Home Reading.

THAT LITTLE ROOM, TOP FLOOR.

Our dream came true, and we twain—we two—
The beautiful home we planned
In the old glad times of the sweetest rhymes,
When I sought your fair, white hand—
When my heart's request was to build a nest.
"Next thing to Heaven!" I swore;
And it was for sh. Love dwelt, you know,
In that little back room, top floor.

It seemeth well we here should dwell,
And settle us down and sup,
And she our lays to the good old days
When we could not settle up.
"With thanks" came back my rhymes, alack!
And our hearts were sometimes sore
When the landlord sent for his past due rent
Of the little back room, top floor.

Like a dazing year it seems, my dear,
But I know it was long ago,
For your tresses fare are now more fair
Than they were at the time—you know—
(The months my brain in a whirl, deep pain,
Refused to serve us more)—
They were sold to stay the wolf away
From the little back room, top floor.

The gods have brought the gifts we sought,
For we own our vine and roof;
But my heart still strays to the strange, sweet days
When the Muses held aloof.
And my thought's fleet ship makes many a trip
To a far-off golden shore,
While I steal the themes for all my dreams
From that little back room, top floor.
—Nixon Waterman, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

HER FAMILY.

Such a busy little woman!
Such a burden on her shoulders—
This big family whose numbers
Must bewilder all beholders!
You can count them by the dozen,
I declare! and they're all girls, too,
All with pink and white complexions
All with lovely golden curls, too!

And such pretty names! Grace, Gladys,
Guinevere and Marguerita,
Olga, Linda, Leonora,
Prue, Priscilla, and Pepita,
Eva, Violet, and Vera,
Lily, Alice, Angelina,
Not to mention Maud, Brunhilde,
Isabel and Golondrina!

There are others—hid away now
In dark closets—who are nameless;
If, alas! they're also headless
And forgotten, she's held blameless.
Though such facts in other households
Would be sure to furnish handles
That the mischief-maker'd seize on,
These never serve to scare up scandals.

Though the brood she has about her's
Never fed, none cries: "'Tis pity!"
And small wonder, when they always
Look as smooth, plump and pretty.
And, besides, just to remember
All their names must keep her busy.
When you try to tell who's who, now,
How your head whirls and grows dizzy!

Son, with pretty forehead puckered,
Still tries hard to do her duty,
And to make each little figure
All the charming thing of beauty.
Then [illegible] and they are undressed,
[illegible] her elder follies,
[illegible] S. F. P. C.
[illegible] for those poor dollies!
—[illegible]d, in Boston Globe.

A HARBINGER OF LOVE.

[illegible] SAINT MAUR.

An accident at the works; a hand killed!

One of the hands with arms and bodies, that are valets to a machine [illegible] volved by human brains and wrought [illegible] brawn to husband human [illegible]

[illegible] bred contempt.
[illegible] overtime.
Greed [illegible]
Weariness begot carelessness.

This was the why and wherefore of the accident.

The hand's wife was shocked unto death when she saw his mangled body. So the great capitalist who employed the hand buried them both handsomely. The grocer who kept the store below the flat where hand and wife had lived was good enough to attend the funeral; also the grocer's wife, as well as a neighbor or two, for both the dead seemed relationless. The man had been a kindly fellow, and his shocked-to-their-common-grave wife chanced to be pretty and sweet. Thus a respectable following was insured. The capitalist paid the bill, but was not represented—time was precious. There was even a nominal mourner, who unavailingly studied the somber garb and demeanor of the followers and wondered at the carriage ride, the chapel service, the deep hole in the graveyard. Chief mourner was her title by right at this ceremony of funeral, for the two coffins held the corpses of her parents.

Susie, a child of five, and now an orphan, without relatives (the capitalist had overlooked her—she was small and not a labor factor), thought of two things during that service: her big black cat, then sole occupant of the little flat, and her much-loved inanimate comfort, a doll—not the traditional dirty, dumpy thing, but pretty, well-dressed, clean, flaxen-haired and blue-eyed.

Returning from the funeral, Susie begged to be permitted immediate access to the flat; her doll would be lonely; her cat anxious, for papa and mamma were "out."

The grocer's wife took her up, let her in and left her, glad of an opportunity to confer with the others on Susie's future. It's hard to know what to do with a child who can neither understand nor apply funerals, and who has no relatives. She had to be "done something with," so Susie was allowed to rejoin her cat and her doll while the funeral attendants decided which of them should try and explain the mystery of death and the misery of orphanage to a girl child aged five years. This involved unpleasant and unrecompensed responsibility—one of those things most mortals shirk—so much time and talk was consumed.

When, at last, Susie was sought, neither she, the doll, nor the big black cat could anywhere be found.

The men in the precinct saluted their captain—a white-haired, white-bearded giant, stern disciplinarian, yet popular with the men, for he was fearless and just—quite silently that day. In every eye was an anxious expression. It was the third anniversary of an event which had robbed nature, for Capt. Granger, of its wonder, its charm, its beauty. The joy of living and gratitude for life had changed with him to respect for a painful, weary process of worldly existence. His wife's death had closed the church door, destroyed the desire for prayer, and seemed to have killed the religion in his soul. He flouted the mercy and love of his Maker, and the name of God, save as an objurgatory synonym, never passed his lips. He had "done duty" always, and he nerved himself to start in then on his hardest spell—the obligation to live out a dead life—alone—to the end.

Mr. and Mrs. Granger were together 20 years, and with them had always been the "love that passeth understanding," although the priceless blessing of children had been denied them. He was supposed to be over 60, but the only time his staff ever saw a sign of weakness about him was on the recurrent anniversary of his loss. The men's wives in turn kept his home near by as he wished it—which was as his wife had left it. His rare home meals he saw to himself.

It was eight o'clock in the evening—Thanksgiving eve.

A roundsman came in leading a child in a blue frock, with a doll in her arms. He reported having found her in an unoccupied house huddled up in some shavings asleep. The man's report being concluded, a childish voice asked:

"Tood I seep here, pease? It's nice and warm."

"Come here, little one, and let's have a look at you."

The child was conducted round the big desk to the captain's side. He saw a little, pale-faced girl, evidently accustomed to nurture. The brown hair was still platted and pretty smooth. A pair of great brown eyes looked fearlessly into the white-bearded captain's face. Twisting his chair round, he asked:

"And who are you, little missy?"

The child went right up to the captain's knees, leant against them, and, putting the hand still holding the doll in his lap, answered:

"I'se Susie, sir."

"Susie, are you? And who's Susie?"

"Me."

"And where's your home?"

"Please, I don't like it any more."

"Why not?"

"'Cause papa's out."

"And mamma?"

"She went out, too, with papa, and never came home, so I took Dolly and Tiggins and camed away ever so far."

"How long ago was this?"

"I don know. I just camed on and on"—suddenly she paused, and turning, arraigned the roundsman who had brought her in. "Where's my poo-cat?"

The man was evidently mystified.

Susie turned to the captain. "That naughty man brought me here and never brought Tiggins. Tiggins is my poo-cat. You mind Dolly, I find Tiggins."

Leaving the doll on the captain's knee, she got the big station door open after an effort, evidently imitated from her cat, and called:

"Tiggy! Tiggy! Tiggy!"

Instantly a mew was heard, and in stalked a great, solemn black cat, whose round yellow eyes fearlessly took in everything. Susie returned to the captain's knee, volunteering:

"That's Tiggins."

The cat walked round carefully, sniffing and examining. Next he put his forepaws on the old chief's knees, looked up in his face, stretched out and retracted his claws, as if making honest declaration of carrying concealed weapons, dropped to the ground, went round to the back of the chair, and the next instant was on the chief's shoulder, before that functionary had time to be startled the child had placed a hand on each arm, saying:

"Tiggins likes you. Youse good. You like me if you likes."

The invitation was accepted, the cat accommodating himself skilfully to the to-and-fro movement of the captain's body as he stooped to the little lips. On his resumption of the perpendicular, the cat dropped his nose on his forepaws and signified approval with a strong, steady purr.

"Now I'se tired. Youse take me to yaw home." The captain's eyes watered; Tiggins took an encore for his song, kneading the uniform-coat with soft paws, and Susie emphasized her request with a gape. The roundsman standing by, asked: "Shall I take her home to my missis, sir?"

There was no answer for quite a little time. Capt. Granger seemed to have fallen into a revery. The child dropped her head sleepily on his knee. The purr of the purr was the only sound. At length: "No, I guess I'll take her home myself. Tell the sergeant to take my place."

Stooping, he lifted Susie into his arms, picked the doll up, and seemingly forgetting the cat altogether, walked out of the station house. The cat, discerning animal, never attempted to move.

From the station house home was but a short walk. The instant the street door was opened, Tiggins, the cat, leaped down and took possession of the domicile, walking up the passage and "talking" in dulcet and contented tones. In the comfortable sitting-room Susie was restored to terra firma; the lighted gas was turned up; the captain removed his helmet, dropped into a chair and settled his eyes on the child. By degrees during the next few minutes his face relaxed into an expression in which the quizzical and the amused were blended. Susie looked all over the room; Tiggins sung and sniffed all round it. Then, now wide awake, she went up to the captain, took his helmet from his hand, toddled to the hall, left it there and returned. The cat was on his haunches blinking approval.

Susie's eyes began to rove again. Evidently she was in search of something. Not finding it, she asked:

"Where's your slippers?"

Perhaps it was fortunate that Capt. Granger had large experience of various arrangements of the English language, for he replied, nearly offhand:

"I guess they're in the bedroom."

The cat rose; he was on duty, if the captain wasn't.

"I get 'em."

So saying, the young lady and her attendant left the room. Remembering that the woman who "did" for him always lit the gas throughout the house, turning it low, Capt. Granger suffered events to shape themselves.

There was quite an interval, after which Susie, preceded by Tiggins, returned with triumph and the slippers.

"There you be."

Sitting on the ground, the young person now devoted consideration to the chief's boots. For the first time the owner thereof was entirely nonplussed, nor did Susie's declaration, "You've got to be um," prove illaminative. Some time the fact was made patent that before the big lace-up boots were fastened off with a knot the inventor and constructor was required to detonate, and, to understand was to obey, Susie did not allow him to do more than unlace the knot. She deftly unlaced the big boots, pulled them off, replaced them with slippers and carried the boots into the hall. And then the chief, being a policeman, knew as many things as would fill a portentous note book about Susie's poor papa and mamma—automatic habit reveals character. Next, the useful little maiden akimbo'd herself on her host's knees, and, gazing steadily into his face, informed him she should call him "grandpa," because she knew a little girl who had two papas, one being white and thus designated. Then, taking his hand, she pulled him out of the chair with the information that "she was hungry and needed supper," a sentiment cordially indorsed by Tiggins, whose "meou" betrayed a lack of ventral strength.

The chief prepared a meal, expressed silent gratitude to chance that he was a generous milk consumer, the commodity having special value for little girls and puss cats, and, listening to the child's artless chatter, gathered her whole story without asking half a dozen questions.

The meal was over. Susie had talked till it seemed as if her little tongue must ache again. At last, dimpled knuckles were rubbing at the corners of sleepy eyes, and she announced:

"I'se sleepy now," requesting with tranquil assurance "to be barfed and put to bed, like mamma used to."

Her slippers expedition had made her familiar with the lay of the land. Picking up her doll, she called Tiggins and mounted the stairway to the bedroom. Granger followed. True, he was unaccustomed to children, but he felt it incumbent on him to prepare this child for rest, and he was just going to do it—somehow.

Susie herself retired her doll—fully clothed, shoed and hatted—in the center of the big bed; Tiggins assumed possession of the foot. Both these courses of action, in their calm disregard of leave or license, were open to remark, but none was offered.

If there be a time when male awkwardness is touching enough almost to bring tears to the eyes of a hardened scoffer of simpleness or gentleness, it is the sight of a stern old semi-military official performing those intimate ministrations for a child usually exclusively a mother's prerogative. The careful thoroughness of the laving, the completeness of the drying off—a man can't really wash and dress a child, but he will groom it beautifully; and old Capt. Granger, who had hardly ever handled a child in his life, completed his task with wonderful and touching deftness. The little, soft creature, wrapped in an old silk shirt he ferreted out, was cosetted in his arms; a warmth penetrated him which was as strange as it was tranquillizing.

"Kiss me good night, Danpa," murmured the child. "You say prayers for me, for I'se so tired I'll go to sleep saying 'em—that ood be wicked—oodn't it? —oodn't—."

Her eyes had closed.

Capt. Granger laid the child in the bed and stood up trembling violently. For a moment he hesitated, then sunk on his knees to pray, not for the little girl, but for himself! He asked pardon of his Maker for past doubt and neglect; spoke of the sleeping babe which he felt had been sent, in some way, at his wife's intercession; promising the parentless waif his loving care and attention always, always—Susie uttered a deep sleep sigh and, turning over, threw her little hand on the bowed white head. It seemed like a token of heavenly forgiveness and renewed love. The big, brawny old chief sobbed convulsively, and the first tears for maybe 50 years flowed from his eyes; but the weary inward pain was gone.

And that was how a great and good God won back the thanksgiving and love of a sore-hearted man.—Illustrated American.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—David Coulter, a Kansas prisoner charged with the murder of Edward Illston near Topeka, has invented a corn-husking machine.

—The lord mayors of London during the past 20 years have collected a little over £20,000,000 for charitable and benevolent purposes.

—The California health board finds that in San Jose the average duration of life is about 43 years, which is longer than that of any other city in the United States.

—Five boys, all under 15 years of age, were arrested at Indianapolis for robbing a grocery, and one confessed that they had formed the "Bungaloo" club, which met in an abandoned building to read novels and plan small depredations.

—A prehistoric cave has been discovered in the department of the Dordogne by M. E. Riviere, the walls of which are covered with pictures of animals cut deep in the rock. Some of the drawings are buried under stalagmites, which prove their antiquity. They extend for at least 429 feet, which is as far as the cave has been explored.

—An old man who three years ago went to Wasco county, Ore., and has since worked around under the name of John Campbell, died last month at the home of James Elliott, near Dufur, and papers then were found on him indicating that he was J. J. Burnhemer, of Beatenridge, Col., where he owned 160 acres of land. There was no explanation of his change of home and name.

—Mlle. Couedon, the prophetess, has come into prominence again, owing to the recent cyclone in Paris, she having predicted in July a destructive storm in September. Her success led her to predict another storm that should devastate the Champs Elysees by fire from heaven and injure the Church of the Sacred Heart on top of Montmartre for September 20, but this does not seem to have come off yet.

Bank

President Isaac Lewis of Sabina, Ohio, is highly respected all through that section. He has lived in Clinton Co. 75 years, and has been president of the Sabina Bank 20 years. He gladly testifies to the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and what he says is worthy attention. All brain workers find Hood's Sarsaparilla peculiarly adapted to their needs. It makes pure, rich, red blood, and from this comes nerve, mental, bodily and digestive strength.

"I am glad to say that Hood's Sarsaparilla is a very good medicine, especially as a blood purifier. It has done me good many times. For several years I suffered greatly with pains of

Neuralgia

in one eye and about my temples, especially at night when I had been having a hard day of physical and mental labor. I took many remedies, but found help only in Hood's Sarsaparilla which cured me of rheumatism, neuralgia and headache. Hood's Sarsaparilla has proved itself a true friend, I also take Hood's Pills to keep my bowels regular, and like the pills very much." ISAAC LEWIS, Sabina, Ohio.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are prompt, efficient and easy in effect. 25 cents.

TEACHING BIRDS.

An Interesting Operation That Requires Much Patience.

A Specially Constructed Organ Is Also Necessary for the Purpose—Some of the Airs Employed in the Lessons.

Probably not one reader in 1,000 ever heard of a "bird organ" or saw one. They are made only in France, and are imported to this country in small numbers, as dealers in musical boxes have few calls for them, and generally send for them only upon orders from customers. They are made solely for teaching tunes to canaries and bullfinches. A wooden box about a foot square contains a large roller covered with pasteboard upon which brass pins are set according to the system used in preparing the rolls of music boxes. Beneath the roller is a small pair of bellows, and in the back of the box is set a row of ten metal pipes about the size of a long lead pencil. When the crank on the outside of the box is rapidly turned wind is forced into the pipes, as the valves open when the metal tongue belonging to each is struck by a pin on the roller. The music is therefore produced on the principle of a set of Pan's pipes, and is very shrill and high, yet sweet and full.

The ten notes produced by the ten pipes range from middle G in the staff to B, above, or an octave and three notes. That is, the bird music is written in the octave used in the musical notation for the human voice, but properly would be written in an octave higher when comparing the voice of a canary with the voice of a soprano. However, the quality of the tones differ so greatly that the shrill, clear pipe of the bird makes its voice sound as if it were pitched much higher than is really the case.

The "bird organ" is pitched in exactly the same tone and key as the voice of the canary, or perhaps this is putting the cart before the horse, for the bird strikes faultlessly the key and tone of the pipes. It is more accurate to say, after all, that on the hand the, organs are pitched to be with the canary's voice, as the result of the experience of the builders, and that the canary shows wonderful power of imitation in falling in with the tone qualities of its teacher. If one note in the organ is off the key in the slightest degree the bird takes the same tone, and if it once learns that note wrong it will always carry the blemish in the harmony. All of the airs used in these organs are written in the keys of G, one sharp, or in C, and as they have only the range of ten notes, from G to B, it is very difficult to adapt many tunes to the limitations of canary music.

There is a dealer in music boxes on Ridge avenue who sells "bird organs" and writes music for the canary teachers. He has a drawer filled with manuscript music which he has arranged for use in these "bird organs," and he also puts tunes to order on the rollers. He has bird organs which pipe a repertoire of seven airs, with "Mulligan Guards," "Yankee Doodle," "A Dream of Love," Lucy Gray," "Down Went McGinty," and "You Can't Play in My Yard," all on one roller.

"One tune is all that a man tries to teach a canary," he said, "and he will never let the bird hear more than that one. He keeps the bird in a quiet room while he is teaching it and doesn't let it hear the voice of another bird. A canary's brain is not very big, and he gets his musical memory tangled it he hears more than the same old tune. I have heard of birds that could whistle two airs, but these are very rare, and it is a risky undertaking. For when a bird is working on the second tune he is likely to get mixed with the first, and then all your trouble's gone for nothing. It's simply a question of time and patience. You've just got to play the tune on the organ as often as you get a chance; the more the better; you'll grind away for two or three months, or longer, perhaps for six months.

"If you have the luck to get a bright bird, he'll begin to notice the tune in three months. At first he'll sing two or three bars, then falter and start over again. When he has learned the air all the way through his voice is weak and uncertain, but it gets stronger and more confident all the time. When he once picks it up your troubles are over. It's simply a matter of time and practice then. It's all luck in getting a bright bird with a good ear, and the sweetest singer may turn out a failure as a trained soloist. Bullfinches are easier to teach, but they are so short-lived that the results are scarcely worth the trouble. A canary will keep his voice and memory for eight or ten years, and he makes the sweetest music in the world."

The German's patience and love of music make him most successful in the training of canaries, and nearly all of the schooled songsters in Philadelphia have been educated by Germans. The man has sold several at an average price of about $100. There are many curious industries in a great city, but none more unusual than the educating of canaries, and the adding to one's income by selling "bird organs" and writing music for these little soprano stars. The music furnished is very simple, and accidentals, grace, notes, runs and quavers are ruled out. But the adapter has not an easy task with his imitation of key and range, and earns all that he gains in this unique fashion. Occasionally a customer calls for an air which the adapter discovers cannot be adapted to the vocal powers of the canary, and is obliged to find a satisfactory substitute. "Home, Sweet Home" is one of the sweetest and easiest airs for a canary to be taught, and once heard will linger always in the memory. —Philadelphia Press.

Saved.

When he heard the result of the election he tottered home, fell on his knees before his fair young wife, and burying his face in his hands, cried: "I am ruined! Oh, Alice, try to forgive me! I've lost $5,000—my all—betting on the election. I would rather die than touch any of your money. If it were not for you I would put a pistol to my head—"

"Stop! Stop! I cannot bear to hear that wild talk," exclaimed the loving wife, drawing the head of the stricken man to her lap, and smoothing his rumpled hair. "My poor boy, you need not worry. I will give you $5,000 tomorrow afternoon."

"Never!" cried the man. "I cannot touch your little fortune."

"You need not touch it," she answered, a noble joy illuminating her sweet face. "I bet the other way, and will have $6,000 clear to-morrow."

"My noble wife!" was all he could say, as he clasped her to his heart.—N. Y. Journal.

A Cord of Music.

"Tommy, do you know what a string instrument is?"

"Yessum; a hardorgan with a monkey tied to it."—Roxbury Gazette.

VISITING TOILETTES.

They Are Made This Season to Look Well Without Wraps.

Toilets for calling are being built with special reference to outdoor wear without a wrap, or, at best, for a loose cloak or mantle of fur, to be left in the carriage or the hall. Bodices of heavy, warmly lined broadcloth are popular, with boleros or small Etons of fur or velvet. A tiny black velvet bolero is trimmed down the fronts and most oddly about its edge by a frill of thickly plaited black ribbon which stands out from the figure almost like a ruche above a very tight and high ceinture of moire. The bodice beneath is plain to the point of severity, with a military choker, about which is tied a black ribbon, with a short, square bow under the chin. In the tortoise-blue broadcloth, with black velvet bolero, overlaid with motifs of cream Honiton and caracule fur, black moire ribbon ruffles, and ceinture, the effect is stunning. Motifs of fur and lace are used to trim the skirt in deep, square scallops, knee deep, with plaitings of black ribbon beneath. Whole blouses of glace-printed velvet are very Frenchy, with thick ruches of fur about the throat, and perhaps fur sleeves and a yoke of fur on the broadcloth skirt. Ruches of fur seem a bit improbable, but designers are capable of making a fabric serve every purpose, however foreign to its popular use. They are usually made of caracule, that thin, expensive and very fashionable fur, that is so adaptable. Ruffles of this fur are also stylish. They are, rather, circular flounces in different widths, sometimes as an edge to a very short bolero, sometimes encircling a skirt about hem and knees and still higher about the back breadths only, giving that smart, bouffant effect to the tournure. Choix of sable, of seal, of Persian lamb are worn, as well as of caracule. They are formed by two loops of four and two sharply-pointed ends thrust through a buckle under the chin, to fasten a boa or collar reaching far below the waist and edged with sable tails.

Nothing is so trig and appropriate for these autumn days as a tight-fitting basque and a plain skirt of coarse canvas—so close that it seems woven of cords, with fully an eighth of an inch of bright lining gleaming through its meshes. Black braiding put on by hand about the basque and the hips, a small capote of coral velvet and black wings, with the tiniest of veils, the biggest of caracule and black feather ruches, and a rufly muff to match, with a coral lining, make a smart ensemble for calling.

Another costume for this weather, when lovely woman goes out "in her figure," is also of coarse canvas, with a large tuft dotting it all over, the color being a rich purple. It has a black moire Eton, the short edge slashed into square tabs, wired to stand out from the figure above the folded velvet ceinture, the front rolling away from the waistcoat in stiff tabbed revers. The blouse beneath is of black caracule, of which the sleeves are also built, a velvet choker having caracule wings flaring out beneath each ear. A very rough and coarse serge is handsome, braided in black in a broad band, that encircles the skirt obliquely in a spiral, a bow of caracule and a steel buckle fastened on one knee, where the braiding commences. A ceinture of black moire, with flat postilions behind, reaching almost to the knees, and a big directoire cravat of black moire, finish a peculiarly novel gown, the sleeves quite covered with the braiding. —St. Louis Republic.

THE WITCH HAZEL.

Last Plant of the Year to Put Forth Its Blossoms.

This peculiar plant, which, "amidst the reigning desolation of winter puts forth its yellow blossoms," thrives on the sand hills along the eastern shore of Lake Michigan. In this locality it appears to be the last to furnish reminders of summer before the face of advancing winter. In September, while the leaves are still green, some of the bushes may be found putting forth flowers; late in October, when entirely bare of leaves, other bushes appear in the flush or bloom, the branches dressed in yellow from end to end by the crowded flowers; a month still later frequent specimens still persist in flower, and by the right combination of circumstances one may ride in the gliding sleigh past bushes with a lingering glimmer of yellow. On last Thanksgiving day I waded through snow knee-deep to collect some flowering branches. In some of the flowers the stamens appeared to be immature, but the petals had passed their brightest day. About 18 inches of snow had fallen previously during the month, and the lowest recorded temperature in the vicinity was 14 degrees Fahrenheit. In "Wood's Class Book of Botany" the flowering season stated is November to January. That may be its season in lower latitudes, but in this region its time is September to November. The embryo fruit remains apparently unchanged through the winter and until the following spring is well advanced, ripening in the autumn, when the earliest flowers are appearing.

The witch hazel scatters its seeds in a peculiar way. The fruit consists of an oblong woody case about half an inch in length, inclosing two hard nutlets somewhat resembling the seeds of an apple. The expulsion of the seeds may be witnessed by placing a branch with the ripened fruit on a table in a room. As the case dries a strain results, and that causes a slight opening at the apex. The rupture of the case goes on very slowly for a number of hours or days, when the strain suddenly overcomes the remaining resistance, completing the opening with a sharp snapping sound and sending the seeds bounding about the room. The case splits nearly to the base, and its appearance afterward is said to suggest much the wide-opened mouth of a serpent about to strike.—Popular Science News.

The Intelligent Jury.

"I don't believe everything I hear about the ignorance of the average jury," said an old lawyer in reminiscent mood, "but once, when I visited a backwoods court in the mountains of North Carolina, I did happen on an incident that shook my faith for a time. The case was up for hog-stealing. In the rudest court and surroundings I ever got into, and I should not have been surprised at anything, but I was. After a couple of jackleg lawyers had gotten in what they had to say, the court turned the case over to the jury, and it adjourned to a barn to decide the innocence or guilt of the prisoner. And such a jury! I can never forget what a motley gang that jury was. In half an hour it came back and resumed its place in court.

"'Have you found a verdict?' asked the squire.

"'What's that?' responded the foreman.

"'Have you found a verdict, that's what,' replied the squire.

"'Why, squire,' hesitated the foreman with a foolish grin, 'we didn't know thar wuz one lost; did we boys?' and even that court couldn't stand it, but got up and swore."—Detroit Free Press.

ODD WEDDINGS.

Freaks Who Have Been Joined Together in Wedlock.

One Couple Married by Proxy While Thousands of Miles Apart—Some of the Queer Pranks of Cupid.

The conventional idea of a wedding does not agree with the tastes of some people, and occasionally very eccentric and sometimes romantic marriage ceremonies are solemnized. Men and women entirely opposite in disposition and character frequently unite in the holy bonds of matrimony—sometimes much to their mutual regret. This peculiar fact, it would seem, also appiles to oddities of human nature. In many of the traveling shows the freaks who help to draw money from the public intermarry, and it is not an unusual thing to find the fat man wedded to the skeleton woman, and the tattooed man to the bearded lady.

Mrs. Hannah Battersby, who at one time toured the country as a fat woman, was married to a Pennsylvania man, and it is stated as a curious fact that no sooner were they married than she began to lose flesh and he to gain it. His weight increased so rapidly that he soon took to exhibiting himself as a fat man. An exception to this rule of contrast, however, was Col. Glover, the giant, who stood six feet seven inches. He was wedded to Martha Peabody, the American giantess. Several years ago, when they appeared in public together, they used to receive as much as $750 a week.

The Italian consular agent at Cincinnati performed the most peculiar marriage ceremony on record. The groom was a well-to-do resident of the Ohio city and his bride lived in Italy. The contracting parties were thousands of miles apart when the wedding was performed, the marriage being by proxy. The consul filled in a blank certificate, which he forwarded to authorities in Italy, who in the presence of the parish priest exhibited it before the bride, who affixed her signature, accepting it as her action. The marriage was perfectly binding.

A very similar ceremony was performed some time ago. The affair took place by proxy, and Miss Maple was married by a clergyman in New York to a man who at the time of the marriage lay dying in a Texas town. The bridegroom was represented in the ceremony by the bride's cousin, who made the necessary responses and signatures as his proxy. The two lovers had been engaged for a long time, and Miss Maple wished to bear the name of her betrothed even though she could do so only as a widow.

The all-important ring is sometimes forgotten, and in more than one case the door key of the church has had to do duty, but it is not often that portions of the marriage service are omitted. In a southern town, however, a little while ago, after the party had left the church it was discovered that the clergyman had forgotten the words, "with this ring I thee wed," etc., thus relieving the bridegroom of the most serious part of his obligations, and the fair bride was minus a wedding ring. Instead of sitting down to a breakfast the party hurried back to the church and were thus practically married twice in one day.

Cupid ran amuck some time ago among the old folk of a Georgia town. An old soldier, 78 years of age, led to the altar an aged damsel who had seen 72 summers. There were three bridesmaides, whose ages respectively were 60, 68 and 70. They were all spinsters. The best man, who was 75, brought the combined ages up to 423 years.

An unusual kind of marriage was celebrated in New York recently. This was between a couple both deaf and dumb. They held prayer books while a friend pointed out the different passages in the service as they were spoken by the clergyman, and they made the customary responses in the deaf and dumb alphabet.

An ingenious couple once conceived the idea of being married by phonograph. In the place where the bridegroom resided he and the minister went over the marriage service, and he recited the proper responses into the instrument. The phonograph was sent to the lady, she willingly supplying the requisite "I will" and "I do" in the presence of her pastor, who then pronounced the pair united in matrimony. No explanation is given of how they got over the difficulty of the ring.

A well-known anthropologist, in describing various marriage customs, refers to a strange sort of symbolical marriage which is supposed to have originated in India. It is a marriage with trees, plants, animals and inanimate objects. If anyone proposes to enter upon a union which is not in accordance with traditional ideas, it is believed that ill luck which is sure to follow may be averted by a marriage of this kind, the evil consequences being borne by the object chosen. In various regions a girl must not marry before her eldest sister, but the difficulty is overcome by the eldest daughter marrying the branch of a tree. Then the wedding of the younger daughter may safely be celebrated.—Buffalo Express.

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because of a run-down condition of the system, and is not affected by ordinary cough medicines, will yield readily to

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because it gives strength to the weakened body and enables it to throw off disease.

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Praises the Grandest of All Medicines, Dr. Greene's Nervura.

Those Who Are Weak, Tired, Nervous, Out of Health and Suffering, Will Take Renewed Hope and Be Cured by Using This Wonderful Medicine, Dr. Greene's Nervura Blood and Nerve Remedy.

Representative women of our land are enthusiastic in praise of the marvelous power to cure of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, among them being one of the most widely known women in America, Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, of 40 Orange st., Brooklyn, N. Y., who is loved and honored by everybody, and who speaks to the people out of her deep regard for humanity and her earnest desire to see the weak, tired, feeble, nervous and suffering restored again to health and strength.

She has personally witnessed the really wonderful effects of Dr. Greene's Nervura in curing several of her friends, and for the good of others, for those who are out of health, she writes to the people what she knows and has herself witnessed of the remarkable beneficial and health-giving effects of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy.

Mrs. Beecher says:—"I have given some of Dr. Greene's Nervura to several friends who I thought would be benefited by it. They speak highly of it, and feel they have been much benefited by its use.

"These people are very responsible witnesses as to the beneficial character of the medicine, and I am ready to vouch for the honesty of their approval of Dr. Greene's Nervura.

"If needed in my own case, I certainly should use it."

Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy is the best medicine and surest restorer of health the world has ever known.

All who are nervous, weak, tired, exhausted in nerve power and physical strength; who are sleepless, wake tired and unrefreshed, without strength and energy for the day's work; who have poor blood, neuralgia, rheumatism, backache, dyspepsia, indigestion, gas, bloating, faint feelings, loss of appetite, constipation, kidney or liver complaint, should immediately use Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. It will make you well. It gives a splendid complexion, making the cheeks glow and the eyes sparkle with health. No remedy was ever so successful in causing people to gain flesh. By strengthening the digestive functions, promoting assimilation and enriching the blood, it causes the person to gradually increase in weight until the thin and slender parts assume a rounded and beautiful contour.

Dr. Greene's Nervura is the prescription of the most successful physician in curing nervous and chronic diseases, hence it must of necessity be perfectly adapted to cure just these complaints. Its discoverer, Dr. Greene, of 35 West 14th st., New York City, can be consulted free, personally or by letter.

If the bowels are constipated, use Dr. Greene's Cathartic Pills in connection with the Nervura.

DR. GREENE'S CATHARTIC PILLS

THE PERFECT PILL FOR CONSTIPATION, TORPID LIVER AND BILIOUSNESS. Small, sugar-coated, easy to take and pleasant to act. Made from the prescription of Dr. Greene, who is the most successful specialist in curing all forms of chronic or lingering complaints. This pill has been perfected by the Doctor's long years of investigation, his enormous practice among the sick, and his vast experience in curing disease.

THE IDEAL PILL FOR THE LIVER AND BOWELS

These pills act in harmony with Dr. Greene's Nervura and by keeping the bowels regular and the liver active, assist the Nervura in effecting a cure. Price 25 Cents. At all druggists.

Only One Sale.

There is a pleasant little story about a party of drummers sitting in the smoking-room of a sleeper talking about trade. One after another had told about what sort of trade he'd been having, and they'd all been doing well; but the last man of all, when it came his turn, said he'd made only one sale in six weeks. The rest started in to sympathize with him a little on this, but when they came to ask him what business he was in and learned that he traveled for a bridge-building establishment, and that his last sale was a steel bridge something less than a mile long for about $500,000, they agreed that he wasn't doing so poorly after all.

WORDS BORN IN NEW YORK.

"Porterhouse" Originated in Burling Slip —"Boss" from the Dutch.

New York city is the birthplace of several expressions that have been for many years current all over the world. These expressions are not the outcome of scholarly thought and culture. Although our professional men have dutifully and generously aided in the circulation and ennoblement of neologisms foreign born, the apt yet unstudied offerings of the untutored workman have held their own in literature as well as in everyday speech, while many labored results of learned mind workers and would-be mind masters of words have lived but long enough to be named.

The word "boss," which came into common use during the regime of William M. Tweed, is a Dutch baas—master. In the language to which it belongs it is much used in composition. Thus, timmerman baas is a master carpenter, and a preacher is in Dutch merely a church boss.

Only a few years ago attention began to be called to the prevalence of the various forms of vice in what was then considered the choicest residential part of the city. A newspaper reporter named the region the "Tenderloin district," and as such it is destined to be known for a long time to come, while the name tenderloin will do duty singularly in other towns as they grow more like the city in their notable characteristics.

Porter is the name given in London more than a century ago to a very dark and heavy beer much fancied by porters and other outdoor workmen. The word and the thing came to New York in due time, and porter was soon in demand as a beverage among the wharfmen, truckmen and 'longshoremen engaged on the river fronts on the east and west sides of the city. One taverner in Burling slip became famous for the porter he sold and his place gradually gained the distinction of being the porter house of the town. In course of time he added all the facilities of a hotel to his "public" and increased its reputation by furnishing his customers a steak such as they could get nowhere else. They called it the "porterhouse steak," and by that name a particularly choice cut of the steak part of a steer is known everywhere.—Harper's Weekly.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

In a General Way It May Be Called a Beautiful Wilderness.

Speaking generally, the province of British Columbia may be called a beautiful wilderness. There are on the coast the thriving cities of Vancouver (by the way, Vancouver is on the mainland) and Westminster. Gold mining is being developed in the Kootenay district, the coal of Nanaimo is extensively worked, and there is farming along the marshy banks of the Lower Fraser. Canneries and sawmills are dotted here and there along the river bank; yet, with all this, so high and rugged are the mountains, so dense the forests and so difficult the task of making roads or railways, that probably a considerable portion of this beautiful province will long remain covered with giant red woods, firs and cedars and inhabited only by the wolf, bear and eagle.

The man who is not forced to depend on each year's crop for existence, and is fond of the open air or sport, will probably find in British Columbia a congenial occupation in ranching or trying to clear a forest farm, but the writer would not recommend it as a field for general agricultural emigration, when a man has very small means and only his right arm to depend on, as it generally takes four years or more to clear enough land to keep three or four cattle, while if you grow grain you cannot get it to the market from the bush farm. For the trout fisher, rifle shot or artist, it is an "earthly paradise," and for such a man there is a subtle spell about this lonely north land which once it enters his heart can never be driven out.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

A FRONTIER JUDGE.

His Peculiar Method of Administering Justice.

"One of the best 'classics' I ever knew, James Reilly, was through many years dependent on his muscles, not his brains," writes the author of "Here and There Memories." When he graduated from Dublin university he found himself a pauper—his guardian having robbed him. He went to the United States and served as trapper, navvy, farmhand and frontier judge.

He could break a leg, make a piano, set a limb, grind an ax, splice a rope, mend shoes, plait a seive, quote from the Greek poets, classify a bug, explain the binomial theorem, or fix the relation of two fossil fragments. His most cherished accomplishment was being able to lift a blacksmith's anvil by his little finger hooked in the "eye" of the iron; his proudest recollection that he had been an effective judge. Of his judgeship he tells this story:

"I had just been elected judge there. A fellow, up for horsestealing, consented to be tried by six jurors, as most of the men were off to a new gold digging. Well, I summed up; the jury retired. I waited outside a long time, but the jury waited inside a long time, too.

"The sheriff could not get in. I did when I had lost patience. Five of them, for conviction, were bailed up by the sixth for the acquittal of his friend. He would not let the five jurors out. He was a desperate chap and they were mean white dirt. Well, I had to tackle him. When we commenced he was 'the bully of Little Elk creek;' when we ended, I was. He volunteered to bring in a verdict of guilty before I let him up, but I left these two fingers of my left hand