

OLD HATS MADE NEW.

How Young Men on Small Salaries Manage to Get Nobby Headgear.

"How many silk hats do you get in the course of a season, anyhow?" asked one clerk of another in the office of a big insurance company the other day as he picked up his associate's shiny "stove pipe" and glanced inside.

"Here's an imported hat from Paris if the stamp don't lie: two or three weeks ago you had a London hat and shortly before that you were sporting one of the fashionable makes here. You must spend half your salary on hats."

The fellow clerk smiled and looked about him for a moment. "Will you keep mum if I let you into a good thing?" he asked, and the promise was quickly given.

"Well, I lost a silk hat bot on the last election and one pay day I ruefully put away \$8 and suggested to my successful friend that we go over on Broadway and get that hat. "Broadway?" said he. "Not much. You just come with me. So he marched me up to Chatham street, into a narrow doorway in a rickety old building, up a dark flight of stairs and ushered me into a dingy lot. Great heaps of high hats ran up to the ceiling along one side of the room and the other side was filled with derbys. The hats in the heaps were tough enough looking, but there were shelves of silks hats that were just as shiny and as tony looking as any you ever saw in a Broadway window.

"A number of men stripped to their undershirts perspired as they worked away on hats in all stages of development, for a red-hot stove in the center of the room kept the temperature pretty high. My friend had evidently been there before, and was cordially greeted by one of the men who stepped forward.

"This gentleman wants to buy me a silk hat," he explained, and in two minutes he was fitted with a dandy looking bit of head-gear, the lining stamped with a very English looking trade mark, with a lion and shield and that sort of thing, surrounded by the handsomely engraved name of a firm and the address in Piccadilly. I don't know whether there is any such firm in existence, but what's the odds? The hat was just as glossy as any you ever saw on Fifth avenue, and I rather envied my friend as I asked the man how much I should pay.

"Three dollars," said he. "Well, I was prepared to find the price lower than on Broadway. I thought \$6, or possibly \$5, would be the figure. But \$3 knocked me silly. Without asking any questions I said 'let me have one at the same figure,' and there I was with two elegant silk hats instead of one and \$3 to the good.

"My friend explained the mystery to me after we left the place. It seems that the majority of the 'bloods' around town, after wearing their expensive headgear for a brief period, which does them very little harm except to the lining, leaves them with the fashionable dole. The proprietor of the industry we had just observed has an arrangement with these men to purchase all the hats that are turned in to them at fifty cents apiece. It doesn't cost him much more than fifty cents more to put them in first rate shape again, so you see he can make a nice thing out of them at \$3.

"But here's a further wrinkle in the thing. You don't need to spend as much as \$3, even, when you want a 'new' silk hat. These Chatham street folks are quite accommodating, by the way, and urge you to come in and have your \$3 hat ironed up whenever it gets mussed, free of cost. I had mine ironed a couple of times, and one day, after getting it thoroughly soaked and demoralized in a rain storm I called in again. I had had it then more than six weeks. "Suppose you give me this hat and a dollar," suggested the proprietor, and we'll give you a brand new one." I closed the bargain right off, and walked out with that elegant hat of London make that you were speaking of. Oh, I tell you, there are ways of being nobby without being extravagant in this town if a fellow can only find them out."—N. Y. Herald.

SLEEPING IN THE WOODS.

Beautiful Pen Picture of a Night By "Adirondack" Murray.

Imagine your bedchamber of odorous bark, and your bed of pungent boughs. Your couch made under murmuring trees and within a few yards of the lazily moving water, whose motions caress rather than chafe the shore. Stretched your full length on such a couch, spread in such a place, the process of falling asleep becomes an experience. You lie and watch yourself to observe the gradual departure of your senses. Little by little you feel yourself passing away. Slowly and easily as an ebbing tide you begin to pass into the dim and insensible realm beyond the line of feeling. At last a moment comes in which you know you are passing over the very verge of consciousness. You are aware you are about to fall asleep. Your cheek but partially interprets the cool pressure of the night wind; your ears drowsily surrender the lingering murmur of beach and pine; your nose slightly senses the odor of the piney air, as you mechanically draw it in; the chest falls as it passes as mechanically out, and then—you are asleep.

The hours pass, and still you sleep on. The body, in obedience to some occult law of force within the insensible frame, still keeps up its respirations; but you are somewhere—sleeping. At last the pine above you, in the deep hush which precedes the coming of dawn, stills its monotone, and silence weaves its airy web amid the motionless stems. The water falls asleep. The loon's head is under its spotted wing and the owl becomes mute. The deer has left the shore, and lies curled in his mossy bed. The rats no longer draw their tiny winks across the creek, and the frogs have

ceased their croaking. All is quiet. In the profound quiet, and unconscious of it all, the sleeper sleeps. What sleep such sleeping is! and what a ministry is being ministered unto mind and body through the cool, pure air, pungent with gummy odors and strong with the smell of the sod and the root lace mold of the underlying earth!—From "Lake Champlain and Its Shores."

THE ARAB WOMAN.

Her Social Condition, Dress, Pastimes and Love For Jewelry.

The Arab woman, save in rare and pleasant exceptions is hardly what the poets and painters have shown us. If she be graceful or beautiful, it is extremely difficult to discover it; and she possesses neither of these attractions after she is twenty-five, for she is a "wife" at from twelve to fourteen years of age, whatever that station or condition means among the Arabs. All there is about this being to become ecstatic over is that subtle prompting of the poetic fancy which ever, to the male mind peculiarly, blooms like the rose in any soil of apparent coyness and mystery in the gentler sex.

The Arab woman is simply a vacuous, insensate, voiceless and dreamless human animal, sheeted like the dead in the streets, and dead to the world when within the four windowless walls where the majestic being who owns her keeps her penned.

The dress of the Arab woman is all concealing upon the street and all-revealing in her home. The outer garment is the haik, white, usually of wool, sometimes of silk, often of cotton. It is frequently twenty feet in length and nearly two yards wide. Beneath this are precisely four articles of apparel, a gauze chemise, an unstiffened corset, or bodice, frequently massively embroidered and bejeweled, pantaloons reaching to the feet and comprising countless yards of material and the tantalizingly adorned tightly around the face and falling about twelve inches below.

Most women not satisfied with this retirement, or perhaps more strictly speaking, most women whose husbands are not satisfied with this obscurity, further hide the face by bringing the haik down over one side of the forehead, so that but one eye, a dark eyebrow and a tiny patch of the forehead are visible.

Their feet are usually encased in brown or yellow slippers; danglets and banglets of indescribable jewelry tinkle and chime from wrists, ankles and concealed portions of the figure; and in this swathing of ghostly haik, with humped bodies and mencing steps, those who are allowed upon the street at all wriggle, glide and scurry along like a bevy of escaped wraiths from among the silent graves upon the heights.

But this privilege of wandering about like a lot of sheeted spooks is by no means a universal one. The young and fair see the sunlight only through the open courts of their dwellings or from the white terraces for a brief hour toward sunset. Only the aged and sare are ever permitted to visit the mosques, with the exception that on Friday, in company with servants or elders, little excursions are allowed to the suburban marabouts, or sacred temples, and the khoubas at the cemeteries as at Belcour, where they are allowed the cheering diversion of filling with water the little cups resting at the heads of tombs; for the birds drink from these and fly to Heaven with greetings from the souls at rest beneath.

Indoors the dress of these women is getting enough for the most fervid artist's fancy. They never see in their homes any male but their husbands and their children. The climate, like that of Cuba in winter, and excessively hot from May until October, has also much to do with this. There are really but two garments for every day home wear. One is a gauze chemise, through which the olive-hued form is clearly revealed. The other is the wide, ample trousers, terminating just below the knees, and almost as fleecy and gauzy in effect. The lowlier women are bare legged, bare footed and bare headed at home. Wives of the wealthier Arabs will don pink, yellow or blue gauze silk hose and dainty yellow babouches or slippers.

Their hair will be coiled in a simple Grecian knot, and fastened with some huge jeweled ornament, and perhaps a tiny skull cap, richly embroidered, will rest coquettishly on one side of the head.

But all are bedecked with jewelry. The poorer are fond of burnished copper bands about the arms, wrists and ankles, or brilliant quartz and glass cubes and crystals, strung on pack thread, encircle their necks. The rich are ablaze with jewels, principally pearls, emeralds and sapphires, badly set, but always genuine and of great value. There is a legend in Algiers that the hidden riches of the wealthier Arabs, principally comprising jewels, exceeds the sum total in value of all coin, plate and jewels otherwise possessed by all nationalities in the "white city."—E. L. Wakeman, in Cincinnati Times.

Britons Opposed to Soldiering. The difficulty of maintaining a great standing army in a country where military service is not compulsory is shown by the report of the Inspector General of recruiting to the British Government. He says that "the requirements of the year have been in the main provided," but the details of his report show that it has been necessary to reduce the standard of height in some regiments, while in the whole army no fewer than 2,724 soldiers purchased their discharge last year, 1,042 of them within three months of their enlistment. These facts are a striking evidence of the decline of warlike ideas in Great Britain, but they will be regarded with more satisfaction by the peace society than by the military authorities of the nation.—Toronto Globe.

NAUTICAL HUMOR.

Some Don Mobs Which Are Told of the Crack Oransen.

As a class, professional oarsmen are the most "amusing critics" in the sporting line. Of a list of some twenty-five professional "seat sliders" at least twenty are "characters." Of the latter number a majority are looked upon as born wits. Jack Lorgan, the English sculler, who beat Pearce and half a dozen other crabs of the British Isles and who is now living in Harlem, is considered one of the funniest men in the business. His jokes are known to every amateur on the Harlem, and the dry way with which he makes light of a serious question has repeatedly placed him in hot water.

One of the best stories about Lorgan not generally known was told to a reporter the other day. It seems that Lorgan saved a number of persons from drowning in the Thames at various times before he won a championship at the sculls. Some of his friends encouraged him in seeking a medal from the Humane Society. He made application, but because he lacked the necessary influence his claims were not recognized. After that he turned very sour on the "Humane crowd," as he put it. One Saturday afternoon Lorgan was out on the Thames in a boat much like our American or Wh teahall boat. A row boat containing three men which was near him capsized, and before Lorgan reached the scene one of the men was drowned. Lorgan saved the other two and hauled them into his boat. When the rescued found courage to talk one of them said to Lorgan that he was a brave Briton and ought to be given a medal by the Humane Society.

"It's no go," said Lorgan. "They can't try any of their flabbergast on me. I've been and tried 'em." "Nonsense, man," replied one of the survivors, "you'll get a reward sure. Why, just see what you have done!" and the speaker went into a glowing account of the brave rescue. Lorgan sat silently throughout, his bubble of importance getting larger each second as the speaker progressed, until finally he began to think that perhaps he had won a clear right to the medal. The speaker concluded: "Yes, you are bound to get that medal. The man who was lost was our boatman, this gentleman here is a 'bobby,' and I'm the secretary of the Humane Society."

The speaker had hardly finished than Lorgan dropped the oars with which he was rowing, jumped to his feet, swore two or three times, and finally said: "So I've saved a 'bobby' and one of these Humane people, eh? The Lord forgive me; what have I done—what have I done?"

Another yarn about Lorgan tells how he once attended a "spread" at one of the London club houses. There was a little old Scotch woman in charge of the viands. She was as selfish as a six-months-old infant. There was a fine piece of roast beef on the table, and she started in to carve it for Lorgan and a few others. She cut it in tissue paper fashion, so thin that one could almost read a newspaper through each slice. Lorgan kept his eye on her for a time, and after she had cut three or four tissue pieces he said: "Look out, ma'am, look out, the window behind you is open and some of that beef may blow into my plate."

The honest Scotch woman failed to understand why every body within earshot of Lorgan's remark laughed. When he saw that his ratiou was not to be increased Lorgan shouted again at the little woman: "May something divine give your arm strength, missus, to cut a decent piece of beef for a workin' man."

Ned Hanlan, too, is a funny man. The night of the day that he first defeated Trickett in England he was invited to a club dinner. Champagne flowed like water, and as the Canadian had pulled off the good thing he felt justified in going in for a little pleasure. He became muddled in due time, and while in that state was called on by the four hundred or five hundred club men present for a speech. Now, Hanlan had never addressed an audience before in his life, and he objected, but it was no use there, and half a dozen of his admirers hauled him to his feet. He stood up, dazed and confused, with the champagne rushing to his very brain, glanced at the small army of faces that met his eyes, tried to stand erect and finally blurted out as his maiden speech: "You gentlemen know your business. I also know mine. Good night."—N. Y. Mail and Express.

The Pointer and the Rat.

Horace P. Tibbetts, of Wyalusing owns a large pointer dog with a remarkably big mouth. One day this spring Mr. Tibbetts spied an enormous gray rat burrowing in the side of a sand-bank near his barn and he told the pointer to go and snake it out. The dog stole quietly toward the bank and when it got within two feet of the hole it stopped and pointed the rat as it would a bird. All at once the gray rat turned in the hole, sprang out, and set its teeth in the astonished dog's nostrils. For a minute or so the pointer shook his head as hard as he could, whining a little at the time, but it was impossible for him to get the pugnacious rat between his teeth. He finally shook it loose, flung it six or eight feet in the air and got under it with his big mouth wide open. The rat landed between the pointer's jaws and the angry dog crushed its bones in an instant. Its teeth had torn a slit in the dog's left nostril.—N. Y. Sun.

—Ted, a little fellow of four years, makes a great pretense of reading the morning newspaper. "Well, Teddy, what kind of weather are we to have to-day?" asked his father. Ted kept his eyes fixed on the paper. "Let me see!" he answered. "It's to be fair and cloudy, with snow and rain, also warmer and snow by high wind and sleet when it clears up."—Youth's Com-

ECZEMA FROM CHILDHOOD

When an infant my body broke out all over with an eruption or rash, which became more aggravated as I grew older. Every noted physician in our section was tried or consulted. When I came of age I visited Hot Springs, Ark., and was treated by the best medical men, but was not benefited. When all things had failed I determined to try S. S. S., and in four months was entirely cured. The terrible Eczema was all gone, not a sign left; my general health built up, and I have never had any return of the disease.

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DRIVEN BY A DEAD MAN.

Ghastly Experience of Pedestrians on a Street in Brooklyn.

New York, Oct. 28.—"That old man is driving pretty fast. He will run somebody down if he is not careful. See what a grip he has on the reins."

This was the observation of a man in Brooklyn yesterday afternoon. His attention had been attracted to a buggy which was going at a high rate of speed. In the buggy was a man with white hair and beard. His head was thrown a little backward and his two arms were outstretched. He clutched the reins as though he was exerting his strength to hold the animal in, and there was something very like a grim smile upon his face.

"Come, drive slower!" yelled Policeman Cate, who stood on the curb at the corner of Monroe street. He ran into the roadway and tried to seize the horse by the checkrein but made a miss of it.

There was something in the appearance of the driver's face that sent a shiver through the blue coat's frame. The ashy whiteness of his face and his wide staring eyes were such as are seen only in a corpse.

"That man's dead," said the policeman as the buggy passed him. He started in pursuit of it and a crowd followed him.

At the corner of Stuyvestant avenue and McDonough street the runaway horse came to a stop before a heap of building material. A dozen hands seized the horse's head when the mad race ended. Then it was seen that the occupant of the buggy was indeed a corpse. He proved to be Gilbert De Revere, a wealthy builder. He was 66 years of age and had been subject for six or seven years to heart disease.

—The shutting off of natural gas at Pittsburg will greatly embarrass the iron manufacturing there.

WITH A NEW SKIN.

A Wonderful Example of the Nice Powers of Modern Surgery.

Indianapolis, October, 30. Wesley Keller, "the man who was skinned alive," has returned to work. His case is curi us. As an illustration of the nice powers of modern surgery it will be talked about from one end of the country to the other. On Wednesday, July 30, Keller fell into a steam vat at the Indianapolis Veneer Works. He was taken out as quickly as possible, but he had been scalded from the soles of his feet to the middle of his chest.

One arm was all right but the other was blistered to the shoulder. Huge blisters puffed up all over the man's body, and the fluid which had exuded from the flesh to fill them had been cooked to a jelly. In removing his clothes great strips of the outside or scarf skin came off, leaving exposed the true skin underneath, cooked until it looked like a parboiled lobster. His toes and ankles were so blistered and swollen as to lose nearly all resemblance to human members.

At soon as his fellow-workmen got Keller out of the vat they telephoned for the Company's surgeon, Dr. Ralph Perry. "There is, perhaps, one chance in a thousand of saving this man," said the surgeon when he had looked at the burns. He set to work however, and greased Keller from top to toe with a mixture of linseed oil and lime water. Then he swathed the body in cot on wadding, from which all possible impurities and disease germs had been removed by chemicals.

For two days and nights the case hung without loss or gain. A teaspoonful of brandy was given every few hours. Then a change came. Keller seemed to be choking. The throat became swollen but this swelling was checked. The man's temperature rose a little. Fever set in. This gave great hope. The next morning Keller asked for something to eat, and actually ate a piece of pie and drank some coffee. The news of this shocked the surgeon at first, but he said:

"I guess we'll win this fight, for a man who can eat pie with no skin on him has life enough left to grow a new one."

When suppuration began great care was taken to let out the pus at every point. The first dressing took three hours; the second still longer. Five days were consumed in taking off the bits of old skin, four hours each day being spent with the forceps, scissors and scalpel removing the skin layer by layer. Not a piece as big as a dime was forced. Kellers pluck was marvelous. The raw surfaces were dressed with an iodoform mixture and bandaged with soft stuff.

Meanwhile the swamps of South Bend were being scoured for two-pound frogs. A bushel basket of these were cleaned with a germicide mixture and fed on pure food. The raw surfaces of Keller's body were tenderly washed with clean warm water, then with peroxide of hydrogen, which destroys pus. The utmost cleanliness and wholesomeness was insisted upon. Just before applying the frog skin, the raw surface was washed with a weak solution of corrosive sublimate. Everything ready, the first frog was brought out. With a quick snip of the scissors, its spinal cord was severed at the back of the neck. Then the loose, pearly white skin from over the abdomen was quickly taken out and thrust into a dish of water which had been boiled, but which was now merely warm.

In the water had been dropped a little of the corrosive sublimate solution. Being cleansed, the skin was cut up into bits about a tenth of an inch square and applied to Keller's body—inside in, outside out. Powdered iodoform was dusted over the graft, which was sealed tightly from impurities.

Dr. Perry made grafts on forty-two occasions. Thirty-two operations were unsatisfactory; ten were satisfactory. From each of the ten centers healthy skin radiated, until now Keller is "as good as new."

So to-day Keller is at work—the only man in the world who has been boiled and skinned alive, and who has frog skin where he once wore his own.

The New Discovery.

You have heard your friends and neighbors talking about it. You may yourself be one of the many who know from personal experience just how good a thing it is. If you have ever tried it, you are one of its staunch friends, because the wonderful thing about it is, that when once given a trial, Dr. King's New Discovery ever after holds a place in the house. If you have never used it and should be affected with a cough, cold or any Throat, Lung or Chest trouble, secure a bottle at once and give it a fair trial. It is guaranteed every time, or money refunded. Trial Bottles Free at Mertz & Hale's Drug store.



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Table with columns for Missouri Pacific, West Bound, and East Bound, listing arrival and departure times for various routes.

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Table with columns for Arrival and Departure, listing times for Lexington Branch routes.

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Table with columns for Arrival and Departure, listing times for Sedalia and Warsaw routes.

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TRUSTEE'S SALE.

Whereas, M. O. Green and Mary Green, his wife, by their certain deed of trust dated the 16th day of October, 1890, and recorded in the Recorder's office of Pettis county at deed book 42, page 429 and 430, conveyed to the undersigned J. C. Thompson, as trustee, all their right, title, interest and estate, in and to the following described real estate, situated in the county of Pettis, state of Missouri, viz: Lots No. one (1) two (2) of the northeast quarter and the southeast quarter of section five (5) and the north one-half of section eight all in township forty-four (44), range twenty (20), which said conveyance was made in trust to secure the payment of seven certain promissory notes in said deed described, and whereas all of said notes have become due and are unpaid, now therefore, in accordance with the provisions of said deed of trust and at the request of the legal holder of said notes, I shall proceed to sell the above described real estate at the west front door of the court house in the city of Sedalia, in the county of Pettis, state of Missouri, to the highest bidder for cash, at public auction, on SATURDAY, THE 15TH DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1890,

between the hours of nine in the forenoon and five in the afternoon of that day, to satisfy said notes, together with the cost and expense of executing this trust.

J. C. THOMPSON, Trustee

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