Chorley. "How in the world, Gawge, do you manage to see with that single eyeglass of yours?" Gawge: "My dear fellow, I see with the other eye."

A Sensible Man

Would use Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs. It is curing more cases of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup and all Throat and Lung Troubles than any other medicine. The proprietor has authorized any druggist to give you a Sample Bottle Free to convince you of the merit of this great remedy. Large Bottles 50c and $1.

Parson. "Why, Bachmeier, you have been married thirty years, and do you wish to seperate now?" Bachmeier: "Yes, isn't that long enough?"

Miles' Nerve and Liver Pills.

An important discovery. They act on the liver, stomach and bowels through the nerves. A new principle. They speedily cure biliousness, bad taste, torpid liver, piles and constipation Splendid for men, women and children. Smallest, mildest, surest. 50 doses for 25 cents. Samples free at T. D. Thomas and W. F. Biery's Drug Store.

If there is ever a time when it's a blessing for a man to be blind it is when he is in love. He can't see what a fool he is making of himself.

A Great Battle

Is constantly going on in the human system when you suffer with consumption, coughs or colds; they strive to ruin health and drag victims to the grave. Take timely warning and use Pan-Tina Cough and Consumption Cure. Price 25 and 50 cents.

Dr. Lee's Liver Regulator is a sure cure for dyspepsia, biliousness, heartburn, indigestion and all kidney complaints. Trial bottles free at Thomas' Drug Store.

He. "They say it takes three generations to make a gentleman." She: "Indeed! What a pleasant prospect for your grandson."

Epoch.

The transition from long, lingering and painful sickness to robust health marks an epoch in the life of the individual. Such a remarkable event is treasured in the memory and the agency whereby the good health has been attained is gratefully blessed. Hence it is that so much is heard in praise of Electric Bitters. So many feel they owe their restoration to health, to the use of the Great Alterative and Tonic. If you are troubled with any disease of kidneys, liver or stomach, of long or short standing you will surely find relief by use of Electric Bitters. Sold at 50c. and $1.00 per bottle at REBER'S Drug Store.

The lost cord.—"I can't seem to get that cord again," said Miss Bengaway. "No, you broke the strings when you struck it first."

Be Your Own Doctor.

It won't cost you one half as much. Do not delay. Sent three two-cent stamps for postage, and we will send you Dr. Kaufman's great work, fine colored plates from life, on diseases, its causes and home cure. Address, A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston Mass.

Not fast colors.—Whipper: "What do you think of young Mrs. Giddy's complexion?" Snapper: "I'm afraid it won't wash!"

May Thank Her Stars.

The narrow escape of Mrs. B. M Searle of Elkhart, Ind., from a premature death is wonderful. She states that "for twenty years my heart troubled me greatly. I became worse. Had smothering spells, short breath, fluttering; could not sleep on my left side, had much Pain in Brest, shoulder and stomach. Ankles swelled. Had much headache and dizziness. Treatment did me no good, until I tried Dr Miles' New Heart Cure and Restorative Nerve The first bottle helped me, and I was soon virtually cured. For sale at T. D. Thomas and W. F. Biery drug store, A fine book on the Heart and Nerves free.

The man who is always wishing he were dead, is sure to be the first to rush for the door of the theater at the cry of fire.

Catarrh in New England.

Ely's Cream Balm gives satisfaction to every one using it for catarrhal troubles.—G. K. Mellor, Druggist, Worchester, Mass.

I believe Ely's Cream Balm is the best article for catarrh ever offered the public.—Bush & Co., Druggists, Worchester, Mass.

An article of real merit.—C. P. Alden, Druggist, Springfield, Mass.

Those who use it speak highly of it.—Geo. A. Hill, Druggist, Springfield, Mass.

Cream Balm has given satisfactory results. W. F. Draper, Druggist, Springfield Mass.

Men would not care to be wicked if women did not look on naughtiness with mingled dread and admiration.

It is as easy to tell the truth to your wife as to tell a lie, but it is not always so expedient.

"If a woman will, she will." If she will take Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for her cold she will be cured.

Take good advice.—I have suffered with bad headaches for years, and have tried many remedies without obtaining relief. I was advised to give Salvation Oil a trial and it has entirely cured me. Edward Beltz, (Butcher,) La Fayette Market, Baltimore, Md.

Visitor (to butler who is showing him through the picture gallery of the old mansion): "That's a fine portrait! Is it an old master?" Butler: "No; that's the old missus."

A.: "When I drink much, I can't work and so I let it alone." B.: "The drinking?" A.: "No, the working."

He: "We swells carry watches in our canes." The girls: "That's nothing; we girls have clocks in our stockings."

Bagley: "What do you say, Bailey, 'hiccup' or 'hiccuff?'" Bailey: "Neither, my boy. I just say 'hic,' and let it go at that."

A wife is a man's better half, but the fellow who elopes with her doesn't always get the better of him. He usually gets the worst.

Earl: "I see the typewriters are forming unions all over the country." Wilson: "Indeed! I hadn't heard it. Trade unions?" Earl: No; matrimonial."

Mother: "You'd better put on a veil. The wind will chap your face." Clara: "Never mind. A chap never hurts my face. I rather enjoy the sensation."

Examiner: "Can you give an instance of a person inciting another to perjury?" Candidate: "Yes; when the court asks a female witness how old she is."

With a woman it is a struggle to provide something for the comfort of the inner man, and with a man it is an effort to provide something for the outer woman.

"I seem very popular with your father's dog," said Herbert to Mabel. "Indeed?" "Yes; the last time I tried to take my leave he did his best to detain me."

Fledgely: "Miss Hauteur, will you marry me?" Miss Hauteur: "If I was a clergyman I should be pleased to, Mr. Fledgely. Who is the happy girl?"

Mistress. "Did you tell the lady I was out?" Maid: "Yis, m'm." Mistress: "Did she seem to have any doubts about it?" Maid. "No, m'm. She said she knew you wasn't."

Disorders Which Affect the Kidneys

Are among the most formidable known. Diabetes, Bright's disease, gravel and other complaints of the urinary organs are not ordinarily cured in severe cases, but they may be averted by timely medication. A useful stimulant of the urinary glands has ever been found in Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a medicine which not only affords the requisite stimulus when they become inactive, but increases their vigor and secretive power. By increasing the activity of the kidneys and bladder, this medicine has the additional effect of expelling from the blood impurities which it is the peculiar office of those organs to eliminate and pass off. The Bitters is also a purifier and strengthener of the bowels, an invigorant of the stomach, and a matchless remedy for billiousness and fever and ague. It counteracts a tendency to premature decay, and sustains and comforts the aged and infirm.

NO TIME LIKE THE OLD TIME.

There is no time like the old time, when you and I were young,
When the buds of April blossomed and the birds of springtime sung.
The garden's brightest glories by summer suns are nursed,
But, oh, the sweet, sweet violets, the flowers that opened first!

There is no place like the old place, where you and I were born,
Where we lifted first our eyelids on the splendors of the morn,
From the milk-white breast that warmed us, from the clinging arms that bore,
Where the dear eyes glistened o'er us that will look on us no more.

There is no friend like the old friend, who has shared our morning days,
No greeting like his welcome, no homage like his praise.
Fame is the scentless sunflower, with gaudy crown of gold,
But friendship is the breathing rose, with sweets in every fold.

There is no love like the old love, that we courted in our pride;
Though our leaves are falling, falling, and we're fading side by side,
There are blossoms all around us, with the colors of our dawn,
And we live in borrowed sunshine when our day-star is withdrawn.

There are no times like the old times—they shall never be forgot;
There is no place like the old place—keep green the dear old spot!
There are no friends like our old friends—may heaven prolong their lives!
There are no loves like our old loves—God bless our loving wives!

—[Oliver Wendell Holmes.

DON'T BE A BALD HEAD.

The Way to Avoid It Is to Have the Barber Singe Your Hair.

Did you ever have your hair singed? If not you are behind the times. The practice involves a new fad in vogue with barbers well up in their business. A reporter was having his hair trimmed in a prominent shop, in one of our large cities, when the barber engaged at the job remarked:

"Your hair is harsh and dry. You ought to have it singed."

The reporter wanted to know the why and wherefore, and the barber continued:

"It is very beneficial to the hair. It invigorates and softens it, and gives it new life and growth."

The customer concluded he would undergo the treatment, but wanted a full explanation, and the barber proceeded with the operation, imparting additional information as he continued the work. He had finished trimming his customer's hair, and he now armed himself with a wax taper about six inches long, which he lighted. Running the comb under the hair, as he would in trimming, he applied the light to the ends, moving comb and taper gradually over the customer's hair. Soon the shop was filled with the odor of burning hair, and the occupants in the other chairs began to sniff and inquire what was afire. Smoke arose from the reporter's head, and the heat made him nervous, for he was becoming suspicious that the barber was playing a practical joke. The latter reassured him, however, and continued his philosophical explanation.

"You see," he said, "the hairs of the head are hollow tubes, as you can discover with a strong magnifying glass after they are cut. The act of cutting the hair causes it to bleed, just as driving an axe into a tree will have a similar effect. This fluid, which oozes from the hair when the ends are taken off, is about the color of the hair itself, whatever that color may be, and while it can not be seen with the naked eye, the aid of a strong glass makes it plainly discernible. The constant cutting of the hair and its consequent bleeding hardens it, causes it to lose its strength, and finally kills it. This causes baldness among nine-tenths of men.

"The hair does not fall out, understand," continued the barber. "That is a mistaken idea. It simply dies and breaks off at the scalp, leaving the dead roots in the head, just as the dead roots of a tree are left imbedded in the ground long after the trunk is removed. Of course these dead roots furnish no new hair, but the use of this glass reveals the broken hair all over the scalp."

"But all this does not explain how your process prevents the loss of hair," suggested the interested listener.

"Singeing the hair closes the tubes or pores and stops the bleeding," was the reply. "This prevents the consequent exhaustion of the supply of strength and vigor and induces new growth. As proof of the correctness of my theory I will remind you that a man bald on the back of his head toward his neck is very rarely seen. This is because that portion of his head is not covered by his hat, and contact with the wind and dust soon closes the pores of the hair there and consequently saves it. The top of his hair, however, is covered, and the resultant humidity keeps the pores open and the bleeding eventually causes baldness on top. Again, bald headed women are unusual, simply because they rarely have their hair cut. Yes, sir, it is trimming the hair that causes such widespread baldness among men, and while singing can't restore lost hair, it is the best preserver that can be employed."

He had finished the job, and the man who was "next" took the chair.

Wooing in Africa.

A plot for a new novel, with a gloss of novelty, illustrating the old fangled ways of an ancient race, seen by Stanley in Africa: He was a young Yambuya chief, stalwart, proud, and black; she was a Yambuya maiden, handsome, graceful, and swarthy. He was brave in the field, bold in the hunt, and merry at the feast; she was true hearted and gentle, and could carol like a bird. He wooed her, but she was coy; he almost won her, but she shrank from his embraces. He gave her flowers for her hair, charms for her fingers, and handkerchiefs for her wardrobe; she required him to fetch for her the skin of a tiger, the jaw of a serpent, and the head of her rival. The next day she got them all, and ere the set of the sun they were wedded. They lived in happiness ever afterward, he proud of his prize, she vain of her babies.—[John Swinton.

Unselfish.

There are usually at least two ways of looking at a thing, and it is well now and then to change one's point of view. Little Hans had just begun his school life, and his mother was ambitious to have him keep a high standing in his class.

"Why, Hans," she said regretfully, at the end of his second week, "last week you gave me so much pleasure by getting to be at the head of your class, and now you are only number four, I see."

"Yes'm, I know," admitted the little fellow with great gravity, "but then," he added, "some other boy's mamma has the pleasure this week, so I thought perhaps you wouldn't mind so very much!"

"You're quite right, Hans," said his mother, giving him an appreciative smile, "I don't mind it at all—now!"

Sitting Bull's Wives.

Sitting Bull had three wives, two of whom survive him. The name of one of them is The-One-That-Had-Four-Robes. The other seems to have distinguished herself by doing more than a wife's share toward keeping the name of the Bull family upon the Sioux census full, and is called The-One-That-Had-Twins-Twice.—St. Joseph Gazette.

Cures Liver Complaint, Bilious Affections, Loss of Appetite, Sick Headache, Cold Stomach, Giddiness, Costiveness, Dyspepsia, Kidney trouble

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Will relieve Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Swellings, Bruises, Lumbago, Sprains, Headache, Toothache, Sores, Burns, Wounds, Cuts, Scalds, Backache, Frostbites, Chapped Hands and Face, Gout, or any bodily pain or ailment.

CHEW LANGE'S PLUGS, The Great Tobacco Antidote.—Price 10 Cts. At all druggists.

Thermometer below Freezing

and a fierce storm of driving sleet which strikes the face like a thousand needles. Wind forty miles an hour. You say a man couldn't stand such exposure? No, he couldn't, without just the proper clothing. And there's only one outfit that can keep a man both warm and dry at such a time, and that is the "Fish Brand Slicker." They are guaranteed storm-proof, waterproof, and windproof. Inside one of them, you are as much out of the weather as if indoors. They are light, but warm. Being re-enforced throughout, they never rip; and the buttons are wire-fastened. No railroad man who has once tried one would be without it for ten times its cost. Beware of worthless imitations, every garment stamped with "Fish Brand" Trade Mark. Don't accept any inferior coat when you can have the "Fish Brand Slicker" delivered without extra cost. Particulars and illustrated catalogue free.

A. J. TOWER, - Boston, Mass

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below:

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BELVERNON, Pa., Nov. 27, '90.
Dr. B. J. KENDALL Co.:
Gents—I would like to make known to those who are almost persuaded to use Kendall's Spavin Cure the fact that I think it is a most excellent Liniment. I have used it on a Blood Spavin. The horse went on three legs for three years when I commenced to use your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I used ten bottles on the horse and have worked him for three years since and has not been lame.
Yours truly, WM. A. CURL.

GERMANTOWN, N. Y., Nov. 2, 1889.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.
Gents: In praise of Kendall's Spavin Cure I will say, that a year ago I had a valuable young horse become very lame, hock enlarged and swollen. The horsemen about here (we have no Veterinary Surgeon here) pronounced his lameness Blood Spavin or Thoroughpin, they all told me there was no cure for it, he became about useless, and I considered him almost worthless. A friend told me of the merits of your Kendall's Spavin Cure, so I bought a bottle, and I could see very plainly great improvements immediately from its use, and before the bottle was used up I was satisfied that it was doing him a great deal of good. I bought a second bottle and before it was used up my horse was cured and has been in the team doing heavy work all the season since last April, showing no more signs of it. I consider your Kendall's Spavin Cure a valuable medicine, and it should be in every stable in the land. Respectfully yours,
EUGENE DEWITT.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors. DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vermont.

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CURE GUARANTEED. [illegible]

Prof. ALEXANDER BOUDROU

MIRACULOUS REMEDY. The Greatest Discovery of the Age!

"I am now 71 years of age. Was a student of medicine and surgery for seven years under the famous Dr. Nelson, and after ten years' hard study and in consultation with seven of the most eminent physicians in the city of Philadelphia since 1871, I have discovered the cure of many so-called incurable disease.

It can no longer be doubted that the spine can be cured; that paralyzed limbs can be restored to their natural use, and general debility cured. Congestion of the brain, apoplexy, results of sunstroke and the worst cases of rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, liver complaint, brights' disease of the kidneys, hip and bone disease, catarrh, bronchitis, chronic dysentery, and so-called heart disease and diphtheria, all entirely cured with pure medicines of my own preparation, if used properly as directed.

During nine years over 10,000 persons in this city alone have used these medicines and are living witnesses of their worth. All their cures can be obtained by calling at the office and laboratory of Professor Boudrou, No. 1737 North Tenth Street, Philadelphia. I was myself injured in the spine and paralyzed for seven years and pronounced incurable by seven of the most able physicians and surgeons of this city. I am now well and healthy, having cured myself with my own medicines.

Do not listen to those prejudiced against improvement in medicine and life, when you can be saved.

I will not go into practice myself, being over 70 years of age, but will sell my medicines. I have two eminent physicians connected with me to attend to calling at the residences of the sick if required.

Come one, come all sufferers and be restored to health, cured by these pure medicines and then see, experience and believe for yourselves.

Office and Laboratory [illegible] ALEXANDER BOUDROU, No. 1737 N. 10th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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In the Old Post Office Building.—
Fine and Medium Shoes for Ladies, Men and Children at the very lowest prices.
New Rubbers Inserted in Gaiters at from 40 to [illegible] cents.
All kinds of Repairing Neatly, Cheaply and and Promptly attended to.
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SPOT Cash Buyers go to A. F. SNYDER, and buy your Organs, Pianos, Sewing Machines, Wringers, Washing Machines, Implements [illegible] of all kinds. It will pay you [illegible] me before buying. I can save you money

M. FLORY, Manufacturer of and Dealer in HARNESS, COLLARS, BLANKETS, WHIPS, FLY-NETS, &c., &c., &c. WHITE [illegible] STREET.

IT LEADS THEM ALL IN NEWS. The "ADVOCATE." BRIGHT, CLEAN INDEPENDENT. —Read It!—

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It makes them look like new; and my shoes also dressed with it, hold their polish UNDER the rubber, even should the snow creep in.

Change a Pine Table to Walnut, A Poplar Kitchen Press to Antique Oak. A Cane Rocker to Mahogany. See what can be done with 25c. worth of
PIK-RON
A PAINT THAT ONE CAN SEE THROUGH. TRY IT.
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TRUTHS FOR THE SICK.
For those deathly Bilious Spells depend on SULPHUR BITTERS; it will cure you.
$1,000 will be paid for a case where SULPHUR BITTERS will not assist or cure. It never fails.
Do you suffer with that tired and allgone feeling: If so, use SULPHUR BITTERS; it will cure you.
Cleanse the vitiated blood when you see its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Blotches, and Sores. Rely on SULPHUR BITTERS, and health will follow.
Operatives who are closely confined in the mills and workshops; clerks, who do not procure sufficient exercise, and all who are confined in doors, should use SULPHUR BITTERS. They will not then be weak and sickly.
SULPHUR BITTERS will cure Liver Complaint. Don't be discouraged; it will cure you.
If you do not wish to suffer from Rheumatism, use a bottle of SULPHUR BITTERS; it never fails to cure.
SULPHUR BITTERS will build you up and make you strong and healthy.
Don't be without a bottle. Try it; you will not regret it.
SULPHUR BITTERS will make your blood pure, rich and strong, and your flesh hard.
Ladies in delicate health, who are all run down, should use SULPHUR BITTERS.
Try SULPHUR BITTERS to-night, and you will sleep well and feel better for it.
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MUHAMMID DIN.

The polo ball was an old one, scarred, chipped, and dinted. It stood on the mantle-piece among the pipe-stems which Imam Din, khitmatgar, was cleaning for me.

"Does the Heaven-born want this ball?" said Imam Din deferentially.

The Heaven-born set no particular store by it; but of what use was a polo ball to a khitmatgar?

"By your honor's favor, I have a little son. He has a seen this ball and desires to play with it. I do not want it for myself."

No one would for an instant accuse portly old Imam Din of wanting to play with polo balls. He carried out the battered thing into the verandah; and there followed a hurricane of joyful squeaks, a patter of small feet, and the thud-thud-thud of the ball rolling along the ground. Evidently the little son had been waiting outside the door to secure his treasure. But how had he managed to see that polo ball?

Next day, coming back from office half an hour earlier than usual, I was aware of a small figure in the dining-room—a tiny, plump figure in a ridiculously inadequate shirt which came perhaps, half way down the tubby stomach. It wandered round the room, thumb in mouth, crooning to itself as it took stock of the pictures. Undoubtedly this was the "little son."

He had no business in my room, of course; but was so deeply absorbed in his discoveries that he never noticed me in the doorway. I stepped into the room and startled him nearly into a fit. He sat down on the ground with a gasp. His eyes opened, and his mouth followed suit. I knew what was coming and fled, followed by a long, dry howl, which reached the servants' quarters far more quickly than any command of mine had ever done. In ten seconds Imam Din was in the dining-room. Then despairing sobs arose, and I returned to find Imam Din admonishing the small sinner, who was using most of his shirt as a handkerchief.

"This boy," said Imam Din judicially, "is a budmash, a big budmash. He will, without doubt, go to the jailkhana for his behavior." Renewed yells from the penitent, and an elaborate apology to myself from Imam Din.

"Tell the baby," said I, "that the Sahib is not angry, and take him away." Imam Din conveyed my forgiveness to the offender, who had now gathered all his shirt round his neck, stringwise, and the yell subsided into a sob. The two set off for the door. "His name," said Imam Din, as though the name were part of the crime, "is Muhammad Din, and he is a budmash." Freed from present danger, Muhammad Din turned round his father's arms and said gravely: "It is true that my name is Muhammad Din, Tahib, but I am not a budmash. I am a man!"

From that day dated my acquaintance with Muhammad Din. Never again did he come into my dining-room, but on the neutral ground of the compound, we greeted each other with much state, though our conversation was confined to "Talaam Tahib" from his side, and "Salam, Muhammad Din" from mine. Daily on my return from office, the little white shirt and the fat little body used to rise from the shade of the creeper-covered trellis where they had been hid; and daily I checked my horse here, that my salutation might not be slurred over or given unseemly.

Muhammad Din never had any companions. He used to trot about the compound, in and out of the castor-oil bushes, on mysterious errands of his own. One day I stumbled upon some of his handiwork far down the ground. He had half buried the polo ball in dust, and stuck six shrivelled old marigold flowers and in a circle round it. Outside that circle again, was a rude square, traced out in bits of red brick alternating with fragments of broken china; the whole bounded by a little bank of dust. The bhistie from the well curb put in a plea for the small architect, saying that it was only the play of a baby and did not much disfigure my garden.

Heaven knows that I had no intention of touching the child's work then or later; but, that evening, a stroll through the garden brought me unawares full on it; so that I trampled, before I knew, marigold heads, dust-bank, and fragments of broken soap-dish into confusion, past all hope of mending. Next morning I came upon Muhammad Din crying softly to himself over the ruin I had wrought. Some one had cruelly told him that the Sahib was very angry with him for spoiling the garden, and had scattered his rubbish, using bad language the while. Muhammad Din labored for an hour defacing every trace of the dust-bank and pottery fragments, and it was a tearful and apologetic face that he said: "Talaam Tahib," when I came home from the office. A hasty inquiry resulted in Imam Din informing Muhammad Din that by my singular favor he was permitted to disport himself as he pleased. Whereat the child took heart and fell to tracing the ground-plan of an edifice which was to eclipse the marigold polo-ball creation.

For some months the chubby little eccentricity revolved in his humble orbit among the castor-oil bushes and in the dust; always fashioning magnificent palaces from stale flowers thrown away by the bearer, smooth water-worn pebbles, bits of broken glass, and feathers pulled, I fancy, from my fowls—always alone and always crooning to himself.

A gayly-spotted sea-shell was dropped one day close to the last of his little buildings; and I looked that Muhammad Din should build something more than ordinarily on the strength of it. Nor was I disappointed. He meditated for the better part of an hour, and his crooning rose to a jubilant song. Then he began tracing in dust. It would certainly be a wondrous place, this one, for it was two yards long and a yard broad in ground plan. But the palace was never completed.

Next day there was no Muhammad Din at the head of the carriage drive, and no "Talaam Tahib" to welcome my return. I had grown accustomed to the greeting, and its omission troubled me. Next day, Imam Din told me that the child was suffering slightly from fever and needed quinine. He got the medicine, and an English doctor.

"They have no stamina, these brats," said the doctor, as he left Imam Din's quarters.

A week later, though I would have given much to have avoided it, I met on the road to the Mussalman burying-ground Imam Din, accompanied by one other friend, carrying in his arms, wrapped in a white cloth, all that was left of little Muhammad Din.—Rudyard Kipling.

Geronimo, the retired Apache warrior, was reported to be teaching a Sunday school class a year or two ago. Now an Alabama dispatch describes the baptism of his squaw and papoose after the Catholic ritual. Geronimo was dressed becomingly for the occasion and painted in highest colors. He watched attentively every movement of the priest, and seemed fully to appreciate every word that was uttered, kneeling during the ceremony.

The rats are recklessly roaming around the rustic regions of Ferrara, Italy, consuming the harvest before it is gathered and making the prospect for the farmers peculiarly dismal. In some places the peasantry have taken to eating the rodents, and have found them very excellent food. Damages amounting to $160,000 are [illegible] from one district.

THE CHINESE PEOPLE.

Ex-Minister Angell Declares They Are a Superior Race to the Japanese.

"Every traveler," said President Angell, of Ann Arbor University, in a lecture before the Art Institute, "who wanders to China and Japan goes with the conviction that the Japanese are the superior people—he comes back with the knowledge that the Chinese are. They have the staying power; the long, strong pull of the Anglo-Saxon."

He told a story of a great Chinese general of his acquaintance who was discussing with him the Nihilistic trouble in Russia.

"Why," said the general, "I had people of the same sort down south here, but I didn't have any trouble with them, not a bit."

"What was your policy?" inquired Mr. Angell.

"Why, I just beheaded 3,400 of 'em; no trouble whatever," answered the general.

"The Chinese," said Mr. Angell, "seem to care very little about killing or being killed." Speaking of the unspeakably bad judicial system of the country, he said it was a fact, almost incredible, that a man condemned to death could hire a substitute for that interesting ceremony. The substitute had all the opium he wanted until the execution, and what more could man ask?

The speaker explained what had always been a mystery to him until he went to China, just why the country was 3,000 years behind the times. It was all due to the system of education. All education, so called, in that country is based upon the one great pervading idea that all that is great in any sort of learning is that which has gone before. The examination of eligibles for all scholastic and political positions is based on the nine books of sacred writ, reedited by Confucius. A man is called a scholar if he knows these and not anything else. Everything is judged by these sacred books. The one good and democratic thing about it is that any man is eligible to any position under that of emperor.

"As to society," said the speaker, "they have none, as we understand the term. This is simply that they don't recognize womankind. If you ask a Chinaman how many children he has he will only count his boys. The lot of a Chinese woman is a wretched one."

Here are a few facts gathered from the address. Drunkenness is almost unknown in China. There are few charities. There is the most intense ignorance as to current events; there were no newspapers, no telegraph lines. Politeness is part of the Chinese religion, but the average Chinaman is an unmitigated liar. Filial obedience is a Chinese virtue. The Celestials are great believers in "signs," thousands in number. They have no straight streets or walls, because they believe the devil travels in a straight line. They want no foreigners.

"The Chinese," said Mr. Angell, "are docile, they are not a warlike race, and yet once aroused, with their unnumbered millions, they would make a tremendous amount of trouble to any nation on the face of the earth. The country is gradually succumbing to Western civilization, but slowly, very slowly."

THE TWENTY-FIFTH CONGRESS.

A Question as to Who Is the Sole Survivor of That Notable Body.

In regard to the interesting question whether Judge Richard P. Marvin, of Jamestown, is the only surviving member of the Twenty-fifth Congress, an esteemed correspondent writes:

"Charles Gayerre, of New Orleans, where he still resides, represented Louisiana in the United States Senate in 1835."

This is not quite accurate, says the New York *Sun*. Judge Gayerre was elected in 1835 to the United States Senate, but he never took his seat. Illness banished him to Europe, where he remained for seven or eight years, and Robert Carter Nicholas was elected as Senator in his place. Judge Gayerre, therefore, did not represent Louisiana in the Senate or serve with Judge Marvin in the Twenty fifth Congress.

Is there any other survivor than Judge Marvin of the distinguished body that included Clay, Calhoun, and Webster, Tom Benton, James Buchanan, John Crittenden, Franklin Pierce, and Silas Wright, and, in the House, John Quincy Adams, Jonathan Cilley, Thomas Corwin, Millard Fillmore, James K. Polk, Joshua R. Giddings, Ogden Hoffman, John P. Kennedy, Robert M. T. Hunter, Sergeant S Prentiss, Isaac Toucey, and Henry A. Wise?

In that remarkable Twenty-fifth Congress, besides the great Senatorial triumvirate, there was not less than five statesmen who either had been or afterward were Presidents of the United States, namely, John Quincy Adams, James K. Polk, Millard Fillmore, Franklin Pierce, and James Buchanan; and so far as we have ascertained, the venerable Judge Marvin, of Chautauqua, is the sole survivor."

Popular Ben Franklin.

By his manners and ways of life he became the most popular man in France, so that when he gained his presentation to the king his future was assured. As he passed through the streets of Paris he was followed by admiring eyes and cheered loudly by enthusiastic voices, says the *Century*. A contemporary writes: "A friend of mine paid something for a place at a two pair of stairs window to see him pass by in his coach, but the crowd was so great that he could but barely say he saw him. He was the Frenchman's embodiment of the ideal citizen, republican, philosopher, and friend. He completely captivated and captured the people of France, whom he perfectly understood, and he well knew "that a popular man becomes soon more powerful than power itself." Condorcet said: "It was an honor to have seen him. People repeated what they had heard him say. Every fete which he consented to receive, every house where he consented to go, spread in society new admirers, who became so many partisans of the American Revolution."

The Oldest Kissing Story.

The oldest kissing story is probably that of the Hindoo herdsman who was walking along the road with an iron kettle on his back, a live goose in one hand and in the other a cane and a rope by which he was leading a goat. Presently a woman joined him, and they walked along together until they reached a dark ravine, when she shrank back, declaring she was afraid he might kiss her by force there in the dark. The man explained that by reason of his burdens he could not possibly do so.

"Yes," said the woman, "but what is to hinder you from sticking the cane in the ground and tying the goat to it, and then laying the goose on the ground and covering it with the kettle? And then, how could I help myself if you wickedly persisted in kissing me?"

"Many thanks," said the man. "I never should have thought of all that. You are an ingenious woman. May your ingenuity always succeed."

So they went on until they reached the darkest part of the ravine. Then he stuck the cane in the ground and tied the goat to it, and put the goose under the kettle by the cane, and then wickedly kissed the woman in spite of her [illegible].

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