

### GOD LOVES THE MAN THAT MAKES US LAUGH.

The morbid man who wears a face  
Long as a mule's—his beastly  
brother—  
Who lets one chilling frown give place  
But only to present another;  
Who always is content to grope  
Along the path of care and bother  
And discontent, can never hope  
To win the good will of the Father.  
God has no use for solemn chaff,  
But loves the man that makes us  
laugh.

The sunshine of a merry smile,  
The music born of rippling laughter,  
Are sent by heaven to beguile  
The tedious march to the hereafter.  
Their rays will pierce the darkest  
clouds  
And light them with a silver lining,  
Dispel the gloom that oft enshrouds  
The dreary lives of the repining.  
Fun's golden cup is sweet to quaff—  
God loves the man that makes us  
laugh.

We were not placed upon the earth  
To grovel in the dust of sorrow;  
To-day should always ring with mirth  
Without a thought of the to-morrow.  
And heaven has sent us cheery men  
To start and lead the merry chorus,  
To pierce with voice and pointed pen  
The earthly clouds that gather o'er  
us;  
To stab the gloom with humor's gaff—  
God loves the man that makes us  
laugh.

We stronger grow upon our feet  
When foes of clinging care engage us  
If in our daily walk we meet  
A man with smile that is contagious,  
His face lights up the darkened soul,  
As sun-rays pierce the veil of sad-  
ness,  
Adds sweetness to the bitter bowl  
And makes the heartstrings thrill  
with gladness;  
Shows us the grain hid in the chaff—  
God loves the man that makes us  
laugh.

### AUNT DEBORAH.

By H. B.

Mrs. Deborah Walton had been confined to her own room for two months, but now, to use her own expression, she was "able to be up and about again, and to see after things generally."

Mrs. Walton was very rich and old, and Mrs. Walton's chair was drawn up to the open window.

"Is that you, Lottie?" asked Mrs. Walton, as the door opened behind her. "Yes, auntie," and a pretty young girl, with dark eyes and wavy black hair, walked over to where Mrs. Walton was sitting.

The pretty girl was Lottie Blair, the idolized niece who was to inherit all of Aunt Deborah's wealth.

"Sit down here, child," and Aunt Deborah pointed to the footstool. "I'm in the humor to hear you talk this afternoon. Tell me, who was it called here so often while I was a prisoner up there?"

"The Tremains called quite often, auntie," said Lottie, seating herself on the footstool, "and so did Kitty Lawrence, and—and the Gardiners, and—and—"

Here Lottie paused in confusion, while the scarlet crept from her cheeks to her temples.

It was seldom that anything escaped Aunt Deborah's bright little gray eyes, and the moment she saw that flush on her niece's pretty face she scented something in the air.

"Well, my dear, what's the matter? Who else was here?"

"Only a young gentleman, a guest of the Gardiners," and the red grew brighter on Lottie's face, and she hung her head in a very suspicious manner.

"Umph! only a young gentleman," said Aunt Deborah, her bright eyes fastened on the downcast face.

"Yes, auntie. He was coming to see you this afternoon, but I received a note a little while ago telling me that he couldn't come, as he had to start for home at once, in answer to a summons. He is coming back again, though, in a day or two."

"Lottie Blair, you like this young man?"

Lottie looked up, all smiles and blushes.

"Yes, auntie," she said frankly.

"Lottie Blair, you love this young man?"

"Oh, Aunt Deborah!" and Lottie's hands flew to her face.

"Lottie Blair, you love this young man?" repeated Aunt Deborah, and Lottie was silent.

"Lottie Blair, you love this young man? Answer me," said Aunt Deborah, solemnly.

"Yes, auntie," came in the faintest tones behind the little white hands.

"Lottie Blair, take down your hands and look at me," said Aunt Deborah, and Lottie obeyed.

Aunt Deborah took the pretty, blushing face between her palms.

gentleman!" and Lottie clasped her hands in delight.

"What's his name? Tell me all about him? What family does he belong to? Where does he come from?"

"His name is Ashton—"

"Ashton?" interrupted Aunt Deborah, sitting bolt upright.

"Yes, auntie; and he lives up at Ashtonville—has lived there—"

"An Ashton of Ashtonville!" shrieked Aunt Deborah, before Lottie could finish her sentence. "Lottie Blair, never speak to that young man again. The Ashtons of Ashtonville robbed your father; they robbed me! They are a pack of villains, thieves, scoundrels—"

Here Aunt Deborah paused for want of breath, she had risen to her feet. Her wrinkled face was purple with anger, and her gray curls seemed fairly dancing with ire.

Poor Lottie was the picture of astonishment. She attempted to speak, but she couldn't get a word in edgewise.

"To think that while I lay sick in my bed an Ashton should be making love to my niece! Lottie Blair, if I thought an Ashton handled a penny of my money, I wouldn't rest quiet in my grave."

"But auntie—"

"Don't auntie me," cried the old lady, stamping her foot. "I'll tell you what I'll do, Lottie Blair; I'll take the noon train to Ashtonville and I'll walk into George Ashton's house before night, and let him know whether his son or anyone belonging to him will come down to Starbount to make love to anybody belonging to me. The set of these!"

Aunt Deborah kept her word. Noon found her on board the train for Ashtonville in spite of poor Lottie's tears and expostulations.

After an hour's ride the conductor sang out: "Ashtonville!" and Aunt Deborah picked up her satchel—Aunt Deborah never went anywhere without her satchel—and hobbled out of the car. As she was getting off the platform her foot slipped, her satchel fell from her hand and she would have fallen after it, but a strong hand caught her and a pleasant, hearty voice said:

"It is dangerous getting off these steps. I hope you are not hurt, madam."

"Yes, it is dangerous, and one might break their neck before the conductor would lend a helping hand," said Aunt Deborah, whose temper was still at boiling point.

"The conductors are not so attentive sometimes as they might be," and the young man who had saved Aunt Deborah from falling stooped down to pick up her satchel.

As he did so Aunt Deborah looked him full in the face. It was a handsome face, the picture of good humor, and corresponded well with his hearty, pleasant voice. Aunt Deborah did not know whether it was his face or his words that pacified her most. She was a believer all her life in first impressions, and she liked this young man the moment she looked in his face.

"I thank you very much, sir. Only for you I might have been hurt. Do you live in Ashtonville?"

The young man was elegantly dressed, but not too proud to carry Aunt Deborah's satchel as he walked by her side.

"Yes, madam," he said, in answer to her question.

"Young man," and Aunt Deborah stood still and looked up in the good-humored face; "young man, that's your misfortune."

The young man had to stand still when Aunt Deborah did, and he could scarcely keep from laughing as he looked down at her solemn face.

"Indeed, madam, I thought I was very fortunate in living in Ashtonville."

"Fortunate in living where the Ashtons live!" cried Aunt Deborah; then lowering her voice, she continued, as she laid her hand on his arm: "Young man, wherever there is an Ashton there is bad luck."

"Then, madam," answered the young man, his eyes twinkling, "there must be bad luck right here, for I am an Ashton."

"You are an Ashton! Young man, that is your misfortune. I like you, though, in spite of your name. Now, who might you be—a son or a nephew of that old villain, George Ashton?"

"Madam, I'm neither son, nephew nor any relative of George Ashton. I have been living here for the last three months with my uncle, Mr. Jerome. I say living here, but I think I've been the most of the time down at Starbount with my cousins, the Gardiners. I saw you get on the cars at Starbount, madam. If you live there, I suppose you know my cousins."

Aunt Deborah stared at the young gentleman for fully a minute; then suddenly catching her breath she said: "Young man, are you acquainted with a young lady in Starbount named Miss Lottie Blair?"

"I have the pleasure of being acquainted with Miss Blair," and Mr. Ashton wondered what the old lady would ask him next.

"Well, Miss Blair's Aunt Deborah wishes you to call on her the next time you come to Starbount. Good-day, sir. I think I'll go back to the station and wait for the down train." And Aunt Deborah walked away.

Aunt Deborah returned home and made poor Lottie's heart glad with the news that the young gentleman she had referred to was not an Ashton of Ashtonville. Judge of that young gentleman's surprise when he called on Aunt Deborah next day and found her to be the old lady he had set down for "half crazy."

Her conversation with him the day previous was explained, and the explanation must have been satisfactory, for there was a wedding before the close of the year.

### AN EYE THAT EXPLODES.

Curious Habit of the Horned Toad or Lizard—A Beetle Bombardeur.

"Look out!" cried a Mexican in a big sombrero to an American, who was holding a horned toad near his face and examining it through a magnifying glass. "His eye, señor. Turn him the other way; don't you know he shoot his eye?"

"What?" exclaimed the American, dropping the toad out of range quickly. "How can he shoot his eye? What do you mean?"

"You don't believe it, eh? But I have seen the horned toad shoot a dog with his eye. I have seen a horned toad shoot his eye at a man and set him 'most crazy."

"Nonsense," said the tenderfoot. "Here's the toad; now make him shoot his eye."

The Mexican sat upon the ground, looking at the little animal, when along came a Mexican dog, common here. "Eh!" cried the man, "this will fix him. Now watch, señor," and, taking out a piece of cigarette paper, he asked the American to hold it in front of the lizard's eyes. "It is the target," he said.

Then he took the dog in both hands and placed its nose on that of the lizard. The effect was instantaneous. The lizard crouched down, its eyes became swollen, puffing up; then as the dog's nose was pressed against it again there was a curious muscular depression in its eyes, they suddenly became suffused with blood and jets shot out of them; one hitting the paper, and the other the nose of the dog who whined and sneezed and when liberated ran about rubbing his jaws.

The writer has repeated this experiment a number of times, once on the base of the Sierra Madre back of Los Angeles, where the lizards, or horned toads as they are commonly and incorrectly called, are very plentiful. It was a hot day and the little animals were very lively and difficult to capture. A hound was called and he presently caught a lively individual. He placed his paw on the lizard's flat back and began to smell it, but before the observer could reach him he stepped back and began to rub his nose on the ground and scratch his head, as though in distress. The lizard made no attempt to go away, but seemed to be blind, its eyes bulging out and suffused with blood. Later another lizard, with bright yellow and brown tints, was run down, and as the writer put his hand on it his dog came up and nosed it. The lizard seemed to recognize the animal at once; its eyes sank into its head and the next moment the writer's face was sprinkled with a peculiar fluid, resembling blood, which had so singular an odor that for a moment the effect was sickening. The eyes of the lizard now appeared badly swollen and suffused with blood. The black jets were distinctly seen to shoot from the eyes, and that the delicate spray could be ejected a foot from the eyes had been proved in this instance. While not poisonous, the fluid is without doubt very disagreeable when striking the eyes or nostrils. That this is a protective measure on the part of the horned toad there is little doubt, and apparently the eye has a gland which can be emptied at will to the confusion of the lizard's enemies.

This singular habit calls to mind a beetle very common in California. On the golf links the cups of the greens are often found to contain several, and the insects may be seen crossing roads in the early morning. The beetle is an inch and a quarter in the largest individuals, perfectly black, the abdomen pointed—all in all, a handsome beetle. It is long legged, perched high, and ridiculously slow in its lumbering movements, only flying at night and then possibly at rare intervals. When this beetle is alarmed, it immediately elevates its body, and when touched ejects a fluid that is demoralizing to dog or man. The writer has had the fluid strike his hands at a distance of six or eight inches, and so overpowering was it that a slight dizziness was produced, as when inhaling ether. The fluid leaves a dark reddish stain on the skin and is an irritant.—New York Sun.

### A Left Handed Remedy.

It is a very great misfortune for any one to be left handed. Everything is made for right handed people, hence the left handed are often at a disadvantage, besides appearing awkward. There is no need, however, of any one's growing up left handed if a little attention is given at the proper time. That attention should begin when the baby is a week old. In wrapping the little creature leave the right hand free for action. They begin to reach early. Take hold of the right hand, give everything to the right hand, and place its playthings where it can reach them best with the right hand, and you will have no further trouble. If, however, from neglect or inattention the baby has happened to commence using the left hand, it may be easily remedied, if taken in time, by putting a little sack over the left hand and tying it at the wrist. If they are started right, they will all grow up right handed.—The Pathfinder.

### Extremely So.

Mrs. Borem—My daughter is very ambitious musically. She's determined to master the most difficult pieces. She's been trying all day.  
Mrs. Nextdore—Yes, indeed, very.  
Mrs. Borem—Very ambitious, you mean?  
Mrs. Nextdore—No. Trying.—Philadelphia Press.

### THE SOUTH AFRICAN "SLAVEY."

The Best of All is an Unspoiled Zulu Boy.

Only very rich people can afford to keep white servants in South Africa. All ordinary folk have perforce to be content with the well-meant if occasionally rather casual ministrations of the native "houseboy."

A "boy" may be any age from fourteen to forty; but if he is very young he is always called an "unfaan." The best of all servants is a Zulu, especially if he be "raw"—that is, fresh from his native kraal and totally unspoiled by the wiles of civilization. Such a "boy" is honest, sober, quick, clean and anxious to learn the ways of the "unlungu" or white man.

He soon becomes as deft as an English butler, and as handy as the ideal housemaid. He does everything, from cooking to answering the door, and after a little practice he does it well, too. His knowledge of English at first is scanty, but he soon picks up a few words and mixes up Kaffir, Dutch and English in a quaint polyglot dialect.

In Natal it is considered bad to permit a Zulu servant to speak English; the "baas" or the "inkosigan" (mistress) must talk to him in Zulu, or what passes for that, and is sometimes known as "kitchen Kaffir." Some very queer sentences are often heard in this tongue. For instance, the "baas" will say: "John! voetzak inyama! Lette pudding," which is a compound of Dutch, Zulu and English, and means, "Take away the meat and bring the pudding."

When they are new to their work the "boys" make very funny mistakes. A lady once had a very good but "raw" "boy" who did not understand the etiquette of visiting cards. Three visitors called. Two of them gave the "boy" their cards; the third did not happen to have one with her. The "boy" ushered the first two into the drawing room, but kept the third waiting in the hall, saying: "Two misses got ticket; you no got ticket, you wait outside!"

The "boys" have all manner of strange names, which they mostly give themselves. They are usually chosen from some one or other of the words that they hear often used, such as Sixpence, "Tickey" (three penny piece), Shilling, Breakfast, Kettle, Silly Fool, Ugly, Pint Pot, Scrubber, Chopper or Whiskey. A "boy" was once called Dan because he was fond of beer and used to work at the Sheba.

Of course, among themselves they always have their own tribal names, but they never use them in white men's houses, and if none of the afore-mentioned common objects are chosen as appellations, then they are usually Jim, Charley or John. The "boys" have a wonderful knack of christening their masters by some native name in their own language, always denoting some physical peculiarity or manner. For instance, they will call a man "Ubonvu" because he has a red face, or "Indevan" because he has a curly head of hair, or "Butshezi" because he is slippery.

When they speak English they are apt to confuse the sounds of "l" and "r," and this sometimes produces very comic results. Instead of a "boy" saying "Breakfast is ready, baas," he says something like "Black-faced lady, baas."

### Dinner in a Dutch Family.

When the members of a dutch family dine, the daughters join their mothers in contributing to the pleasure of the occasion. The dinner is simple, but the viands are excellent and well cooked. Soup or bouillon is served first. Fish is the next course, served with a rich brown sauce. Then follows veal, or some other roast, stuffed with chestnuts and garnished with rings of beet root and lemon. The dinner concludes with a cold sweet—some kind of pudding made with eggs and milk, ornamented with dried cherries and flavored with maraschino.

The service of the table is plain—no flowers, but the cloth is of the finest damask and the silver and crystals are both massive and sparkling. There is a great variety of vegetables, and these are placed on little stoves on the table. These stoves contain a remarkably fine peat, which has been brought to a uniform state of heat and is entirely free from any visible smoke. Every tea kettle and urn which is brought to the table is kept hot by a simple apparatus of this kind, and by the same method tea and coffee may be always had at any hour of the day and always hot.

After dinner black coffee is handed round, rich and sweet, and served in the daintiest of Sevres cups and saucers. No domestics wait at this dutch family dinner-table, the daughters of the performing the service.

### Audacity of a Burglar.

While a burglar was visiting the flat of Mrs. H. L. O'Brien he stepped on the cat's tail and the animal's cries roused the household and frightened him away.

In his haste to leave the burglar lost his hat in the inside hall. Fearing to go back and get it himself, he rang for the janitor, William Tibbs. "I have rheumatism," he said to Tibbs. "Here's a quarter. Please go up to the third floor and get my hat. I've been calling here and I forgot it. It lies beside the door of flat H."

The janitor did not hesitate, but went off laughing and got the hat.—Chicago Record

### Bouncers in New York Hotels.

Many people have not understood why all the great hotels in New York city employ special detectives who are constantly in the main corridors. Some have had an idea that these detectives are employed as "bouncers." No such thing. According to one of the most intelligent of these detectives the other night, the work of a detective in a hotel is arduous. "You have no idea," he said, "how many spies and sneaks and 'rubbernecks' infest the corridors of the New York hotels. These spies are employed to watch public men and if possible to listen to their utterances when talking to their friends in the corridors. These spies and sneaks are also employed to report on all sorts of matters. It is a remarkable fact that so many men acquainted with public affairs are so glib as not to be aware of the presence of these 'rubbernecks.' The detectives in the hotels quickly spot these fellows, but so long as they conduct themselves decently there is no ground for ejecting them. Nevertheless, it is my opinion that well-known men who desire to discuss the secret things of politics and of finance and of religion, and who also desire to have business matters kept private, should be very careful to ascertain who is sitting beside them in the corridors of our hotels, or they should discuss their matters elsewhere."—New York Sun.

### His Great Work.

A Chicago man, who has written a book, was telling about it the other day to a friend who had once done him a service.

"By the way," said the author, "I would be delighted to give you a copy of my work, if you care for it."

"I should be more than pleased to have it," was the reply, "especially if you will write your name in it."

"All right. There's a book store just around the corner. If you will accompany me we will go there and get it. I don't happen to have a copy in my office just now."

After they had stopped to glance at some of the new things in the book store the author hailed a clerk, and, pushing his chest out very far, asked for the novel that he had written.

"Yes, sir," the clerk said. "We have it around here somewhere. I believe, but you are the first one who has ever asked for a copy, and it may take me some time to find it. Wouldn't something else do just as well? We have a great many better books at the same price."—Chicago Times-Herald.

### He Had Married Money.

"Glad to see you looking so well, old man," said the friend of a newly married benedict. "This is the first opportunity I have had of offering my congratulations on your recent marriage. From the look of things I guess you've married money. Well, it was the right thing to do. That floor walking berth of yours must have been awfully boring. Is she in? I should like to be introduced."

"Oh, she's at work," said the husband, with a placid smile.

"At work! What do you mean?" asked the friend.

"Well, you see, it was this way," replied the benedict. "She had a much better position than mine. Head of her department. Forty dollars a week. Wouldn't give it up. So there was nothing for it but for me to retire from business and keep house and here I am, you see. You have to let women have their way in some things."—St. Louis Republic.

### Rothschild Too Fat for the Military Service

The Hon. Lionel Walter Rothschild was rejected by the recruiting officer for South Africa because he is built too much on the lines of the Prince of Wales—too short and too big around the middle. Proportion is what we are after in the service. The M. P. for the Aylesbury Division of Bucks is now in his thirty-second year, and besides being a practical banker is a noted hunter and a dead shot. His principal amusement is zoology. It is said that he can name each of the 400,000 species of animal known to science, and has Darwin, Cuvier and Linnaeus at his fingers' ends. This is a high accomplishment. He is a habitue of the Whitehall and Royal Societies. He is his father's heir, and as the old gentleman owns 15,400 acres of the finest land in England, besides millions of gilt-edged securities, Walter would have a great deal to lose in the Transvaal.—New York Press.

### Coming On.

A certain recruit, who had evidently seen better days, in a regiment possessing more medals than certificates of education, found it difficult at first to confine himself to words of less than three syllables in conversing with his messmates. One day he was talking about an event which happened to him in civil life, when one of his chums, trying to get a rise out of him, said:

"I suppose that was previous to your attestation?"

"No," replied the gentleman recruit, "it was before I blooming well came up."

And then it was known that he had taken a step in the right direction.—Answers.

An analysis of the marriage records in Oklahoma discloses that the average age of brides there is twenty-two years. If the re-marrying widows should be counted out the average would fall below nineteen years.

### Too Much for Him.

They are telling this story in Washington about Congressman Clayton of Alabama, who used to be district attorney in his state: It became his duty at one time to prosecute an old man for making illicit whisky. It was not a very serious infraction of the law, but the old backwoodsman had been reckless in his open violation and it was necessary to make an example of him. He was brought into court and, after the government had stated its case, the old man, who had no lawyer, asked to be allowed to go upon the stand. He was told that this would render him liable to answer any questions, but he insisted. "Well, Uncle John," said Clayton, "did you really make any whisky in your still?" "Henry," replied the old man, with pathetic tone, "I know'd your pa; I voted for your pa every time he ran for judge

### Acceptable?

I should say so; they all say the same, too, when they get them. Who is there that would refuse such works of art when they can get them for almost nothing. Ask your grocer for a coupon book, which will enable you to get one large 10c. package of "Red Cross" starch, one large 10c. package of "Hubinger's Best" starch, with the premiums, two Shakespeare panels, printed in twelve beautiful colors, as natural as life, or one Twentieth Century Girl calendar, the finest of its kind ever printed, all for 5c.

### The Earmarks.

"Your son is devoted to art, isn't he?" asked Reynolds. "I suppose so," replied Esel. "He's continually drawing on me."

We refund 10c for every package of FORTNAX FADRELLS DYE that fails to give satisfaction. Morrow Drug Co., Unionville, Mo. Sold by all druggists.

Clouds that move in a contrary direction to that of the surface current indicate a change of weather, because they prove the existence of two air currents, one warm and the other cold, and the mingling of these frequently causes rain.

### SPACE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, 1892.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State of Ohio, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, 1892. A. D. 1892. A. W. GRASCOY, Notary Public. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. Sold by Druggists, etc. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

An electrical device which drops a load of cast into a horse's trough has been invented at Youngstown, O.

VITALITY low, debilitated or exhausted cured by Dr. Kline's Invigorating Tonic. Free 5c. trial bottle for 2 week's treatment. Dr. Kline, L.D., 361 Arch St., Philadelphia, Founded 1871.

A bill has been introduced in the legislature of New York to abolish common law marriages in that state.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, etc. a bottle.

The statement is made in all seriousness that Lord Roberts is afraid of cats. His fear is due to superstition.

Pink's Cure for Consumption is an A. No. 1 Asthma medicine.—W. R. WILLIAMS, Arch-ol., Ill., April 11, 1894.

In Tyrol the rose is believed to be a sleep-producer, and rose leaves are thrown into the fire for "good luck."

Wild boars still abound in some parts of Morocco, one hunting party having lately killed over 100 in one week.

I am Past 80 and Not a Gray Hair

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for a great many years, and although I am past eighty years of age, yet I am not a gray hair in my head."—Geo. Yellott, Towson, Md., Aug. 3, 1899.

Have You Lost It?

We mean all that rich, dark color your hair used to have. But there is no need of mourning over it, for you can find it again.

Ayer's Hair Vigor always restores color to gray hair. We know exactly what we are saying when we use that word "always."

It makes the hair grow heavy and long, too; takes out every bit of dandruff, and stops falling of the hair. Keep it on your dressing table and use it every day. 25c a bottle. All druggists.

Write the Doctor

If you do not obtain all the benefits you desire from the use of the Vigor, write the Doctor about it. He will tell you just the right thing to do, and will send you his book on the Hair and Scalp if you request it. Address, Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell, Mass.