

The Later the Better. Passenger—Is this train on time, con- ductor? Conductor—One hour late. Passenger—Well, that's outrageous. I'm in a hurry to get to East St. Louis. Conductor—Have you ever been in East St. Louis? Passenger—No. Conductor—When you get there you will be sorry the train wasn't later.—The Epoch.



As to His Expectations. "To put this business on a cash basis, Mr. Peduncle," said the father of the young lady, "in case you should marry Irene you must have something to live on. What are your expectations?" "Why, as to that, sir," replied the somewhat embarrassed young man, "I shouldn't expect much, of course, at the start, though it's kind of you to ask. May I inquire the amount of life insurance you carry?"—Chicago Tribune.

A Dangerous Job. It doesn't pay to be too sharp, as a West Side German barber has discovered, for he lost a customer recently by trying to be facetious. He was shaving an Irishman, as he had done many times before, but never without an argument as to the relative merits of each one's nationality. These controversies had always been good natured, but on the occasion in question the barber said, as he finished brushing the Irishman's hair: "Well, I was rather shave three Germans as you Irishman any day in dot week." "That's that," cried the man from Cork. "Maybe you've a sinnible reason for that same; if yes have, it's more than I've heard from yet."

Deceased Meanings. From a reader at the south I have the following, which, if rather apocryphal, is at least not half bad.

Your clever account of "Old M.," the old German of the past generation who hoarded his money by pinching and stinting, recalls to my mind an incident in the life of H., of Baltimore. During the last illness before his death he became unable to turn over in his bed, and though his riches might well have surrounded him with every comfort, he stoutly refused to hire a nurse. He sent for an upholsterer, who was directed to suspend from the ceiling a heavy piece of picture cord. This he was to use to pull himself over from side to side. The upholsterer's charges were seventy-five cents. H. then told the upholsterer that he had but a few more days to live and asked him to take back the cord at his death for fifty cents and collect the twenty-five cents for the water and tear from the estate.—Town Topics.

An Evidence of Insanity. "Mr. Yoder, your daughter Irene has given me her permission to ask of you her hand in marriage; but before I ask for your formal consent you will pardon me if I make the inquiry, as it is a matter of lifelong consequence to me, whether or not there have ever been any indications of insanity, so far as you know, in your family?" "You say Irene has accepted you, Mr. Hankinson?" "I am happy to say she has."

Dark Days Ahead. Stranger to Arizona citizen.—What's wrong in this town? It's as quiet as a graveyard. "A big calamity, pilgrim. Cal. Bilks is dead, and I don't see how we'll get along without him." "Why? Was he necessary to the town?" "Necessary? Guess so, stranger. He was the only man in these parts that could make a hangman's knot."—Lincoln Journal.

Popularity. Mr. Small—That man over there makes half a dozen trips down town every day, and scores of women he don't know nod to him and try to stop him. The Victim—Is he an actor? Mr. Small—No, a street car conductor.—Life.



Children and Fools. Mrs. Westcott—Ah! I am delighted to learn that Mr. Stucky and family have returned from the seaside at last. You seemed unusually late this season. "Little Dick Stucky."—The Landlord wouldn't let our trunk go.—Philo delphia Record.

Consequences of Human Emotions. Every day's experience may supply fresh illustrations of the immense influence of emotion in the development of all human emotions. Nor is it by any means to be set down as a weakness peculiar to or characteristic of a feeble mind, to be blindly susceptible of such contagion. Even the strongest wills are bent and warped by the winds of other men's passions, persistently blowing in given directions. Original minds, gifted with what the French call "esprit prime sautier," are perhaps indeed, affected rather more than less than commonplace people by the emotions of those around them, because their larger natures are more open to the sympathetic shock. Like ships with every sail set, they are caught by every breeze. It is a question of degree how much each man receives of influence from his neighbors.

One Man's Morning Hours. I rise between 7 and 8 a. m. usually, and at once spread the bedclothes over the foot of the bed to let fresh air sweep the sheets and destroy all effluvia. I then throw off my night dress, go to the washing bowl, wash my hands with soap, and then wash my face, ears and neck with water only. I rarely use soap to my face. Since leaving it off I find that my face is less covered with scurf. I then dip my hands in the water and rub my arms, chest, body and limbs with the wet hands. While still wet I dry my face, ears and neck, and then give my body a vigorous rubbing with the towel, and so get into a glow.

Grief of an Actress. Speaking of actresses, the public only gets faint and occasional ideas of the personal grief which are often masked by the mimic jollity of the stage. An actress at a city theatre was engaged the other night in the performance of a saucy comedy. The part called for excessive gaiety of manner and frequent laughter. The job was half done for the night, and the recess between acts was nearly over, when a telegram was handed to her. She opened it, and read the simple words "He is dead." Her agitation was in tense, but it was no time for private sorrow. The prompter's bell rang, the curtain went up, and the comedienne skipped into view to the applause and merriment of the audience as merry as of old.

Paris' Matrimonial Agencies. The police divide the matrimonial agencies into three classes. The first category are for ordinary clients, the second for the fortune hunters and the third for pension. The feminine element is generally recruited among the foreign colony, especially with dowry and rich widows who bore themselves to death in the provinces. The second class agencies negotiate with lower grade functionaries, retired officers and middle class folk, who are "poor but honest." In the third class is contained all the agencies that accept as matter who, provided they can extract a good commission for their services. This classification is doubtless an arbitrary one, but it is commendable for police requirements. In the best of these agencies, little if any advance payment is required, but the applicant signs an agreement to give 8 or more per cent. on the dowry within a certain length of time. I hardly need add that the widest agents manage to "touch" a commission from both parties.—Francis Leland in the Epoch.

CHILDHOOD'S FAIRIES. When the wind comes cool from the drowsy west And the sun goes down and the shadows die, And the stars are in the deepening sky, Then the tree tops lift their dancing cry, And the crickets chirp their strains, And I think at the flash of a fairy— These are the faeries of childhood days.

When the wind comes cool from her hollow nest, And hives of clattering bats fly by, And the frogs in the moonlight croak protest, While lady's blower or breeze hisses, And over the trees top one may spy The shimmering tinkle of silver rays, And the woods awake and the great pines sigh— These are the faeries of childhood days.

Then the whip-poor-will triple their silver behest, And the "ouzel" fly, with a buzz at his eye, Avens that the best way is the best— Counting the fault that he can't deny— Invisible intruder of these things is he. In the hollow lid where the cold stream strays, And doves wing to leaves as they peck and pry— These are the faeries of childhood days.

No! Both Goodfellow, your cap's awry! And Karpis, dear, your cheeks are a blaze!— See, see the faeries of childhood days! —A. H. A.

An Athletic Job. Simpson—Young Smithson has become quite an athlete, I hear. Bigley—That fellow an athlete? Oh, no, he could not walk around the block without resting. Simpson—Ah, well, he has been jumping his board high, and that must be a considerable job.—Boston Post.

How to Remove Spots. An Austin y—oh, whose income is not quite so extensive as that of Victoria's, got a large ink spot on his coat. He asked a friend how an spot could be removed. "You can get a chemical preparation for twenty-five cents. Just soak the spot with it, and it will come out." "I guess I had better soak the whole coat. I can get \$4 by taking the rest."—Texas Sittings.

"DON'T YOU WORRY."

How Shrewd Business Men Have Solved a Great Problem. "Is there a fatality among our prominent men?" is a question that we often ask. It is a question that perplexes our leading medical men, and they are at a loss to know how to answer it.

Wrapping in ancient bigotry, they are crying out against all improvements that have been made in medical science. They denounce any new idea advanced by a layman or an opposition school as a fraud.

Why? Because humanity will not be benefited? Not at all, but because their specialism did not make the discovery. Yet they concede that there is no remedy known to their materia medica that will cure an advanced kidney malady and the disease arising therefrom.

The late eminent physician and writer, Dr. J. B. Holland, published in "Scribner's Monthly" and showed his opinion of such bigotry, and no doubt was satisfied that at Antis might possibly be discovered in a proprietary medicine, when he wrote editorially, as follows:

"Nevertheless, it is a fact that many of the best proprietary medicines of the day were more successful than many of the physicians, and most of them, it should be remembered, were first discovered or used in actual medical practice. When, however, any shrewd person, knowing their virtue, and foreseeing their popularity, secures and advertises them, then, in the opinion of the bigoted, all virtue went out of them."

One top is named Stonewall Jackson, because of an unconquerable tendency to "ride ahead" of the rest. This name shows that "Barbara Freitchie" has stuck to the memory of at least one small boy. Another long-legged top, which has a decided preference for a stationary attitude in spinning, and wears an aspect of patient, smiling dignity, is named Gen. Grant, because, its owner said, it suggested to him Gen. Grant "sitting in his window and smiling down on the children going by to church"—obviously an incident of the general's last illness which had impressed the small boy's imagination.

"Listener" fondly fancied showed a classic tendency on the part of Tommy's tastes until, upon inquiry, he found that it was borrowed from the name of a highly approved locomotive on the Boston and Lowell railroad.—Boston Transcript.

He Had Been There. Robber—Your money or your life? Victim—Well, look here, you may shoot if you like, but I've cleaned out; I have just brought my family from the seaside and— Robber—All right, young man; I know what that means. Pass right out.—Life.

A Trick of Speech. Tricks of speech grown into mannerisms often betray people into blunders absurd enough. One instance of this comes from a town in Maine, where dwelt a man who qualified his reply to every question with the word "handy" twisted into some sort of a conditional clause. It was even asserted that he proposed to the lady who became his wife by declaring he would like to marry her "if she could use his handy" but this very likely is a fabrication of ludicrous grossness.

Mr. Gotham at the ball game—Do not Welch's curves, Miss Rowley, remind you of Hogarth's line of beauty? Miss Rowley (from Chicago)—Well, really, Mr. Gotham, I never saw Hogarth's picture.—New York Sun.

A MEMORY. A perfumed fiction stole through the air As I felt here alone, and the fire lights die, And you smile here again, with your sun-like eyes, With your passionate lips and your pleading eyes.

I was here that you sat, if I stretch out my hand I can almost believe that I touch you again; Like the huge mad sailor who springs for the land "That he was in his madness, but springs for it."

No one's people know they are mad—do you think? And do the dead know they are dead—tell me I never saw for I should be willing to stake into madness or death "but the spell of your face."

You're here once again—leaving back in this chair, And I am content to crumple here at your knees, In the flesh you are gone—what do I care? "That your body is there, and your soul is with me."

THE LOST ATLANTIS.

For many centuries there has been a tradition of a long lost island called Atlantis. The Greek geographers located it to the Atlantic Ocean, west of the modern part of Africa and the pillars of Heracles. The sun-kings of Atlantis are said to have invaded Europe and Africa, and to have been defeated by the Athenians.

All the legends agree that it was a vast island, of inexhaustible resources, and inhabited by a race of superior people. For ages this island has existed only in legendary lore. But now the light of modern research has shed full upon the investigation, beheld the lost Atlantis at our very door.

So the bigoted medical fraternity goes groping about in the dark, seeking for an Atlantis or Eucalyptus, when if they would investigate, they would behold the lost Atlantis at their very door. With their ancient text book, a case of physis, a paper in their waistcoat giving them license to practice, experiment and perform unnecessary acts, will no person or law to hold them account able, they continue their bigoted, un-justified practice, starting life in vacancy and imagining that they see in themselves an Eucalyptus.

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THE "SCARE CAT" DEVICE. A New Invention that Had Meet with General Approval.

Mr. Bart Kane, of Brooklyn, R. D., president of the Scare Cat club, has the thanks of this office for a copy of his new invention called the "Scare Cat." Thinking that a little descriptive of the device would not be devoid of interest to the public I have, in company with the author, examined and criticized it and must heartily endorse it.

The machine or appliance consists of a do-collie black walnut box, around which an elastic gun band is tightly attached. Inside the box a small cat is arranged in such a way as to catch the eye of the common, midnight, predatory Tom cat. He excites a low, passionate wail, smells the band and hunts for it. When he takes his head out of the low neck lunch counter a common elastic band goes with him at a rapid rate across the state of New York.

The following day a cat with swollen appearance and appetite bulging eyes found dead in the corner of a fence in St. Lawrence county. Thus does the "Scare Cat" save much in the outfit of bootjacks in New York, and add to the business of the owner in St. Lawrence county.

DEADLY DRINKING WATER.

Universal Epidemic Cause, How It May Be Avoided. Typhoid fever rages everywhere! Wherever cities are dependent upon rivers or streams for their drinking water, the fever rages violently.

Cholera and typhoid and malaria' fevers can all be prevented by simple rules of life and these rules should be studied by every one. These diseases are symptoms of a low state of the system produced by the vitiated blood.

This blood is made impure because of the impurities in the drinking water, these impurities being deadly poisons which paralyze the nerve action of the kidneys and liver. When these blood purifying organs are paralyzed, then the natural waste of the body—the urea and acid—accumulates in the blood, and fever cannot be prevented until this excess of uric acid has been removed.

The greatest necessity of everyday life is pure water. Two-thirds of one's body is made up of water. If the water we drink is impure, then how can we hope to escape diseased conditions?

It is impossible. The stomach, liver and kidneys cannot purify polluted water. Some cautious people resort to a filter for purifying this water, but even the filter does not remove this poison, for water of the most deadly character may pass through this filter and become clear, yet the poison, disguised, is there.

Now in like manner the human kidneys act as a filter for the blood, and if they are filled up with impurities and become foul like the filter, all the blood in the system coursing through them becomes bad, for it is now a concealed fact that the kidneys are the chief means whereby the blood is purified. These organs are filled with thousands of hair-like tubules, which drain the impurities from the blood, as the sewer pipes drain impurities from our houses.

If a sewer pipe breaks under the house, the sewage escapes into the earth and fills the house with poisonous gas, and any of the thousand and one little hair-like sewer tubes of the kidneys break down, the entire body is affected by this awful poison.

It is a scientific fact that the kidneys have few nerves of sensation; and, consequently, disease may exist in these organs for a long time and not be suspected by the individual. It is impossible to filter or take the death out of the blood when the least derangement exists in these organs, and if the blood is not filtered then the uric acid or kidney poison, accumulates in the system and attacks any organ, producing nine out of ten ailments, just as sewer gas and bad drainage produce so many fatal disorders.

Kidney disease may be known to exist if there is any marked departure from ordinary health, without apparent known cause, and it should be understood by all that the greatest peril exists and is intensified if there is the least neglect. Treat it promptly with that great specific, Warner's safe cure, a remedy that has received the highest recognition by scientific men, who have it roughly investigated the character of kidney derangements.

The liver, when deranged, immediately announces the fact by yellow skin, constipated bowels, coated tongue and headache; but the kidney when diseased struggles on for a long time, and the fact of its disease can only be discovered by the aid of the microscope or by the physician who is skillful enough to trace the most indirect effects in the system. The derangement of these organs as to crims cause.

UNCLE IKE AND THE BEAR.

A Rock Bottom Fact Story of a Freshet Down in Georgia. "Speaking 'bout bats," broke in another, "you never heard tell of my Uncle Ike's telling of a story that wasn't rock bottom fact. He was in the Harlow's fresh, and got out cypress ovals on Bah Crick when the fresh it come. What he didn't know about bats the bats didn't know themselves. He could tell what the biggest bats used by the mawks on the trees, and the young bats by the little mawks' hole, wouldn't this fresh 've knocked him all out of joint. He thought that was a big flood, and he used to tell us boys, 'Pshaw, you young bucks don't know when that's a big rise in the rivah. You oughten for to have seen the Harlow's fresh. But that ain't comin' to my Uncle Ike's bat story. My Uncle Ike, he was a cuttin' of cypress ovals on Bah Crick, and his shanty was on a high knoll, and the watah had knocked everything in two states, 'cepting that knoll. One night along about the turn of the night that come a knock on the doh and my Uncle Ike see 'Come in,' and who should step in but a big black bat. A light was blazing from a pine knot in the chimney, and Uncle Ike ris up in bed to see who must come in on him, and then saw the bat, and the teeth was 'ranna down his eyes. My Uncle Ike was about to reach for his gun, but when he seed the teeth streamin' down he hadn't the heart to shoot, and the 'pealin' look was too much for Uncle Ike. 'Drownded out, by thundah,' said my Uncle Ike. 'The bat nodded his head. 'Hungry as a bat, too,' said my Uncle Ike. 'The bat nodded his head. 'An' you'd as soon lunch on me,' said my Uncle Ike; and this time he reach for his shootin' iron. 'The bat shook its head and began to cry. 'I won't play a low down trick on that bat, by thundah,' said my Uncle Ike, 'if he snakes me out. That's a pot of hominy ovals by the jam,' says my Uncle Ike to the bat, 'help yourself. 'The bat went over and took the clappanola off the pot and went down in it with his nose and eat half of the mess. 'Go the whole hog,' says my Uncle Ike, 'I'll have another mess inside of it in the mawmin if I ain't inside of you. 'Well, sah, gentlemen, my Uncle Ike says the bat eat the whole mess, and laid down on the punchbowl by the side of the bank, with a groan. The next mawmin the watah was lapin' the doh step and was on a stand, and for fah days the bat and my Uncle Ike eat outen the same. On the fifth day the bat left early in the mawmin, and that night a little aitch t-moo-ria, while my Uncle Ike was setting by the frelight smokin' his colonob pipe and wonderin' what had become of his cypress raft and the bat, then comes the same rap at the doh, and who should come in but the identikittie bat, not a tooth in his eyes, but his little black eyes shone like a bead, and he lays down a whole hog right by the side of my Uncle Ike. 'Hog and hominy, by thundah,' says my Uncle Ike. 'Well, sah, the bat kep' my Uncle Ike in hog and hominy until he took the raft down the Savannah. 'I'm somewhat of a liar myself,' said one gentleman, 'but I'll not tell my all-gator story on this trip, and the disgusted native bid us good night. 'Now, that's a man admittin' he's a liar himself,' said the man who told the bear story, 'and you couldn't expect him to believe another man's story, but everybody who knew my Uncle Ike never heard of him telling of a story that wasn't a rock bottom fact.'—Savannah News.

Distorted. "Helen, what in the world is the matter with your face? You look as though you might be first cousin to the mikado." "Why? You'd give up my front hair in papers, and I guess it's a little tight."—Harper's Bazar.

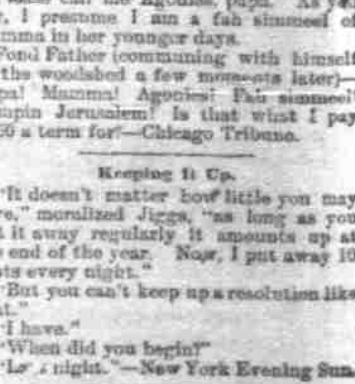
Culture's Cost. Fond Father—I declare, Aggie, you are a perfect fac-simile of your mother when she was your age. Aggie (just home from boarding school)—Please call me Agnes, papa. As you say, I presume I am a fair simooned of mamma in her younger days.

Keeping It Up. "It doesn't matter how little you may save," moralized Jiggs, "as long as you put it away regularly it amounts up at the end of the year. Now, I put away 10 cents every night." "But you can't keep up a resolution like that." "I have." "When did you begin?" "Last night."—New York Evening Sun.

Tired of Stripes. Eodler (just released from penitentiary to tailor)—I want you to get me up a first class suit of clothes. Tailor (necessity is the mother of invention)—I'll do you up in a striped suit. Eodler eyes him darkly, and then orders a pronounced check.—The Epoch.

Rules for Writing. An article in a September magazine tells "How to Write a Story." Capital boatman who is out of work says that he attempted to write a story after reading the article, and that he had never seen it. Maybe it didn't use the right kind of ink.—Norris town Herald.

What is Wanted. Now that they have machines for rowing on wheels, there may yet be an invention that will enable a man to paddle in water, without rowing like a water.—Baltimore American.



Children and Fools. Mrs. Westcott—Ah! I am delighted to learn that Mr. Stucky and family have returned from the seaside at last. You seemed unusually late this season. "Little Dick Stucky."—The Landlord wouldn't let our trunk go.—Philo delphia Record.