

TIME TABLE.
ST. LOUIS & PACIFIC.
St. Louis to Mexico, Mo., 12.30 p.m.
Mexico, Mo. to St. Louis, 1.30 p.m.
St. Louis to Chicago, Ill., 1.30 p.m.
Chicago, Ill. to St. Louis, 1.30 p.m.
St. Louis to Kansas City, Mo., 1.30 p.m.
Kansas City, Mo. to St. Louis, 1.30 p.m.
St. Louis to Omaha, Neb., 1.30 p.m.
Omaha, Neb. to St. Louis, 1.30 p.m.
St. Louis to Denver, Colo., 1.30 p.m.
Denver, Colo. to St. Louis, 1.30 p.m.
St. Louis to Salt Lake City, Utah, 1.30 p.m.
Salt Lake City, Utah to St. Louis, 1.30 p.m.
St. Louis to Portland, Ore., 1.30 p.m.
Portland, Ore. to St. Louis, 1.30 p.m.
St. Louis to San Francisco, Cal., 1.30 p.m.
San Francisco, Cal. to St. Louis, 1.30 p.m.

R. M. WHITE, Editor and Proprietor. To Our Pride in the Past and Our Hope for the Future, Let Us Add Vigorous Work in the Living Present. [\$1.50 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.]
VOL. XXIII MEXICO, MO., THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1881. NO. 12

Cheap Lumber
—AT—
FARBER!
I wish to say to the citizens of the surrounding country that I am now prepared to sell all kinds of

FINE LUMBER
At prices that will defy competition. My motto is, "Fair Grades, Fair Prices, Fair Dealing." Come and look at my stock and get prices before buying, and satisfy yourself.
I am also selling the celebrated John Burg Wagon at prices that will suit any honest man.
Office—On the corner of Main and Hickory streets.
J. B. SCHROLL.

New Bakery
—THE—
Mexico Bakery!
Has just opened on the West Side of the Public Square,
A NEW BAKERY
—AND—
Confectionery & Restaurant.
Fresh Bread Every Day.
C. W. BAKER. J. W. HOWELL.

Samuel Grove
Has just opened on the West Side of the Public Square,
A NEW BAKERY
—AND—
Confectionery & Restaurant.
Fresh Bread Every Day.
C. W. BAKER. J. W. HOWELL.

Baker & Howell,
CHANDLIERS, &c.
(Owners and Proprietors of the George A. Baskett Abstract Books.)

McLAREN'S RESTAURANT
—AND—
BAKERY,
SOUTH SIDE SQUARE.
Meals at all hours.
FRESH BREAD every day. Pies, Cakes, and everything that is usually kept in a first-class Bakery. Wedding Cakes a SPECIALTY.

Wm. Kemper
HAS MOVED HIS
Meat Market
INTO HIS NEW BUILDING.
West Side Square, MEXICO, MO.
CHOICE fresh meats always on hand. "Billie" expects to sell meat in Mexico City, and so offers none but the best to his customers. If you want a tender steak don't fail to trade with the most reliable meat merchant in Mexico.

Good Clean Ice!
LANE & GREGORY
I HAVE at my large houses on the river bank above the C. & A. dam, a sufficient quantity of clear ice for all domestic purposes. The guarantee is pure, as it was cut above the bill of the dam. Parties wishing to make arrangements for the coming season, should apply at the office of Woodland & Lane.

Boots and Shoes
MADE TO ORDER
At Reduced Prices!
Opposite Commercial Hotel. Work warranted to give satisfaction. We repairing done neatly. vol 27-110-17

Change of Firm
CITY
MEAT MARKET!
SOUTH SIDE OF SQUARE.
Having bought the entire stock of Ferguson & Co., will continue to carry on the Butcher business at the old stand. Will constantly keep on hand all kinds of Fresh Meats, and endeavor to accommodate the public in the best possible manner. Respectfully ask a share of the public patronage.
13-5m JOHN H. RINKEL.

W. W. Bodman, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
MEXICO, MO.
Having bought the entire stock of Ferguson & Co., will continue to carry on the Butcher business at the old stand. Will constantly keep on hand all kinds of Fresh Meats, and endeavor to accommodate the public in the best possible manner. Respectfully ask a share of the public patronage.
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Drugs! Drugs!
J. F. Llewellyn,
Druggist,
West Side Square,
MEXICO, MO.

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REACH YOUR HAND TO ME.
Reach your hand to me, my friend,
With its heaviest burden—
Sometimes there will come an end
To its present usefulness—
Sometimes I may ask in vain
For the touch of it again,
When between us land or sea
Holds it ever back from me.

LOVE OR MONEY.
I saw them last night in a box at the play—
Old age and young youth side by side—
You might have guessed that pointed that way
That they were a groom and a bride;
And you might have known, too, by the face of
The bride, that she was a fortune-hunter,
For she was smiling at the groom, and
Lips that smile of a girl who presumes
That we men are all swaying him.

WHOSE FAULT.
Fred Dayton assisted his wife's cousin,
Jonny Seales, into the carriage that was
waiting for her at the station.
She had been his wife's bridesmaid,
and he sighed as he looked in her smiling
face.
It was three years since that so-called
happy event occurred, but though she was
a trifle more staid and dignified,
she had the same happy smile, neat trim
appearance that he so well remembered.
"You will find Fanny a good deal altered,"
he said, taking a seat by her side.
Jonny cast a somewhat surprised glance
at the grave face of the speaker.
"Why, how? Has she been ill?"
"Well, no! I can't say that she has
been ill," was the hesitating reply; "but
she's changed. Marriage don't seem to
have agreed with her very well."
Jonny looked earnestly into the frank,
kindly face of the speaker.
"Was it his fault?" for there must be a
fault somewhere.
The house, as the carriage stopped in
front of it, as if it was all shut up.
If Jonny had expected to see her cousin
in the hall she was disappointed. Fred
looked slightly disconcerted as he glanced
around.
"Fanny's in her room, I suppose; I'll
hunt her up."
"Ah! there you are, Fan."
Here a dowily-dressed woman made
her appearance at the other end of the
hall, whom Jonny would have failed to
recognize had it not been for the warm
embrace and eager greeting.
After leading her to the dark and
rather untidy sitting-room, Fanny's anima-
tion all at once forsook her, and, throwing
herself upon the sofa, she burst into
tears, much to Jonny's surprise and
consternation.
"The sight of you reminds me so of
the happy past!" sighed Fanny, as she
wiped away her tears.
"I don't think I'm not so happy, I
hope," suggested Jonny, feeling for her
cousin's husband, who looked foolishly
conscious that he was in some way con-
sidered to be at fault.
Fanny's only reply was a mournful
shake of the head, which, rightly inter-
preted, meant that she never expected
to be so happy again as long as she lived.
Putting his hands in his pockets Fred
walked to the window, whistling softly
to himself with an ill-dissembled air of
unconcern.
"If you knew how that noise goes
through my head, Fred!" remonstrated
Fanny, as she rang for Ann to take away
her cousin's things.
Fred ceased whistling, taking himself
out of the room at the same time.
Fanny gave her cousin a look, as much
as to say, "You see what I have to put
up with."
Jonny now had opportunity to observe
her more particularly.
It was nearly dinner time, and still
she had on the calico wrapper she had
worn at breakfast; not much soiled, but
still faded and wrinkled.
In asking and answering questions the
time passed rapidly until it was nearly
time for dinner.
"I had no idea it was so near dinner
time," said Jonny, rising to his feet, as
she glanced at her watch. "I shall hard-
ly give you time to dress."
"Oh! I shan't make any change in my
dress; I won't be nobody but husband at
dinner, and you won't mind."
"No, certainly, I shan't mind."
There was more than this on Jonny's
lips, but she checked herself.
There could scarcely be a greater con-
trast than those two presented at the
dinner-table, both of nearly the same
age, and both endowed with more than
usual personal attractions.
At the time of her marriage, Fanny had
been called the prettier; but it was
quite the contrary now, and all the dif-
ference lay in the dress and expression.
It was impossible for Fred not to notice
the difference, and make a mental
comment on it not very flattering to the
wife of his choice. The contrast was too
marked to escape her notice, though it
was easy to see that she ascribed the
change to their different conditions.
"Ah! you won't think it's worth
while to fuss so much after you're mar-
ried, Jon," she said, with a laugh.
"Perhaps Miss Jonny will think her
husband worth dressing for," retorted
Fred.
"If she does, I hope it will be for a
husband who cares enough for her soci-
ety to spend one evening at home out of
the six."
Jonny listened to change the subject,
being aided in her endeavor by the ad-
vent of baby. It was a lovely child, and
she would suppose would be an addi-
tional tie to bind their hearts together,
but instead of that it was a constant
bone of contention.
This matter went on for some days.
Jonny observed with pain that Fred was
in the habit of spending most of his even-
ings out. For a while after she came he
stayed in, but manifested as well as ir-
ritated by his wife's sullen appearance,
and, finally, concluded he was usually
absent himself, until he was obliged to
appear at home.

Something About the History of Needles.
(Hardware.)
The needle is one of the most ancient
instruments of which we have any rec-
ord. The modern needle is a pointed
instrument having an eye, and is used for
carrying a thread through some kind of
fabric or other material. It is probable,
however, that the needles of those people
who lived in very ancient times had no
eyes, and instruments of bone, which were
used for this purpose, were found
in caves that were inhabited by the
ancient people of France; and the
needles of ancient Egypt, which are
described as being of bronze, do not ap-
pear to have been made with eyes.
Some writers are of the opinion that in
place of the eye a circular depression was
made in or near the blunt end, in
which the thread was buried. Pliny de-
scribes the needles of bronze which were
used by the Greeks and Romans. These
instruments have been found in the
ruins of Herculaneum.
The first account that history gives of
the manufacture of needles is that they
were made at Nuremberg in 1760, and
while the date of their first manufacture
in England is in doubt, it is said to have
commenced in that country about 1540
or 1545, and it is asserted that the art
was practiced by a Spanish negro or na-
tive of India, who died without dis-
closing the secret of his art. During the
reign of Queen Elizabeth this indus-
try was revived and has been con-
tinued ever since. Christopher Green-
wich, a native of London, established the
first factory at Long Crendon, near Red-
ditch, in England, 1850, and these were
soon followed by other London needle
makers.
Redditch is still the center of needle
manufacture. The eyes of the earliest
needles were square. Many unsuccess-
ful attempts were made to bring out a
needle with a round eye, but they were
finally introduced in 1826. Two years
later the burnishing machine, in which
the eyes of the needle were polished was
completed. In this machine the needles
are carried on a steel bar, which is
caused to revolve rapidly and thereby
impart a beautiful finish to the eye.
The process of hardening needles was
for many years accomplished by casting
them in a furnace, and then cooling them
in water. This process was, however,
found to be defective, and a new method
was introduced in 1826. This method
consisted in the use of a large number
of workmen were required to be em-
ployed in the hardening process. The
introduction of the oil process was driven
out of town. The machinery for mak-
ing needles has now been brought to
such a state of perfection, that from the
roll of steel wire the finished needles,
the machines used perform their vigor-
ous operations in a manner that may be
said to be almost automatic.
Giri Dressmakers.
Why do not the girls of to-day be-
come their own dressmakers? They
would find an extraordinary stimulus
and pleasure in the occupation, and
there is nothing that would do more to
take the nonsense out of them and put
sense in their place. Paper patterns and
the shortening of the skirts have made
it not to be given up, for it would be
more interesting than "fancy" work.
Probably the inducement to many
would be an allowance for the custom of
giving girls an hour for the dress of
the day. In this country it is in Eng-
land. But, unfortunately, it is not, and
the majority of the daughters of well-to-
do fathers feel that the effort would not
be appreciated and would bring them
no compensation.
Young women whose parents occupy
high positions in England frequently do
not take pleasure in the sewing. They
are allowed—what ranges from \$50
to \$250 per annum—do its work. They
may have one dress in a season made by
a dress maker, not more, and this will
be supplemented by a dress made by a
dress maker in the house, who occupies her
time in cutting and fitting, while the
young lady herself, with perhaps, the
help of a maid, does the sewing.
There is a great advantage in this,
becoming acquainted with methods
and personally conversant with ways
and means, with exigencies and neces-
sities, and its limitations as well as its
possibilities.
A good servant would infinitely rather
work for a mistress who was thoroughly
acquainted with the subject, and per-
formed, and therefore willing to make
allowances; and on the same principle,
it is easier in making a dress to satisfy
one who knows than one whose igno-
rance makes her at once exacting and non-
appreciative.

Happy Marriage.
[G. E. Scott, Chicago Tribune.]
There is probably no pen so original,
no mind so morose as to "sneer at and
ridicule" the ideal marriage, the ideal
home, the ideal love; would that there
was no pen so plastic, no social so in-
fatuated, as to idealize the actual mar-
riages and homes of this age.
I do not deny that there are plenty of
happy marriages, so called. It all de-
pends upon what constitutes happiness,
the quality being determined by the
soul-development of the individuals;
hence there is an abundance of the
cheap variety.
The physical marriage is happiness
enough for many men and women, being
all that is needed. A home, that is,
a place to live in, this secured by said
partnership, is absolute contentment for
those who never find a meal at the best
appointed hotel so satisfactory as their
own badly-cooked and ill-served rations,
and never can obtain a comfortable
night's rest on their own beds, or
even if the substitute be the perfection
of springs, curled hair, and fresh linen.
Then, on the principle that a man's
love is his master, it is an eminent satis-
faction to those, and their name is legion,
who desire to be clothed in a little brief
authority to have a place to "boast" in,
if an illegitimate proceeding can be excused
for a term description of an inelegant fact.
To be able to say who shall cross one's
threshold and who shall not, to have the
privilege of setting a rule of right
conduct at defiance, to keep a house
in the worst possible way, to preserve
remnants of choiced barbarism in these
"centres of influence," to bring just as
many children into the world as one
likes, to bring them up as badly as one
likes, and then turn these undisciplined
rebels into society, to set up these strong-
holds against reform, against law and or-
der, against enlightenment and progress—
yes, this is happiness, but to what other
did not the Southern homes preserve
the slaves in the Northern homes
preserve the slavishness of women, the
vices of men, the follies and vanity of
the young? Does not the home, almost
as frequently the drain-shop, give the
first start toward intemperance, the more
dangerous impulse of the two, as it takes
on the guise of proper luxury, hospitali-
ty, etc.
It must be remembered throughout
that I am not speaking potentially of
homes as they might be, but of homes as
I have seen them, read of them, heard of
them. In the average home there are sev-
eral pairs of people in a state of compla-
cency against the servants against their
masters, the parents against the children,
the children against the father, the hus-
band and wife mutually. Disparities
are frequent, change of habit being the
minor one, the splitting of the young
children into two camps, the more
acknowledged reason than they can no
longer stand it to remain at home, and
fudly hope that the fire will be more
agreeable than the frying-pan, being the
greater one.
Nevertheless, there are few to whom
the experiment offers no attractions.
"Ouida's" Aphorisms.
Fiction is a greyhound, and Truth is a
snail.
It isn't what you are, but what you ap-
pear to be.
Nothing succeeds in the end like in-
vulnerability.
There is more affection in sackcloth
than in silk.
People would rather be insulted, than
be unperceived.
Fame is a cone of smoke. Enjoyment
is a loaf of sugar.
Familiarity breeds contempt in the
lover, as in the servant.
Those who know themselves strong,
can bear to be subjected to bad jokes.
In love, as in a kingdom, the tyrant
sits upon a hollow throne.
A pretty lie is like a poison in a vase;
you die in perfume, but you die.
She did not know the wicked one
were, if you never were dead.
What weariness will men endure if on-
ly it be not in the name of virtue!
When the public voice proclaims it,
love has lost half its mystic charm.
Consider the enormous utility of ge-
nius looking now and then like a fool!
Conscience is a magic lantern that
throws distorted figures on any white
blank wall.
A woman who thinks for herself is
weak; but a woman who thinks for an-
other, is strong.
The chief element of the poet, as of the
philosopher, is that of the poet, as it is,
falls to satisfy them.
To be blind with a supreme vanity, is
like being blind in a windowless room,
lined with looking glasses.
Whenever you do love, you will be for
a few months the most happy, and for-
ever after the most miserable man.
When the world has decided that the
less said the better, it always proceeds
directly to say everything in the utter-
most abundance that it can possibly
think of.
It is one of the privileges of celebrity,
that the person celebrated, can never
wash his hands or open an umbrella
without being accosted with some oc-
curent reason for his proceedings.
Taken roughly it may be safely pre-
dicted that it will always be the highest
nature which will submit. Often it is
the just that rules the hero; the fool
that has his feet kicked by the genius.
Men are always inclined to be pitiful
to the woe of a woman when they are
in the presence of a woman who has
ceased. They will stone away without
mercy a woman whom they themselves
have wounded, but for the victim of an-
other man they are quick to be moved
to tenderness and indignation.
Paper Blankets.
A fire burning in a paper stove is the
latest novelty. Paper is used to make
carriage-wheels, chimney-pots, flower-
pots and tiles, and last, but not least,
blankets.
Attention has frequently been called
to the value of ordinary sheets of paper
as a substitute for bed-clothes, or as
blankets, as they are called. The
idea seems to have suggested the
fabrication of "blankets" from this
cheap material.
The fact that they are not as durable
as the genuine article in the favor, as
in the case of the very poor, where
the same bedding is used for years, a
very cheap material that will last only a
comparatively short time must be bet-
ter than durable articles that are rarely or
never washed.
If blankets were made of paper as
tough and flexible as that which is man-
ufactured in China and Japan, they
would last perhaps two winters, and if
pasted on cotton cloth, probably longer.
Because Mothers Don't Encourage It.
Why do not the girls of to-day, asks Jen-
nie June, become their own dressmakers?
They would find an extraordinary stimu-
lus and pleasure in the occupation, and
there is nothing that would do more to
take the nonsense out of them and put
sense in their place.
It has been decided by a Brooklyn
Church that playing cards isn't wicked,
and two-thirds of the congregation have
quit using them.—Boston Post.

WHY PERSONS SNORE.
The Habit Cured by Force of Will, or the
Use of a Harness for the Jaw.
It may not be generally known that
it is the vibration of the velum pendu-
lum palati which causes snoring, but it
is no less a matter of interest to a
great many people who either snore
themselves or are annoyed by snorers.
Dr. Lewis H. Sayre of Fifth
avenue was asked why people snore.
"Because they don't shut their
mouths," he said.
"What is snoring?"
"Well, it's common enough," said
Dr. Sayre; and in an offhand fashion
he explained that snoring is a noise
made in the posterior part of the
mouth and nasal fossae during the
moments of inspiration. It is due to
a relaxation of the levator palati molis
and the circumflexus palati in
sleep, by which the velum pendu-
lum palati is left free to vibrate or flap
in the two currents of the air which
enter at the same time through the nos-
trils and the mouth. Besides the vi-
bration of the velum pendu-
lum palati or soft palate, there is also a vi-
bration of the column of air itself. This
is produced the rasping, snoring noise
so well known and so unpleasant to
every one within earshot of the placid
snorer himself.
Dr. Sayre was asked what caused
snoring.
"When a man is fatigued," he
said, "and his self-control is unusu-
ally relaxed in sleep, he is apt to let
his lower jaw drop down. No man
was ever seen or heard to snore with
his mouth shut. The moral is obvi-
ous. The soft palate flops like a
sheet in the wind, and the near neigh-
bors of the snoring sleeper are cor-
respondingly disturbed. Now, the
Indians never snore. They think it
a disgrace. An Indian believes that if
he snores when he is young he will
grow up to be even less handsome at
maturity than nature originally intend-
ed. His vanity, therefore, is enough
to make a savage sleep in a proper
position."
A well known physician up town,
who practices has been largely in
cases of affection of respiratory system,
was asked whether snoring is a
disease.
"Not so much a disease as a bad
habit," he said; "but I am frequen-
tly called upon to prescribe for its
cure."
"Can it be cured?"
"Easily."
"Why so elderly or corpulent peo-
ple commonly snore?"
"Because their systems are gener-
ally more relaxed in sleep, and
then their mouths then fall open.
Any one will be likely to snore if he
sleeps with his mouth open, and no
one will if he shuts it."
"How can the habit be cured?"
"Well, you must give a person a
chance to breathe through the nose,
and then make him do so. If there
is any obstruction in the nasal pas-
sage, that must be removed by treat-
ment. Then if a snorer can't keep
his mouth shut by force of his will,
his jaw must be tied up. A harness
for the lower jaw is sometimes em-
ployed in bad cases of snoring. A
skull cap worn upon the head serves
to hold a system of straps under the
chin, and keep the mouth shut until
the patient can form the habit of
sleeping on his side, or with his head
sufficiently elevated to hold his jaw."
"Is it an easy matter to hold one's
jaw when asleep?"
"Hardly more so than when
awake."
"Why is snoring, then, so com-
mon if it is so easily cured?"
"Because catarrhal troubles are so
common, which prevent free inspira-
tion through the nostrils. In sleep-
ing cars and in hotels one frequently
hears the resonant snore, because
people in those places usually go to
sleep tired out. An old doctor used
to advocate sleeping on the face to
guard against the possibility of snoring."
An Autograph Poem.
A great many anecdotes have been
told about the handwriting of Rufus
Choate, the eloquent Boston lawyer.
But not one is so humorous, or so
descriptive of the appearance of his
written words as the following:
It seems that Mr. Choate wanted a
new fence around the home-lot. So
he called in his carpenter and had a
talk with him about the work, and
the next time he went to Boston, he
got his architect to make a rough
sketch showing his idea of how he
desired the fence to be built.
On the day appointed for the work
to begin, Mr. Choate was summoned
away. Just as he was about to start
the carpenter appeared, and Mr.
Choate pulled the plan out of his vest
pocket, and hurriedly delivered it and
drove off to catch the train.
Returning after an absence of two
weeks, on approaching his home, he
was filled with amazement, and led to
doubt where his fence was. His home-
lot was surrounded by a zig-zag fence
of most extraordinary design.
When he saw the old carpenter
pounding lustily away, he felt reas-
sured as to the identity of the place,
but most puzzled by the marvellous
fence.
"Hello!" he shouted. "What are
you doing?"
"Doing," said the carpenter, smash-
ing in a tenpenny nail with one blow;
"we're doing some pooty tall work."
"We're strengthening this fence to-
gether with a little less time than any sim-
ilar thing" was ever done in the Com-
monwealth of Massachusetts. We're
two days ahead of contract time now."
"But what sort of a fence is that?"
"Don't know. Thought when you
gave me the plan I was the same
fence I ever heard of, but I suppose
you know what you wanted."
"Plan!" said Rufus; "plan? Let
me see the plan!" And when the
carpenter handed it over the fence,
Mr. Choate recollected that in his
haste he had left in the wrong pocket,
and so handed him the plan, but a
note in his own handwriting.

WHY PERSONS SNORE.
The Habit Cured by Force of Will, or the
Use of a Harness for the Jaw.
It may not be generally known that
it is the vibration of the velum pendu-
lum palati which causes snoring, but it
is no less a matter of interest to a
great many people who either snore
themselves or are annoyed by snorers.
Dr. Lewis H. Sayre of Fifth
avenue was asked why people snore.
"Because they don't shut their
mouths," he said.
"What is snoring?"
"Well, it's common enough," said
Dr. Sayre; and in an offhand fashion
he explained that snoring is a noise
made in the posterior part of the
mouth and nasal fossae during the
moments of inspiration. It is due to
a relaxation of the levator palati molis
and the circumflexus palati in
sleep, by which the velum pendu-
lum palati is left free to vibrate or flap
in the two currents of the air which
enter at the same time through the nos-
trils and the mouth. Besides the vi-
bration of the velum pendu-
lum palati or soft palate, there is also a vi-
bration of the column of air itself. This
is produced the rasping, snoring noise
so well known and so unpleasant to
every one within earshot of the placid
snorer himself.
Dr. Sayre was asked what caused
snoring.
"When a man is fatigued," he
said, "and his self-control is unusu-
ally relaxed in sleep, he is apt to let
his lower jaw drop down. No man
was ever seen or heard to snore with
his mouth shut. The moral is obvi-
ous. The soft palate flops like a
sheet in the wind, and the near neigh-
bors of the snoring sleeper are cor-
respondingly disturbed. Now, the
Indians never snore. They think it
a disgrace. An Indian believes that if
he snores when he is young he will
grow up to be even less handsome at
maturity than nature originally intend-
ed. His vanity, therefore, is enough
to make a savage sleep in a proper
position."
A well known physician up town,
who practices has been largely in
cases of affection of respiratory system,
was asked whether snoring is a
disease.
"Not so much a disease as a bad
habit," he said; "but I am frequen-
tly called upon to prescribe for its
cure."
"Can it be cured?"
"Easily."
"Why so elderly or corpulent peo-
ple commonly snore?"
"Because their systems are gener-
ally more relaxed in sleep, and
then their mouths then fall open.
Any one will be likely to snore if he
sleeps with his mouth open, and no
one will if he shuts it."
"How can the habit be cured?"
"Well, you must give a person a
chance to breathe through the nose,
and then make him do so. If there
is any obstruction in the nasal pas-
sage, that must be removed by treat-
ment. Then if a snorer can't keep
his mouth shut by force of his will,
his jaw must be tied up. A harness
for the lower jaw is sometimes em-
ployed in bad cases of snoring. A
skull cap worn upon the head serves
to hold a system of straps under the
chin, and keep the mouth shut until
the patient can form the habit of
sleeping on his side, or with his head
sufficiently elevated to hold his jaw."
"Is it an easy matter to hold one's
jaw when asleep?"
"Hardly more so than when
awake."
"Why is snoring, then, so com-
mon if it is so easily cured?"
"Because catarrhal troubles are so
common, which prevent free inspira-
tion through the nostrils. In sleep-
ing cars and in hotels one frequently
hears the resonant snore, because
people in those places usually go to
sleep tired out. An old doctor used
to advocate sleeping on the face to
guard against the possibility of snoring."
An Autograph Poem.
A great many anecdotes have been
told about the handwriting of Rufus
Choate, the eloquent Boston lawyer.
But not one is so humorous, or so
descriptive of the appearance of his
written words as the following:
It seems that Mr. Choate wanted a
new fence around the home-lot. So
he called in his carpenter and had a
talk with him about the work, and
the next time he went to Boston, he
got his architect to make a rough
sketch showing his idea of how he
desired the fence to be built.
On the day appointed for the work
to begin, Mr. Choate was summoned
away. Just as he was about to start
the carpenter appeared, and Mr.
Choate pulled the plan out of his vest
pocket, and hurriedly delivered it and
drove off to catch the train.
Returning after an absence of two
weeks, on approaching his home, he
was filled with amazement, and led to
doubt where his fence was. His home-
lot was surrounded by a zig-zag fence
of most extraordinary design.
When he saw the old carpenter
pounding lustily away, he felt reas-
sured as to the identity of the place,
but most puzzled by the marvellous
fence.
"Hello!" he shouted. "What are
you doing?"
"Doing," said the carpenter, smash-
ing in a tenpenny nail with one blow;
"we're doing some pooty tall work."
"We're strengthening this fence to-
gether with a little less time than any sim-
ilar thing" was ever done in the Com-
monwealth of Massachusetts. We're
two days ahead of contract time now."
"But what sort of a fence is that?"
"Don't know. Thought when you
gave me the plan I was the same
fence I ever heard of, but I suppose
you know what you wanted."
"Plan!" said Rufus; "plan? Let
me see the plan!" And when the
carpenter handed it over the fence,
Mr. Choate recollected that in his
haste he had left in the wrong pocket,
and so handed him the plan, but a
note in his own handwriting.

REACH YOUR HAND TO ME.
Reach your hand to me, my friend,
With its heaviest burden—
Sometimes there will come an end
To its present usefulness—
Sometimes I may ask in vain
For the touch of it again,
When between us land or sea
Holds it ever back from me.

LOVE OR MONEY.
I saw them last night in a box at the play—
Old age and young youth side by side—
You might have guessed that pointed that way
That they were a groom and a bride;
And you might have known, too, by the face of
The bride, that she was a fortune-hunter,
For she was smiling at the groom, and
Lips that smile of a girl who presumes
That we men are all swaying him.

WHOSE FAULT.
Fred Dayton assisted his wife's cousin,
Jonny Seales, into the carriage that was
waiting for her at the station.
She had been his wife's bridesmaid,
and he sighed as he looked in her smiling
face.
It was three years since that so-called
happy event occurred, but though she was
a trifle more staid and dignified,
she had the same happy smile, neat trim
appearance that he so well remembered.
"You will find Fanny a good deal altered,"
he said, taking a seat by her side.
Jonny cast a somewhat surprised glance
at the grave face of the speaker.
"Why, how? Has she been ill?"
"Well, no! I can't say that she has
been ill," was the hesitating reply; "but
she's changed. Marriage don't seem to
have agreed with her very well."
Jonny looked earnestly into the frank,
kindly face of the speaker.
"Was it his fault?" for there must be a
fault somewhere.
The house, as the carriage stopped in
front of it, as if it was all shut up.
If Jonny had expected to see her cousin
in the hall she was disappointed. Fred
looked slightly disconcerted as he glanced
around.
"Fanny's in her room, I suppose; I'll
hunt her up."
"Ah! there you are, Fan."
Here a dowily-dressed woman made
her appearance at the other end of the
hall, whom Jonny would have failed to
recognize had it not been for the warm
embrace and eager greeting.
After leading her to the dark and
rather untidy sitting-room, Fanny's anima-
tion all at once forsook her, and, throwing
herself upon the sofa, she burst into
tears, much to Jonny's