The Marble Hill Press.

J. S. Hill, Business Manager.

MARBLE HILL, - - MISSOURI

The kissing bug has a soft snap on a sure thing.

No man can enjoy health as long as he has the toothache.

It is a great misfortune not to be able to bear misfortunes.

A small boy's idea of greatness is to play baseball in a uniform.

Don't judge a man by the fit of his coat; it may be a borrowed one.

When a man is out of a job he can keep himself busy looking for work.

Children are like clocks; too much regulating is apt to make them go wrong.

Paradoxical though it may seem, some officeholders are very much out of place.

A girl is all right until she gets womanish and a woman is all right until she gets girlish.

It is simply impossible for a minister with a boil on the back of his neck to preach an enthusiastic sermon.

A man is always busy attending to his own affairs when there is an unpaid piece of work to be performed.

It will require some time for the judges, lawyers, and jurors of eastern Kentucky to pick the lead out of their anatomy.

Nothing is easier than ridicule; and in nine cases out of ten where ridicule is used, it is resorted to only because it is the only weapon available. The man of intelligence will use his reason in argument with his opponent; the man of knowledge will use his knowledge; but the man who has neither knowledge nor intelligence must resort to ridicule. It is a poorly furnished armory which supplies no better weapon.

The Illinois Supreme Court has declared that the legislature can not pass rules for admission to the bar. We are in a parlous state if that is true. The general requisite in this state of a "good moral character" has resulted in rating our bar very low, and of making lawyers out of people that ought to be ditch diggers. But now in Illinois, according to its Supreme Court, the people in their legislative capacity can not raise the standard.

Mountain View, Ok., a new terminal town on the Chicasha extension of the Rock Island, that was organized in a day recently, broke another record in town enterprise. There had existed a rival town two miles west and it was deemed advisable to consolidate them. After a week's diplomacy the protocol was signed and the towns are now one. The consideration was raised by the citizens of Mountain View and amounted in total to $34,380, and now "Oakdale," the rival town, is on wheels and strung out on the road to Mountain View. This is probably the first case of buying a whole town outright that the annals of the west record.

The Boston Journal quotes the prediction uttered by Gen. Horace Binney Sargent in his oration on Memorial day, 1869: "Comrades, though few of us may live to see it, I feel sure that the last survivors of the Grand Army of the Republic will celebrate this anniversary after some day of glory, when the sons of rebels and our sons shall have fallen side by side in some common cause of foreign war, as our sires and their sires fell side by side under the eye of the great rebel, . . . the Virginian, Washington." This prophecy has been literally fulfilled. The predicted "foreign war" has re-emblazoned America's national character, restored the unity of her people, and—as Editor Watterson phrases it—"flung her geography into the sea."

Patriotism, like many other virtues, is easily counterfeited. Gruff old Dr. Johnson called it "the last refuge of a scoundrel." It has one thing in common with charity, "it covers a multitude of sins." It often expends itself in mere bawling. Our holiday oratory brings out no end of inspired and inspiring utterances, but allowance ought to be made for considerable leakage of gas. Indiscriminate praise of everything American is a cheap way of drawing applause, but the truest friends of the country are they who make us worthier to be free, who

help to save mankind,
Till public wrong be crumpled into dust,
And drill the raw world for the march of mind,
Till crowds at length be sane and crowns be just.

The grievance of F. P. Richards of Louisville, Ky., against the Guatemala government is that as soon as the government found out there was gold on the land he was working it took the land away from him and forced him to leave the country. In other words, Guatemala acted toward Mr. Richards as Great Britain is acting toward the Transvaal. She let the Transvaal pretty well alone as long as it looked like a barren cattle range, but on the discovery of gold she resolved to spread civilization there. Mr. Richards knows how a Boer feels.

A Chicago museum keeper has been arrested under the anti-freak law for exhibiting a short-legged man. It is remarkable that in the full effervescency of its wisdom the late Illinois legislature did not provide for the arrest of all short-legged men, exhibited or otherwise.

The Hon. Chauncey M. Depew modestly announces that his many friends have told him that one of his recent speeches was the means of averting a panic. It's a cold day when Chauncey doesn't spring a new one.

A scientist advises, as a precaution against tuberculosis and several other diseases, that one keeps his mouth shut and does his breathing through the nose. This preventive is applicable not alone to ailments caused by floating germs, for a closed mouth will prevent nearly all the mental and physical disorders that flesh is heir to.

The Indianapolis Populist who wanted his taxes raised is not crazy. He is simply an honest citizen, who does not want to "beat" his neighbors. Would that there were more like him!

REPUBLICANS SCARED

DO NOT LIKE TO FACE THE CHICAGO PLATFORM.

Every Republican Paper in the Country Giving Encouragement to the Plans of the Gold Bugs—The Line of Battle Will Be Marked by 16 to 1.

From the Silver Knight-Watchman: The lines upon which the battle of 1900 will be fought are fast becoming definite and clear, and all doubt regarding them is being rapidly dispelled. But while this is unmistakably true, the warning cannot be sounded too loud that an insidious enemy is in the field, abundantly equipped with the most seductive weapon—one that in a noiseless manner produces marvelous changes in the minds of men. That 95 per cent of the Democratic voters of the nation favor the readoption of the Chicago platform, with additions to cover developments since it was made, and the nomination of candidates for the presidency and vice presidency who are the best exponents of that platform, is not any longer open to question. Every expression from the voters, regardless of locality, makes the fact plain. One other thing has become equally plain, which is that the Republicans dread another encounter upon the lines of 1896, and that the gold Democrats will receive all the aid, financial or otherwise, that the Republican committee can furnish to further the work of corrupting the Democratic national convention and obliterating the lines established in 1896. The gold Democrats of the Hill-Whitney-Croker stripe will leave nothing undone to compass the defeat of the Chicago platform and secure the nomination of candidates by the Democratic convention who, if elected, would be as acceptable to the gold trust, the banks and monopolies as Mr. McKinley himself. They are now working with might and main to accomplish that end. They know that such a nomination would cause a disintegration of the forces that opposed McKinley in 1896 and make his election sure in 1900. They hold in utter contempt the will and wishes of the great voting population of the country, and, failing to use the Democratic party in the interest of monopoly, they will seek to compass its defeat and afterward claim a share of the glory of a Republican victory. These men who formerly exerted such a powerful influence in the councils of the Democratic party and controlled that party in the interest of monopoly are either interested as capitalists in the exploitation of the people and share in the spoils of monopoly under law or are mere political attorneys, who are allowed a few crumbs from the monopoly table in return for their political services. At all events, the people have these enemies within the fold, and they are to be reckoned with. They are in a pitiable minority in the Democratic party, and stand no chance whatever of succeeding in their wicked schemes if the people are aroused and on guard. But it will not do for loyal Democrats to be overconfident or neglectful of the work that must be done to prevent the Democratic party again becoming the victim of these unprincipled political adventurers.

Parable of the Good American.

Now it came to pass a certain Filipino went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among Spaniards, who stripped him of his possessions, and wounded him, and would not even then take their departure, but staid with him and over him, and insisted that he should be their industrial slave. And by chance there came down a certain German that way, and when he saw the Filipino, he passed by on the other side. But a certain American, as he journeyed, came where the Filipino was, and when he saw him, he had compassion on him, and went to him, and drove the Spaniard away from him, and wrested from them his possession, and bought from them his liberty, and then said unto him: "Be now my industrial slave and I will be thy good master and landlord, and when it seemeth good to me to set thee free, and to return unto thee thy possessions, I will do so." But the wicked Filipino said: "I do not want any master or landlord, but I do want my own possessions, and my freedom, and if thou dost not grant these to me then I will fight thee as I fought the Spaniards." Then it came to pass that the good American fell upon the wicked Filipino, and half killed him, beating him, until he said: "It is enough; I will be thy industrial slave. Then said the good American unto one who stood by: "Have I not been neighbor unto him who fell among Spaniards? Go and do thou likewise."
—Rev. S. W. Sample, Minneapolis.

International Alliance.

I am today warning the Americans against a case of treason that has been long hatching; that is the crowning act in the plan of turning us into the power of European monarchies that began with old Judas John Sherman demonetizing silver. The Hanna-Rothschild ring, formed and backed by the whole money power and trust power of the Union, is working to that end. The millionaires are getting ready for the change to a crowned ruler or suzerain over the United States by marrying their daughters so the titles will be in their families and they will not have to get the queen to whack them across the gluteus with an old sabre to make lords and knights and barons out of them; for they will be already "in it." I charge that McKinley is betraying us, because he is working hand in hand with England, switched off the whole peace conference to a so-called plan of "arbitration," in which the cards will be stacked on us. Why, for instance, are not the South American republics all there by proxy and working with us? I charge that England's purpose is to put the decision in the hands of her vassal, the King of Sweden, or in the hands of Holland or Belgium, her tools. Here is what the papers say today:

"Twelve of the leading delegates took luncheon with Mr. White of the American delegation yesterday, and discussed the proposed central bureau of a permanent tribunal. Sir Julian Pauncefote (of England) suggested that the control of the bureau should be vested in the Dutch government, but the Americans raised the curious objection that as Holland is a monarchy such an argument would hurt the feelings of the citizens of a free republic."

We are to be made used to it gradually. If we are not going to put ourselves in the power of the nine monarchies who are against us, what business have we offering an "arbitration" plan? Is McKinley stupid? Or is he sowed by Rothschild-Hanna? Or does he agree with the New York and New England tories and traitors? Whereabouts in the constitution is the power given to take from our own congress the war-declaring power and place it in the hands of European monarchies to settle for us, instead of our own congress doing it? We continue to act as Mr. Fitch of Nevada said we did in the silver matter: "England is the bunco steerer of the world, and Uncle Sam is the gentleman from the rural districts who gets buncoed." Is McKinley buncoed, or is he a "capper" for the bunco steerer?—George Wilson in Valley Democrat.

THE MAN WITH THE HOE.

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Is this the thing the Lord, God, made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;
To feel the passion of Eternity?
Is this the dream he dreamed who shaped the suns
And pillared the blue firmament with light?
Down all the stretch of hell to its last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this—
More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed,
More filled with signs and portents for the soul,
More fraught with menace to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?
Through this dread shape the suffering ages look;
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;
Through this dread shape humanity, betrayed,
Plundered, profaned and disinherited,
Cries protest to the Judges of the world—
A protest that is also prophecy.

O, masters, lords and rulers of all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God—
This monstrous thing, distorted and soul-quenched?
How will you ever straighten up this shape;
Give back the upward looking and the light;
Rebuild in it the music and the dream;
Touch it again with immortality;
Make right the immemorial infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O, masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
How will the future reckon with this man?
How answer this brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shaped him to be the thing he is—
When this dumb Terror shall reply to God
After the silence of the centuries?
—Charles Edwin Markham.

Darkening Counsel.

From the Chicago Democrat: It is amusing to watch the contortions of administration defenders to avoid the conclusions forced upon them by Havemeyer's testimony before the industrial commission that the protective tariff is the mother of trusts. As a matter of fact, all the explanations offered by the trust-bound and trust-bought Republican administration simply result in darkening counsel. One of the latest and most ridiculous arguments put forth by the administration is that of Secretary Wilson, who gets so mixed up that he proves the proposition of his opponent while endeavoring to disprove it. As secretary of agriculture, Wilson was expected to say something which would appeal to the farmers, who are not protected by the tariff and who might naturally be expected to take cognizance of Havemeyer's bold assertion. And thus does Secretary Wilson, referring to Havemeyer, rush recklessly into the imminent, deadly breach:

"Of course, nobody else agrees with him. I doubt very much if Mr. Havemeyer believes it himself, because he was down at the capital when the tariff bill was being framed and industriously engaged in asking for protection for his particular line of business."

Isn't that a startling bit of logic? Havemeyer is a trust magnate. Havemeyer lobbied for protection; therefore protection is not good for trusts. Was there ever constructed a more glaring non sequitur? Wilson says Havemeyer asked for protection, and Wilson alleges this is a proof that protection is not the mother of trusts. Havemeyer worked for protection because it meant millions of dollars' profit for the Sugar Trust. Wilson's argument is rank nonsense. McKinley should give his secretary of agriculture a lesson in logic.

Something to Think About.

From the St. Louis Republic: That an American policy of imperialism and conquest in the far East is likely to reach an appalling cost financially, as well as in its inevitable sacrifice of American blood and principle, is indicated in the official treasury figures showing that the effort to restore and maintain order in the Philippines has been continued thus far at an average daily expenditure of $800,000. It will be well for the people of the United States to ponder a bit over this exhibit.

Congested Populations.

From the Labor World: The Worker's Call of Chicago makes mention of a fire that occurred in that city recently which destroyed eighteen houses and "rendered one thousand families homeless." With an average of more than fifty-five families existing in one house the reader can get a fair idea of the congested condition in the poorer districts in the great city, where vice and crime is bound to flourish.

LOVE AND LAW.

By the author of BONNY'S LOVERS.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

It was Miss Branscombe. The hood of her light mantle was drawn over her head and face, and as she came swiftly on, with downcast head, she was unconscious of my presence until she almost touched me. At the first recognition she gave a little cry and started back, the next instant she had recovered herself, and something of the womanly dignity which I had admired in her at our first meeting returned to her bearing. She made no apology or excuse for her presence there on such a night and at such an hour; she merely bowed her head with a murmured "Thank you," as I threw open the door and stood back for her to precede me into the hall. She did not, as I half expected, try to excuse or account for her late walk, but with another bow she passed on and up the wide staircase. The light from a hanging lamp fell upon her face as she turned to mount the steps, and I saw that her eyes were swollen with tears and her cheeks deadly pale. She held tightly by the carved oak balustrade too as she went slowly up and out of my sight.

"And so," I said to myself, as, haunted by a spirit of unrest, I paced the floor of my room long after midnight—"so dies the last lingering remnant of my faith in womanhood." But it was dying hard; it was hydra-headed, apparently, and sprang into fresh life as fast as I set my heel upon the last quivering fragment; and at last, when I sought my bed, I knew that neither my faith, nor a mad love, as wild and impossible as the love of the wave for the star, was dead within me. I had found a hundred excuses, a hundred reasons, which left Nona Branscombe my pure sweet ideal still; and withal, I was the most unhappy man in the United Kingdom. Had Miss Branscombe been the penniless girl her friends and neighbors had prematurely declared her to be, there would have been neither presumption nor madness in the passion which had taken possession of me, for I was well-born, my prospects were good, and I could have entered the lists fearlessly against all comers. But Miss Branscombe, the heiress, the owner of fifteen thousand a year, was separated from me by a barrier which I recognized as insurmountable. I groaned in spirit as I remembered that my own hand had helped to raise the barrier.

And then I fell into a short troubled slumber, just as the restless twittering of the little birds beneath my window told that the day was breaking.

CHAPTER VI.

Early as it was when I descended to the breakfast room that morning, Miss Elmslie was already down and in deep and anxious conference with the rector. They ceased speaking as I entered, and Mr. Heathcote came forward to greet me.

"I am sorry you are leaving Forest Lea this morning," he said, as Miss Elmslie busied herself with the tea-urn. "These ladies need—er—er—in fact, some member of our sex sadly just now. I wish you could have remained."

"You are on the spot," I suggested, fighting with an impulse which tempted me to forget my duty alike to my firm and to myself, and to linger in the sunshine which could only scorch me.

"On the spot, yes; but not in the house," Mr. Heathcote answered gravely, accepting the cup of tea which Miss Elmslie offered him. "You are singularly destitute of male relatives, Miss Elmslie?" he added, addressing her.

"Yes," she sighed; "there is absolutely no one. The dear colonel represented our whole family, excepting——"

"Yes, yes!" interrupted the rector, hastily. "You are entirely unprotected, unfortunately. I wish it had been possible for Mr. Fort to remain with you until after the funeral; but it is a point I can hardly press, as he has been good enough to give us already so much of his valuable time."

"We should indeed be glad," said Miss Elmslie, looking appealingly at me.

So I was impelled by the irresistible force of fate into the current which could only bear me to disastrous shipwreck.

"I could return," I said, answering the appeal of Miss Elmslie. And oh, what a rush of dangerous joy thrilled through my veins at the thought of once more being under the same roof with Nona Branscombe! "My arrangements are made for to-day, as you know. I must run up to town; but if I can assist you by returning to Forest Lea, I will do so immediately—as soon as I have seen my partners."

"It will be the greatest comfort," Miss Elmslie assured me, with tears in her eyes. And so it was settled.

"I will drive with you to the station," the rector said, as the dog-cart came round; "I have business there. Are you a good whip? No?"—as I shook my head. "Well, I will take the reins then. Mason"—to the groom—"out across the park while we drive round, and leave word at my house that I have gone on to Westford. We will pick you up at the end of Park Lane. The fact is," he confided to me, as soon as the man was out of earshot, "that scamp, Charlie Branscombe, has been seen hanging about the place; the purport of the poor old colonel's will will soon ooze out—if it hasn't done so already—and Master Charlie is quite capable of bullying his cousin in the first flush of his disappointment. It was my good old friend's last injunction that Charlie should not be admitted to the Lea, and Miss Nona is tender-hearted in that quarter."

A light flashed upon me. It was Charlie whom she had met in the shrubbery last night—who had smoked that prime Havana and brought those tears to his cousin's sweet eyes; and to Charlie, no doubt, I thought, with a swift pang of jealousy, she had given her young love—the treasure he would squander as remorselessly as he had wasted the more tangible treasures in his hands. And upon me, of all men, by the cruel irony of fate, was forced the task of separating her from the man she loved! Nothing could come to me but pain, disappointment and odium.

"There is more than one element of danger in the case," said the worthy rector. "Charlie may make a disturbance at the Lea, and seriously embarrass those two unprotected women, or he may work upon the feelings of a susceptible and romantic girl like Nona, and neutralize all the wise provisions of his uncle. There is no telling what, in the first emotional workings of such a character as this sweet young girl's, Charlie may make her do for him—give up Forest Lea, I shouldn't be surprised, and ruin herself and all who depend upon her. The fellow is, I am sorry to say, utterly irreclaimable—money runs through his hands as if they were sieves. The poor old colonel gave him chance after chance, and he threw them away one after the other. It is a hopeless case."

"And Miss Branscombe," I said, forcing myself to utter the words which choked me—"Miss Branscombe is attached to her cousin?"

"I fear so," answered the rector gloomily—"my wife thinks so, unfortunately. I am speaking confidentially to you, Mr. Fort," he added, turning abruptly to me.

"We lawyers, like doctors, come in for the secrets of a good many families," I answered, for want of something better to say."

"Just so," assented the rector; "and we want your help, Mr. Fort. You see it is important to keep this young scapegrace out of the way. Your presence at the Lea, and the exercise of the tact and friendly kindness you have already shown"—I bowed—"will be invaluable to us at this juncture. After the funeral, Miss Elmslie and Miss Branscombe will leave the place, and a year or two of foreign travel, with fresh scenes and associations, will, I have no doubt, make a great difference in Miss Branscombe's views and feelings. She has been brought up in a secluded way, and has seen few people hitherto. All we want is to gain time. But here is my fellow; we must hurry up to catch the 11.10 express.

The 11:10 express was a favorite train evidently. I congratulated myself on having secured a corner seat next the door, as my carriage filled rapidly. At Wivenhoe, the first stopping station, two seats—that opposite to me, on which I had deposited my black bag and the light dustcoat which I carried, and a second set next to mine—were the only ones unoccupied. The weather was warm, and I was just congratulating myself on having escaped any addition to our number, when, even as the guard's whistle sounded, the handle of the carriage door was hastily turned and a lady, evidently a good deal fluttered at the narrow escape she had made of missing the train, sprang lightly in and deposited herself in the vacant place by my side.

It had all happened so suddenly—my head had been turned away at the moment of the lady's appearance—that I had only time to draw my somewhat long limbs out of her path, and none to catch a glimpse of my new neighbor before she was seated next to me.

"Allow me," I said then, offering to relieve her of the small bag and large loose cloak which she held on her knees. "There is room for these here"—indicating the opposite seat, on which my own impedimenta reposed.

She thanked me with a bow and a few murmured indistinct words; and, as I took the two articles from her hands, I caught a glimpse of her face. It was covered with a thick gray gossamer veil, such as ladies use at the seaside or for driving in the country; but the lovely hair that had escaped from beneath the large shady hat, and something in the whole bearing startled me with a wild impossible idea. Had I gone mad, or was [illegible] image of Nona Branscombe so ingrained on the retina of my eye that [illegible] every woman must bear her [illegible]

I darted another swift keen glance at my neighbor as I resettled myself in my place.

"They will be quite safe there," I said, pointing to her possessions, and then I stopped, breathless. It was no fond illusion of my love-sick fancy. It was Nona herself! The large limpid eyes, which even the thick gossamer veil could not hire, looked into mine for an instant with a warning deprecatory expression, the graceful head moved with the scantest, most distant acknowledgment of any courtesy, and then turned resolutely away. Evidently Miss Branscombe did not choose to recognize me further.

I sat for the next ten minutes stunned and bewildered, watching the meadows and trees as they flew by in endless succession, and trying to steady my mind sufficiently to grasp the situation. Miss Branscombe here alone, unattended—she who had hitherto led such a carefully protected life—traveling alone; and whither? I was certain that neither the rector nor Miss Elmslie had known of her projected journey—the morning's conversation quite precluded the idea. How had she reached the station without being seen by us—the rector or myself?

(To be continued.)

"ON THE SPOT, YES; BUT NOT IN T HE HOUSE," MR. HEATHCOTE ANSWERED GRAVELY.

EDUCATING SILKWORKERS.

Means Taken to Make Them Do Beautiful and Perfect Work.

In a pamphlet on agriculture, recently issued by the state department, United States Consul Brunot, at St. Etienne, gives an interesting account of the French method of cultivating silk worms, says the Manufacturer. He says: "The term 'education' comprises all the care bestowed on the silk worms from the moment they are hatched to the completion of the cocoons. The life of the insect is divided into five periods, or ages, of five or six days' duration for the first three or four, while the fifth is from ten to eleven days, each period being marked by a molt. Six light repasts are given each day during the first two periods—the first in the early morning and the last late at night—while four abundant meals are considered sufficient for the two following periods, increased to six in the fifth period. The French cultivators believe that the number of repasts is important for the quality of the silk. About 1,600 pounds of leaves are necessary for 5,000 silk worms produced from one ounce of grain. The 'education' lasts from twenty-eight to thirty-two days, but many silk-worm raisers cut this period short two or three days by maintaining an increased temperature of between 68 and 77 degrees Fahrenheit. The person intrusted with the care of the worms is obliged to remain in the room night and day, so great is the degree of impressionability of the insect. A storm, a gust of wind, a sudden lowering of the temperature, a repast given with dew-dampened leaves or some other apparently trifling accident, would be sufficient to destroy in one moment the most brilliant expectations. In order to prevent overcrowding by the worms, the custom is to lay on them sheets of clean paper perforated with a series of holes corresponding to the size of the insects, the food being placed on top of the paper. The worms pass through the holes and climb up on the leaves. When a sufficient number is collected in this way the paper is removed to one of the vacant shelves. The same operation is begun gain and repeated until all the worms have been removed from the place they first occupied, when the shelves are cleaned of the debris. The latter operation is also repeated after each molting period. About the sixth day of the fifth or last period the attendant commences to line the spaces between the shelves with twigs of briar, broom or oak, placing them in an upright position at a distance of about a foot apart, and disposed in the form of an arch or a vine trellis. On the ninth day the silk worms climb up these branches in large numbers and choose a place for spinning their cocoons, which they complete in four days. The cocoons are collected the seventh day after the worms have climbed the briars. In order to be certain that they have finished their work and have undergone the transformation into chrysalids, a few cocoons are taken up in the hands and shaken. If a shock is felt the chrysalids are formed and the branches are removed. The following day the loose silk is taken from the cocoons, an operation styled here "debavage." The cocoons are then ready for market. The maximum amount of cocoons which one ounce of grain, comprising 5,000 worms, furnishes, is 130 pounds, but a return of 80 pounds is considered very satisfactory. From 625 to 1,100 cocoons are required to make one pound of silk. The total amount of cocoons produced annually in France is about 20,000,000 pounds.

TO BRING ABOUT SLEEP.

The Half Hour Before Bedtime Should Be Quietly Spent.

Difficulties in going to sleep are sometimes physical more than mental, says the Spectator. The physical, under ordinary circumstances, are due to the circulation. The following are a few practical hints: Some sleep better half sitting up with three pillows, some better with none; some with little covering, some with much. Hot drinks or a hot bath just before sleep, hot bottles to the feet, are often useful. Tobacco often increases sleeplessness. Sometimes, after long waking, a small meal will bring sleep. Some, especially invalids, will wake after two or three hours; a cup of hot, fresh tea will often send them to sleep again. Sometimes the darkness seems exciting and one can sleep with a lighted candle. Intermittent noises, as of a rattling window, are always bad, but a continuous noise is often a lullaby. Moderate fatigue aids, but exhaustion prevents sleep. Oftenest sleeplessness is mental and springs from a want of self-control. Either one subject engrosses the mind or a succession of ideas. In either case the sleepless must make the effort to stop thought. It is best done by attending continuously to some monotonous and unexciting idea which is self-hypnotism. Some count, some breathe slowly as if asleep, some look at imaginary sheep going through a gate. One of the best ways is to watch these curious appearances which come to closed eyes, a purple hare fading into a star, which becomes an irregular line, and again changes to something else. They can not be seen when first sought, but will come with a little patience. In all these the purpose is to fix the attention on some object which will arouse no associations. It requires steady effort to do this and to prevent the thoughts wandering, but exercise increases the power to succeed. The half hour before bedtime should be spent quietly.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

SOME GOOD JOKES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

A Variety of Jokes, Gibes and Ironies, Original and Selected—Flotsam and Jetsam from the Tide of Humor—Witty Sayings.

One Day of Sunshine.

One day of sunshine. All the birds are singing—
Life to the joy of it delighted clings.
The doves their way o'er meadows green are winging,
With frost upon their wings.

Yet, lest deceitful spring afar should flutter,
We shall not give her one wild word of praise.
No song of adoration shall we utter—
No rosy altars raise.

Too long with our affections did she trifle,
Playing hide and seek with shadow and with sun.
Enter her gardens while you may, and rifle
Her rose ways and have done!
—Atlanta Constitution.

An Article of Luxury.

She—I'll grant that your income would be enough for us to marry, if only you didn't have such expensive fads.

He—I? Expesive fads? What expensive fad have I?

She—Me, for one.—Lustige Blaetter.

He Couldn't Help It.

"I am astonished to hear you say that Fraleman told you all these things; I gave them to him in strict confidence."

"Yes, but he says you told them to him during your late voyage to Europe."

"So I did. But what's that got to do with it?"

"Everything. You can't expect a man to keep anything to himself on his first ocean voyage, can you?"—Richmond Dispatch.

Revenge.

It was apparent that the barber was highly pleased.

"What has happened?" he was asked.

"I had the pneumonia last winter," he answered.

"Yes?"

"Well, the doctor who doctored me got out of my chair just before you came in. If his wife recognizes him when he gets home it'll be by his voice."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Necessary to Warn Her.

"When you get your groceries today," said the butcher to his wife, "don't go to that little grocer next door to my shop."

"Why not?' she demanded.

"Because he sent in yesterday and borrowed an old pair of my scales.—Chicago Evening post.

Dangerous.

Mrs. Stiles—I shall never invite Mr. Funniman to dinner again.

Mr. Stiles—Why not? He is a very entertaining chap.

Mrs. Stiles—That's just it. He tells such funny stories that he makes the butler laugh.—Harper's Bazar.

Such Grief!

(Overheard in Commercial road.) 'Arriet—Would yer ha' bin sorry, Jim, if I 'ah kicked the bucket when I wos took bad last month?

Jim—Sorry! Why, Lord luv yer, I'd sooner 'ave 'ad me grog stopped for a week!—London Fun.

A Suggestion.

I wonder why the iceman
Daily follows up his trail,
When he might with ease and comfort
Send the dainty bit by mail?
—Philadelphia North American.

Relief at Last.

Sea Captain—There is no hope! The ship is doomed! In an hour we will all be dead!

Seasick Passenger—Thank heaven!—New York Weekly.

An Actual Necessity.

Bootblack—Say, dere, Dick, lend me yer box to prop up the forrid deck of dis, won't yer?

He Was Considerate.

Cinchly—Look here, old man, why don't you offer me back the $10 I lent you have a year ago?

Harduppe—Oh, I would if I hadn't been afraid of hurting your feelings.

"In what way?"

"Why, I didn't like to give you the impression that I thought you needed the money."—Philadelphia Record.

Very Good, in Fact.

Gush—Take him all around, he's a pretty good fellow.

Rush—Yes, I have discovered that after taking him all around last night he was good enough to borrow $5 of me just before we parted.—Cleveland Leader.

His Choice.

"My face is my fortune, sir," she said—He married a bank account instead.
—Cleveland Leader.

"A Good Name At Home

Is a Tower of Strength Abroad." In Lowell, Mass., where Hood's Sarsaparilla is made, it still has a larger sale than all other blood purifiers. Its fame and cures and sales have spread abroad, and it is universally recognized as the best blood medicine money can buy. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

A Brave Austrian Princess.

The Archduchess Maria Theresa of Austria, stepmother of the heir to the Austrian throne, is honorary captain of the Central Association of Fire Brigades in Austria. This honor was conferred upon the princess in consequence of her astonishing bravery on the occasion of an outbreak of fire in the neighborhood of her country residence. On being informed of the fire, she instantly drove in her carriage to the scene of the conflagration and learned that a little child was a prisoner in one of the burning houses. Moved by the story, before any one had time to prevent her, the princess left her carriage and dashed through the smoke up the burning staircase, returning triumphantly, a little later, with the child, quite unharmed, clasped in her arms. That the brave lady suffered for her heroic act was shown by her scorched hair and injured hands.

Are You Using Allen's Foot-Ease?

It is the only cure for Swollen, Smarting, Burning, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

The Season's Sensation.

The sensation of the season in Newport has been Miss Virginia Fair's pet donkey, Persimmon, and his appearance at Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish's dance. The dance was given for Miss Marion Fish, the daughter of the house, is Mrs. Fish's new villa. When the gayety had well begun Persimmon appeared in the ballroom decked in flowers, with his shoeless hoofs gilded, hitched to a tiny cart in which were the "favors" for the dance, which were baskets of flowers tied with white ribbons. Persimmon behaved nobly. He had been in the eye of the 400 before, when, in 1895, he won a prize at the pony parade given by Mrs. Calvin S. Brice.

New Through Sleeping Car Line

Between St. Louis and Denver. The Missouri Pacific Railway, in connection with the Rock Island, is now operating through sleeping car, leaving St. Louis 9 a. m., arriving Denver 11 o'clock next morning.

New Method of Extracting Gold.

Gold is now extracted by mixing the ore with common salt and sulphuric acid, then adding a solution of permanganate of potash. Hydro-chloric acid is formed and chlorine is liberated to combine with the gold-forming chloride of gold. This new method, as employed at Mount Morgan, Queensland, is said to have advantages over the amalgamation and cyanide processes. It is more searching than mercury, and can be applied to ores containing copper.

Coe's Cough Balsam

Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than any thing else. It is always reliable. Try it.

Books in the British Museum.

People often ask how many books there are in the British museum, but nobody seems to know. In fact there are so many that it is impossible to count them. Some years ago it was estimated by measurement that there were 2,000,000 books there. Since that estimate was made the number has considerably increased, so that at the present time the total is probably nearer 3,000,000.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A New Jersey farmer sues a neighbor for damages because of the great number of lizards which infested his place.

The Best Prescription for Chills

and Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price, 50c

The most disagreeable woman in the world is the woman who thinks her music or her painting is not appreciated.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

New York theatrical managers say that the day of the blonde has passed. Brunettes are now in favor.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price, 75c.

No person is either so happy or so unhappy as he imagines.—Rochefoucauld.

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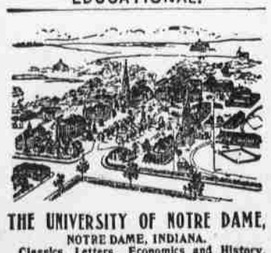

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