The Little Falls Transcript.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

SUBSCRIPTION:

One year.....$1 50
Six months.....75
Three months.....40

ADVERTISING RATES LOW.

W. M. FULLER, Editor and Proprietor.

LITTLE FALLS, MINN

FRIDAY, MARCH 13, 1891.

The great senatorial contest in Illinois ended on Wednesday by the election of Gen. John M. Palmer on the 154th ballot.

At Duluth carpenters have decided to ask 36 cents per hour for eight hours per day as soon as the building season opens.

On Monday, Mikkel Hemmesvell broke the world's record in the ski running jump at Red Wing, making a jump of 102 feet.

If the lumbering business can build up cities of from 5,000 to 15,000 on a small stream in Wisconsin and Michigan, what will be the result of the centering of the upper Mississippi business at Little Falls. The future will give the most satisfactory answer.

Judging from the comments of the state press the location of the Weyerhauser Syndicate interests in Little Falls is regarded as one of the most important moves ever made in industrial circles of the Northwest.

Where the largest lumbering manufacturers in the world make their head-quarters is certainly of much importance.

France was the first country to formally accept President Harrison's invitation to take part in the World's Columbian exposition. The correspondence between the legation of the United States at Paris and the French government shows that France is already busy with preparations for the great fair. The acceptance of the government was made in terms that leave no doubt that the young republic will assume a prominent place at the exposition.

A large company of linoleum manufacturers will move their plant from Manchester England, to Muskingum, Mich; New York capitalists are about to build the largest chair factory in the world at Pillsbury; tin makers of Wales are preparing to transfer their operations to the United States: American manufacturs of cutlery are doing more work than ever before; Hind & Harriman, of England, will locate a plush manufactory at Clark's Mills, New York; France and Austria have both sent to this country manufacturers of pearl buttons, new woolen mills are being built in many Western states; and thus the American laboring man is offered work in spite of the free trade.

St. Cloud Journal Press: The Weyerhauser syndicate has at last decided to locate at Little Falls, the final arrangements having been made Saturday. The syndicate has purchased the Little Falls Lumber Co.'s mill at that city, owned by Mr. N. P. Clark, of this city, and Col. E. Bridgman, of Little Falls, and propose to erect the coming summer another mill having a saw capacity of 40,000,000 feet of lumber each season. It is highly probable that the company may build at other points on the upper Mississippi. St. Cloud would at least have stood a chance of securing this enterprise if land owners had not raised the price of their land beyond all reasonable value.

St. Louis Globe Democrat: The size of the crop is the thing that determines the size of the prices. There is a demand for a certain amount of farm products from year to year, and the prices raise or fall as the supply sinks below or goes beyond this demand. The theorists may talk as much as they please about other influences, but the question is at last only one of quantity. The world must have so many bushels of grain per year, and it will pay therefore simply so much as it is obliged to, consider the available surplus. There is no process of legislation by which additional sale can be forced when the demand has once been supplied; it is not in the power of congress to compel purchasers to take more than they want, or to give more than they are willing to pay. The fact that the crops of a given year is in excess of the measure of consumption cannot be concealed. It is known everywhere, and the prices are adjusted accordingly. When the crops is short the same rule applies, and the markets are correspondingly affected. If the farmers could manage to produce only enough each year to meet the demand they would always obtain just and fair prices. It is over production, in other words, that puts prices down for them, and they cannot expect to have prices kept up for them under such circumstances by any sort of artificial force.

St. Cloud Journal Press: Why should not the Pullman Palace car Company be required to pay a tax on its gross earnings? It is an unmitigated monopoly and ought to be made to disgorge a part of its immense profits to help pay the expenses of the state government.

Why should not the express companies also be taxed? Their charges are excessive and are advanced at any time the managers so decide, without excuse or reason.

Make both pay a share of the taxes which are imposed on many much less profitable enterprises in the state.

WEYERHAUSER SYNDICATE

From the St. Paul Globe.

The removal of Frederick Weyerhauser from Eau Claire to St. Paul, and the establishment of the milling industries belonging to himself and his associates on the upper Mississippi are important movements in the industrial history of the city and state. A syndicate including Mr. Weyerhauser, the members of the Muser Lumber company, Mr. Laird and Mr. Morton, of Winona, and others, have purchased all the timber on land tributary to the Mississippi which belonged to the Northern Pacific Railroad company. This is estimated to amount to about 300,000,000 feet. They propose at once to establish a mill of an annual capacity of 40,000,000 feet at Little Falls, in this state, and under their contract with the railroad company, are required to build another in the immediate future, or at least half that size, at Brainerd. The energy, and capital of these men have given them control of the lumber interests of Wisconsin for a good many years and their entrance in our state, it is generally admitted, will be followed by a concentration into their hands of the milling business of the upper Mississippi. They have great capacity for acquiring property, and will reach out until the vast track of forest to the north are all in their possession. This means a tremendous increase in these industries and the growth of the towns of considerable size in the northern counties, and especially along the river. The mills at the various points which have been shut down will gradually reopen, and the monopoly which Minneapolis has enjoyed in the field will at least be disputed, All this will probably be accompanied by some railroad building to connect the new milling towns directly with the prairie country to the southwest. The pine of Minnesota will compete with the products of the Southern forests in Kansas and Nebraska, and the plants and laborers from the depleted Wisconsin streams will transfer themselves to our borders. It is rather difficulty to predict with accuracy the complete effect of all these things; but they mean more capital in Minnesota, a great business activity. Both of these will be good for the state and a great jobbing center like St. Paul cannot fail to profit by them, In any event, the addition of Mr. Weyerhauser himself to the number of our citizens is a great gain, because it means one more very able and public-spirited men.

LANSING, Mich., March 11.—Charles Sligh, of the Grand Rapids Board of trade, has submitted to a joint legislative committee a novel plan for connecting Lake Michigan and Lake Huron with a ship canal stretching across the lower peninsula Michigan near its geographical center. Engineers hold that the plan is feasible, though costly; but all that it is proposed to ask of the present legislature is $8,000 for a survey of the rout. The proposed canal will begin at Grand Haven and connect with the Saginaw river.

Ortonville Headlight: It is ascertained as a noticeable fact that every one of the Alliance congressmen-elect favors free trade out and out, with no ifs or ands or buts.

The Minneapolis Tribune has been sold to a company, of which W. J. Murphy, of Grand Forks, N. D., is the head. The sale includes both morning and evening editions. Mr. Murphy will be manager and there is a possibility that Ex-Senrtor Pierce will be associated with Mr. Murphy as editor of the morning edition.

Austin Register: The bill, recently introduced, to make the state prison the place for all future public executions in this state, is a good one and ought to pass. The conveniences for such work are better at the prison, where a permanent scaffold could be erected, and where the curious could be more easily excluded. Then again, practice makes perfect, even in hanging a man, and after one or two executions the danger of a "botch" job would be greatly reduced.

American Economist: There are now begining to appear in the cutlery stores many knives and and other article on each of which is stamped the word "Germany." The McKinley bill requires this. In the Custom House and at sea on their way back to Germany are hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of suen goods which ars not stamped "Germany." A large dealer in cutlery, in discussing this effect of the bill, said yesterday that the market had been flooded with knives and cutlery of all sorts stamped "Providence Cutlery Co.," or "New Bedford Cutlery Co.," but nevertheless of German make and of such inferior naterial that men who bought them vowed that they would never again buy an American knife or tool. Our American cutting tools are the best in the world, and hereafter they will not suffer from unfair competition.

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise.—A pure medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum and other effects caused by impure blood.—Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malarial fevers.—For cure of headache, Consumption and Indigestion try Electric Bitters—Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.—Price 50 cts. and $1.00 per bottle at

J. WETZEL'S Drug Store.

The discovery of a preventative for croup, is one of the most important made in recent years, Since first discovered it has been used in many cases and with unvarying success, Its being within the reach of all makes it the more valuable. It is only necessary to give Chamberlain's Cough Remedy freely as soon as the first indications of croup appear, and it will dispel all symptoms of the disease. Full directions are given with each bottle. For sale at 50 cents per bottle by John W. Closs, druggist.

THE RETURNS,

Result of the Election Through the County by Towns.

LITTLE FALLS.

CHAIRMAN SUPERVISORS—John L. Klapp.
SUPERVISORS—E. L. Raymond, R. H. Lee.
TOWN CLERK—Mike O'Neill.
TOWN TREAS.—Wm. Pedley.
ASSESSOR—Tom O'Neill.
JUSTICE OF PEACE—Held over.
CONSTABLE—J. J. Clarke, Thos. Lafond.

PIKE CREEK.

CHAIRMAN SUPERVISORS—A. Schubert.
SUPERVISORS—Jos. Simpson, Frank Hamernik.
TOWN CLERK—Jas. Dobie.
TOWN TREAS.—Martin Scott.
ASSESSOR—Michael Stygar.
JUSTICE OF PEACE—Martin Scott.
CONSTABLES—W. S. Rolph, C. H. Taylor.

SWAN RIVER.

CHAIRMAN SUPERVISORS—George Valentiski.
SUPERVISORS—Christ Karnaski, Stephen Borosh.
TOWN CLERK—Dan O'Donnell.
TOWN TREAS.—Mike Nowak.
ASSESSOR—George Kay.
JUSTICE OF PEACE—F. E. Mansfield.
CONSTABLE—Holds over.

RIPLEY.

CHAIRMAN SUPERVISORS—N. Barbeau,
SUPERVISORS—J. A. Adams, Art. Germain.
CLERK—M. Shonyo.
TREAS.—F. X. Heroux.
ASSESSOR—Charles Chartier.
JUSTICE OF PEACE.—H. P. Cook.
CONSTABLES—Henry Gobourg, Chas. Tew.

MOOERSVILLE.

CHAIRMAN—Wm. Prentice.
SUPERVISORS—Gideon Matte, J. N. Whitney.
CLERK—C. B. Clouse.
TREAS.—J. L. Berg.
ASSESSOR—W. A. Prentice.
JUSTICE OF PEACE—L. G. Rose.
CONSTABLE—Lee O. Rose, W. S. Woolsey.
FOR LICENSE—Yes.

BELLE PRAIRIE.

CHAIRMAN—N. Gravel.
SUPERVISOR—T. Brenhand, Wm. Varner
CLERK—L. A. Newell.
TREAS.—Jas. Gravel.
ASSESSOR—P. Piccotte.
JUSTICE OF PEACE—John Newbern, Aribert Coo.
CONSTABLE—Frank Mason.

BUCKMAN.

CHAIRMAN—J. H. Docken.
SUPERVISORS—C. Vosen, Louis Monthey.
CLERK—G. E. Estey.
TREAS.—M. Wischnewski.
ASSESSOR—Mat. Poster.
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE—Peter Eder, Matt Poster.
CONSTABLE—Fred Gaking.

There were 7 votes in favor of herd law and 97 against herd law.

AGRAM.

CHAIRMAN—Jos. Rauch.
SUPERVISORS—Michael Berger, Peter Neisius.
CLERK—John Voerath.
TREAS.—John N. Rauch.
ASSERROR—John Roch.
JUSTICE OF PEACE—Herman Vierk, John Voerath.
CONSTALES—John Kippley, Chist. Faust.

GREEN PRAIRIE.

CHAIRMAN—Wm. Rasicot.
SUPERVISORS—Jas. Ghadwick, Geo. Hall
CLERK—Eugene Eckerson.
TREAS.—E. Nye.
ASSESSOR—F. D. Hall.
JUSTICE OF PEACE—John Lawrence, F. D. Hall.
CONSTABLES—Bert Boyce, Jack Killen.
ROADMASTER—Wm. Hall.

RANDALL.

CHAIRMAN—D. M. Barnhart.
SUPERVISORS—Geo. Schimerhorn, James Munn.
CLERK—R. J. Andrews.
TREAS.—S. S. Langmade.
ASSESSOR—Perry A. Smith.
JUSTICE OF PEACE—E. Bates, D. D. McCready.
CONSTABLE—James McMurtrie. D. D. Jones.

There were 35 votes cast, and all but 1 were for for licence.

CULDRUM.

CHAIRMAN—Geo. Bain.
SUPERVISORS—Bartic Watsky, William Beseman.
CLERK—Wm. Rhoda.
TREAS—J. D. Stith.
ASSESSOR—John J. McRae.
JUSTICE OF PEACE—George Geritz,
CONSTABLES—None elected.

PIERZ.

CHAIRMAN—W. Grell.
SUPERVISORS—M. Gross, J. Borley.
CLERK—N. Meyer.
TREAS.—G. Terhaar.
ASSESSOR—W. Konen.
JUSTICE OF PEACE—W. Grell.
CONSTABLE—H. Gebert.

TWO RIVERS.

CHAIRMAN—Jacob Thramer.
SUPERV SORS—S. Stodolka, C. Link.
CLERK—H. Armstrong.
TREAS.—J. Trettle.
ASSESSOR—Anton Barton.
JUSTICE OF PEACE—Paul Noe, John Mrosla.
CONSTABLES—F. Armstrong, Eugene Link.

BELLEVUE.

CHAIRMAN—J. A. Nichols.
SUPERVISORS—F. H. Lakin, J. B. Lambert.
CLERK—A. W. Swanson.
TREAS.—B. Fietsam.
ASSESSOR—P. B. McDougall.
CONSTABLE—H. Landwehr.

Following is the result of the Village election in Royalton on Tuesday, 95 votes being cast:

PRESIDENT—J Lonsdale.
TRUSTEES—S. N. Pavitt, N. P. Fidler, O. H. Havill.
TREAS.—A. C. Wilson.
RECORDER—E. A. Boutwell.
CONSTABLE—Ed. Austin.

A Few Reasons Why St. Patrick's Pills are Popular.

Because they never disappoint.

Because they produce a pleasant cathartic effect.

Because they act only physic, but cleanse the whole system and regulate the liver and bowels.

For sale at 25 cents per box by John W. Closs, druggist.

TOO FRESH.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"To salt the cattle, sir," she said.
"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"You might absorb it, sir," she said.
—New York Herald.

"Oyez! Oyez! Oyez!" shouted the annoying little brother, as he stuck his head into the parlor. "What do you mean by such a notion?" asked his sister. "Yer fellu, John Jaykins, is comin' down the front walk, and the coont is now in session."—Washington Post.

SCHOOL REPORT.

Report of City School for the Month Ending March 6, 1891.

FIRST PRIMARY DEPARTMENT.

Number enrolled.....64
Average daily attendance.....53
Number neither absent nor tardy.....28
Number cases of tardiness.....2

ELISABETH BAYER, Teacher.

SECOND PRIMARY DEP'T.

Number enrolled.....61
Average daily attendance.....59
Number neither absent nor tardy.....19
Number cases of tardiness.....1

ANNIE B. SMITH, Teacher.

THIRD PRIMARY DEP'T.

Number enrolled.....65
Average daily attendance.....59
Number neither absent nor tardy.....17
Number cases of tardiness.....4

FLOY CORBIN, Teacher.

FIRST INTERMEDIATE DEP'T.

Number enrolled.....60
Average daily attendance.....44
Number neither absent nor tardy.....20
Number cases of tardiness.....9

MARION F. GILES, Teacher.

SECOND INTERMEDIATE DEP'T

Number enrolled.....46
Average daily attendance.....41
Number neither absent nor tardy.....22
Number cases of tardiness.....1

JENNIE CARY, Teacher.

THIRD INTERMEDIATE DEP'T.

Number enrolled.....41
Average daily attendance.....37
Number neither absent nor tardy.....17
Number cases of tardiness.....3

M. A. B. Jewett, Teacher.

GRAMMAR DEP'T.

Number enrolled.....42
Average daily attendance.....38
Number neither absent nor tardy.....21
Number cases of tardiness.....1

ADDIE E. COLE, Teacher.

HIGH SCHOOL DEP'T.

Number enrolled.....36
Average daily attendance.....31
Number neither absent nor tardy.....15
Number cases of tardiness.....0

JENNIE A. MUNGER, Asst. Principal.

SUMMARY.

Total number enrolled.....411
Average daily attendance.....367
Number neither absent nor tardy.....145
Total cases of tardiness.....12

CLARA E. KINGSLEY, Principal.

SPORTING ITEM.

A.—I see that they are trying to put a stop to all betting in New York.

B.—I'm glad of it. Betting is a pernicious practice. I hope they will stop it.

"But they can't do it."

"Can't do it! I'll bet you $50 they can."—Texas Siftings.

Old Made Young.

Dr. Brown Sequard's elixir of youth may be an important discovery, but everyone knows that Dr. Franklin Miles' New Heart Cure certainly is. It has given thousands afflicted with serious heart disease a new lease of life. Druggists who who can observe its effects on many customers everywhere speak very highly of it. Mr. John Weaver, of Knightstown, Ind., says; I have sold much of Dr. Miles' New Cure and have received many good reports. I sold to one of the leading Masonic state officers and it did him a great deal of good. Sold and guaranteed by

J. WETZEL.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

"Will you walk into my parlor?"
And the other made reply,
"Thank you for the invitation,
But I am a little fly."
—Philadelphia Times.

A Wonder Worker.

Mr. Frank Huffman, a young man of Burlington, Ohio, states that he has been under the care of two prominent physicians, and used their treatment until he was not able to get around. They pronounced the case to be Consumption and incurable. He was persuaded to try Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, Coughs and Colds and at that time he was not able to walk across the street without resting. Refound, before he had used a half of a dollar bottle, that he was much better. He continued to use it and is today enjoying good health. If you have any Throat, Lung or Chest Trouble try it. We guarantee satisfaction. Trial bottle free at

J. WETZEL'S Drug Store.

A POINT IN SOPTONESS GRAMMAR.

He—The Bostonians are a brave people: they never say die.

She—Don't they?

He—No; they say "deceeased"—Munsey's Weekly.

Modern Discoverers.

What Bell and Edison are to the telephone and electricity, says the Pittsburg News, Dr. Franklin Miles, a well known specialist in nervous diseases, is to the nervous system a nerve fluid. Among his numerous discoveries his Restorative Nervine is undoubtedly one of the greatest. It is unsurpassed in nervousness, dyspepsia, headache, epilepsy, neuralgia, backache, melancholly, sleeplessness, change of life, etc. Free trial of it may be had of J. WETZEL, Druggist, and also Dr. Miles new book on "New and startling Facts" for the afflicted. Every one should read this very interesting, instructive, and finely illustrated book.

PLENTY OF ABILITY.

Anxious Mother—How is it that you have so much trouble with your housekeeping? You told me your wife could cook.

Adult Son—She can.

"Then, what is the matter?"

"She won't."—New York Weekly.

How Severe Colds are Broken up in Montana.

Virginia City, Mont. Madisonian.

When we find a medicine we know to possess genuine merit, we consider it a duty, and we take pleasure in telling the public what it is. Such a medicine we found Chamberlain's Cough Remedy last winter when in grippe was prevailing. We are satisfied that we warded off several attacks that were threatened by the use of this syrup, and we have since relieved, in a few hours, severe colds and in the course of two or three days, entirely broken them up by its use, as have several of our friends to whom we have recommended it. It is all that it is represented to be by the manufacturers. If you have a cough and want to stop it Chamberlain's Cough Remedy will do the work. For sale by John W. Closs, druggist.

"The face of the returns," said the chairman of the meeting, "shows 67 ayes and no noes."

"What a queer looking face that must be," remarked an old lady in the back row.—Washington Star.

Miles Nerve and Liver Pills.

An important discovery. They act on the liver, stomach and and bowels through the nerves. A new principle. They speedily cure biliousness, bad taste torpid liver, piles and constipation. Splendid for men, women and children. Smallest mildest, surest. 50 doses for 25 cents. Samples free at J. WETZL'S.

Miss Toppin—This piece of ribbon was made to order. There's not another bit like it in the world.

Miss Hoppin—I'm going shopping tomorrow and I wish you'd lend it to me to match.

The Rev. Geo. H. Thayer, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and Wife owe our lives to Shiloh's Consumption Cure." For sale by JOHN WETZEL.

Our customers all speak highly in praise of St. Patrick's Pills. They are the best. Berry Bros., Carroll, Nebraska. For sale by John W. Closs.

"A penny for your thoughts," she said;
And then she deemed it strange,
After his inmost thoughts she'd read,
That she should ask for change.

Vick's Floral Guide for 1891.

No lover of a fine plant or garden can afford to be without a copy. It is an elegant book of over 150 pages, 8¾x11¼ inches, beautiful colored illustrations of Starlet a Marsathus, Hydrangea and Potatoes. Instructions for planting, cultivating etc. Full list of everything that can be desired in the way of Vegetable, and Flower Seeds, Plants, Bulbs, etc. Also full particulars regarding the cash prices of $1,000 and $500. The novelties have been tested and found worthy of cultivation. We hope it will be our good luck to see the Nellie Lewis Carnation and taste the Green Rapids Lettuce. It costs nothing, because the 15 cents you send for it can be deducted from the first order forwarded. We advise our friends to secure a copy of James Vick, Seedsman, Rochester, N. Y.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Sweet Life in the Washington Shaft.

Who built the Washington monument?

Funny creatures with shells made it long ago ago at the bottom of the sea. Some of them were little and some quite big, but all of them left their houses behind them when they died, to furnish material for a memorial to the father of his country.

If you will go up to the top of the hill, at the foot of which are the fish ponds, and will examine closely some of the stones of which the monument is built, you will find their surface smooth, with no visible trace of the individual shells that lent their substance to this mighty structure symbolical of eternity. This is because the shells in the beds from which the marble came were so squeezed together by pressure and otherwise metamorphosed as to be reduced to a simple mass of lime.

In many marbles, however, you will discover the shells quite visible, so that their very form, preserved for goodness knows how many centuries, lends beauty to the polished rock. Few things can be more interesting than to observe the trace of what was once a living organism in a formation which so evidently dates back to an epoch long before the earliest possible appearance of man upon the globe.

But the mere deposit of such shells did not make marble. It required geologic action to effect the transformation of the limestone into the material which composes the Washington monument. For instance, when, by the cooling of the earth's crust, the latter was crumpled up so as to form mountains, great heat was developed, and limestone beds in places where such action took place went through a process of crystallization by the heat, thus forming what is known as marble. Wherever traces of the original shells which compose the limestone are found they are called fossil shells. If the monument contained such shells, visible in their original shape, it would be a most interesting memorial of the world before the deluge, as well as of the immortal George.—Washington Star.

A Slick Hotel Beat.

The fellow had no baggage when he registered first at the Markham house Saturday, but had a very glib tongue and told such a plausible story that he was permitted to register and given a room. He was well dressed and a very pleasant spoken fellow, and his bill for extras soon assumed alarming proportions. The hotel people became alarmed, and after he had been there several days a party stopping there told them he was a beat. The clerk fixed up a scheme, and that evening he got into the fellow's room on some pretext after he had retired and calmly gathering up the fellow's coat, vest and pants told him they could be redeemed at the office for the amount of his bill.

The fellow's nerve did not desert him even in this extremity. He borrowed a mackintosh coat from the clerk which reached to his heels, which he put on over his underclothing, in order to go after some money, and walked to the Kimball house, where he boldly registered and was shown to a room, leaving word that when his baggage arrived it was to be kept until he got up in the morning.

At about 8 o'clock on Sunday morning he came jumping down stairs, making a great noise of a tale of robbery, in which he had lost his clothes and $65 in cash. The hotel management, without stopping to investigate the fellow, got him a new suit of clothes and paid him $20, rather than have such notoriety attached to the house. The fellow then walked back to the Markham house, paid his bill, obtained his clothes and jumped out of town.—Chattanooga Times.

Juggler's Tricks.

Cinquevalli, the French juggler, says that it is hard to tell which is his most difficult trick. "As a usual thing," he goes on, "the easiest trick is the most showy and gets the most applause, while some very difficult feat 'will not get a hand,' as we say. For instance, the trick of throwing a potato in the air, dividing it with one stroke of the knife and then catching the two halves, one on the fork and one on the knife, is perhaps the most difficult, and took me nearly two years to learn. It is quickly done, however, and apparently so easy, that an audience cannot appreciate it before it is over. Let me purposely drop the potato and catch it on the knife blade just as it is only an inch from the floor and they burst into applause. It is so unexpected.

"Two others of my most difficult tricks, one, balancing a cigar on top of another on my forehead and tossing it from there so that it turns over once and falls point first into a cigar holder in my mouth; the other, twirling a hoop in my right hand with a glass of water balanced inside its rim, and passing two balls through it with my left hand, have been watched with stolid indifference by an audience that went wild over juggling two plates in the air, one of the simplest tricks.—San Francisco Examiner.

A Terrible Conjunction.

A "but" soon comes to modify a pretty picture. It is a terrible word, this innocent little conjunction! Think how much annoyance and grief it usheres in to us in an average year. "The market opened well; but—" "Baby is certainly better than she was yesterday; but still?"— "No, sir, your hair is not going gray, that I can see, but it is thinning very fast." "I do love you very much, and always have loved you, but I love some one else better." And so on. I wonder we mortals have not combined to put a ban upon the wrecked little monosyllable. Perhaps it is saved by our imagination. We know that it is a nuisance and a terror to us, but yet there may be a background of new light to the cloud which it suddenly brings for the obliteration of our present happiness.—All the Year Round.

Wittily Acknowledged.

A laughable little story is told of a woman on the witness stand in a French court. She was asked her age, and answered that she was 30 years old.

"But," said the magistrate, "did you not tell me you were 30 when you appeared before me two years ago?"

"I think it very likely," she replied, smilingly acknowledging her falsehood, and not at all abashed. "I am not one of those women who say one thing today and another thing to-morrow."—Youth's Companion.

Clara—Why did you refuse Mr. Harduead?

Maud—I couldn't be happy with such a man as that. He is too intensely practical. He has no faith.

"No faith?"

"No. He doesn't believe in anything. Why, he doesn't even believe in dreams."—Good News.

Sagacity in a Mongrel Cur.

This dog set me musing. As his lachrymose eye suggested, he was an animal of much feeling. And yet he was supernaturally sagacious. His mode of life had evidently been thought out in as careful and philosophic a way as that of Epicurus himself. He reasoned that for him at least the summum bonum consisted in a judicious mixture of permanence and change, uniformity and variety. Others before him had reached the same conclusion. But his originality cannot be questioned. He had evidently thought out the problem of canine felicity for himself, and without the least help from human philosophers. And his solution of the problem has much to recommend it.

To have found his way to a conception of life that seems to combine the maximum of pleasurable excite ment with the minimum of anxiety argues a more than usual intelligence. I felt at once that so reflective an animal must not be confounded with the unreflective, unsentimental vagabond. He is not, like this last, incapable of attachment; on the contrary, he attaches himself a great deal, and, as most people would say, too much. But in his case the instinct of attachment has become controlled by consummate intelligence. His instinct compels him to seek a human protector, but he is shrewd enough to see to it that the alliance turns out to his own advantage.—Cornhill Magazine.

Photography and Teeth.

Photography plays queer pranks with its subjects sometimes. A photograph often fastens on some family remembrance that had never been noticed in a face until then. A photograph has a way also of telling on people sometimes. The hidden cruelty or sensuality, or vanity, or deception comes to light under the searching of the sun, however unconsciously the man's will or craft may have manned it outwardly. A mound is running a race when a horse has his photograph taken. His friends may see what he is trying to hide. It was James who wrote that remarkable story, "The Liar." There was an artist who painted a portrait of the husband of the woman he had once loved himself. When the portrait was finished, the husband and wife, and not only they, but all the world, saw on the canvas the face of a contemptible liar. What the artist did on that occasion is what the sun often does. It tells the truth that that man has hitherto successfully

A BRAVE DEED.

He Knew the Crowd He Had to Deal With.

Madly flew the sleigh over the trackless prairies. It needed not the lash that the frantic driver was using with all his energy to urge the frightened horses to the top of their speed. The blood curdling howls of the wolves that grew momentarily nearer and nearer lent wings to the panting animals, and they tore along over snowy wastes, every muscle strained to its utmost, every nerve quivering, their nostrils dilated, their eyes starting from their sockets, and long trails of filmy vapor from their steaming bodies following in their wake.

"Comrades," said one of the men in the sleigh, rising up, pale, but with iron resolution written in every line of his face, "the wolves are gaining upon us. In five minutes more, unless they are checked, we are all lost. If we had ten minutes we could reach that farm house yonder, but we cannot do it. There is only one hope. One of us must sacrifice himself for the others. Farewell!"

Before they could stop him he had thrown himself out of the sleigh and disappeared.

On flew the horses. The sleigh, relieved of the weight of the brave man who had voluntarily offered himself a sacrifice to the bloodthirsty animals to save the lives of his friends, went perceptibly faster. A few minutes later and they dashed into the yard surrounding the little farm house. They were saved!

But how had it fared with that dauntless, unselfish hero?

Will it be believed? The gaunt, hungry wolves, diverted from the pursuit of the sleigh, had no sooner surrounded him than they seemed to regard him as a friend. They smelt of him, fawned upon him with every demonstration of delight, and one of the boldest and fiercest of the whole pack, evidently the leader, offered him his paw as if to shake hands with him, looked at the sleigh, now too far away to be overtaken, shook his head slowly, turned about and trotted away, followed by all the rest. The fierce, bloodthirsty wolves had recognized in this man a kindred spirit.

He was a Kansas City real estate agent.—Chicago Tribune.

Somehow It Did Not Work.

"I don't know whether they do it intentionally or not," thoughtfully remarked young Jack Kanebiter at the club the other night, "but somehow these newspapers pass around an awful lot of unreliable information."

"How's that, old chappie?" inquired Freddie Choker, his running mate.

"Why, I saw in The Examiner last week that a poor young fellow in Chicago borrowed an umbrella of a bank president, and the next day returned it."

"Awful lie, that."

"Oh! but he did, really. He walked into the bank the very next day and returned it. The president was so much astonished that he called the young man back and made him his cashier at a thumping salary."

"Because he was so extra honest, eh?"

"Exactly. Well, you see, I thought it was a big scheme, and that I'd work the same racket before the other boys got on to it."

"Boss idea."

"So I rushed around to the Nevada bank and asked old Hellman to loan me an umbrella. I heard there was going to be a directors' meeting the next day, and I intended to return the umbrella right in the midst of it, so as to paralyze the entire outfit; see?"

"What did old Moneybags say?"

"Why, he said that it did not look a bit like rain. 'I know my business,' said I. 'Just you produce your gingham.' So he told a clerk to let me have an old one and take $5 for security at regular bank interest."

"Great Scott!"

"But that wasn't the worst of it. When I looked at the umbrella I'll be hanged if it wasn't one that Hellman had borrowed from me himself down at Los Angeles during the boom."

And they both lit a fresh cigarette and mused sadly over the utter unreliability of a sensational press.—San Francisco Examiner.

He Wanted Something Recent.

Countryman (in book store)—My wife wanted me to get her some magazines to read.

Proprietor—Yes, sir; how would The Century Magazine do?

Countryman—Gosh, no! She wants a monthly magazine.—Texas Siftings.

A POOR UNFORTUNATE.

He Has Plenty of Money, but He Is Always Afraid of Being Poor.

We know a man who deserves a great deal of pity.

He is possessed of houses and lands and stocks and bonds and horses and cattle, and the world calls him rich.

Almost everybody envies him.

He wears his broadcloth and diamonds every day, and drinks good wine, if somebody else will pay for it.

But this rich man looks very poor. His whole life is a round of direst apprehension. He is afraid the banks will break. He studies the financial record as if his life depended on what he read. He cannot sleep if he hears that any one of the railroads whose bonds he holds is not paying expenses.

He lies awake nights and worries about fire, and if he hears the alarm he is out of bed and dressing with lightning speed. He is afraid it may be some of his buildings.

If anybody talks about murrain he grows pale; he has thousands of dollars invested in cattle.

He is always talking about hard times. It is difficult, he says, for him to make accounts balance at the end of the year. He is at such an expense and so little coming in. Taxes are enormous, outrageous, in fact, and how he is going to pay them is more than he knows. There ought to be something done to lower this tax rate; it is eating everybody out of house and home.

His family are under the cloud of his poverty continually. He buys the cheapest steak and the strongest butter, and suggests to his wife that they should use molasses instead of sugar, times are so hard. He wonders where on earth that barrel of flour has gone to. He never saw anybody use so much flour as they do. If they are not careful they'll have to go to the almshouse yet.

He is always cutting down his wife's supply of pocket money. He knows she is not so careful about her expenditures as she might be, and he says he wishes he could be a woman for a spell. He'd see to those swindling dressmakers and milliners in a way they would not relish.

If any of his workmen are two minutes behind time in the morning he grows and feels bitterly aggrieved, and vows he will cut them down 10 per cent. If such a thing occurs again. He'll let them know that he is not going to pay them for loafing up and down the streets. No, sir.

He beats everybody down. If only a few cents can be saved, he says, it is worth while. He wants to try and get enough together to take him through. But times are so hard and investments so ticklish.

Ask him for charity, and he will look at you as if he deemed you mad. Want him to give something for Smith's family of children, ten of 'em! Why, good heavens whatever could Smith be a thinking of to raise so many children. Didn't he know he was poor? Didn't he know it costs money to feed so many mouths?

For his part he has ways enough for what little spare cash he gets to go without feeding those ten children that had no business to be born. What if Smith did get killed by falling from the roof of one of his buildings that he was repairing? That wasn't his lookout; it was Smith's. He hadn't any business to fall; he was paid for staying up there and laying shingles, not falling down and getting killed.

Ask him for money for the minister. He will laugh in your face, and instance St. Paul and several other ancient worthies, who preached for nothing and found themselves. He doesn't want any minister. If everybody behaved as well as he does there would be no need of ministers.

And we quite agree with him; for if all the world were like him it certainly would not be worth saving. It would not be a paying investment.—Kate Thorn in New York Weekly.

HIS BLOOD PURIFIER.

But the Human Race Didn't Want to Be Purified Too Much.

A dilapidated looking old man, who was chewing sassafras root with great energy, suddenly appeared in the waiting room of the Erie depot across the river, and as he approached a man who was waiting for a western rain he pulled a bottle of liquid from an old satchel in his hand and said:

"My friend, you are looking yaller about the eyes, which is a sure sign that your blood is in a bad state. One bottle of my blood purifier will restore you to health and vigor."

"Don't want it, sir!" was the curt reply.

"All right, mister, all right. If a feller wants to keep on looking yaller about the eyes when a pannyces is at hand that's his own business. Long 'bout the middle of April you'll be on your back with a spell of bilious fever, but you needn't lay it up agin me."

The next person approached was a severe looking woman about thirty-five years of age, who was probably an old maid.

"Them yaller streaks at the corner of your mouth denote a torpid liver, ma'am," said the man as he gave the bottle a shake. "Suthin' right here to improve your looks 50 per cent. in two weeks."

"Sir!" she demanded, in icy tones.

"Only fifty cents a bottle, ma'am, and made right in my own house, from herbs and roots gathered by my own hand. Just opened the spring campaign, and the price is only fifty cents a bottle."

"Go away, sir!" she commanded loudly.

"Don't want any, eh?"

"No, sir!"

"All right, madam—all right. Torpid liver may be a good thing to have about the house, but I don't think so. Here's your pannyces, and if you don't want it I can't compel you to buy it."

The third person was a man with a marked redness of nose and rough spots on his face. He was busy with a newspaper when the old man approached and said:

"One bottle will cure that nose, or money refunded."

"What! What's that?" demanded the man.

"And the second bottle will cause every rough spot to disappear, though it would be safer for you to take a third. Three bottles for $1.25, or fifty cents for a single bottle. I war"——

"Look a-here, you old reprobate! What are you driving at?" exclaimed the patient as he stood up.

"I am selling a blood purifier, made of roots and herbs. It's a little early, perhaps, but I want to get the start of the buckwheat scratches. Are you a drinking man?"

"Do you mean to insult me to my face, sir? Why, I'll punch your head for a cent!"

"It wouldn't do no good, mister. Here's the only genuine blood purifier in market, and last year I sold 7,000 bottles of it. Invigorates the liver, tones up the blood, and if I can't cure that nose of yours I don't want a cent."

"I'll purify you, you old scamp!" shouted the man, and he was peeling off his overcoat to do it when the depot policeman came up and told the old man he must go out.

"And not sell a bottle of my blood purifier in this crowd?" he asked.

"Come, out you go!"

"And you don't want a bottle for yourself? You've got a jaundice look, and this 'ere stuff will knock the jaudice into a cocked hat in just five doses."

He was led out, and told not to re-enter the depot; but he stood at the door and said to the policeman through the glass window:

"All right, officer, all right. If the people don't want my blood purifier they needn't have it. It's the season to purify, but I never go agin the law, and if there's a rampage of bilious fever next spring don't say I wasn't around with my pannyces at regular price."—New York Sun.

Candid.

Chappie—Dear girl, why will you keep me outside only on the mat?

Jenny—I don't want to get you squashed from your hat.—Harper's Bazar.

Easy Enough.

A stationer's traveler, having had a run of bad luck in prosecuting business, received from the "boss" the following telegram:

"If you can't make expenses, come home at once."

The reply was, "All right. Can make plenty of expenses, but no sales."—London Tit-Bits.

Vital Wicks

"There are three wicks to the lamp of a man's life; brains, blood, and breath." Thus writes an eminent American author. The most frequent derangements occur in the blood and in the liver