

THE WORLD'S JUDGMENT.

He governs a thousand men,
And vast is his worldly store;
Fear enters their hearts whenever he frowns,
They gasp when he passes the door.
The bread they eat and their children's bread,
If it pleases him to but nod his head,
May gladden their mouths no more.

He governs a thousand men,
Who tremble beneath his eye;
There is mighty force in his heavy jaw,
And his brow is broad and high.
He has only to whisper a word and forth
That acknowledge his rule spring forth
To obey.

Never asking "How" or "Why?"
He governs a thousand men,
But his face is puffed and red,
And oft he reels as he moves along,
And oft he keeps his bed.
Of with a gouty foot he has sat,
And oft, instead of his glossy hat,
A towel is on his head.

I govern no men; my brow
Is neither broad nor high;
But I am master within myself,
And I yield to no craving cry.
Yet the world knows him and it knows not me,
And so, as the world still judges, he
Is a greater man than I.

S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.

My Debt to an Iron Horse

By V. Vincent Jones.

FATHER is dying; come at once!
It was this message that called me,
In the summer of '93, to the village
of my boyhood's home. After the
funeral I decided to remain a few days
with my mother and sister, they being
left entirely alone.

During my stay I looked up some of
my old friends and acquaintances, now
grown and settled in life. One day I
dropped into a village smithy and
slapped my old play-fellow, Tom Kelly,
on the shoulder. The next moment I
wished I had greeted him differently,
for he turned upon me with the sad-
dest face I have ever seen.

My heart bled, for no friends had
ever been closer than we in the sweet,
dim days. Our very infirmities, for
thus we then deemed our freaks, red
hair and bashfulness, drew us away
from the other boys and cemented a
bond between us that was like ad-
mant. We were dubbed "the twins"
by the entire village, for in face, form
and manner, each was the other's
double.

In time I had drifted away into the
world-currents of life and he, as his
father before him had done, slipped
quietly and naturally into his little se-
questered pool of usefulness, the vil-
lage smithy.

We had heard from each other but
seldom.

When his brown eyes, sorrow-
freighted, looked into mine, something
cold as ice gripped my heart and wrung
it until I trembled.

Then as I pressed his horny hands
and waited he shook as a strong oak
does in a hurricane blast. But the next
moment the storm passed and the oak
stood, firm-rooted, with only the grate-
ful rain to speak of its passing, in the
tear courses on his cheek.

This was the story he told me of how
he had loved—and lost:

"You remember little Pearl; dear,
teasing, rough little Pearl, who was
our constant companion, and shared
our childish sports. You know how
she used to play pranks and jokes upon
us and scream with laughter at our
discomfiture or anger. But if the



RODE WITH ALL MY MIGHT.

thought ever came that she had hurt
our feelings, he it ever so little, how
penitent she was and how humble.
You could not forget how red her lips
were, how her eyes sparkled and
danced with a thousand lights, or how
her golden tresses floated on the breeze
as she kept pace with us and our dogs
in the chases of youth.

"We used to compete for her smiles
and swap bets as to whose wife she
would become. But you went away,
and though I missed your companionship,
a great load was lifted from my
heart for I had never known an hour
when I did not love little Pearl and
plan for our future happiness together,
and I felt safe from any rival after you
were gone.

"But into each life some rain must
fall, and a blow came to me which has
sapped life of all its meaning.

"There settled in the village a gradu-
ate of the dental college at C—. He
was handsome, dressed faultlessly, was
an accomplished musician and pos-
sessed of some means.

"One day my Pearl met him. I was
the fool that introduced them. Fondly
dreaming myself safely ensconced in
her love as she was in mine I never
scented danger.

"And, foolish in my faith, I saw no
harm in his occasional calls nor in his
teaching her to ride the bicycle her in-
dulgent father had given her. But all
too soon the well before my eyes was
torn away. Loving glances will not
be hidden, and when from suspicion I
passed to remembrance the coldness in
her answer froze the hopes within my
breast.

"They were married a few weeks ago,
and live in the little cottage up there
on the hill."

As he ceased speaking, footsteps
sounded on the board walk outside and
the handsome young dentist passed
along, whistling merrily as though he
had not a care in the world.

"Curse him, I would give all I am
worth to see him dead at my feet for
robbing my life of its joy," said Tom,
with clenched fists and blazing eyes.

Voices sounded at the side door, and
we turned to see two sturdy farmers
holding a frisky colt and eyeing Tom
suspiciously. They left the animal to
be shod, and with a handclasp of sym-
pathy, I left him to his work.

This was upon Saturday. Upon Mon-
day morning the village was startled
by the terrible news of the dentist's
murder. He had been found less than
a dozen rods from his home with his
skull crushed by a blow from some
heavy instrument.

The news spread like a prairie fire.
Bonnetless women came to the post
office, and their chatter was like that
of an army of blackbirds in budding
spring. Costless men surged about the
town pump who had not seen each other
for months. From all country sides
they came, and the tavern bar engaged
the two village loafers and men still
clamored to be served.

Walking from group to group, I en-
countered the marshal in company
with the two farmers who had visited
Tom's shop on Saturday. They were
going toward the shop. They stopped
at the shop. My boyhood friend was
huddled and lodged in the calaboose
near by. Hardly had the door been
closed when a farm hand brought in
a bloody blacksmith's hammer. He had
picked it up in a ditch near the scene
of the murder. Upon its grimy handle
were the initials T. K.

Those who had known Tom Kelly
from a boy never lost faith in him; but
there was the story of the farmers who
had heard his fated words, and there
the mute evidence of the bloody ham-
mer, and he was held for several days.
However, he proved a complete alibi
and was released.

Meanwhile the bereaved wife had
gone raving mad and up and down her
little home she paced, calling day and
night her dead husband's name. Pite-
ously she prayed Heaven to restore
him to her arms. Frantically she
vowed vengeance upon his murderer.
Again and again she shrieked: "O Tom
Kelly, your blood shall atone for this."
For she could not release him from the
dreadful accusation, though the law
was compelled by the evidence to do so.

In maddened accents she plead with
God to strengthen her arm and nerve
her heart to kill the one who had bereft
her life.

One day when she was thought to be
sleeping, exhausted from her ravings,
she was left alone for a few moments
by her watchers. Guided by the cum-
ing of a crazed mind, she arose quick-
ly, donned her bicycle costume, and
secured a silver-mounted revolver from
the bureau drawer, slipped it into
side her jacket, mounted her wheel and
rode toward the village.

I had that morning ridden from my
father's farm into the village, stopping
for my usual chat with Tom and
was barely started on my homeward
journey when I encountered her rid-
ing toward the smithy. Her once fair
features were convulsed with hate and
madness and she was mumbling inco-
herently.

As we passed she glanced up, and
the next instant a shriek of rage and
a pistol note smote the air simultane-
ously. Her aim was wild, but realizing
in a flash that she mistook me for Tom
Kelly, I bent over the handle-bars and
rode with all my might.

I was a beginner on the wheel and
rode awkwardly and none too straight
or swift.

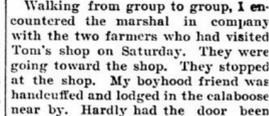
It was but the work of an instant
for the grief-crazed creature to turn
her wheel about, remount and take up
the chase. Glancing back, I could see
the distance rapidly lessening, for I
could scarcely keep my balance, while
my strange pursuer was mistress of
her steed and possessed of the strength
of madness.

Again she fired and the bullet whizzed
past my head. Bending every muscle,
I strove to control my machine, calm
my excited nerves and escape from pur-
suing death. Her third bullet flew be-
tween my arm and side and glanced
downward from the handle-bar. She
was gaining at every turn of the ped-
als. What should I do? I dared not
stop or attempt to convince her of her
mistake. I could not hold out much
longer. I could hear the whirr of her
chain close behind me. I trembled at
the thought of a backward glance. Her
fourth bullet sung so close to my cheek
that the ashen pallor could not have
been distinguished from the gray dust
upon my clothes. I was losing hope.
The only salvation I could hope for
was that she would empty the cham-
bers before her aim became true enough
to hit me.

Suddenly, glancing ahead, I saw a
long freight train slowly puffing to-
ward the road nearly a quarter of a
mile distant. In an instant my plan
was formed. Bending every energy and
leaning low over the handle-bars, I
sped on like the wind, and terror led
wings. I was surprised at my fearful
speed for the earth beneath was blur,
and in agony I lest a protracted tire
should plunge me headlong to the
earth. At last, with every muscle quiv-
ering, I shot over the rails a bare two
rods ahead of the puffing engine and
rode up the hill beyond, saved by a
locomotive.—Banner of Gold.

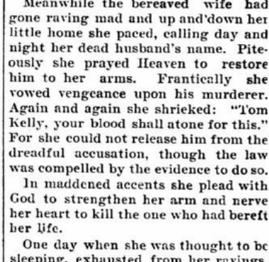
SUMMER DOOR HANGINGS.

Three Charming Designs That Can Be
Carried Out for Less Than
One Dollar Each.



FOR THE HOME ARTIST.

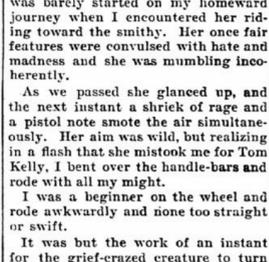
This is the season when doors are
taken off and stored in the attic. A free
draught of air is what is desired
throughout the house. Artistic door
hangings can be made of inexpensive
materials. There comes this year an
old blue linen which is very decorative,
and, being smooth, it is easily worked.
If the door curtain is to be used as a
screen, select a linen of the desired
width and make it a little narrower
than the opening in the door. String
the top upon a rod and run a rod
through the foot of the curtain to keep
it in place. It is, of course, easily
brushed aside. Thread your needle
with coarse embroidery cotton and



PLAIN BROWN MUSLIN.

work circles and crescents upon the
line, letting one cross over the other.
Embroider one in red, white and blue
if you desire a national curtain, and fill
them in with small designs to suit your
fancy.

A denim curtain can be worked in
scroll design with four-leaf clovers.
The curtain when stretched out will



A CLOVER HINT.

look something like this. It should be
a third wider than the door.

Plain brown muslin makes a very
artistic door hanging. Sew a band of
figured creton at the top and bottom,
and if you desire to use the doorway
frequently you can drape back one of
the curtains with a cord. These are ex-
tremely simple curtain designs and can
be carried out for less than one dollar
each.

Pretty Floral Decorations.

When flowers are costly a pretty din-
ner table decoration may be had by
using smilax, laurel or asparagus vine
made into wreaths and tied with white,
scarlet or pink satin ribbon. These
wreaths may be placed at the four
corners of the table, inside the covers, or
laid around candelabra placed in the
center, at the corners or at each end.
Or they may be used at two corners,
diagonally, with vases of suitable
flowers, daisies or carnations, in two
other corners. If violet ribbons are
used have the dishes for bonbons filled
with crystallized violets and mint
leaves. Candles with white shades are
prettier with violet and green than
those of a color, as the light through
a violet or green is not becoming.

To Clean White Kid Boots.

When not very dirty, put half an
ounce of hartshorn into a saucer. Dip
a bit of clean flannel in it and rub it on
a piece of white curd soap; rub the
boots with this, and take a fresh piece
of flannel as each piece becomes soiled.
When the boots are really dirty the bet-
ter way is to stuff them as full as possi-
ble with old rags or common cotton
wadding, to prevent any creases. Then
mix some pipe clay with water to a
stiff paste, wash the boots with soap
and water with a nail brush, using as
little water as possible, to get the dirt
off. When they appear tolerably clean,
rub the pipe clay well over them with a
flannel and hang them up to dry. When
dry, beat out the superfluous clay with
the hand, and rub them till they look
smooth.

Bleaching a Negro.

Electricity in the hands of a Vienna
doctor has turned the Ethiopian white.
The negro went to the hospital from an
Austrian jail and was treated with elec-
tricity for four months. At the end of
that time he was cured, and also com-
pletely bleached.

A Sure Coffee Test.

There is no drink more delicious than
a cupful of coffee when the beverage is
made from the best seed. To test coffee
put a spoonful gently on the top of a
glass of water. If the coffee is pure it
will not sink for some minutes, and it
will scarcely color the water; but if
chicory is mixed with it it will sink to
the bottom immediately, rapidly ab-
sorbing the water and also giving it a
dark reddish tinge.



WOMAN HOME

FLIES AND THEIR WAYS.

Pests Which Annoy Housewives
Found in Greatest Numbers in
the Vicinity of Stables.

"House flies," said Dr. L. O. Howard,
the famous entomologist of the agricul-
tural department, "come mostly from
the stables and the dirt left in the
streets by horses. If we could do
away with horses we would not have so
many flies. A single stable in which
a horse is kept will fill an extended
neighborhood with flies. People living
in agricultural communities will prob-
ably never get rid of the pest, but in
cities, with better modes of disposing
of garbage and with the lessening of
the number of horses in stables conse-
quent upon the increased use of elec-
tric street railways, bicycles and horse-
less carriages, the time may come when
window screens may be discarded."

"How fast do flies multiply?"

"An ordinary house fly will lay 120
eggs during its existence, and 90 per
cent of them will be hatched out. Dur-
ing the ordinary summer 12 or 13 gen-
erations of flies will be produced, so
you can make the calculation yourself.
Every female fly is the progenitor of
millions of flies during a single sum-
mer."

"There are four or five kinds of house
flies. The most common known to en-
tomologists is the 'musca domestica,' a
medium-sized grayish fly with its
mouth spread out for sucking up liquid
substances. It cannot bite. There is
another called the 'stomoxys calcitrans,'
which resembles it closely, but differs
in having an important appendage that
is built to pierce the skin. It is second
in abundance. Both of these flies are
chiefly bred in manure. Our experi-
ence and those of other entomologists
it has been discovered that they will
seldom lay their eggs in anything else.

"There are several other kinds of
flies, but these two are the most com-
mon, and to them we owe the nuisance
that housewives suffer. The eggs are
hatched into larvae within 24 hours
after they are laid. They remain in the
larval state from five to seven days,
and in the pupal state a similar time.
The average life of a fly is from ten to
fourteen days."

"Does the fly serve any useful pur-
pose?"

"Not so far as we have ever discov-
ered," said Dr. Howard, "and it does a
great deal more injury than people
commonly suppose. We are accustomed
to think of flies simply as a nuisance,
but they are undoubtedly the carriers
of contagion, as was abundantly proved
during the war of the rebellion and
also in the camps of our army last
summer. It is the judgment of the
highest authorities that a considerable
part of the typhoid fever was due to the
flies in the camps."—Chicago Daily Rec-
ord.

NEAT TOY SPRINKLER.

Made from an English Walnut, Two
Hazel Nuts, Two Straws, a
Cork and a Bottle.

Here is a toy sprinkler that any
bright boy or girl can make with the
aid of a pocketknife and a gimlet; the
necessary materials are an English wal-
nut, two hazelnuts, two straws, a cork
and a bottle. Following is a descrip-
tion of how to make the sprinkler:

Remove by the aid of a small saw or
a pocketknife about one-third of a
walnut. (See illustration.) Then take
out the kernel of the remaining larger

FOLDING PIAZZA COUCH.

A Convenience for Lounging or Sleep-
ing in Open Air During the
Warm Weather.

For the summer piazza one of the
most convenient pieces of furniture is
a folding couch that can be raised up
and fastened to the side of the house
somewhat similar to a mantel folding
bed.

The illustration shows such a couch
that is attached to the weather boards
of the house at the inner side, by means
of large strap hinges, while the outer
edge is supported on legs fastened to
the under side of the woodwork.

An old hair mattress can be employed
as the topping, and it should be laid
on the platform and held down by
means of denim, which is drawn down
all around the edges and tacked secure-
ly to the wood.

The tufted effect shown in the illus-
tration is obtained by making holes in

FOLDING COUCH FOR THE PIAZZA.

the wood and with a long pack needle
string is drawn up through the mat-
tress and tied at the top through the
edge of a metal or cloth-covered but-
ton.

Where the string is tied the mat-
tress is depressed so the bottom is deep
seated. A valance of the denim is made
and gathered around the front and two
ends, as shown.

In rainy weather, or when more piazza
space is required, the couch can be
raised, valance tucked in and the whole
thing fastened to the weather boards
by means of a strap.—Louisville
Courier-Journal.

Washing in Summer.

Summer is the ideal season of the
laundry. In fact, laundry work in
winter dates with modern improve-
ments. Before the days of pumps and
water faucets, when the washing must
be done in the rivers and lakes, it was
almost impossible to secure water
enough in winter to do washing. The
modern German woman clings still to
the traditions of her ancestors, and puts
off her washing until the convenient
summer season, when she often does a
year's or six months' washing at once.
Formerly, all German housekeepers in-
dulged in this practice of keeping soiled
clothes piled up in the house for
months. To-day it is said that the less
conservative Germans wash their house-
hold linens and clothes as frequently as
the English or American housekeepers
do. This is a cleanly as well as an
economical concession. It was not un-
common for a German matron to pos-
sess five or six dozen changes of linen
for each member of the family, and the
same proportion of table linen and bed-
ding. Such wholesale supplies were
necessitated by the great washings.—
N. Y. Tribune.

To Clean Plaster Busts.

Plaster busts and statuettes may be
cleaned by dipping them into thick
liquid starch and drying. When the
starch is brushed off the dirt comes
with it.

THE BOYS' SUMMER SWIM.

Now, off with your garments, boys; quick!
look alive!
No waiting about in fear on the bank;
A run, and a spring, and a clear, clever
dive.
Just leaving a bubble to show where you
sank.

Or, if you prefer it, a "header" then take,
Your head popping out as your feet dis-
appear;
If managed aright, you will no splashing
make,
But enter as stiff and as clean as a spear.

A shake of your head, and your eyes will
prepare
From water, and now you start off for
your swim:
The water stroke, or breast stroke, which
one may try.
The best with your fancy, your style or
your whim.

You're blown? Then turn over and rest
while you float;
It only wants pluck, and is easy to do,
That's right; you're as safe and secure as
a boat.
You see, there's no need to get into a
stew.

Now make for the bank, clamber out, and
prepare
To try some new trick, such as diving for
eggs.
Or turning a somersault cleverly ere
The water o'er you reach, or ere swim with
tied legs.

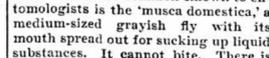
When tired of all, and before you grow
chill,
Come out you may easily stay in too
long.
And rub yourself down with a hearty good
will.
You can't scrub too hard, and you can't
scrub too strong.

Then jump in your clothes, and be off for a
run,
And do not pull up till you glow in each
limb:
Then, boys, believe me, when that run shall
be done,
You'll find yourself better by far for your
swim.
—Golden Days.

THE GAME OF RINGTOS.

It is doubly interesting because the
Boys Can Make Each of Its
Various Parts.

Here is a game that you can play in
the house, out on the porch, or on the
ground.
Take a piece of board or plank 10 by
12 inches. Plane it on the sides and
edges and cut away the corners and
around one side, as shown in the draw-
ing. Call that side the top and the
other side the bottom. See whether the
side which you choose for the bottom
is even so that the board will set well
on the floor. If the board is warped,
turn the hollow side down, so that the
edges and not the middle will rest on
the floor. If the board seems twisted a
little, so that it will not set well, which-
ever side is down, nail a block to one
side of the board at each corner. This
is a good way, even when the side of the
board is straight, for then the board



THE GAME OF RINGTOS.

will set better on an uneven place on
the floor or ground.

At the center of the board bore a
hole an inch or an inch and a quarter
in diameter. Into this set a standard
reaching six or seven inches above the
board. Make the lower end of the
standard fit closely and trim around
the upper end, as shown in the drawing.
Paint or oil all over, including the bot-
tom.

Next make the ring shown by the
drawing. The easiest way is to take a
piece of rope a little longer than the
distance around the ring. Cut away
some of the strands at each end so that
you can overlap the ends and make the
same thickness as elsewhere. Wrap
and tie the overlapping ends with
string. Then wrap the entire ring
with strips of cloth.

In playing, throw the ring over the
standard, as horse shoes or quoits are
thrown. If two people play, use two
boards and several rings.

These soft rings make no noise and
are not apt to do harm where they hit.
—National Rural.

NATURAL FLY TRAP.

The Dionea, a Little Carolina Plant,
is Far More Reliable Than
Sticky Flypaper.

Flytraps are well known in the ani-
mal kingdom to everyone who has eyes,
or, at least, who uses them.
The delicate web of the spider and
the deeply cut and broad mouth of the
swallow at once suggest themselves.
But that a vegetable should have an ex-
quisitely constructed and perfect appar-
atus of this kind is very remarkable,
when it is remembered that plants dif-
fer markedly from animals in regard to
their food. For, while animals live on
organic substances—that is, on plants
or other animals—vegetables live on in-
organic substances.

It is, then, unlikely that a fly could
supply a plant with food, and the yet
a more perfect fly trap than the leaves
of the dionea cannot be imagined.

This little plant is a native of the
sandy bogs in the pine barrens of Caro-
lina. It grows to a height of from six
to twelve inches, producing a loose head
of large whitish flowers, not unlike the
flower of the lady's smock.

The flower stalk rises from a rosette
of yellowish green leaves, spreading on
the ground. Each leaf is divided by a
deep incision into two portions, the
lower being a broadly winged foot
stalk, and the upper the blade or true
leaf itself.

The upper portion is the flytrap—the
most curious part of the plant—and
demands a careful description.

It is roundish and divided into two
equal parts by a strong mid-rib. The mar-
gins are fringed with a row of strong
spiny bristles, so that it may be likened
to two upper eyelids joined at their
bases. The leaf is a little hollow on
either side of the mid-rib, the upper sur-
face is dotted with minute reddish
glands, and each hollow is furnished
with three slender bristles. The sensi-
tiveness of the leaf chiefly lies in these
bristles. If an insect alights on the leaf
and touches one or more of them the
sides suddenly close with a force so
great as to imprison the little creature,
notwithstanding all its efforts to es-
cape. The fringe of bristles on the
opposite side of the leaf interlace like
the fingers of the two hands clasped to-
gether, or like the teeth of a steel trap.
The insect is not crushed or suddenly
destroyed, but is retained firmly im-
prisoned until it ceases to move, which
would mean until it was dead, and then
the leaf suddenly expands.

The two lobes are enfolded at night,
but spread open in the day. When the
bristles are irritated by man, the leaf
quickly closes, remains closed for a
short time, then slowly expands, ready
to close again if newly irritated.

But if it be caused to make repeated
efforts at short intervals, its move-
ments become languid, or the sensibili-
ty is altogether exhausted and is re-
covered only by a period of repose.—
Philadelphia Press.

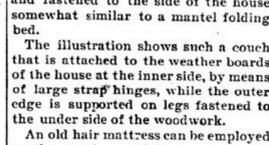
SOME QUEER NAMES.

They Are to Be Found in the New
Chicago City Directory Just
Issued to Subscribers.

The new directory will not confine
itself to the staid, always-with names.
These form but a small por-
tion of Chicago's population. To the
naturalist the new directory offers a
wide field for research. Birds, beasts
and fishes are represented. There are
Quail, Doves, Pelicans, Cranes, Par-
tridges, Storks, Blackbirds, Sparrows,
Hawks, Crows, Swallows, Larks,
Wrens, Jays, Ravens, Grouse, Canaries,
Pigeons, Owls, Parrots, Peacocks and
Nightingales. There are two Bur-
ards, two Sterlings, three Hens, six
Ducks, a Turkey and a Swan. The di-
rectory also will have imprisoned be-
tween its covers a lot of Bees, some
Flies, four Beetles and a Gnat.

Among the animals will be found
families which bear the name of Pigg,
Hog, Coon, Stag, Moose, Cur, Fox, Bull,
Ham, Lion, Wolf, Bear and Bruin,
Elk and Deer, Lamb, Colt, Panther,
Oxen and Steer. There are also Ot-
ters and 16 Beavers. The beasts and
birds are provided with Hay, Grain,
Oats, Barley and Wheat.

The disciples of Izaak Walton may
whip the streams of directory informa-
tion and catch Trout, Bass, Pike, Mul-
let, Carp, Shiner, Pickerel, Sturgeon,
Shark, Goldfish, Herring and Salmon.
The Oyster, Crab and Turtle may be
found.—Chicago Tribune.



THE SPRINKLER.

part and make it nice and smooth inside
with the knife. Now you bore two
holes in the sides of the shell (you can
easily see the proper place and direc-
tion on the accompanying illustration)
and insert a straw in each hole, the
straws to be about two and one-half
inches long. Then take two hazelnuts
and make two holes in each, the holes
being in right angle with each other
and reaching the center of the kernel.
Now put the straws coming out of the
walnut in the top hole of the hazelnut,
and in the side hole you introduce a
short piece of straw. Use beeswax or
sealing wax for stopping all leaks.
Now your sprinkler is ready for use,
and all you have to do is to place the
walnut on its pointed end on the cork
of an empty bottle and pour water in
the walnut basin. The water will then
run through the straws and thereby
cause the little sprinkler to revolve
quickly.—J. Bellope, in Chicago Daily
Record.



THE YOUNG PEOPLE

THE BATTLE FIELD ROUTE.

The Veterans of sixty-one and five
and their friends, who are going to attend the
33rd G. A. R. Annual Encampment at Phi-
adelphia in September, could not select a bet-
ter nor more historic route than the Big
Four, Chesapeake & Ohio, with splendid
service from Chicago, St. Louis, St. Paul
on the Big Four, all connecting at Indian-
apolis or Cincinnati and thence over the
Chesapeake & Ohio to Philadelphia. The
Ohio river to Huntington, West Va., thence
through the foot-hills of the Alleghenies,
over the Mountains, through the famous
Springs Resort, Roanoke, Staunton,
Va., between which point and Washington
are many of the most prominent battle-
fields: Wappesboro, Gordonsville, Cedar
Mountain, Rappahannock, Kettle Run,
Manassas, Bull Run, Fairfax, and a score of
others nearly as prominent. Washington is
next, and thence via the Pennsylvania Line
direct to Philadelphia. There will be three
rates in effect for this business: 1st. Contin-
uous passage, with no stop-over privilege;
2nd. Going any coming same route with one
stop-over in each direction; 3d. Circuitous
route, going one way and back another with
one stop-over in each direction. For full
information as to Routes, Rates, etc., ad-
dress J. C. Tucker, G. N. A., 234 Clark St.,
Chicago.

Fee Strangely Earned.

It was on the night of the Jeffries-Fitz-
simmons prize fight, and many reached the
West side apartment house in which he
lived about two o'clock. A search of all his
pockets failed to bring forth his bunch of
keys. He searched his pockets and found
nothing. He called for the janitor, but
could get no response. He was ex-
ceedingly tired, there was no hotel in the
neighborhood, and, besides, there were fam-
ily reasons why it was inadvisable for him
to spend the rest of the night away from
home. The sight of a physician's night bell
gave him an idea. He pushed the bell
hard for 30 seconds or more. In due ses-
sion the physician came to the door and
opened it.

"Call for your fee for night calls?" asked
the locked-out individual.

"Four dollars," was the astonished reply.
"All right," said the doctor, "I was locked out
and couldn't get in. Sorry to trouble you,"
and he began his weary march upstairs,
happy in the thought of the evils he had es-
caped.—N. Y. Tribune.

A Shabby Advertisement.

A Kansas printer in making up the forms
one day in a hurry got a marriage and a pro-
ver's notice mixed up so they read as fol-
lows: "John Smith and Ida Quay were
united in the bonds of holy matrimony which
shall be solemnized by the Rev. Mr. Smith in
an esteemed codfish at ten cents; while the
bride has nice pigs' feet to display."
—Michigan Lyre.

Call—I have several bills which
are long overdue and—
Hanging (desperately)—I am sorry to
say that out to-day.
"Oh, well, it doesn't make much differ-
ence; I'll call and pay them at some fu-
ture date. Good day, sir."—Philadelphia
Record.

Porous Plaster.

"What are the holes for?" asked little
Edna, looking at the porous plaster that
her mother was preparing to adjust on
Willie's back. "Why, you know that, sis,"
interposed Willie. "They're to let the
pain out, of course."—Boston Trav-
eler.

Work for All.

Thousands of men are making good wages
in the North and West. There is room for
thousands more. Half rates via the Great North-
ern Railway from St. Paul, Minn. to
Chicago, Ill., 230 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

Power of a Woman.

In five minutes a woman can clean up a
man's room in such a way that it will take
him five days to find out where she put
things.—Berlin Herald.

The Common Fate.

Like everybody else the sea waves arrive
at the shore in great style, but they go away
broke.—Philadelphia Record.

We have often wondered that women do
not have their kitchen dresses made as low-
necked as their party dresses. It would cer-
tainly be cooler in working over a hot stove.
—Atchison Globe.

Some girls don't seem to think of much
but wearing good clothes, and we don't
blame them.—Washington (La.) Democrat.

Never do to-day any wrong thing you can
put off till to-morrow.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

NO REMEDY EQUALS PERUNA,
SO THE WOMEN ALL SAY.



Miss Susan Wymar.

Miss Susan Wymar, teacher in the Rich-
mond school, Chicago, Ill., writes the follow-
ing letter regarding Peruna. She states:
"Only those who have suffered as I have
can know what a blessing it is to be able to
relinquish Peruna. It has been my
experience. A friend told me of Peruna,
and every bottle of Peruna I ever
bought proved a good friend to me."—Susan
Wymar.

Trees and Plants Sleep.