

### A DOMESTIC EPISODE.

#### The Wife's Artistic Decoration of the Little Drawing Room.

When he got home that night, she confronted him at the door, and he gasped with horror. She was not dressed for dinner, and she had one arm in a sling. Both thumbs were done up in huge bandages. There was a towel tied around her tousled head and a wet spot on her eyes. The odor of liniment was heavy on the air. "For heaven's sake what has happened?" he asked.

Without a word she led the way into the little drawing room. Over the cushioned couch oriental draperies had been dispersed artistically with spears and armor, forming a beautiful, cozy corner. A lamp, burning dimly, hung in the center.

"I put it up myself today," she said. "I had grown tired waiting for you to do it, and the decorator wanted \$50."

He seated himself luxuriously among the pillows.

"How on earth did you manage it alone?" he asked, with exaggerated admiration and wonder. He knew just how it was done. He had always had to put it up himself before.

"Oh, just a piece of lead pipe, a few tacks and a paper of pins," she said simply, yet proudly. "I only fell off the ladder twice."

There were almost tears in his voice when he spoke. It really touched him to see her standing there bandaged like a broken down race horse. Besides that, no one knew how he had dreaded the task of putting it up himself.

"Ah," he said, "when will we men realize that a priceless treasure we gain when we win the love of a true woman?"

She stretched out his arms affectionately toward her, and the entire thing collapsed about his head with a crash. —Kate Masterson in Life.

#### A Misanthrope Train.

He had driven from a backwoods hamlet to the station and after making an inquiry of the conductor boarded the train for Philadelphia.

When well on the way, he stopped the blue coated official and asked in all seriousness:

"I'm sorter hungry. Will ye just tell me where the eatin' car is?"

"There is none on this train," was the answer. "Its short run does not require it."

"Huh!" grunted the questioner. "Which of yer keers is the one that ye jest loll around in an turn an twist yer cheer any way ye please? Don't imagine that because I've never went railroadin afore I don't know all about these things."

"You probably mean the Pullman. We haven't any attached."

"Well, but'n squashes, w'e're yer cigar stand, so's I kin be buyin a weed an lightn' up?"

"We don't have such a thing, man."

"As ye've no place fer me ter git my shoes shined, ter be sure?"

"No, sir."

"Course I'd be crazy ter think ye might have a barber aboard?"

"We haven't any."

The rural gentleman subjected the conductor to a menacing scrutiny from head to foot and back again; then he growled out in an angry, disappointed tone of voice:

"Well, sufferin' cornmeal! I thought ye said this wuz an accommodation train!" —Philadelphia Inquirer.

#### The Rush of a Shell.

As a shell rushes through the air at the rate of 1,000 miles an hour it gets heavily charged with electricity by friction, says London Answers. It parts with it to any good conductor it meets on the way, doing terrible execution. Passing in front of a British soldier, a big shell gave him such a shock that he instantly fell dead.

In one of our wars two officers, standing side by side, saw a shell coming. They stood apart, and it passed between them without touching either. But one officer lost the sight of both eyes, and the other instantly became blind in one and soon lost the other also.

In another battle a soldier had just stooped to help a fallen comrade when a shell passed over his back. He fell forward quite disabled, and for months after he could not stand erect.

A curious accident of a similar kind happened to an American officer in the Cuban war. He was galloping across the field when a shell whirled past in front of him. His horse rolled over, and he himself became unconscious. On recovery he found that neither self nor steed had been wounded, and he knew that they had simply sustained a severe electric shock.

#### "Her Touch."

A seller who met with a serious accident was carried to the London hospital. The poor mother hurried to the building to see her son. She was met by a kind but firm refusal from the house physician, but nothing daunted she pleaded for admission to the poor fellow's bedside. Who could resist a mother's entreaties? The safety of the patient lay in his being kept absolutely quiet, but the physician consented to her admission on condition that she did not speak a word. She stole softly to his bedside and gazed as only a mother can at her unconscious boy. She dare not speak, but a mother's love was not to be denied all expression, and gently laying her hand on his fevered brow she let it rest there a moment and then noiselessly crept from the room.

The watchful nurse heard the "mother's" murmur the words, "Her touch," and, rousing himself, he added, "Surely my nursing has been here. I know her touch."

"Ah, there was an electric thrill of sympathy in that touch which told its own tale to the dying man!" —Weekly Budget.

#### Not of That Nationality.

The Londoner tells the story of a gentleman who was much annoyed by having his head pinched during the operation of hair cutting. The barber apologized and explained that there was an unusual bump there.

"Are you a phenologist?" asked the patient.

"No, sir," answered the barber. "I'm a Swede." —London Globe.

#### Some Figures.

"You say that figures don't lie? Well, permit me to falsify contradict you."

"May I ask your business?"

"I'm a dressmaker." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### Two Widows and a Sailed Mine.

A good story is told about how two prospectors had sailed a mine in the Galena district in order to rob a couple of rich widows, which resulted in the aforesaid widows becoming much wealthier.

The prospectors had spent their last cent in digging a hole in the ground to the extent of 60 feet without striking anything but yellow clay. But one of them knew of two rich widows who were just spoiling to have their money sunk in a mine. Accordingly they spent two nights in salting their mine. They hadn't sufficient money to buy some paying dirt, but they stole this from a neighboring mine and hauled a lot of it over to dump into the mine. When several tons of this "paying dirt" had accumulated in the bottom of their mine, the widows were sent for, and while one was talking about the increasing value of the district the other was dumping out all kinds of lead and zinc ore before their astonished eyes.

The widows bought a half interest in that hole in the ground for \$1,500. The next day there was no more ore in the shaft, and the fellows declared they would dig no longer. Then the widows bought the other half interest at a total cost of \$2,000, and the men hiked out for Missouri, laughing in their sleeves. But the women, blindly believing that there must be more ore, continued with the digging and at a depth of ten additional feet struck the richest vein of the whole belt, realizing \$75,000 in less than one year's time. —Kansas City Journal.

#### Duties of a Missionary in Africa.

He is a teacher, but he must also be a builder, for houses, cattle pens, stores and outhouses have to be constructed by the missionary. He must also be a doctor of medicine and a dentist. He must dose the sick natives, who will trust him implicitly to cure them of even leprosy, and he must be able to draw the most solidly rooted molar that ever grew in the skull of a black man. More than this, he must be his own cobbler, and when his boots wear out he must be able to resole them with good understandings and must be content sometimes with nothing but a few French nails and a piece of cowhide, cork and tallow and grow his own food and look after his live stock. In addition to all this he is the parish minister to help and comfort all who come to him. —From "In Dwarf Land and Cannibal Country," A. B. Lloyd.

#### A Hint to Letter Writers.

The practice of writing private letters from the first to the third page of a letter sheet and then going back to the second page is a matter of taste, but it will not do to follow that course of procedure in writing legal documents.

The New York courts have disallowed the provisions of a will written in this way. The testator wrote the will on three sides of a folded paper, commencing on the first page and continuing on the third page, at the top of which was written "second page," and completing and signing the instrument on a page marked "third page," which, in fact, was the second page of the sheet.

The court held that the will was not signed at the physical end, as required by the statute. The law does not contemplate going backward in order to get forward, and the will was refused probate. The New York court of appeals sustained the decision throwing out this form of will. —Boston Herald.

#### A Discouraging Entry.

The performance of the Shakespearean drama of "Hamlet" was dragging itself slowly along.

The time had come for the appearance of the ghost.

There was a slight delay owing to the tardiness of the ghost in responding to its cue.

The profound stillness that followed was broken by a loud voice in the front row of the main balcony:

"Mamma, there are 37 men down there with round white spots on top of their heads."

And no stage ghost ever made its appearance under more discouraging auspices than the armor clad phantom that came stalking upon the stage at this moment. —Chicago Tribune.

#### Parrots' Natural Gymnastics.

The curious gymnastic feats which parrots sometimes perform in their cages have been ascribed to the desire of the birds to vary the monotony of their life in captivity. That was the opinion of Mrs. Mandley, the wife of the Central American explorer, until she lived in the forest region near Copan, where she saw the parrots in a state of perfect freedom indulging in all the feats practiced by their caged cousins.

#### How They Lost Her.

"Why did your cook leave so suddenly?"

"She baked two cakes last Saturday, one for us and one to take to her married sister. When she wasn't looking, I exchanged them and took for our own use the one she had intended to give away." —Chicago Times-Herald.

#### Law is like a sieve.

A man may see through it, but if he gets through it he will find himself much reduced. —Chicago News.

#### Another Change Likely.

Miss Breezy—I see she's married again.

Miss Lakeside—Yes; this is her seventh and I don't think she cares very much for him.

Miss Breezy—No?

Miss Lakeside—No. I was at the engraver's today when she left her order for her new visiting cards. She only ordered 50. —Philadelphia Press.

It is estimated that at any given time in Germany alone, 1,800,000 persons are afflicted with consumption and 1,200,000 in America have it at all times. Professor Hirsch pronounces it emphatically a disease of all times, all countries and all races.

### THE PITH OF POLITICS.

(By ARTHUR J. PILLSBURY.)

It is particularly infelicitous that the class of Americans who are always against the government, who extended sympathy and encouragement to Aguinaldo in his war against the establishment of stable government and who now give aid and comfort to the Boxer movement in China by protesting that our government has not the power to do any necessary thing toward the establishment of order and security in the Celestial empire through fear of an extension of imperialism—it is infelicitous that they should be characterized as "copperheads." The copperhead is a serpent that makes no noise, whereas the man who is always against the government makes nothing but noise. The copperhead lies in wait, the man who is always against the government lies in the market place, at the postoffice, at the corner grocery, in the newspaper, on the stump—in the most public places possible and wherever he can find any party to lie to. The copperhead strikes his fangs deep into the tissues of his victim, but the man who is always against the government is as fangless as a cow and a public nuisance rather than a public danger. Copperhead is not a good name to apply to those people who are incessantly making faces at the administration. Rattlehead would be more appropriate.

But it has seemed wise in the eyes of Mr. Bryan to instruct his convocations and conventions to make the fight for offices with bogies instead of with issues. The bogey man is a hobgoblin, a specter, a ghost, a horrible shape or spook-like appearance which timid and nervous people are persuaded to see through the instrumentality of hypnotic suggestion, frenzied orators practicing the black art of hypnotism. As eminent and gifted renegade Republicans, Mr. Towne, on the roadside and nominated Adli E. Stevenson for second place, but that availed nothing except to make confusion worse confounded for Mr. Towne is again in the saddle and the ticket is still a tripod. Mr. Stevenson was nominated confessedly to make sure of having something Democratic on the ticket, but alas for the Democracy! Mr. Stevenson was, a

### Value of Consulships.

"Young man," said a noted Illinois congressman in the house restaurant at the capitol, "when you get a chance to be a consul for the United States select a smoky city, one where there are many factory chimneys. Do not try for the fashionable capitals. Leave that for the ambassadors. Go where the air is smoky, for there business is lively, and many a consulship is sent to the United States. This means fees, and fees mean a good income for the consul."

In the course of his chat the congressman made the general statement that consuls who are making the most money from fees are the quietest, most unassuming, uncomplicated employees of the government. "They do not set up claims for a salary instead of fees," he said. "Oh, no! but like the wise boy where the raspberries are thick they let the world forget, so far as possible, that they are on earth. Let a consular office be changed from the fee to the salary system, and it at once becomes alluring to a voracious lot of aspirants. Some one finds out perhaps that the political support of this particular consul is weak, and then influence is used, and soon there is a change."

### The Kentucky Mountaineers.

There are no more strikingly interesting people in America than these isolated mountaineers, who make their homes generation after generation among the fastnesses of the eastern section of the "dark and bloody ground." The waves of civilization which swept westward along the St. Lawrence, the Erie canal and a dozen other routes seem to have found at this point in the Appalachians an insurmountable barrier and rolled back, leaving the descendants of the pioneers of a century and a half ago with many of the same habits and customs and traditions dear to the hearts of their forefathers.

A man who knows the whole country as a child does his first picture book told me that if any person took the trouble to go through a copy of Shakespeare and pick out all the obsolete words he would find nearly all of them in common use among these mountain folk. In their phraseology we find "hold" for "help," "hit" for "it" and other words which, far from being corrections, are the pure old Anglo-Saxon. Even their ballads are memories of ages gone by, and I know of one man who, after riding 200 miles through the mountains for the purpose, finally picked up, from hearing the women sing them, the full 13 verses of an old Scotch ballad which proved to be identical with those recorded in a diary bearing the date 1685.—International Magazine.

### Prayer of a Soubrette.

The people who live in staidland have the strangest ways. I sat in a box in one of the theaters one evening and I could see into the wings on the "prompt" side of the stage. A comic opera was on, and I saw one of the leading women come and take her stand there in the wings, waiting for her cue. I could see her quite plainly, and I watched her with curiosity, wondering if she were not cold in the thighs and thin gauze of her scant costume.

The comedian began the long speech, the last word of which was to call her on. She bowed her head, her lips moved, and twice she made the sign of the cross with a devoutness which left no room for doubt that she was actually praying. An instant later she had frisked out on the stage with a laugh and a dance step and a wink that was anything but pious. Nobody seeing her could have dreamed that just the moment before she was actually praying—praying for guidance in her work, praying for strength to succeed, as earnestly and with just as much faith and reverence as if she—well, as if she were anything in the world but a dancing girl in a comic opera.—Washington Post.

### Speech and Ambidexterity.

"Here's a scientist," she said, looking up from the paper, "who asserts that the reason people are right handed is that the motor speech function controls the right side of the body and consequently right handedness grows with speech."

"Is that so?" he returned, deeply interested. "It is indeed strange, then, that many women can use their left hands at all, is it not?" —Chicago Post.

### Making the Best of It.

"Will you have this here woman to be your lawful wedded wife?"

"That's what I loved I would!"

"Will you love, honor and obey her?"

"Ain't you got that switched round, parson?" said the groom.

"John," said the bride elect, "don't you reckon the parson knows his business? Answer the question?"

"Yes," said the groom. "I reckon I'll have to!" —Atlanta Constitution.

### The Strains They Suffered.

For exercise in expression the teacher daily asks her scholars to describe some of the happenings of the day at home.

Little Minnie, loquacious: "When my papa went to go down into the woodshed the other evening, where it was dark, he slipped on the stairs and strained his foot, and now he can't walk."

Here another little girl was evidently reminded of something, and she raised her hand and fluttered it to get the teacher's attention.

"Well?" suggested the teacher.

"Please, ma'am, when our cow came home from pasture last night she slipped in the mud right in front of the house and strained her milk, but she is able to walk just the same." —Lewiston Journal.

### Point of View.

The beautiful Griselida deprecated his passionate praise.

### WHICH WOULD BE MASTER?

If Mr. Bryan were to be elected president it would be by grace of Boss Croker and with the aid of Tammany hall. Without New York Mr. Bryan can not by any possibility be elected and he can not by any possibility capture New York without the aid of Tammany and its boss.

Boss Croker has testified in open court, or to speak with more exactness, in an open session of an investigating committee, that he is in politics for what he can make out of it.

Mr. Bryan's champions claim for him the highest political ideals. They regard him as a single minded patriot who would scorn to do evil that good might come of it.

Mr. Bryan and the unspeakable Boss Croker have entered into political relations, the one with the other, and the closeness of that relation may be inferred from the fact that Mr. Bryan, at Lincoln, Nebraska, felt called upon to write to Boss Croker at Kansas City the friendly words: "My greetings to Tammany on this anniversary of the nation's birthday."

The crucial question is: In the event of Mr. Bryan's election to the presidency which influence will be paramount in the nation's councils that of Mr. Bryan, the untutored idealist, or that of Mr. Croker, the grand schemer of the most corrupt political organization on earth?

What does the common experience of mankind say of the results of co-partnerships between good intentions, left weak by want of worldly wisdom, and the incarnate soul of mammon steeped in craft and reinforced by a perfected mechanism for working in iniquity?

That combination was not fit to be made and the voter can rest assured that it was not made without guaranteeing beyond peradventure, in the event of victory, to Tammany and its chief, all the spoil which inordinate greed and low cunning could prompt Boss Croker to demand.

Kind words are benedictions. They are not only instruments of power, but of benevolence and courtesy, blessings both to the speaker and hearer of them. —Frederick Saunders.

If you intend to do a mean thing, wait till tomorrow. If you intend to do a noble thing, do it now.

### Crazy to Expect It.

Harduppe—Say, old fellow, lend me a hundred, will you?

Riggs—A hundred what?

Harduppe—A hundred dollars. I—Riggs—Oh, stop your joking.

Harduppe (earnestly)—Joking? I was never more serious in my life. I'm broke.

Riggs—My dear man, you're not broke. You're cracked.—Catholic Standard and Times.

### REJECTED!

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"I am but a worm, after all," she sighed, the traditions of her Puritan ancestry being strong upon her.

"But you look nice enough to eat!" protested the youth.

"Oh, you're a bird!" the shy girl faltered, as if to indicate that she deemed his attitude of mind largely a matter of point of view.—Detroit Journal.



18 SELECTED REPUBLICAN CARTOONS—1900

quarter of a century and more ago, elected to congress on a Weaver green-back ticket and is and was a green-backer. For no man who ever was a green-backer is ever after anything but a green-backer. The virus of statism in the blood makes the sufferer immune to all other financial contagions, a most merciful provision of providence. Mr. Bryan is a Harveized, silver plated Populist. Mr. Towne is a renegade Republican afflicted with free coinage mania, while Mr. Stevenson is a green-back fatist with a tinge of Democracy in his ancestry. Democrats are in hard luck when they are defrauded of any thing really Democratic to stand on a ticket that has three legs to stand on.

A bowling alley is an agreeable though noisy diversion. The game of ten pins is exhilarating and, in itself, not immoral though often prostituted to immoral purposes. Mr. Bryan's political party is just now having a high old time bowling down a national alley. At the end of the alley it has set up the pins of imperialism and all the mighty men of valor in that party are taking turns bowling at it. When they hit it, which they most generally do, their blended voices break forth in singing "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth," and they are rapturously happy. But the game of ten pins becomes wearisome when the player has always to trot down to the far end of the alley and set up his own pins. Tugging a sled slowly to the top of a hill for the privilege of coasting quickly down it is nothing in comparison. But Mr. Bryan's mighty men will have to perform this function or stop playing, for the Republicans never did, and never will set up an imperialist pin for anybody to bowl ornamental balls at. They are too busy and don't believe in it, and the Bryanites are sure to weary of their pastime before the campaign gets half way through. As they are prostituting the game to the immoral purpose of trying to deceive the people as to the real business of life the intelligent public will soon view on the hilarious diversion the stern rebuke of a righteous displeasure. Imperialism is not an issue. It takes at least two to make an issue, and as there is not a single imperialist in all the states of the American union, the anti-imperialists will have a hard time getting up a controversy.

Contradictions. "Well, Digby, I'm surprised! You're getting gray!"

"Yes, yes; I've got lots of gray hairs and precious few of them." —Detroit Free Press.

Expansion is, or was, an issue. It is

### What Makes Home?

Home is made by the family. Without the love which comes with children there may be a house but never a home, in the best meaning of the word. Many a house which was only four walls and a roof has been made a home by the agency of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Nature sets her face against childlessness and "Favorite Prescription" works with nature to remove the obstacles to maternity.

"I had been a sufferer from uterine trouble for about three years, having two miscarriages in that time and the doctors that I consulted said I would have to go through an operation before I could give birth to children," writes Mrs. Blanche E. Evans of Parsons, Luzerne Co., Pa. Box 47. "When about to give up in despair, I bought a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and after taking it felt better than I had for years. It improved before I had taken one-half bottle. After taking four and a half bottles I gave birth to a bright baby girl who is now four months old and has not had a day of sickness. She is as bright as can be. I cannot say too much in praise of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription."

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser a work for every woman is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay cost of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent stamps for paper cover, or ten for 31 stamps for cloth covered to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

### LEDGER'S CLUBBING RATES.

Ledger and Daily Call, one year	\$7 50
Ledger and Weekly Call, one year	8 00
Ledger and Daily Bulletin, one year	8 50
Ledger and Semi-Weekly Bulletin, 1 yr	9 00
Ledger and Weekly Bulletin, one year	3 00
Ledger and Daily Chronicle, one year	7 00
Ledger and Weekly Chronicle, one year	8 00
Ledger and Daily Examiner, one year	8 00
Ledger and Daily Examiner, one year	8 50
Ledger and N. Y. Weekly Tribune, 1 yr	3 00
Ledger and N. Y. Tri-Weekly Tribune, 1 yr	3 00
Ledger and Cosmopolitan Magazine, 1 yr	3 25
Ledger and S. F. Weekly Post, one year	3 00
Ledger and McClary's Magazine, one year	2 50
Ledger and St. Louis Globe Democrat, 1 yr	3 00
Ledger and "Twice a Week," one year	2 00

The above rates are strictly in advance.

### Be Careful Keep Clean

Full supply of disinfectants, such as sulphur, chloride lime, carbolic acid, coppers and asafetida.

Every Spring the human system needs to be thoroughly cleaned, the same as a house. How few do it though! If they only knew how much difference it would make in their feelings and health. The system needs to have the circulation set going—needs new rich blood.

### THE CITY PHARMACY.

ROBERT I. KERR  
Main Street JACKSON

### MISCELLANEOUS.

#### OLYMPUS

RESTAURANT AND SALOON

Cool, Cheap and most home-like