

GOOD LUCK.

Mr. H. C. Clarke, of This City, Gets \$30,000 From The Louisiana State Lottery.

"Is it actually true that you have received a part of the capital prize of the drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery?" asked a reporter of The Star-Sayings of Mr. H. C. Clarke, a young lithographer, who has been trying to procure a home out of savings from wages, earned at his trade.

"Yes," said he, "I have actually received \$30,000 in cash—good United States currency—as a 10th part of the capital prize of \$300,000. The money was paid to me by the Continental National Bank, of St. Louis, is now in my possession, and a part of it will go into an elegant little home for myself and my family."

"I suppose you will give up the trade now?"

"O, yes," said he, with a smile that showed how happy he was, "lithography or any other occupation of 10 hours a day has little charm by the side of \$30,000, which enables one to look his friends in the face with a manly feeling."

"What was the number of your ticket?"

"No. 93. I sent \$3 to the New Orleans National Bank last month for a one-tenth part of a whole ticket, and that was the number I received in return. I put the ticket away, and thought no more of it. My wife thought it was \$3 thrown away, but she is smiling and happy enough now on account of the new home we are to have. I had become tired of pinching along from week to week, and was becoming discouraged at the slow progress I was making in procuring a competence for the rainy day that impresses itself so vividly upon any one who has a family to support. The money I sent was not begrudged, because in our business we have very little opportunity of getting out to take advantage of chances to go into business, or to look after any paying investments. At any rate, I concluded if I did not risk something to increase my income outside of my weekly wages it would be several years before I could get what my heart was set on—a comfortable home."

"And you feel like another man now?"

"Certainly. I am prepared to enjoy life. The transaction was no myth and the reports of the drawing no rumor, I have the money in my possession, which will save me several years' hard work and allow me to live respectably."—St. Louis (Mo.) Star-Sayings, Nov. 25.

Engaged for the Dance. Dr. Walter Drew, of Washington, last spring told Mrs. Campbell that her husband would be nominated and elected governor of Ohio, and asked to have the second dance with the governor's wife reserved for him at the inaugural ball. That was in jest, but Mr. Drew has received a telegram from Gov. Elect Campbell's wife reserving the second dance, and he is in consternation over the prospect. He is bigger than Grover Cleveland and no more graceful in his movements, but the tailors have been engaged to get his clothes ready for the inaugural ball.

Artificial Limbs. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Chas. M. Evans, 177 1/2 W. 4th Street, Cincinnati, O.

"Jupiter Lights" is the title of Constance Fenimore Woolson's latest novel. There may be thunder on Olympus when Jupiter lights on it.

The People are not slow to understand that, in order to warrant their manufacturers in guaranteeing them to benefit or cure, medicines must possess more than ordinary merit and curative properties. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the only blood-purifier, emollient, through druggists, under a positive guarantee that it will benefit or cure or money paid for it will be returned. It cures blood, skin and scalp diseases, and for all scrofulous affections, it is specific.

\$50 reward offered by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy for an incurable case.

Outdoor sports—Gamblers driven to the street.

Many People refuse to Take Cod Liver Oil on account of its unpleasant taste. This difficulty has been overcome in Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with the most valuable remedy known for the treatment of Consumption, Scrofula and Bronchitis. General Debility, Wasting and General Debility, Chronic Coughs and Colds, has caused physicians in all parts of the world to use it. Physicians report our little patients take it with pleasure. Try Scott's Emulsion and be convinced.

Some one writes: "Who is Brownings the poet?" We don't know, but the critic is frequently roasting him.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she clung to Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

"Why did your foot ancestors make the thistle their national emblem?" "For some one like you to nibble at," was the caustic reply.—Texas Sittings.

A man who has practiced medicine for 40 years, ought to know salt from sugar; read what he says: "Toledo, O., Jan. 10, 1887. Messrs. F. J. Cheney & Co.—Gentlemen:—I have been in the general practice of medicine for most of 40 years, and would say that in my practice and experience have never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with as much confidence of success as I can Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by you. Have prescribed it a great many times and its effect is wonderful, and would say in conclusion that I have yet to find a case of Catarrh that it would not cure, if they would take it according to directions. Yours truly, L. L. GORRUCH, M. D.

"We will give \$100 for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, etc."

"Eye" see you through," as the needle said to the thread.

Fit—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fit after first day's use. Mailed free. "Toledo, O., Jan. 10, 1887. Messrs. F. J. Cheney & Co.—Gentlemen:—I have been in the general practice of medicine for most of 40 years, and would say that in my practice and experience have never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with as much confidence of success as I can Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by you. Have prescribed it a great many times and its effect is wonderful, and would say in conclusion that I have yet to find a case of Catarrh that it would not cure, if they would take it according to directions. Yours truly, L. L. GORRUCH, M. D.

The man who objects to being dunned water likes being found out.

Oregon, the Paradise of Farmers. Mild, equable climate, certain and abundant crops. Best fruit, grain, grass and stock country in the world. Full information free. Address: The Oregon Irrigation Board, Portland, Oregon.

Police judges ought to make a good committee on fire-arms.

For Bronchitis, Asthma and Pulmonary Complaints, "Brown's Bronchial Trochoc" has remarkable curative properties. Sold only in boxes.

Highly connected—The servant suspended from a saloon.

"We recommend 'Tallini's Punch' Oyster. Don't let a day pass without eating it. The little oyster."

FOR THE LADIES.

Pretty Mrs. Cleveland—Fashions in Cushions—A Perfect Home.

Capital Social Notes—The Hair and the Nails—Patti's Hair—Arts and Crafts—Notes for Women.

Cushions.

There are few things, setting aside the ornaments proper, that assist more in giving a room a cozy, attractive, chic appearance than cushions. Many imagine that there is not much to be said on the subject, that a cushion's a cushion and there's an end on't, but women know better than that. They know there is a wealth of beauty as well as comfort in those soft, yielding rolls of plush, velvet, silk, and satin, and they know, too, that the salvation of an uneasy or unsightly couch is the pile of cushions with which it is pillowed. They know that whole armies of art workers are kept busy the year round designing patterns for the silk weavers and embroiderers to work from. They know that mountains of cushions are manufactured and exported from the art schools and convents of England, Germany and France, and that thousands of women and girls throughout the large cities of the world earn their bread and butter working on possons, cords and tassels, fringes, knisses, passementeries, and applique pieces in metal and embroidery threads with which the most artistic pillows are decorated. People are very much alike, but there's a great difference in their appearance, and so it is with the world of cushions. Big cushions in great numbers continue to be piled upon Chesterfield couches and sofas, in luxurious drawing rooms, in alcoves, smoking-rooms, corridors and halls. The largest are a yard square, and the designs are conventionalizations of still life done in bold lines. Venetian cotton, Italian satin and grass linen can be inexpensively and very effectively covered, and the needlework is done in crevells of flax. A very charming fancy is to work a six-inch crest in inland work with gold outlines and beneath a spray of some favorite or appropriate flower. Green American designs are used, but the ground for design, but used without a diaper pattern is not effective as a filling. There is a fancy for applique squares of linen to plain satin pillows, previously ornamented with a dragon, convolvulus, or lotus in Kensington. Butterflies, humming-birds, bats, acorns and shells of metal and gauze are used in a similar manner. Then, too, great elegance of taste is shown in the use of artists' silk, in which the printed figure or pattern is made by an outline of light. Carry ions like the melon rolls for chair-backs are most useful, made alike on both sides of some pretty figured silk.

Pretty Mrs. Cleveland. The wife of ex-President Cleveland has evidently changed her dressmaker, for at no time since she became notable has she appeared in more beautiful and fashionable attire than she now wears. Mrs. Cleveland was always well dressed so far as fabrics, trimmings and confections went, but they were not appropriate. They were too rich. They had the grandeur and the warmth of the White House, but they were not light, airy and elegant. Since her enrollment among the immortals of McAllister's circle, she has foreworn her magnificent robes of plush velvet and brocaded satin, and adopted those light, airy tissues of silk, crepe, India silk and transparency cloths that drape so gracefully and make a woman as nearly angelic in appearance as it is possible for a mortal to look. At the afternoon teas, which she is giving for Mrs. Eugene's benefit in Madison avenue, Mrs. Cleveland has been wearing most artistic dresses, made principally of gauze, lace insertion and soft ribbons. The simple style in which they are made, the graceful, unconscious way in which they are worn, the absence of jewels and her fondness for putting a rose in her hair or a spray of orchids at her throat give her that delightfully girlish appearance which was not displayed while mistress of the White House. The responsibilities of her position, its demands and exacting may have had something to do with the maturity she affected, but as simple Mrs. Cleveland, the wife of a New York lawyer, she is certainly a younger and prettier woman than she was two years ago.

Capital Social Notes. Mrs. Harrison's sister, Mrs. Scott Lord, was brought from New York this week. She is still a great invalid, and there is little hope of her ultimate recovery. Her illness was quite ill last week. Russell Harrison came directly here from Montana, and his pretty wife went to Omaha to visit her parents before coming East for the winter. Mrs. McKee and her children are at their home in Indianapolis, but will come to the White House for the holidays and remain until the end of the gay season.

The Vice-President and Mrs. Morton have moved into their new home. Statuary, pictures and household treasures have come down from New York, and the gathering up quantities of things for her house, which she had hoped to be moving into in a fortnight from now. The Washington workmen have spoiled every household article and enlarger's plans this year, and Mrs. Morton's house may not be ready until March. Senator Hearst's additions to the house occupied by Secretary Fairchild were so extensive as to virtually amount to building a new house. Mrs. Hearst will make a trip to San Francisco to be present at the wedding of Mr. Head and her protégé, Miss Butterfield, before establishing herself in Washington for the gay season.

The eldest daughter of General Mahone, of Virginia, who arrived from Europe by the Britannia, has spent several years in Paris under the charge of Marchesi. When Mrs. John W. Mackay was over here she said that Miss Mahone had one of the finest and sweetest voices she had ever heard. The young lady will spend the winter in Washington.

Ex-Senator and Mrs. John B. Henderson are having the last touches put to their new home in the top of Blackwood street. The large picture gallery, with its massive fire-place, red plush walls and valuable paintings, is different from any other such apartment in Washington, and the Moorish hall and salons, finished from sketches of the Alhambra, are quite as unique. Mrs. Henderson, besides a share of beauty, has cleverness and wit; and besides an interest in transcendentalism, DeLarrie and Buddhism, has written the best cook book that has yet been published, and an admirable work on dietetics. There is no other such an all-round genius here.

The Hair and the Nails. The style of wearing all the hair on top of the head is dying out. Many fashionable women are wearing their hair in a loose knot, low on the neck. This is a revival of the style of hair-dressing of ten years ago. Mrs. Langtry introduced it and made it popular. The fashion lasted three years, but it is doubtful if it will last three years this time. Hair-dressing properly that it won't last one. The "Langtry knot" is worn to advantage by young women with shapely heads, pretty hair, and plenty of it. A bunch of bright hair looks pretty enough beneath the big, fashionable, romantic-looking tresses. A small quantity of hair never looks so meagre or miserable as when it is twisted up into a bun, and worn under a large hat. Middle-aged women with not too much hair can set off their tresses by best by wearing it on top. Loops and bows and rolls of artificial hair can be cunningly arranged among the real hair, and worn with a sense of security on top of the head, but not on the neck. The "Green" knot is founded on Mary Anderson's style of hair-dressing, but is softer, prettier, and more elaborate. The half of the hair nearest the head is to be crimped, the other half is left straight and twisted into a ring, and over the curls are two all-in-the-middle. A fluffy fringe is worn in front. Fringes are as popular as ever. Hairdressers say they will never go out of fashion while the Princess of Wales wears a fringe.

Arts and Crafts. The period one is the English style, the other the French. The rounded nail is English, the pointed one French. These two styles are admirably symbolic of the style and conversation of the wearer. The English woman rounded and pleasant; the French, woman pointed and severe. The proper length of the little finger nail in the pointed style is about a quarter of an inch.

Patti. In a letter from Miss Patti inclosed is a small carte de visite photograph, showing the new style of coiffure she has adopted, and as she opens the envelope to her new, bright red hair. "It isn't blonde," she writes, "nor even golden brown, but red—bright red of the most quiescent shade. You know, I dare say, that I am in mourning for my sister. The color was never coming to me. I took positively wicked in a black wrap, and with a white toilette and my black eyes and hair I was a most dismal creature to look upon. I not only found that the sombre tone in which I was clad had a depressing effect on my own feelings, but was also unpleasant to my friends, and for their sake as well as my own I had my dark locks brightened." Adeline Patti in her album circle will certainly produce a sensation when she arrives in America, and as she opens the envelope in Chicago the bells of Evanston, Hyde Park and Lake Forest will have the first chance to study the effect. The copyist tresses of Mrs. James Brown Potter, the Titan tresses of Jane Hastings and the blue-black tresses of Mrs. Kendall's hirsute adornment have had a disturbing influence upon fashion's head, but now that the peerless Patti has resorted to the bleach-pot a flaunting of women's glory may be looked for.

A Queen Among Women. The Queen of Greece is said to be the finest-looking queen in Europe. She is the eldest daughter of Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, brother of Alexander II. She is tall, slender, and looks like a queen. She is a blonde, with brown hair, regular features, and with beautiful neck and shoulders. She dresses very simply except on state occasions, and often goes to Athens without even a maid with her. Her queen is of a high culture, and speaks Russian, Italian, German, French, Greek and English perfectly well, and she is now studying Albanian.

The King and the Queen have been blessed with several children, and the youngest is a baby about a year old. Prince Andreas is seven, and the Princess Maria, who is a very bright blonde, is thirteen. Next comes the Princess Alexandra, a very pretty girl of nineteen, and then Prince George, who is twelve, and is the most important of all, the crown prince. Konstantinos, the heir apparent, who was born August 2, 1888, and who was at eighteen declared her apparent to the throne. All these children, save the youngest, will come to the White House, Greek and Russian, and the home life is said to be charming.

Popular Science. Molds for casting iron can only be made in sand. Iron or other metallic molds chill the iron and it does not fill well. The great heat at which iron melts will burn any other metal, or will stick so as to break the mold. The supposed oldest pieces of wrought iron in existence are a sickle blade found near the Sphinx, near Thebes; a blade found imbedded in the masonry of the Great Pyramid, and a piece of a cross-cut saw exhumed at Nimrod, all of which are now in the British museum.

The magnetic needle points in the same direction as to the magnetic poles in all parts of the earth. The magnet poles do not correspond with the axis of the earth, which makes a variation of the needle at places not on a meridian which coincides with both poles. The needle is never inverted, but dips as it approaches the magnetic poles.

The heart sends nearly ten pounds of blood through the veins and arteries each beat, and makes four beats while we breathe once. One hundred and seventy-five million cells are in the lungs, which would cover a surface thirty times greater than the human body. The average of the pulse in infancy is 130 per minute; in manhood eighty; at sixty years, sixty. The pulse of females is more frequent than that of males.

Prof. Fresenius of Wiesbaden, after a long series of chemical analyses, declares that an egg contains as much nourishment as a pound and an ounce of cherries, a pound and a quarter of grapes, a pound and a half of russet apples, two pounds of gooseberries and four pounds of pears, and that 114 pounds of grapes, 137 pounds of russet apples, 193 pounds of pears and 337 pounds of plums are equal in nourishment to 100 pounds of potatoes. Cornstarch should never be distributed

GENERAL SHERMAN.

He Says True Courage Is Founded on Presence of Mind.

Sir Edward Arnold in a Letter to the London Telegraph Writes Most Entertainingly of America's Greatest Living Military Commander—A Few Anecdotes.

It was my good fortune to make at New York the close acquaintance of another, and hardly less renowned soldier of the republic, General Sherman, nor could any conversation have been more interesting than those in which he did me the honor to describe and discuss, among other matters, that wonderful and memorable march led by him, which placed the confederate states like the thrust of a rapier, and helped largely to bring about the collapse of "secession." The general was evidently and justly discontented with certain criticisms which have appeared in England, from a high military source, upon the conduct of the campaign. "We had," he said, "to create armies before we could use them in the established and scientific way, and it is unfair and illogical to judge the first two years of our war as if we had been commanding trained and seasoned troops. In the third year we had regiments to lead as good and skilled as commanding officers could see for, and to the movements then made the rules of military science may be properly applied."

General Sherman spoke of the quality of courage in soldiers and men generally, "distinguishing it impatiently from brutish age," he said, "is founded on presence of mind. The man who, in the face of imminent peril, can hold up his hand and count the fingers on it quite calmly is the brave, self-possessed, reliable individual. Moreover, true courage goes with usefulness. I have seen an officer fight on unflinchingly in my presence, bleeding from many wounds, of which he was disdainfully heedless, and in later life, have witnessed the gentleman turn deadly white while he held the hand of his child that a surgeon might operate for some trifling abscess."

Many were the thrilling episodes and adventures of the great war which fell in fascinating recital from the lips of General Sherman, but they are either recorded in the pages of his autobiography, or are too long and discursive to set down here. One little flash of humor is, perhaps, worth preserving from all the war talk which we enjoy. "General Thomas," said he, "junior to me in rank, but senior in service, was a stern disciplinarian. He had received many complaints about the plundering and plundering committed by one of his brigades, and being resolved to put this offense down, he issued some very strict orders, menacing with death any who should transgress. The brigade in question wore for its badge an acorn, in silver or gold, and the men were inordinately proud of this distinctive sign."

"Several cases of disobedience had been reported to the general, but the evidence was never strong enough for decisive action until one day, riding with an orderly down a by-lane outside the posts, Thomas came full upon an Irishman who, having held aside his rifle, with which he had killed a hog, was busily engaged in skinning the animal with his sword-bayonet, so as to make easy work with the bristles, etc., before cooking some pork-chops. 'Ah,' cried the general, 'you rascal! at last I have caught one of you in the act. There is no mistake about it this time, and I will make an example out of you, sir!'"

"'Bodad! General, honey!' said the Irishman, straightening himself up and coming to the salute, 'it's not shootin' me that you ought to be at, but rewardin' me.'"

"'What do you mean, sir?'" exclaimed General Thomas.

"'Why, your honor!' the soldier replied, 'this bad baste here had just of been disarticulated the regimental badge; and so I was forced to dispatch him. It's 'atid' the soorns that I found him at! Even General Thomas was obliged to laugh at this, and the soldier saved his life by his wit.'"

Superstitious Samoans. There is an extraordinary reverence in Samoa for certain relics, notably sundry filthy old mats, one of which was venerated as the god of war. This sacred rag, says E. F. Gordon Cumming, was simply a strip of matting about four inches wide and three yards long, which was always attached to the war canoe of the highest chief when he went to battle. Even when the Samoans had whole-heartedly accepted Christianity one of their most vexed questions was how to dispose of the time-honored rag with the least indignity. The suggestion of burning it was scouted with horror, and at length it was resolved to launch a new canoe, which should be rowed out to sea by a number of high chiefs, who, having fastened a heavy stone to Pappo, should reverently commit him to the deep. They had actually started on this mad errand when the teachers started in another canoe and begged that the war god might be presented to the missionary, a suggestion which was received with acclamation; so the venerable rag is now preserved in the museum of the London Mission.

Not That Kind of a Client. Lawyer for the prisoner: "May it please your honor, we have shown by the evidence of the barkeeper that the day this offense was committed my client drank forty-seven whiskey straight. Under the circumstances, therefore, my client was too far gone to know what he was doing." Prisoner (jumping to his feet): "Hold up, there! By God, sah, whiskey has no effect on me. I'm from Kentucky, sah!"—Texas Sittings.

Roman English. A hotel in Rome, which is anxious to secure English and American patronage, has the following placard prominently distributed about the Paris exposition: "The Hotel de—, the very most favorite resort by English and American travelers, as during the winter presents all kinds of comforts for what concerns the general heating, during the summer is just fit to afford the freshest and the most wholesome temperature on account of its special position, breadth, and ventilation. The largest and most monumental table d'hote is there to be found."

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after commencing to eat. It should be kept moist and wet until hard. Cold retard, heat quickens setting. Brick or stone should be wet or moist, or cement will not adhere well. Portland cement requires less water than natural or American cements. It sets in from three to twelve hours. It must be kept dry, or it will become lumpy and spoiled. It need never be used pure, but should always be mixed with sand.

The Model Housewife. She doth her husband's will always, She weeps when he's sad, smiles when he's gay. Cooks as his "mother used to cook," Copies recipes from her books, Dresses the children to suit his taste, And never lets anything go to waste.

Sews on his buttons, and dars his socks, Never speaks of her nervous shocks; Sings to him, reads to him latest news, But never gossip or gives her views. Where is this model you wonder—where! The echo is borne on the empty air.

Bag for Money. The tops of old, Swedish leather, or kid gloves, can be made into very pretty little bags, just suitable for keeping money in on a journey; they should be cut off a little before the hem and well stitched together; the top of the glove forming the bottom of the bag. The strips of leather left are lined up with a fringe, which can be gilded with bronze tincture. Button-holed or crocheted silk loops made on the outside, hold the drawing-in top cord, the ends of which are ornamented with gilt or fancy buttons. A little flower or spray painted on the kid is an additional ornament to these bags.

A STRUCK JURY. Impaneled as Jurymen on His Own Case. A well-known lawyer tells this story on himself: Some years ago he had a case before the late Judge Williamson, and, as often happens, another case in another court that was "on" at the same time. The latter demanded his personal attention; the former, though next on the calendar, had not yet been called. So Mr. Hardy left his client to watch in Judge Williamson's court and himself went to attend to the more urgent matter. The client was unused to courts and not over ready with his tongue, so when his case was unexpectedly called he found himself unable to stand up in court and announce that he, the defendant, was ready. The lawyer for the plaintiff was on hand, and asked for immediate trial.

"Very well," said the court, call a jury."

The bailiff called out several names and the regular panel was exhausted, whereupon the court directed him to make up the remainder from the men in the court-room. The bailiff bustled about among the loungers, and among the first he encountered was Mr. Hardy's client. The latter was confused and tried to explain, but the bailiff was busy and wouldn't listen. "That's all right," said he, "go right up and be sworn," and before he knew it the man had done as he was bid.

Mr. Hardy came in about this time, found his case on, and casting his eye about for his client, saw that worthy in the box, scared nearly out of his wits.

"Ready for trial, Mr. Hardy?" demanded the court.

"Well, your honor—really—I was going to ask for a continuance, but—"

"Object," put in opposing counsel sharply, and the court said he saw no reason why the case should not proceed. Mr. Hardy sat down, with a curious, resigned look on his face. Something in his expression must have attracted the notice of Judge Williamson, for presently the latter asked:

"What were your grounds for a continuance, Mr. Hardy?"

"Well, your honor, I don't know that I really care for a continuance after all; only—well, you've got my client on the jury! I suppose I ought not to complain."

Mr. Hardy's opponent withdrew his objections to a continuance, and the court so far forgot his dignity as to laugh until the tears came.

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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SICK HEADACHE. Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too-Hasty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Headache, and all the troubles arising from Biliousness. They are purely Vegetable. Price 25 Cents.

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DR. JACOBS' OIL. THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN. IT CONQUERS PAIN. RHEUMATISM, Toothache, Sprains, ST. ALBANS, BRUISES, Sciatica, Lumbago, Burns and Scalds.

Thermometer below Freezing. My boy met with a serious accident by putting a can of boiling water over on himself and scalding his face, hands, and arms dreadfully. Having a bottle of Dr. Bull's Ointment in the house I applied it immediately to the parts scalded, (as per directions) and am glad to state that he is now well, and the wounds healed nicely without leaving a scar. MRS. A. CAMPBELL, 2 Roberts St., Baltimore.

The Jersey Lily has become quite famous for her beauty, and she means to keep it, too, for, hasn't she learned in the great United States to cure colds with Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup?

England has found a new substitute for tobacco, but it won't find favor in this country while cabbage is so low.

Among the successful business institutions of Toledo, Ohio, is that of Col. Frank J. Cheney, the manufacturer of Hall's Catarrh Cure. Under his wise and careful management it has acquired a cigarette propogation, and recently an eastern syndicate made him an offer in cash of \$25,000 for his plant, which Mr. Cheney declined to accept. A few years ago he was seriously embarrassed, but undaunted by misfortune, he settled down to hard work in pushing an article which he believed possessed merit. Long ago he paid every claim against him, dollar for dollar, and now has a fortune left. All this he has accomplished by persistent push and patient industry. He stands in the front rank of advertisers. The press of Toledo, and its citizens generally, rejoice at the success and good fortune of Mr. Cheney, who is highly esteemed among them for his business energy, as well as his happy social qualities.—From an article in the Toledo Bee, Nov. 13th.

A correspondent asks: "Is the Indian dying?" He is not dying out so much as formerly. As he becomes more civilized he goes in to die.

Pure soap is white. Brown soaps are adulterated with rosin. Perfume is only put in to hide the presence of putrid fat. Hobbs' Electric Soap is pure and unadulterated. Has been sold since 1857. Try it now.

In the ring—A diamond, sometimes.

ONE ENJOYS. Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

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