

HIS FAVORITE FORM.

[James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier poet, says the subtitled is his favorite English poem. He first saw it twenty years ago in a country newspaper, and has been trying ever since to learn the name of the author:]

BRAVE LOVE.

He'd nothing but his violin;
I'd nothing but my song—
But we were wed when skies were blue
And summer days were long;
And when we rested by the hedge,
The robins came and told
How they had dared to woo and win
When early spring was cold.
We sometimes supped on dewberries,
Or slept among the hay—
But oft the farmers' wives at eve
Came out to hear us play
The rare old tunes—the dear old tunes?—
We could not starve for long
While my man had his violin
And I my sweet love-song.

"QUITS"

When one is fluffy-haired, cheery tempered and twenty-three years of age—and little Lady Loveday was all three—one does not regard with unaltered respect the prospect of a whole week with the British Association for the Advancement of Science. But Sir James had been elected President for the year, and his wife, as in duty bound, was obliged to accompany him.

The town of Mudgechester, with its forest of tall chimneys and its perpetual gloomy pall, may possibly represent the sinews and strength of England, but it is not exactly an ideal place in which to spend the early days of September. Elsewhere there are blue skies, heather-clad moors and grouse on the wing, but Mudgechester, for some inscrutable reason, preserves the same gray and depressed appearance year in and year out. Sir James Loveday, however, full of the temporary importance which attaches to the eminent scientist who is President of the year, was delighted with the whole thing, and especially proud of showing off his pretty, young wife to his scientific colleagues, whose spouses, though uniting in their persons the manifold virtues of the British matron, could hardly lay claim to either epithet. He had only been married a year. They had met on a homeward-bound Cunarder, and though this particular ship had beaten the record, there had been time enough for Sir James to become enamored of Miss Lena Gardner, who, finding no one younger to her taste on board, had smiled on the elderly scientist until he had offered her his name and his fortune. She was a sensible young woman, with a nice appreciation of the good things of this life, and in six weeks time from their landing at Liverpool, they were quietly married in London.

Quite a little murmur of admiration and a notable craving of masculine necks greeted Lady Loveday as she made her appearance in the Town Hall of Mudgechester on the night of the opening address. It was her first introduction to the scientific world, and men of science, much like other men, are apt to appreciate good looks. In her white brocade mantle, a boa of cetrif feathers encircling her throat, and some diamond arrows thrust through her blonde hair, she looked a radiant vision of youth and beauty in the crowd of ill-dressed, gawky women who made up the feminine portion of the audience. Devotion to the toilette forms no part of the programme to the ladies who attend meetings of the British Association, the advancement of science being more important in their eyes than the plaiting of hair and wearing of gold. And so Lena was able to make her little sensation. She entered the large hall alone, for Sir James was already in his place on the platform, and was even giving the preliminary cough which precedes the opening address.

"By Jove!" said a bronzed young man to himself—a young man who had strolled in late, and now found himself in the very back of the vast hall—"if that isn't Lena! Odd that I should see her the first week I arrive in England! What is she doing here? Wonder if she has forgotten! Well, it's three years ago."

The opening address was an enormous success, as it always is. During the week the popular enthusiasm, cooled by many scientific lectures, may abate; but on the opening night no judge on the bench is surer of a laugh than the eminent scientist who opens the meeting. The mildest jokelets are received with rapture, the feeblest similes get a round of applause. Lady Loveday was surrounded by admiring chemists, biologists and botanists by the time the large audience was filing out.

"You'll come with our expedition on Thursday, Lady Loveday, won't you?" urged a thin young professor from a Scotch University, whose appearance suggested the suspicion that he had recently come out of an eye hospital.

Lady Loveday smiled, and made up her mind to the inevitable. After all, he was only a little worse than the rest. All the young men at the meeting wore turndown collars, and coats which had apparently been made for somebody else.

"I shall be delighted," she said, in her most cordial tone. "Where are you going, and what are you going to do to improve me?"

"Oh, it's an expedition down a salt mine. We shall have to take you down in a bucket. You won't mind, will you?" urged the weak-eyed young man eagerly.

"Not at all, if you will insure the rope not breaking."

But, all the same, when Thursday arrived, and Lena found herself alone at the railway station—for Sir James had a committee meeting that morning, and could only join her later in the day—she felt somewhat depressed at the prospect before her. There was a large and somewhat weird-looking crowd on the platform. A slight drizzle was falling, and the ladies of the party had unanimously elected to appear in bag-like waterproof garments, though, to be sure, their male kind ran them hard in the matter of curious raiment. Most of the travelers had invested in paper bags full of Bath buns, for an expedition with the British Association is generally fraught with peril in the matter of supplies. The weak-eyed young man was in a state of excitement bordering on delirium. Lady Loveday sighed as her eye ran over the mass of pushing, perspiring, be-mackintoshed human beings on the platform.

"There isn't a soul here that I want to speak to," she thought, settling into the comfortable corner-place which the youthful professor had secured for her; and then, as her eye caught the square-shouldered back of a check-coated man in the distance, she added, mentally: "That looks like a nice man. His hair is cut beautifully short, and he's got a brown neck and a properly ironed collar. He reminds me of poor Dick."

But, directly after, the train steamed out of the station and Lady Loveday's reminiscences came to an end. She had to make conversation with her cicerone for the day, and a whole carriageful of other people. By the time they had arrived at the pit's mouth and were waiting their turn to go down, Lena was not sure that she wanted to engage in such a perilous experiment.

Only a quarter of the trainful of people could be accommodated under the shed which covered the shaft, the rest were waiting outside. Finally, however, she was jammed with some seven or eight other people, including her scientific admirer, in the balze-covered bucket, and was emptied out, after an unaccustomed descent through a black void, into the brown-walled cavern at the bottom. The mine had been decorated with thousands of candles in honor of the event, and each visitor was provided with a tallow dip stuck into a wooden handle. Down in the depths of the mine the Scotch professor waxed confidential.

"This man is getting a bore," thought Lady Loveday; "I must really evade him somehow;" and with another turn of the rock she managed to slip away from him. Candle in hand, she followed a group of people in front of her. Presently one of the party—the young man whose back she had seen on the platform—stopped, and, with an action which she recognized at once, struck a match, stooped his head, and lighted a cigarette.

"Why, it is Dick!" she murmured; and just then he turned and saw her. "I thought you were in—Afghanistan," he went on, hurriedly, as he stood gazing at her.

"So I have been, for the last two years. That frontier business took longer than I thought. And you?"

Lady Loveday blushed and looked down. Here was an adventure after her own heart. She was a curious mixture of practical worldliness and theoretical sentimentality. She had liked him, handsome, penniless Captain Bramwell, more than any man she had ever known, and he—well, she was quite aware he had worshiped the very ground she trod on. But all that was three years ago, and in three years there are many changes.

"I saw you the other night," he continued, presently; "you came in an awfully fetching cloak, with a white, fluffy thing round your neck. I've been trying to find you out ever since, but nobody that I asked could tell me anything about Miss Gardner."

Lady Loveday smiled. He did not know of her marriage, then! The caprice took her not to tell him just yet—she wanted, womanlike, to see if he had remained faithful all these years.

"Oh, I'm such an insignificant person in the midst of all these bigwigs."

Dick smiled back at her—he had a charming smile—and they wandered along together, each with a tallow dip flickering and spluttering, and fitfully lighting their handsome young faces. She had not altered one bit, he said; and she declared he was as brown as a Hindoo, and would have to be scraped white. Time flies when old lovers meet, and nearly an hour had gone before Dick had told her that he had come down to the association to read a paper in the geographical section. Would she come and hear it? Of course, of course, she would! Poor old Dick! Why, he was just as hard hit, she firmly believed, as ever.

When they at length got back to the bottom of the shaft, there was not a soul to be seen. The awful truth began to dawn upon them that they had been left behind. How easy that might be, with the five or six hundred people who had come with the excursion, they both saw at a glance. What was to be done? Nothing—absolutely nothing. Lady Loveday turned greenish white as she leaned against the rock.

"Sir James," she moaned—"Sir James would never let me die like a dog in a hole."

"Sir James!" said Dick, surprised. "You mean the President? Is he a great friend of yours?"

"He is—O my poor Dick!—he is—my husband!" she faltered, not daring to look at him now. Captain Bramwell gave a little whistle and turned away. What a farce, and how like Lena the whole thing was! Lady Loveday did not see him smile.

"Forgive me!" she murmured, stepping nearer to him, and laying a caressing hand on his arm. She was very fond of the drama, and that was always what they said in plays, when the old lover came back from India and found the heroine faithful.

"My poor child," he answered gravely, "I'll forgive you anything—as long as we ever get out of this pit."

Lena could hardly conceal her disappointment. Was it possible—actually possible—that he did not care, that he did not remember! It couldn't be he

had loved her too well! He must be pretending, just to look as if he were indifferent.

"They waited a long time, and it was 4 o'clock before the whirr of the bucket was heard coming to her relief. An explanation of Captain Bramwell's equanimity with regard to her marriage was afforded Lady Loveday on their arrival at the top of the shaft. Hurrying toward the pit's mouth was seen Sir James, accompanied by a pretty girl in blue, a girl whose naive delight at seeing Captain Bramwell was obvious to all the bystanders.

"And who—who is the exuberant young woman in blue?" queried Lena, with not quite a pretty smile. "That, dear Lady Loveday," said Dick, quietly, as he handed his companion out on to terra firma, "that—is my wife!"—London World.

Sponge Out Headache.

The ordinary nervous headache will be greatly relieved and in many cases entirely cured by removing the waist of one's dress, knotting the hair high up on the head out of the way and, while leaning over a basin, placing a sponge soaked in water as hot as it can be borne on the back of the neck.

Repeat this many times, also applying the sponge behind the ears, and the strained muscles and nerves that have caused so much misery will be felt to relax and smooth themselves out deliciously, and very frequently the pain promptly vanishes in consequence.

Every woman knows the aching face and neck generally brought home from a hard day's shopping or from a long round of calls and afternoon teas.

She regards with intense dissatisfaction the heavy lines drawn around her eyes and mouth by the long strain on the facial muscles, and when she must carry that worn countenance to some dinner party or evening's amusement, it robs her of all the pleasure to be had in it. Cosmetics are not the cure, nor bromides nor the many nerve sedatives to be had at the drug store.

Use the sponge and hot water again, bathing the face in water as hot as it can possibly be borne; apply the sponge over and over again to the temples, throat and behind the ears, where most of the nerves and muscles of the head center, and then bathe the face in water running cold from the faucet. Color and smoothness of outline come back to the face, an astonishing freshness and comfort is the result, and if a nap of ten minutes can follow every trace of fatigue will vanish.

The same remedy is invaluable for sunburn, and the worst case of this latter affliction of sensitive skins will succumb to the hot-water treatment. The cold douche should not follow in this case; instead a light application of vaseline or cold cream, which prevents peeling of the skin, as the hot water prevented inflammation.

Nothing so good for tired eyes has yet been discovered as bathing them in hot water, and neuralgia nine cases out of ten will yield to applications of cloths wrung out in hot water in which the hand cannot be borne.—Boston Globe.

Teeth and Hair Not Indispensable.

With us there is, to say the least, a strong and decided prejudice in favor of luxuriant tresses and pearly teeth. But it is only a prejudice, and by no means universal. We see no lack of beauty in the infant's naked, rosy scalp, or in its sweet little toothless mouth. We even see a kind of majestic beauty in the ivory dome that covers the sage's busy brain. A white, shining billiard ball is by no means unpleasing to the eye, and no one can fancy its beauty improved by covering half of it with a coat of hair, however soft and silky, lustrous, brown or golden. Birds had teeth once; how should we welcome a prospect of the return, a retrogression, to their former semi-reptilian condition? Would you think your canary or your brilliant-headed cockatoo improved in its appearance if the smooth, even edges of its bill were garnished with saws of pearly teeth like a little feathered and winged alligator? The possession of a full complement of teeth has always been regarded as an indispensable condition of perfect health. To our prehistoric ancestors, who had no other grain mills than their molars, it must have been so, and the modern soldier in active service would find his hard-tack and leathery salt beef rather unsatisfactory fare without the dental integrity which the examining surgeon so properly insists upon. But the constantly improving science of cookery supplies the remedy for the civilian, and as to the soldier, he, like his teeth, a relic of undeveloped civilization. The "dogs of war" must go, teeth and all. Experience has demonstrated that the luxurious diet of civilization, which gives so little for the teeth to do, is, on the whole, more conducive to vitality and longevity than the hard fare of savagery. Long before toothless guns shall have become the rule all occasion for teeth will have passed, either for beauty or use.—North American Review.

A Hunter's Paradise.

A correspondent, writing from the State of Washington, says: In this unknown land, bear, elk and the noble black-tailed deer exist in almost countless numbers, and in all but perfect fearlessness of man, and here, from the great difficulty of access to their domain, the enterprising sportsman may find them untroubled. Until the summer just passed, no hunter's, prospector's or explorer's rifle had ever awakened the echoes of their hills. The hunter's paradise is the peninsular lying west of Puget Sound, and embraces all the territory west from the Sound to the Pacific Ocean, and the Straits of San Juan de Fuca south to the northern line of Chehalis County, comprising the entire counties of Clallam and Jefferson, and is locally known as the "Olympic Range Country." A glance at a map will best inform the reader of the extent of this territory, where until last summer the noblest game on the continent has lived in undisturbed peace.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Chenille is once more in high favor.

The Soudanese women wear no shoes. Nearly all the women in Corea can read.

Sultana silks make pretty evening gowns.

Queen Victoria's daughters are all good cooks.

Bracelets of heavy designs are growing in favor.

Beauty is a very fine thing to have, but style is vastly better.

Queen Elizabeth started the style of wearing silk stockings.

A great deal of embroidery is used to decorate winter gowns.

All the favor fans bear the monogram of the recipient in silver.

The favorite shades in gloves are gray, tan, mode and pearl.

Undressed kid gloves are now seldom worn with elaborate toilets.

The new "sac" gloves, as they are, allow the hand to pass freely in.

Marie Antoinette instituted the custom of wearing feathers in the hair.

Gold serpents do duty as necklaces, bangles, girdles, and even as wedding rings.

The School Board of Nottingham, England, has three women among its members.

The golden-rod's rise in public favor is followed by a craze for yellow colors in dress goods.

It is a very pretty finish to fancy slippers to use small gold or silver buckles on the vamp.

Plaid silk coat scarfs are the "new-est," and not so trying to the complexion as plain colors.

Industries in the west of Ireland consist mainly of lace making and embroidery for women.

The average Wellesley College girl weighs but 119½ pounds and is but five feet two inches tall.

A New York woman tried to have her husband arrested because he would not take her to the theatre.

At the recent marriage of a Middlebury, Vt., widow the bride was given away by her daughter.

The Queen of Italy received as a birthday present from her husband the other day a superb ruby ring.

Tight-fitting coats, like little newmarkets, with long capes, are very neat on girls with trim forms.

An old lady fell in New York, the other day, and hat pins were driven into her head, killing her instantly.

Gloves, skirts, stockings and caps are now made of the finest silk for infants and children as well as adults.

Hookskin has an ugly ring about it, yet it is the fashionable leather for purses, wallets, bill books and card cases.

New designs of handkerchiefs show a deep border in drawn-work, and a hand-wrought monogram of very small size.

Women never give such handsome presents as men. If a man gives a cheap present he is put down as shabby or mean.

A good many women are enjoying life in Main lumber camps this season. They accompany their husbands and fathers as cooks.

The "bachelor" girl is now the term applied to the young woman who leaves the paternal home and strikes out for herself.

Vassar College points with pride to the fact that no graduate of that institution has ever been divorced from her husband.

Mrs. A. Lutz, of New Orleans, La., is the proprietor of an undertaking establishment which includes all details of the business.

Strings of mock gems are now employed as epaulets, necklets, and waist bands, the stones being usually in simulated uncut state.

Lace trimmings now show the unusual variety of combining several kinds of lace in one trimming. This is particularly the case with black lace.

Mrs. Jacob Benton, of Lancaster, N. H., has been an invalid for the past five years. During that time she has learned to speak and write five languages.

The class yell of the young women of the freshmen class of Colby University is said to be this: "Co-ordination ha, ha, ha, tassaras kai enenekonta dux femina facta, rah, rah, rah."

No less than 150 young women have taken up timber claims in Western Washington during the past six months, and in Eastern Washington probably 100 others have located lands.

Miss Fordham, a well-known English bicycle rider, has ridden a safety wheel 1900 miles, at the rate of seventy-five miles a day, and hopes to close 2000 miles before the season closes.

A scholarship of \$200 is offered by the Vassar Students' Aid Society for a student who passes all the requirements for admission to the freshmen class at the examination to be held in June, 1891.

The Turkish Sultan's daughter has been educated in accordance with European ideas and is a young lady of taste and accomplishments. She is especially known as a pianist of remarkable execution.

Miss Flora E. Powers, stenographer to the Attorney-General, is said to be one of the most indefatigable workers at the Capital, frequently working far into the night in a stress of business, not absenting herself on Sunday.

The chief gown worn by the Austrian Empress is a straight, black, plaited skirt with a bodice like a Swiss peasant's. Over this she wears a loose jacket, which she changes three times a day, the material varying with the temperature.

Archduchess Maria Dorothea is one of the beauties of the Austrian Imperial family. She is above medium height, with dark hair and eyes and a fresh complexion. She is noted for her charities and for her skill in piano playing.

The Planet's Mid-Spot.

For several centuries different cities in the Orient have contested with each other for the honor of being recognized as the mid-spot of the planet. Quite recently a London geographer issued an elaborate work in which he tries to prove the British metropolis to be the centre of the landed hemispheres. Jerusalem and Delhi, notwithstanding the fact that neither of them is situated on the equator, have for ages been the two great rivals in this mid spot discussion. William Simson, of the London Society for Exploring Palestine, tells us that Herr Schick has sent home drawings of the Jerusalem centre of the world. It exists, of course, in the Greek Church of the Holy Sepulchre, not in the Latin church.

The spot is identified less by physical science than by prophecy. It is written in the Psalms: "God is my King of old, working salvation in the midst of the earth." This can only refer to the scenes of the passion and of the holy sepulchre, and the midst of the earth must, therefore, be found where the holy sepulchre is considered to be by the Greeks.

The belief that the centre is there, or thereabouts, is ancient, for it occurs in a work by St. Ephrem, quoted by John Gregory in reference to Noah's prayer. Here Ephrem says that Adam was buried "in the middle of the earth." Homer calls Calypso's island "the navel of the world, the centre of all the seas."

In Æschylus a certain round stone in the temple of Delphi is the "navel" or centre of the earth, and here does Orestes take refuge when pursued by the Eumenides. Pinder has anticipated Æschylus here, and, after an era, Pausanias (like Herr Schick) had the pleasure of seeing the only genuine central hub at Delphi. "It is made," he says, of white stone, smooth and polished, and is the middle point of the whole world. Delos, as well as Delphi, claims to be one of the sacred places perforated by the earth's axle, and probably other cities, in all ages, have looked upon their sacred places as deserving of the same distinction. There can be no closer analogy, however, than that which exists between the hall of stone in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem and the round white stone at Delphi.

—Chicago Herald.

What Lupus Is.

Lupus vulgaris, of which we are now hearing so much, is an extremely chronic disease of the skin, attacking persons between the ages of two and fifteen. It is characterized by the appearance of reddish-brown nodules of granulation tissue upon the skin, usually of the face. The mucous membranes are rarely affected. The nodules start in the corium, but penetrate the connective tissue beneath and the papillary layer above. The disease spreads by the formation of fresh nodules at the periphery of the original lesion. New centres form and the old ones may gradually disappear. If the tissue breaks down an open sore is found, covered with yellowish and brownish crusts. Unlike ordinary tubercle, the lupus nodules are rather vascular. Tubercle bacilli are found in the tissue, but they are very infrequent, and often many examinations are required to detect them. Inoculation of lupus nodules will it is asserted, cause tuberculosis in rabbits and guinea pigs; but inoculation of the skin with tubercle will not produce lupus. For this and other reasons so distinguished an authority as Kaposi denies that lupus is a cutaneous tuberculosis, although that view is held positively by Koch and his pupils. Lupus, chronic as it is in its tendencies, often disappears for a time under treatment, only to reappear later. Dermatologists generally give favorable prognosis, provided treatment is persisted in.

—Medical Record.

The production of coarse wool is now mainly confined in the United States to Colorado, New Mexico and Texas, and does not exceed 50,000,000 pounds per annum.

Any article that has outlived 24 years of competition and imitation, and sells more and more each year, must have merit. Dubbin's Electric Soap first made in 1865 is just that article. Ask your grocer for it. He has it, or will get it.

The hickory and butternut crops in Vermont have been almost a total failure.

Deafness Can't be Cured. By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that we cannot cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CRENNEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 75 cents.

Most of the platinum supply comes from the Urals mines of Russia.

Nothing Else Will Do It.

We have volumes of evidence to prove that S. S. S. is the only permanent cure for contagious Blood Taint.

I suffered for five years with the worst form of blood poison, during which time I was attended by the best physicians I could find, and tried numbers of proprietary medicines without any beneficial results. I continued to grow worse all this time, until my whole system was destroyed by the vile disease, my tongue and throat having great holes caused by it. I then commenced taking Swift's Specific (S. S. S.), and in a few months I was entirely cured, and to this great medicine do I attribute my recovery. This was over two years ago, and I have had no return or any effects of the disease since, and my skin is to-day as smooth as anybody's.—William Bowers, Covington, O.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

SWIFT'S SPECIFIC S. S. S. Is as near infallible as it is possible for a medicine to be in the cure of Blood Poison.

—ELY'S CREAM BALM—Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Alleviates Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores Taste and Smell, and Cures Catarrh.

Give Relief at once for Cold in Head. Apply into the Nostrils. It is Country Shorted. See Druggists or by mail, ELY BROS., 70 Warren St., N. Y.

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Using the Sun as an Alarm Clock.

The young man who lives in a garret related his peculiar methods of domestic economy lately. He does not possess an alarm clock, and consequently must devise some means of awakening at a certain time in the morning. To arouse himself at six o'clock he opens his window and lifts high the curtain before retiring, and let the light of dawn steal gently upon his eye-lids and pricks them open to sensibility with the assistance rendered by the ruder shock conveyed to his ear by the noise of passing vehicles. To awake two hours later the window is closed; a ten o'clock awakening is obtained by pulling down the curtain, but when his fatigue necessitates a thorough rest he shuts out all light and sound as nearly as possible, surrounding himself with pillows and blankets, among which he rests serenely in the arms of Morpheus until "high noon" drives him from concealment.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

There are over 7,000,000 pores in the human body.

Hood's Calendar for 1891. To convey briefly an idea of the magnitude of our Calendar business, we will say that the edition for 1891 is 5,000,000. To make this enormous number requires the labor of fifty people, ten printing presses and various other machinery for seventy days, manufacturing at the rate of 60,000 Calendars per day. It is superfluous for us to praise the Calendar for 1891, when so many kind words are spoken by all who have seen it. In fact, it is almost unanimously pronounced the handsomest Calendar we have yet issued.

The subject represents three children playing musical instruments, and the positions, expressions, coloring and general finish make a most charming picture. But to be appreciated it must be seen. Ask your druggist for Hood's Sarsaparilla Calendar, or send six cents in stamps for one copy, or ten cents for two, to C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Money invested in choice one hundred dollar building lots in suburbs of Kansas City will pay from five hundred to one thousand per cent the next few years under our plan. \$25 cash and \$5 per month without interest controls desirable. Particulars on application. J. H. Bauerlein & Co., Kansas City, Mo.

FITTS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Nervousness, Trembling, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Lee Wa's Chinese Headache Cure. Harness in effect, quick and positive in action. Sent prepaid on receipt of \$1 per bottle. Advertiser & Co., 227 Wyandott St., Kansas City, Mo.

Timber, Mineral, Farm Lands and Ranches in Missouri, Kansas, Texas and Arkansas, bought and sold. Tyler & Co., Kansas City, Mo. Oklahoma Guide Book and Map sent any where on receipt of 50c. Tyler & Co., Kansas City, Mo.

Entitled to the Best. All are entitled to the best that their money will buy, so every family should have, at once a bottle of the best family remedy, Syrup of Figs, to cleanse the system when constipated. For sale in 50c. and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists.

Guaranteed five year eight per cent First Mortgage on Kansas City property, interest payable every six months; principal and interest collected when due and remitted without expense to lender. For sale by J. H. Bauerlein & Co., Kansas City, Mo. Write for particulars.

Do You Ever Speculate? Any person sending us their name and address will receive information that will lead to a fortune. Benj. Lewis & Co., Security Building, Kansas City, Mo.