



Mr. Simeon Staples

"I Had a Running Sore"
On my ankle five years, the doctors pronounced it salt rheum. It continued to increase in size, until I commenced taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and using Hood's Olive

Hood's Cures
Ointment. In two years I was completely cured and have had no trouble with it since. SIMON STAPLES, East Taunton, Mass.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, biliousness, sick headache, and constipation. 25c.

The Coins of China.

China is the paradise of the numismatist. The collections of cash, according to Consul Edward Bedloe's report to the state department, are something marvelous. They are small coins of bronze, brass, copper or silver, ranging in intrinsic value from one-twentieth of a cent to 23 cents. The oldest of these coins on record appeared about 2300 B. C. Over 150,000 different kinds of cash are preserved in collections.

Some are wonderful examples of coinage, but most of them are clumsy and coarse. The numismatist can work all his life, spend very little money and leave to posterity thousands of coins. All he needs to do is to confine his work to the collection of cash, the small coins in brass and bronze, whose value ranges from one-tenth to one-fourteenth of a cent. Their workmanship varies, but is usually very good.

Their shape today is like that of European coins, with the exception that through the center is a square hole through which the coins are strung together like beads. In the past, however, other forms were employed, including the square, triangle, heart, ellipse, shield, key, sword and spear. The number of kinds is simply immense. They are referred to in the literature as far back as 250 B. C.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Human Nature in Eating.
"If I can see a man handle his fork," said the clerk, "I can tell you the part of the country he hails from." "The hotel dining-room is the best place in the world to study human nature and the manners and breeding of our fellows. It seems odd that people in this enlightened and advanced age will still feed themselves with their knives, especially in a first class hotel. Yet instances of this habit are very frequent. In my opinion a man who feeds himself with his knife should be boiled alive in oil."

As a rule guests from Boston and New York are the most correct in their table deportment. They are very exacting as to service, and all manipulate their knives and forks in one way, which is the proper way. It may seem a trifle strange to form a basis for a judgment of a man's character on the manner in which he holds his fork, but it is a correct one. Some stick it between their first and second fingers, others between the middle and third fingers, while others grasp it as you would grasp a pineapple cheese scoop."—Washington Star.

Old and New Fashioned Diseases.
"Heart failure is a comparatively new term. It wasn't written on certificates of death 10 years ago," said W. H. Osborne of Plainfield, N. J. "It used to be that when a man died and the doctors didn't know exactly what caused his death they attributed it as nonchalantly then to a complication of diseases as they do now to heart failure. The complication' gag doesn't work any more with the physicians. The proper 18th-century way of explaining the demise is to characterize it as heart failure. Heart's pneumonia, too, having a revel at the expense of the country's death rate. Not so very long ago we used to call it hasty consumption, and what we now dignify into malaria and dose ourselves with quinine for was plain, everyday chills and fever when I was a boy. This thing of Bostonizing our diseases makes medicine the expensive thing we find it."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Colonial Belles at Chicago.
Among the colonial relics in the Government building at the World's fair are these two notes: "Mrs. Washington presents her compliments to General Knox and begs his acceptance of two hair nets. They would have been sent long ago but for want of tape which was necessary to finish them, and which was not finished till yesterday. Newburg, March the 6th, 1783."

The stately acknowledgment was "General Knox has the honor to present his most respectful compliments to Mrs. Washington, and to insure her that he is deeply impressed with the sense of her goodness in the favor of the hair nets, for which he begs her to accept his sincere thanks. West Point, March 8th, 1783."

A Suggestion.
The excuses which are given by children in order to escape from some distasteful duty are often exceedingly ingenious and even witty. Johnny was afraid of the dark. His mother was trying to induce him to go to bed without her accompanying him. Johnny was averse to this. The boy was the owner of a little bantam hen and 13 chickens, so his mother used these as a sort of argument to convince him of his folly in being afraid of the dark.

"Why, Johnny, just think of your chickens, how bravely they go off to bed every night without a thought of the dark, and you, a great big boy, are afraid to go up stairs alone."

Johnny was silent for a moment and then said:

"But, mamma, don't you see the reason that the chickens are willing to go to bed in the dark is because the old hen goes with 'em, and so I think you ought to go with me."—Boston Journal.



Crucel.

He (exhibiting sketch)—It's the best thing I ever did. She (sympathetically)—Oh, well, you mustn't let that discourage you.—Harper's Bazar.

An Untrue Tale.
Standing upon the threshold he shook his head.

A girl with 12 yards of trimming attached to her dress gazed fixedly at him from the doorway.

"No," he exclaimed; "no, Gladys, I cannot enter. Not while there is—"

In an abstraction of bitterness he exhaled into the driven snow, which, although medicines for the blood were already on sale, yet wrapped the landscape in its ermine mantle.

"—brutal abroad a certain story concerning you."

The damsel shivered, and her lip curled haughtily.

"Sir," she rejoined, "prithce tell me what is this damaging report?"

"It is," the youth declared, "of such a nature that, upon my honor, I cannot permit myself to cross thy threshold unless you ginsay it."

"Speak, I conjure you," she cried.

And as he spoke there was a nervous tread in his manner.

"—your pa sleeps on the ground floor in an apartment hard by the one in which you are wont to receive callers."

"Tis false," she shrieked.

At that he gathered her in his arms, and conveying her tenderly into the house hurried until 1:30 a. m.—Detroit Free Press.

Another Consideration.
Anxious Mother—Why don't you drive that bad boy away from your playground? Good Little Boy—It wouldn't be right.

"Wouldn't it?"

"No'm. You see, that playground is public property."

"Oh, so it is."

"Yes'm. And it would be sort o' selfish and dishonest to deprive any other boy of the right to go there."

"So it would, my angel. I didn't think of that."

"Yes'm. And besides he can lick me."—Good News.

TRICKS AT MONTE CARLO.

How the Great Gambling Concern Keeps Men From Winning Large Sums.

A typical row at the casino comes in the nick of time as a postscript to the yearly balance published by the keepers of the notorious gambling den—something like \$3 dividend for every \$200 share—and I take it as the earliest opportunity of exhibiting a few of the ways of the place. This is the official version of the row and its cause: Two players had been caught experimenting with success in a simple and ingenious way of "giving the chance a chance." While one of them was punting 50-franc notes on "squares or sixes," the other, standing right behind the paying croupiers, had contrived to slip two or three 1,000-franc notes underneath the 50-franc one each time the ball had favored his confederate's stake. The croupiers, busy paying and accepting the stakes, did not notice the dodge at first, but feeling that there was something wrong established a watch, with the result that the culprits were caught in the act. As a matter of course payment was refused, words and blows ensued, and with the aid of the chucks out the men were ejected and arrested.

Well, anybody who knows the ins and outs of the place will take this version with several grains of salt. That Monte Carlo swarms with unprincipled ruffians nobody will deny, but the organization of the parties precludes all possibility of such childish tricks as the one above. With eight croupiers at every table, the chef de partie, the inspectors, the detectives and the losing players, there are too many eyes on each stake to admit even its probability. The cue of the situation is in the word feeling, and what I wish to imply here in all earnest is that nobody connected with the administration of the casino can admit a suggestion of heavy gains on the part of his side—they know better. Old Blanc, the founder of the place, used to say, "I will give a million to anybody who will prove that he can win money at roulette with certainty," and there is a good deal more in this saying than a reference to the calculi probabilities.

The fact is that nobody is allowed to play largely, and that in case of extraordinary luck the administration knows what precautions to take. First of all, the casino being in a way a club, a card of admittance is necessary. This card must be renewed every day and may be refused to an unpleasant punter without giving him any reasons for it. But there are other ways of getting rid of the obstinate winners. There is a regular squad of agents provocateurs, whose mode of operations is very simple. They pick a quarrel over a stake with the man pointed out to them, and as they are not in the least particular about epithets or blows, whether taken or given, a row begins, a smiling inspector comes up with reinforcements, invites you politely to come with him and gets you out of the precincts of the place. There he explains that although he has no doubt you were in the right the rule of the place is not to readmit those who have been the cause of a row—and there you are.

Quarrels about stakes are always plentiful at Monte Carlo, and very often they are genuine. In some cases, especially when the stakes are small and on single chances, the administration pays both claimants and keeps an eye on them if unknown, for there is a whole army of ruined gamblers hanging round the place, known to everybody in it, and exclaiming the profession of so called "orphans" (calleurs d'orphelins). An "orphan" is a stake left by inexperienced novices about a minute longer than it ought to be and kidnaped in the twinkling of an eye by a croupier who has spotted his man. Croupiers and inspectors look with a benevolent eye on those green-baize pirates and generally side with them.—Cor. St. James Gazette.

ODDS AND ENDS.

No man is a hypocrite in his pleasures.—Johnson.

Rub a creaking hinge with a very soft lead pencil.

Cut roast beef thin and other meats rather thick.

In a poor country the first want is the want of money.

Marshal Ney was a cooper's son, and himself a notary.

Among the people of Java cockchafers are a favorite food.

There are two sorts of philanthropists, the mechanical and the sympathetic.

Horses must be cheap in Buenos Ayres, where even the beggars can afford them.

Blond were the three representative theological virtues—faith, hope and charity.

Them that has china plates themselves is the most careful no to break the china plates of others.

Twenty-five million dollars' worth of rough diamonds were found in South Africa last year.

A Spanish adage tells us that "woman is like a chestnut, beautiful without and decayed within."

A TEXAS POOH-BAH.

A Kentucky Lawyer Tells About a Remarkable Man He Once Met.

"Some time ago," remarked a lawyer yesterday, "I had occasion to visit Texas. I stopped at a little town one Saturday about noon, intending to remain there until Monday morning."

"The proprietor of the hotel was a gray haired fellow, well preserved and apparently full of energy. I was consequently not very greatly surprised when he informed me that he also was a lawyer. He had a big, stout wife, and it struck me that he could very well leave the hostelry to her while he practiced law. He disappeared shortly after noon. I started out to see something of the little town, and needing a collar stopper in one of the two or three dry goods stores to buy one. I must confess that I was somewhat staggered when I found that the hotel keeper, besides being a lawyer, was a clerk in a dry goods store—for it was he who smiled blandly at me over the counter."

"I extended my walk until night was falling, and as I approached the hotel who did I see lighting the oil lamps in the main street but the hotel proprietor! The next morning, which was Sunday, I inquired of him the way to the church. 'Come on,' said he, 'I'll show you.' He took me into the church and showed me to a seat, after which he disappeared, saying he must go and ring the bell. In a few moments it was pealing forth its pleading. 'Come, oh, come,' and soon the congregation had gathered."

"I was prepared for anything almost, after what I had seen of mine host's versatility, and was not much surprised when he ascended the stairs of the pulpit and opened services. Then he came down again and manipulated the keys of the wheezy lit organ while the congregation sang. He then took up the collection, after which he again resumed the pulpit and preached as fine a gospel sermon as I have ever heard. When services were over and his flock had been dismissed with a fervent prayer, the preacher closed up the church."

"What sort of a man is Mr. So-and-so anyhow?" I asked of a lawyer.

"Oh," he answered, "he runs the town generally. He's killed a dozen men more or less and is the best shot with his revolver in this part of the country. He's the best poker player I ever saw. He is from Kentucky too."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Safest Car.

"I'm very particular," said a commercial traveler at a down town hotel, "what car of the train I select. I travel thousands of miles a year and have made it a rule to observe in the accounts of railroad accidents which cars of the train are the most often demolished. The result of my experience—for I have been in a dozen smash-ups—and observation is that the middle cars are the safest. I never under any circumstances ride in the rear car. I avoid the car next to the baggage car, though this is selected by many as the safest."

"The greatest danger at present in railroad traveling is telescoping. When a man has been in a wreck and afterward seen the engine of the colliding train half way inside of the rear car, or rather what's left of it, it impresses him most forcibly."

The baggage car is usually heavily loaded, and in the collision its weight, together with the ponderous engine, generally smashes the next car to splinters, while the central cars are comparatively uninjured. When the train is derailed, the baggage car and next coach are a rule run over."—Washington Star.

TURF TOPICS.

The Illinois state board of agriculture has published a list of pedigreed stallions for 1892, with their pedigrees.

"That game little horse, Plunkett, 2:13," says an exchange, "will be out among the free for all pacers again this year."

Colonel W. W. Turner of Spokane, Wash., has purchased the paces Gold Medal, 2:14, and C. W. G., 2:23, and will campaign them on the Montana circuit.

The American trotters Mattie H., 2:14; Silver King, 2:20; E. N. Cook, 2:20; Lyander Pilot, Lina, by Park's Volunteer, and Dick B are now in Germany.

Old L. C. Lee, 2:15, the black pacing stallion that went through the grand circuit three or four years ago, is in training again this year and has paced a mile in 2:13.

The late Leland Stanford of California was from boyhood a strong lover of the horse, and after he had accumulated a fortune he founded one of the greatest breeding establishments in the world.

"The horse to be a good driving one must have a good driving wheel," says an exchange. "This causes the bit to be one of the most important parts of the harness, as it touches the most sensitive part of the horse."

FIGS AND THISTLES.

The acorn looks little, but it contains a whole forest.

A lie can run fast, but the feet of truth never slip.

BALD HEADS!

What is the condition of yours? Is your hair dry, harsh, brittle? Does it split at the ends? Has it a lifeless appearance? Does it fall out when combed or brushed? Is it full of dandruff? Does your scalp itch? Is it dry or in a heated condition? If these are some of your symptoms be warned in time or you will become bald.

Skookum Root Hair Grower

Is what you need. Its production is not an accident, but the result of scientific research. Knowledge of the structure of the hair and scalp led to the discovery of how to treat them. "Skookum" contains neither mercury nor arsenic. It is a pure vegetable preparation containing the essential oils of the hair and scalp. It stops falling hair, cures dandruff and grows hair on bald spots.

Keep the scalp clean, healthy, and free from irritating eruptions, by the use of Skookum Root Hair Grower. It destroys parasitic insects, which feed on the scalp, destroy the hair. If your druggist does not supply you send direct to us, and we will forward promptly on receipt of price. Growers, \$1.00 per bottle; 5 for \$5.00. Soap, 5c. per jar; 5 for \$2.50.

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\$3 SHOE WITH WIP. Do you wear them? When not in use try a pair. Best in the world.

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On Meter System.

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