

CHARACTER IN HANDSHAKES.

Personal Peculiarities as Indicated by the Member.

The other evening at dinner, says a writer in Woman, we were much interested in talking over the impressions we can carry away with us of people newly introduced. My mother said she always noticed the teeth, and drew many conclusions from the color, shape, size, transparency, etc. We were all somewhat struck with her really clever portrayal of the character of some friends known to us intimately, but with whom she had only recently become acquainted. My sister said she invariably judged by the mouth, and had scarcely ever been mistaken. A friend staying with us always carried away a distinct portrait of the color, shape and expression of the eye. I declared for the handshake, and so far have not had reason to change my opinion that this is the surest test, especially taken in connection with the laugh.

To begin with, there is the animal magnetism which must pass from one to the other. To take a few examples: The firm, honest, hearty handshake of a sincere man, perhaps rather rough, so that one feels cognizant of one's fingers for some time afterward, points to a character possibly somewhat wanting in tact and refinement, but genuine and true. Then how well I know the soft, silky, insinuating hand, which as one shakes it slips out of one's fingers. An Irishman, some one will say! Exactly. Who so clever as he to get out of awkward corners, never at a loss for the right word, or the laughable story to fill an awkward gap, or cover an annoying contretemps. Then there is the flabby hand belonging to people who never put themselves out. Again, we have the quick, nervous handshake of an excitable, nervous temperament, or its opposite, the nerveless, passive one of a person out of health. Then there is the hand that as you shake it seems to collapse. Don't trust the possessor of such a hand as that.

My pet abomination, though, is the fishy handshake which leaves on one the impression of having touched a toad or a snake. Beware of those hands and their owners.

Lastly, there is the fashionable, pump-handle shake, betokening too often the fickle idler, who follows the whim of the hour.

THE CURRENT OF LIFE.

How Blood is Described—But Little Known About It.

When the physiologist tells you that "blood is the nutritive fluid of the tissues of living creatures" he has told you about all he or anybody else knows about the mysterious current of life, says the St. Louis Republic. To be sure, he can quote whole text books on the subject—can tell you about "dissolved fibrine, albumen, sodium, potassium," etc., that the liquor sanguineus contains; about the amoeboid movements of the corpuscles, and the rouleaux way in which these same corpuscles pile up when separated from the liquor sanguineus, and about nucleoleus appearance of the same when they are examined with a microscope, and yet the whole reverts to the fact that "blood is a nutritive fluid, transparent and almost colorless when deprived of the minute solid bodies known as corpuscles." As may be inferred from the hints above given the color of blood depends entirely upon the presence of the corpuscles, which, by the way, are of two different tints, red and white—the proportion in the blood of a healthy adult woman or man being three white corpuscles to one thousand red ones. The size of the red blood corpuscles of the human being is only one thirty-two hundredth part of an inch in diameter—those in the blood of some of the lower animals being larger in some cases and smaller in others. A species of reptile, proteus, has the largest known blood cells, the average being one four-hundredth of an inch. The color of the blood is entirely dependent upon the presence of hemoglobin in the red corpuscles; but, it may be remarked as a curious fact, even these red corpuscles are only red when a considerable number of them are collected together—single cells being almost transparent and of a very light straw color. It has only been a few years since a distinguished European scientist announced to the astonished world that white blood cells were really the scavengers of the sanguineous fluid; that they were capable of independent motion, and that they occupied the time in catching and devouring microbes.

Gold Nuggets.

One of the largest and most remarkably shaped nuggets ever found was discovered in an Australian mine in 1887. It was flat and almost the exact counterpart in contour of a colossal human hand held open, with the exception of the thumb and forefinger, which were closed together in a manner so as to make it appear that the thumb was holding the finger in place. Its greatest length was twelve and a half inches and its greatest breadth eight inches, says an exchange. It was of the very purest gold, with but a little of foreign substances adhering (mostly between the "fingers") and weighed six hundred and seventeen ounces. The famous "Lady Brassy" nugget, also found in Australia, weighed fifty-one pounds of pure gold, worth two hundred and twenty-five dollars per pound. In 1891 a nugget of fifteen pounds weight, shaped exactly like a cross, with the exception of the right arm, was discovered in the Buriss mine near the same place.

The Largest Room in the World.

The largest room in the world under one roof and unbroken by pillars is at St. Petersburg. It is six hundred and twenty feet long by one hundred and fifty in breadth. By daylight it is used for military displays, and a battalion can completely maneuver in it. Twenty thousand wax tapers are required to light it. The roof of this structure is a single arch of iron, and it exhibits remarkable engineering skill in the architecture.

A BABY PRISONER OF WAR.

An Interesting Incident of an Engagement in the Crimea.

A physician who was one of the English medical staff in the Crimean war, tells in "Seventy Years of Life in the Victorian Era," a story which he calls the "baby incident." A mandate had gone forth to the effect that a certain suburb of Sebastopol should be raided by a select body of English; the attack was to take place at midday, when the enemy were at dinner.

The venture was so quickly executed that it was completely successful. The occupants of the cottages had fled, leaving their dinners untouched on the tables, and the canaries in their cages; in one cottage was found a child about six months old, clothed, and asleep in its cradle.

An officer carried away the little one as a prisoner of war, and sent the news of his capture to headquarters. Word came at once from Lord Raglan, ordering that a flag of truce should be sent out next morning and that all possible search and inquiry should be made for the mother of the child. Some of the officers were amused that so much trouble should be taken about a stray baby, but the chief's order had to be obeyed.

No mother was forthcoming, however, to acknowledge the lost waif. But there was a woman in the rifle brigade who had a baby a few weeks old, who was willing to undertake double duty. About three weeks elapsed, and then "Raglan the Good" sent another message to his staff, who had forgotten all about the adopted child, directing that inquiry be made after "the mother and her twins."

Word came back that the two children were thriving admirably, but that the mother herself looked worn and tired.

"How many cows are there?" asked Raglan.

"One, sir," was the reply.

"Then," said the self-denying chief, "send the woman down a bottle of milk every morning."

After this, the little army protege became very popular. A chaplain christened her Alma, and at the end of the war the queen adopted her and gave her a liberal education.

POINTS IN PALMISTRY.

Significance of Shape in Fingers and the Lines Across the Hands.

Square or spatulated fingers, in the science of palmistry, denote the philosophical and practical temperament, says the Philadelphia Press, taper fingers signify an artistic temperament and very pointed digits are a sure sign of the dreamy, psychical nature. Much is learned by the general quality and configuration of the hand and palm as well as by the lines which cross the latter. The life line running around the base of the thumb denotes long or short life, good or ill health, according as it is long or short, clear and unbroken or otherwise. The "heart line," running across the palm nearest the base of the fingers, signifies the quality of the possessor's emotional nature, also the kind of love she will give and receive. This will be enduring or temporary according to whether the line be long and clear, forked or crossed and chained. Below this is the head line which indicates the mental and moral qualities and achievements and deficiencies. The line of fate runs perpendicularly across the middle of the palm and is a very important factor in the happiness or unhappiness of its owner. It should be clear and narrow, unchained and uncrossed by the fine wrinkles which score so many palms, and it should never come to an end on the line of the heart, since this signifies disappointment in love. A cross on the "Mount of Mercury," which is just at the base of the fore or index finger, is an unfailing sign of a happy marriage.

A Great Swallower.

In the zoological gardens at Breslau recently a South American boa constrictor contended for a rabbit with a large python from west Africa. It did not succeed, however, the python being the stronger of the two, and it withdrew. About two hours later the keeper found the same snakes fighting for another rabbit. As the keeper supposed that the boa, which was the weaker of the two, would again give up its prey, he left them to themselves and went home. The next morning he was horror-stricken to find that the boa had not let go its hold and had been swallowed by the python as a pendant to the rabbit. The boa was nearly seven feet long and correspondingly thick. The python had already swallowed one rabbit before the one which proved fatal to the boa. Its circumference throughout its length was from twenty-three to twenty-eight inches, and its skin was expanded to double its size. The supposition that the snake might, perhaps, not be able to digest the boa proved false. Digestion only proceeded somewhat more slowly than usual.

Bald Heads.

It is maintained by a physician who has studied the subject that plenty of hair on the head means plenty of brains; that the hair is a sure index of one's staying power. "I always look on the bald-headed man," he says, "as deficient, not only in hair, but in actual brain power. You know each hair is connected with the brain by a tiny nerve and the loss of all these nerves means the loss of powers. Indeed, though the effects may not be at first so apparent, a man may as well lose his hand or foot as his hair. If you doubt this, the next time you hear of a man who has all his life been clear-headed and practical suddenly doing some foolish and inexplicable thing or breaking down in a crisis which demands all his energies, just look at his head. In nine times out of ten he is bald. Half the men who drop dead suddenly are bald. In almost every case, however, there is a hope of cure for baldness if the head is regularly submitted to a gentle 'scratching' and occasionally to a thorough dosing of a suitable stimulating soap."

Why Oil Stoves Explode.

DIRT AND CARELESSNESS THE CAUSE OF THE TROUBLE.

Just as regular as the summer season comes around, says the Boston Transcript, numberless small fires are reported in the newspapers as having been caused by the explosion of oil stoves. In such cases what really happens is generally only this: That a person rushes into a kitchen where there is an oil stove, sees the stove enveloped in flame, and catching it up, dumps it bodily out of the nearest window. The stove is broken to pieces by that proceeding, but there has been no explosion; in fact, the dealers say that oil stoves never explode.

The trouble seems to be that the people do not take proper care of the stoves. Instead of cleaning them from time to time, as in the case of lamps, they neglect them and allow them to become clogged up with a coating of dust and oil. That mixture is very inflammable, and if it remains about the wicks it will eventually take fire. In order for the stove to explode there must be a sudden ignition of the gas generated within it; if that happens the stove will be blown to pieces. Most of the stoves are now made so that gas from the oil escapes through holes perforated in the cap of the oil chambers, and as these holes allow communication with the open air, if an explosion—that is, a quick ignition of the gas—should take place, it is doubtful if it would do any damage.

If a stove should burst into flame on account of the coating of dust and oil, so long as the flame did not come in contact with anything inflammable, like wood, there would probably be no damage. The dust and oil would burn off the surface, then the flame would go out.

It is possible that trouble might be occasioned in rare instances by the overheating power of a stove, but according to dealers the temperature must be raised 260 degrees before the oil will flame. The dealers seem to think that if the stoves are kept thoroughly clean the chance for trouble is very slight.

Christopher Columbus surely was born under an unlucky star. History tells us of the insults he received and how he died almost penniless, while others appropriated the honor that justly belonged to him. Now, after a lapse of 400 years, while we are doing honor in memory of his discovery of this great land; by means of the stamp bearing an engraving of himself and company we are administering one of the worst lickings ever perpetrated upon an entire company.

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The whole story, however, is told in an illustrated book entitled "Guide to Health," by Mrs. Pinkham. It contains over 99 pages of most important information, which every woman, married or single, should know about herself. Send 2 two-cent stamps for it. For Kidney Complaints and Backache of either sex the Vegetable Compound is unequalled.

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An Afternoon Tea in Japan.

Then came the dainty process of making the tea, writes Mary Holbrook Chappell in an interesting article describing "An Afternoon Tea in Japan," in the Ladies' Home Journal. A jar of cold water was brought in, a brocade bag containing the tea-caddy, two teacups or bowls, a bamboo whisk and other utensils. The host, after another profound bow, untied the bag and took out the tea-caddy.

A purple silk napkin was then produced from his girdle, and the tea-bowls carefully dusted. The napkin was then shaken and folded in conventional fashion, and the teaspoon dusted and laid with great solemnity upon the tea caddy, after which the host returned the napkin to his girdle. The water ladle was then lifted from its rack, and with it hot water from the kettle was put into the tea-bowl.

The cover of the kettle being formally replaced and the ladle returned to its old position, the tea bowl was slowly rinsed and wiped with a white napkin. Several spoonfuls of tea, in the form of a fine, green powder, were then taken from the caddy and put with all necessary grace into the bowl. The cover of the kettle was removed, a dipperful of hot water taken out, a portion of it poured on the tea, and the rest returned solemnly to the kettle. Then came a vigorous stirring with the bamboo whisk, and at last hot tea, a greenish, creamy looking pure, was ready.

The guest of honor receiving a bowl from the host in her right hand, steadied it with her left, lifted it to her forehead in token of her thanks, and

after observing the quality and decoration, put it to her lips and drank the contents, bitter as quinine to the uninitiated, but to the devotee of cha no yu savory in the extreme. With gravity, if not with grace, we three Americans, each in turn, went through the ordeal. The host was served last, and on drinking apologized for the poor quality of the infusion, a mere formality, but one never omitted.

The tea-bowls were then passed around and admired. The one from which I drank was made in the province of Owari, and was two hundred years old. The tea-caddy, said to be five hundred years old, was also duly examined, together with the brocade bag in which it was kept. Enthusiasm rose to the highest pitch, perhaps, when we feasted our eyes on the teaspoon, a plain, little device in bamboo, but interesting because of its having been made by Nobunaga, the famous General of the Ashikagas.

Strong nerves, sweet sleep, good appetite, healthy digestion, and best of all, pure blood, are given by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

A Likeness.

"This is not a very good picture of you, Harold."

"No'm; I guess it isn't good, 'cause mamma says I was bad that day."—Harper's Young People.

May Never Desert.

Optim—Oh, you are so cynical! Certainly you must find some men who stick by you like brothers.

Pessim—Oh yes. My creditors.—Chicago Record.

A Substitute.

"Did you hurt yourself when you tumbled downstairs?"

"No-o-o; but I—I'm crying for No-ro, 'cause I fell on him."—Harper's Young People.

A lady never extends her hand to a man whose acquaintance she is making. She may or may not shake hands with a lady who is introduced, but she must not give her hand to a strange man. A low bow is the elegant form of salutation. A gentleman never extends his hand to a lady first. To do so would be presumptuous and subject him to a snubbing. A man shows his breeding the way he eats at dinner; a woman shows her breeding the way she receives people.

I have not used all of one bottle yet. I suffered from catarrh for twelve years, experiencing the nauseating dropping in the throat peculiar to that disease, and nose bleed almost daily. I tried various remedies without benefit until last April, when I saw Ely's Cream Balm advertised in the Boston Budget, I procured a bottle, and since the first days' use have had no more bleeding; the soreness is entirely gone.—D. G. Davidson, with the Boston Budget, formerly with Boston Journal.

A gentleman must kiss every lady he is introduced to in Paraguay. It is the custom of the country.

In the past fiscal year the number of Chinese who entered Canada was 2,258. The poll tax collected amounted to \$13,491.

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