waitress, her nicest smiles, the fattest bit of roast goose and the biggest piece of cheese. He is admitted to the theater for almost nothing, and attracts more attention there than the rich banker who has a proscenium box all to himself. Between the acts he brushes his mustache before the whole house and flirts with the prettiest girl whose frau mamma isn't looking or whose herr papa has gone out to see a man. He knows all soubrettes. His card is attached almost every evening to a bouquet that is handed over the footlights. After the play he is to be found in a quiet cafe near the theater with an actress and a bottle of wine. He leads at all the dances. His red and blue coat attracts more favors than a dozen swallow-tails. In the damentour he is the first man on the floor. In fact, his social domination is so complete that of late years disgruntled critics of German high life usually speak of it as a "lieutenant beridden society."—*New York Sun.*

A Banana Eating Horse.

An Italian in Boston, who had stationed himself close by the entrance to the circus grounds, that he might more easily dispose of the fruits which he had to sell, became so interested in two Turks who had escaped from the grounds, and had been strolling about the Back Bay, that he forgot all about the wagon load of bananas which were beside him, until he turned suddenly and observed a horse attached to an express wagon calmly eating from the stock of bananas as if they had been placed there for his especial benefit. The spectacle of a horse eating bananas was so amusing to the bystanders that they didn't call the owners attention to it, but when the Italian who owned the fruit, and the Hibernian who drove the horse began to argue with each other, there was more excitement than was heard inside the circus tent.—*Boston Traveler.*

JOYS OF CAMP LIFE.

All Modern Inconveniences, with a Huge Lot of Fun Thrown In.

Did you ever go camping out? That's the real way to take solid comfort during a vacation. Avoid country hotels and farm houses, is the Boston *Herald's* advice. The true path to enjoyment is to get a party of three or four, hire a tent, load yourselves like pack-mules with bedding, frying pans and a shotgun and go somewhere. The further you get away from home the better you will enjoy yourself. Almost every party that goes camping starts off in one of the eastern-bound steamers, and buries itself somewhere in the State of Maine. To be sure there are good woods and other essentials for camp life only a few miles from home, but it is an essential point to get as far off as possible.

You have taken your gun along and some day you succeed in shooting a couple of chipmunks and a sparrow, perhaps. You don't know how to dress them, though, and about one-quarter of the flesh is wasted in the process. It is easy enough to cook them. Put them into a pot of water, throw in some salt and let them boil. By and by the flesh boils off the bones, and then you regret not having studied up on this matter of cooking. If one is really hungry the chances are that he will have to walk two or three miles to procure a pint of milk and a few eggs from some farmer's wife. Eggs are a food peculiarly fit for the camper out, in that everybody knows how to cook them. But the best way is to beat them all up together and scramble them. You proceed to break them, one by one, in a tin dipper, daubing your hands and clothing liberally in the operation. The last one is stale, and you suddenly decide you do not care for eggs that day. With average camping luck there will be a smart shower every day, clearing off soon enough for your traps to dry before the next one comes along to wet them again.

Here is an extract from a letter written in camp, which will illustrate some of the beauties of the life: "Howard and Dick have gone off gunning, or trying to gun; Joe is outside the tent, busy about something, and I have the first peaceful moment I have had since we came here. This is real fun. We are having an immense time. Rain for four days, but it is lively this morning. I wish you could see the bushes about here now. Every one presents some picturesque appearance, covered as they are with overcoats, rubber and woolen blankets drying in the sun. I am barefooted, waiting for one of my three pair of shoes to dry."

Cool Homes.

If you cannot go away for the summer, or even for a part of it, let the summer rest come into your own home, just where you are. During the heat of the day, close the blinds, so as to keep out the burning rays of the sun; and have the most airy curtains you can afford.

I knew a lady of refined taste, but slender pocket-book, who was three weeks saving the money for scrim curtains for her dining-room window. She saved 11 cents the first week, 9 cents the second, and 13 cents the third, having 33 cents, cost of 5½ yards at six cents per yard. She had no curtain-pole, but an old broom handle with a tack in each end, resting upon two nails, took its place. She put a hem in the top of the curtains just wide enough to slide over the broom handle, and the effect was surprising.

But some one asks, "How am I to keep my house cool when I have such small rooms, and must have a fire?" Buy an alcohol stove, you can accomplish wonders with it; and see if all the family are not cooler for it. Study the ventilation of your rooms. An awning over a very sunny window or door will add greatly to your comfort. A piazza chair, and a hammock or a swing, together with a few vines, will make a charming place of your unused piazza, or even of your porch.

Enlist the other members of the household in your plans for family comfort and coolness. You will be surprised at the happiness they will feel, as from time to time they contribute their share, perhaps a quaint or rare fan, a Japanese screen, or some piece of bric-a-brac for "Home."

During the warm days, try to have at each meal, one very tempting, cool dish. Fruit is best for breakfast. Rice puddings, also those of tapioca, or gelatine, which have been set until very cold are delicious Decorated with flowers, and green leaves, the table is far more attractive than if left unadorned. Have some flowers in each room if possible. It will rest you to look at them.

Even a clean towel (if you have no light tidies) spread over the bright cover of the rocking-chair, invites one to take a seat, by its very suggestion of comfort and coolness.

Make the best of what you have, and use everything to the best advantage. Let home be just as cool and inviting as you can make it; and ere you are aware, summer with it warm days will have passed.—*Good Housekeeping.*

The Smallest Republic.

This is not San Marino nor Andorra, nor Mossenet, but the tiny Republic of Goust, in the Pyrenees, which contains less than 100 inhabitants, all of whom are Romanists.

The sole occupation of these people is the weaving of wool and silk. Their Government consists of an assembly of old men, called the Council. They pay no taxes nor imposts of any kind, and therefore have need of no collectors. They have neither Mayor, priests, nor physician. They baptize their children, bury their dead, and perform their marriage ceremonies all beyond the boundaries of the town, or in the neighboring Village of Laruns. If any one wishes to espouse a wife he must go away from home to find her.

Among the peaceful residents of this miscroscopic Republic are several centenarians. No one is really poor, and none is rich. The language which they speak is a mixture of French and Spanish, and their numbers, manners, and customs have remained unchanged for several centuries.—*Frankfurt Times.*

"Papa," asked Johnny Cumso, "what is a pessimist?" "Mr. Briggs is a pessimist, Johnny," replied papa; "he always bets against the home club."—*New York Sun.*