PEEKSKILL'S SPIROMETER.

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

Mrs. Morford, a beautiful and rich widow of eight and twenty, with an oval face, dark eyes and hair of frosted silver, on returning from her afternoon drive upon the three hundreth and sixty-sixth day of her widowhood, found a messenger from Tillet's awaiting her, with the pearl necklace which she had sent to be cleaned, for she was about to reenter the world. She had loved her husband, but it is as well to say that the silver hair began long before the worthy John Morford terminated.

nated.

The messenger, a reticent and self-contained person, guardedly unbuttoned his overcoat and produced the gems from some secret shrine within himself, and remarked, while Mrs. Morford wrote the receipt, that she would best keep a sharp eye out, for the crooks had got onto the fact that the necklace was out of the Safe Deposit company's vaults.

"Aren't they lovely!" ejaculated the lady to herself, when alone. Then she added, with an intonation of remorse-ful tenderness: "Poor John!" Grief



"AREN"T THEY LOVELY!" EJACU LATED THE LADY TO HERSELF. for her bereavement, however, could no longer obscure the beauty of the neck-lace. Nature and the world have their

She was on the point of going into her chamber to prepare for dinner, when hise Lesbia Peckskill was announced. the had formerly been one of Mrs. Mor-ford's school-teachers, and was now an apostle of physical culture and hygiene. the was short and uneven of figure and homely of countenance, and carried a small black bag. As she intered, Mrs. Morford closed the moforco case containing the pearls. She was perhaps shy of revealing to her friend her aban-domment of mouthing. Miss Peckstill hardly waited to ex-

ga - afeetings before producing her bag a leather receptacle, from which she drew forth a contrivence of rubber tubes and bulbs, which she pro-

"My new spirometer my dear! My own invention? You have no idea! It has increased the cubic compass of my chest four inches in three weeks! I expect to sell 5,600,000 of them, at three dollars each, the first year! The patent royalties on \$15,000,000 at ten per cent, will be \$1,500,000 steady income! I shall be treated as a polic benefactor like Morse, Ether, Morton and Gen. Booth! The lungs are the life; we shall all have lungs are the life; we shall all have chests like pouter pigeons, figures like Phidiases, eyes like stars, checks like flower petals, digestions like iron mills

flower petals, digestions like iron mills—practical, immortal health and beauty! Why look at me!"

"To be sure!" returned Mrs. Morfield, veiling the sparkle in her dark eyes with her darker lashes, "May I buy this of you? You will dine with me and we'll talk it over."

"You misunderstand me, my dear! This is the only specimen extant. I have not yet secured the patent. I am on my way to Washington to do so. I thought you might like to advance the \$200 to cover the expense, receiving three shares of stock in return, which will be at least 1,000 per cent, premium will be at least 1,000 per cent. premium in six months. You have done me so many kindnesses, my dear, that I felt called on to make this return for them. I have to take my train at 7.30. Do you dine soon? What did I do with my spirometer case? Oh, here it is—Oh, my! Your pearl necklace! Then you're going into the world again? Poor, dear

"It is a year and a day, you know," said the widow, blushing a little.
"Aren't they pretty,
"They are! Pearls are my favorites of

all precious stones. But what are pearls compared with my spirometer, either as regards value and utility?— what a nice black lace mantilla this is, my dear! You'll be leaving it off now, I suppose? It reminds me of one You must accept it as a memento

of our friendship," said Mrs. Morford, who could take a hint as quickly as anyone. "And now we'll have dinner. What is it?"

See this Pail!



Get one like it from

You will like it, but you won't like the imitations. Avoid them. Gennine has trade marks—"Collected and steer, front in section-plant program on every tin. PME N. E. PARRICANE COMPANY,

The manner of his request was attractive—she liked chivalry in a man. "Ask him to come up," she said to the servant; and in a minute he made his

appearance.

He was a middle-aged man of tall and elegant figure, set off by a plain clerical garb and a long black cloak. His features were regular, his expression grave but observant, his dark auburn hair was grissled to the temples. burn hair was grissled to the temples. There was a white scar, as of a sword-cut, across the outer corner of his left eye, which gave it a slight eccentricity. His bearing was that of a finished man of the world rather than a conventional clergyman. There was something agreeably foreign about it.

Mr. Glenn was charming at the dinner table, whither, after the first introductions, the three betook themselves.

ductions, the three betook themselves. He had had an adventurous life as a He had had an adventurous lite as a missionary in various parts of the world. He had just returned from five years in Corea. A large fortune had been bequeathed to him from a man whom he had saved from a sad end in early life, who afterwards became wealthy. His purpose had been to search out his old chum John Morford and pass his remaining years near him, engaged in works of charity. The shock engaged in works of charity. The shock of finding him no more had been severe. Though he had never met Mrs. Morford, she would understand why he had wished to see her. "The woman whom my dearest friend loved cannot but be an object of peculiar interest to my-self. But you understand—you are in all senses a woman who understands"—he added, with a look that made the lady's oval cheeks feel delicately warm. They had a good time. Miss Peekskill spoke with noble rage of her spirom-eter; Mr. Glenn promised to take a hundred shares as soon as the stock was issued. The conversation drifted to precious stones. He described the marvelous pear of Corea, and produced four fine black ones from his pocket, which he had seen the native divers bring up from the depths of the Indian ocean. Mrs. Morford held them in the

rost paim of her white hand and car-ressed them with her eye, her head on one side. "They remind me of the pend-ants of my necklace," she said. "You have a pearl necklace?" he asked. "Are the pearls Corean?" They sent the servant to bring the case. He examined the pecklace with He examined the necklace with the air of connolescur. "Yes, they are mostly Corean," he said at last, "Will you grant me a great favor?" he added. bending toward her. She bowed her head graciously, but inquiringly. "Permit me to present you these four pearls of mine. They should be with their sisters. I brought them from the orient with a purpose of presenting them to my friend's wife; will not his widow accept them? For me, of course, they can have no value—sava as they they can have no value-save as they

soft palm of her white hand and ca-

may give pleasure to you."

Mrs. Morford took a breath; she hardly knew what to say; she glanced at Miss Peckskill, sighed, and slowly shook her head with a gentle smile. "I shall hope to see you here often," she said, giving him back the pearls. "When you know me better, perhaps you will induse me mere." you will indulge me more," was his re-ply. He had the fine taste not to press

mous spirometer, upon the virtues of which she had expatiated at length. The elderly maiden, in spite of the value she placed on ner invention, really liked pearls as much as anyone, and was also partial to clergymen. She could not help reflecting that the necklace would become her well; she would even have been willing to hang Mr. Glenn's four black beauties as earrings in her ears, and would not, per-haps, obstinately resist accepting the reverend gentleman himself into the bargain. But he did not suspect her



HE WAS A MIDDLE-AGED MAN.

spond to them. That is the way in

Seven o'clock struck, and Mr. Glenn, in the midst of an absorbing conversation, remembered with a start that he had a train to take at 7.15. He caught up in his haste the cloak which he had flung on the table when going in to dinner, hurriedly shook hands with the two ladies—with Mrs. Morford last and longest—and was gone, leaving a favorable impression behind him. "That scar gives him a queer expression, though, don't you think?" observed Miss Peekskill, after a pause, feeling that a critical attitude would become her.

who could take a hint as quickly as anyone. "And now we'll have dinner. What is it?"

This question was addressed to the servant, who entered with a card on a salver. It bore the name of Rev. Watson Glen, and in pencil the following: "Will Mrs. Morford permit her late husband's old college chum to lay his homage at her feet?"

After a moment's reflection Mrs. Morford recollected having heard her husband mention a former friend of this name, but she had supposed him long since dead. Should she receive him?

"Thanks, my dear; you are really very kind. But, dear me, there is no room for my spirometer case. Never mind; I'll carry it in my hand. Goodby! I'll write you when I reach Washington. And be careful, remember! Good-by."

by! I'll write you when I reach Washington. And be careful, remember! Good-by."

When the beautiful widow found herself once more alone she sank in a chair, and remained for fifteen minutes in a revery. What was she thinking about? About poor John, perhaps.

At length she rose, moved thoughtfully to the table, and put forth her hand to take up the necklace case from the place where she had laid it when they came in from dinner. The action was half completed before she noticed that the case was no longer there.

PART II.

PART II.

She looked here and there, at first merely perplexed, then with anxiety, rising to consternation. The case was nowhere in the room; neither was it in the dining-rooom. She rang for the servant, thinking she might have removed it to her room, but the man, who had been with her since she and the late Mr. Morford first went to housekeeping, had seen nothing of it. No other servant had been upstairs since dinner. What could have become of it?

"If I might make a remark, mum—" said Thomas, deferentially. As she signified her assent, he continued: "That elderly lady, mum, as went out just now; she was carrying in a case in her hand, mum, and I says to myself, says I, that looks uncommon like the misses."

than to have her faith thus terribly de-She threw herself down on the sofa

buried her face in her hands and cried. Meanwhile the aged Thomas respect-

SHE THREW HERSELF DOWN ON

fully withdrew, and with great pres-ence of mind and sagacity sent out a ence of mind and sagacity sent out a call to the nearest police station.

Miss Peekskill had not gone far on her way to the suburban station when she was met by two men, who looked at her somewhat narrowly as she passed, carrying the bag in one hand and the reticule in the other. After exchanging a few words in a low tone, they turned in their tracks and followed her. It was already growing dark

was already growing dark.

The road turned to the left, passed some unfinished and empty buildings and took another turn to the right. When abreast of the buildings Miss When abreast of the buildings Miss Peekskill felt herself suddenly seized from behind, her arms pinioned and a bunch of some wooley and ill-smelling material stuffed into her mouth. A piece of cloth was wrapped round her head, and she was dragged speechless and sightless, but valiantly resisting, into the basement of one of the buildings and there thrown upon the ground and hurriedly made fast to a the buildings and there thrown upon the ground and hurriedly made fast to a gray, scar across the outer corner of his left eye, talkish, good manners, got a nice way with women? Is that about leather pearl-case, to which she had clung desperately to the last, was now clung desperately to the last, was now wrenched away from her. A rough voice bade her make no attempt to escape, under penaity of annihilation in a form too unpleasant to bear repitition, and then there was a sound of read the should have gone off without the pearls—or, hold on!—maybe he—" a form too unpleasant to bear repitition, and then there was a sound of re-treating steps, followed by silence. She lay there a good while, bruised and half stunned by the ill-treatment

and fright she had sustained and a prey to the most gloomy reflections. Breathing was also difficult, and there was the chance that some one was on to stir. At length, however, further en-durance became impossible and she slowly, and with pain and difficulty, She next removed the hoodwink and gng, and would have been altogether free in a few minutes more, when, to her unutterable terror, there was a noise of approaching steps and voices, and the gleam of a lantern ray gleaming through the last. The more constants of the step in the last of the step in the last of the step in the last of the last The little party returned to the drawing room. Mrs. Morrord replaced the necklace case on the table, and Miss Peckskill returned to its box the fallow of the drawing spleameter. the tympanum of a bronze bust.

"And looks like she's been done her-self," the other returned, "Say," he con-tinued, "your name's Peekskill, ain't

When the maiden recovered her

senses sufficiently to recognize that her interlocutor were the familiar uniform of the force, she burst into tears and acbery, and cautioned her that anything she might say would be taken down and used against her at the trial.

At this Miss Peekskill fully recovered her self-possession, with a wonderful supply of outraged dignity thrown in. She scrambled to her feet and shook her first in the faces of her accusers, launching forth at them a volume of shrill denials and upbraiding which fairly abashed and overwhelmed them. The gist of her oration was as follows: fairly abashed and overwhelmed them. The gist of her oration was as follows:
She utterly repudiated, scorned and hurled back the charge. So far from being a thief, she was herself the victim of brutal robbery and violence, and the innocent object of scandalous suspicion. She had never stolen so much as a lump of sugar since she was born. She had invented a hygiene instrument She had invented a hygiene instrument of more value than all the pearls in

or out of the ocean; and the thleves were now doubtless on their way to Washington to defraud her of her pattake care that all concerned would re-

gret it.
"Well, ma'am," said the first officer. as soon as he could pull himself to-gether, "what you state may be all right; but the thing is just here—them pearls is gone. They ain't been seen since you left. They was there just before you left. What's more, the butler he seen you carryin' them off. If you took'em by mistake for your hy-gin instrument, why wasn't that left be-



"WHY. THIS IS THE VERY PARTY
THAT DONE THE JOB."

hind in the place of it? But you swiped e'em both, and that's what give you away. That is to say, that's the charge, and it's for you to disprove it if you can. Your yarn about being robbed is a good card, but you'll have to show it wasn't the tearls you was robbed of. One thief may steal another's boodle, d'you see, but that don't git the first one out of the jug. If you can get bail, so much the better, but between whiles, I guess, you'd best come along of us."

Had Miss Peekskill been a man, the

pearl case, says I. But in course I spoke nothing, as not bein' my place, mum."

"That might be it—I mean she may have taken it by mistake for the case that had her spirometer in it," exciaimed Mrs. Morford, for the moment revived. "But she must have left the spirometer case behind; I remember they looked a good deal alike."

"Yes, mum. Then it would seem the—the other case it ought to be here, mum."

"Yes, of course, it must be here!" But alas! her friend of twelve years' standing, the subject of so many benevolences, had been tempted and fallen! She had seized the opportunity, probably while Mrs. Murford was writing the check, to slip it into her black reticule. What treachery! What cold-blooded her friend, and would rather have cast the pearls back into the Indian ocean than to have her faith thus terribly destroyed.

"The conditions of life are chang of the conditions of life are chang of the policy in the pail, which Mrs. Murford entreated."

"The conditions of life are chang of the problem was solved, Miss Peekskill was in danger of state's prison, unless she jumped and "The conditions of life are chang of the person who days a writer in Household Wor "The conditions of life are chang of the person who days are constantly in proving, So so a state's prison, unless she jumped the pail, which Mrs. Murford entreated "The conditions of life are chang of the person who days are called the person who days are stated to go on their ball bond. But this was precisely what Miss peckskill she power in the neighborhood as well, also not a man, but a woman, and a power in the neighborhood as well, and the power in the neighborhood as well

her to do, but which the maiden her-self utterly declined to consider the pos-So the night passed, and the morning with the morning arrived the police captain of the district, and requested an interview with Mrs. Morford. The beautiful woman, pale from the agitation of the night, met him robed in a delicate satin-lined negligee, in the eastern boudoir, with the morning sunshine failing against through the tur-

er of state's prison, unless she jumped her bail, which Mrs. Morford entreated

delicate satin-lined negligee, in the eastern boudoir, with the morning sunshine falling aslant through the turquoise blue window shades.

"We've got the parties that waylaid Miss Peekskill, madam," the captain said, "and the necklace with 'em. They tell a queer story; it may be straight and it may not. They say they got wind of the necklace being out of the safe deposit, and there was three of 'em in the job. But one of them, an old-timer, whom we know as Scar-Eyed Jack, gave these two the slip, and they'd figured out that he'd nxed up some disguisehe has a lot of 'em, and is especially good in clergymen'—Mrs. Morford gave a start—" and was going to have a try for the pearls all by himself. They had a description of how the case looked, and came on here after by the first train. They saw nothing of him, but what they did see was Miss Peekskill, with the identical case in her hand, going to the railway depot hot-foot. Of course they watched their chance and pinned her. If they could have got to town they might have been safe, but we were too quick for 'em, and nabbed 'em as they came off the train. Whether there's anything in their yarn about the third party of course we can't tell; was there anyone called here yesterday afternoon besides the lady?"

"Only an old college chum of my late husband—a Mr. Glenn, a clergyman, who has lived all his life as a missionary in India, China and Corea."

"All his life? Then you weren't perwho has lived all his life as a mission-ary in India. China and Corea."

"All his life? Then you weren't per-sonally acquainted with him before, perhaps? I thought not! A good-look-ing man, was he, dark red hair, a bit

At this juncture Thomas entered with a letter and a package, both marked "immediate." Mrs. Morford, who was

now much agitated, bowed for permis-sion to the captain, and opened the let-"Dear Mrs. Morford-I have to offer the watch near by, prepared to make a an apology and explanation. I am not bloody end of her should she venture the person I purported to be yesterday. Then I was full of hope and con-fidence; now I am depressed and hu-miliated; then I was worshiping at contrived to extricate one arm from the the shrine of your beauty and your cord which cramped it behind her back, pearls, now I am kicking myself for my folly and fatuity: then I was a mis-sionary from the romantic orient, now I am a vagabond in the prosale occi-dent; then I was Rev. Watson Glenn (I found the name in an old college cata-logue of your late husband's year), now

or two. On the other hand, I coveted yours, and was firmly convinced that Now, the bearers of the lanterns were not murderers nor even footpads, but a couple of policemen following the trail of the peari thief. They had stumbled upon the black reticule in the road, and by good luck had thought to explore the building. But the last thing they expected to find there was Miss Lesbia Peekskill, especially in so strange a plight.

"Why, this is the very party that has done the job," observed one to the other.

"And looks like she's been done herself," the other returned. "Say," he continued, "your name's Peekskill, ain't had been seen as a strange and found them transformed into Miss Peekskill's spirometer. At first I was annoyed and inclined to throw the thing away: then—being, after all, a gentleman—I reflected that the spirometer had seemed to be very near her heart, and that it might make her happy to have it back. Besides, it did happy to have it back. Besides, it did not belong to me, for I never intended (I assure you and her) to steal it!

"As I do not know her address, I venture to send the spirometer to your care, with this note. I wish, madame, knowledged her identity. Thereupon that heaven had made for me such a the first speaker informed her that he woman as you; had that been the case, had a warrant to arrest her for rob-

longer," bowing and trimming his mus-tache to veil a smile. "I will attend to that ball bond for you; and mean-while I think we may be satisfied to take things as they are!" (The End.)

THE OLD WOMAN BEST.

The New One with Her Smartness, Does Not Fill the Bill. From the Fargo Sun.

The new woman may improve upon washington to defraud her of her patent. Did Mrs. Morford make this charge? Let them be set face to face, and she would soon show them where was the right of the matter! Meanwhile she called upon the officers, at their peril, to instantly pursue and capitative the depredators, and restore her her property. Fifteen millions were at stake; and if it were lost, she would take care that all concerned would re-flowers than sweetened Pasadena. As flowers than sweetened Pasadena. As for me, I would ask no higher tribute than to be written with the obsolete race of women. I desire no loftler meed of mothers whose sons have car-ried forward their blessings in lives consecrated to all that was truest and

The new woman may vote, but no ballot that she can ever cast will equal the prayer the "old woman" offered the prayer the "old woman" offered when she buckled the sword to the side of her boy and sent him into battle, or when by patient precept she guided him into useful citizenship and splendid manhood. The new woman may ride a wheel, be glib in parliamentary debate, manage real business concerns, whip the men single-handed, organize clubs and wear trousers; she may be clubs and wear trousers; she may be bright and brave, active, hustling and vivacious, able to take care of herself vivacious, able to take care of herself and her husband, too, plant potatoes, plow corn fields and break colts, but I shall turn her down with my last existing breath unless she preserves her womanhood through it all. She cannot do that any more that you can preserve the flavor of a wild strawberry after it is canned, or the perfume of a wood violet when you have cultivated it along with garlic.

TEETH NOR LEGS

Forecasting the Horrible Condition of

GLOOMY OUTLOOK FOR MALES

They Are Deteriorating While Women Are Constantly Improving, So Says a French Savant -- Other Pertinent

Says a writer in Household Words:
"The conditions of life are changing so much that it is natural to expect that they will have some effect on the physique of the race. The outlook, according to the pessimistic views of some authorities, is not particularly bright in this respect. Here, for instance, is a French statesman who has been studying military and other recstance, is a French statesman who has been studying military and other records, and has found from his researches evidence of a marked progress of deterioration. In 1610, he says the average heighth of man in Europe was 5 feet 9 inches; in 1790 it was 5 feet 6 inches; in 1820 it was 5 feet 5 inches and a fraction, while at the present time it is 5 feet 3% inches. These figures show a regular and steady decline in human stature, and if the calculation is carried out on these lines the alarming result appears that calculation is carried out on these lines the alarming result appears that by the year 4000 A. D. the stature of the average man will be reduced to 15 inches. The fact of deterioration is borne out by the experience of the military authorities of our own and other countries, who have found, within a few years, a considerable increase in the number of recruits who have been rejected on account of their falling to reach the standard of height, even though that has been reduced in certain cases. As in some degree tending to counterbalance this unfortunate falling off, there has been noted, in this country at least, a marked increase in the stature of the feminine branch of the rising generation, with an improvement in the physical development due, no doubt, to the ardor which the sex of late has begun to take outdoor sports and physical exercise. Should this devotion continue, instead of being merely a passing fad, it should prove beneficial to coming generations, but is possible that more when here the summer as in the stature of the feminine branch of the rising generation with an improvement in the physical development due, no doubt, to the ardor which the sex of late has begun to take outdoor sports and physical exercise. Should this devotion continue, instead of being merely a passing fad, it should prove beneficial to coming generations, but its possible that more beat here. lines the alarming result appears that by the year 4000 A. D. the stature of the average man will be reduced to 15 inches. The fact of deterioration is borne out by the experience of the milino doubt, to the ardor which the sex of late has begun to take outdoor sports and physical exercise. Should this devotion continue, instead of being merely a passing fad, it should prove beneficial to coming generations, but is possible that more has been but is possible that more has been made of this point than it will really bear. But if women maintain their position, it matters little what may become of the men, since it has been discovered by a learned German that 3,000 years hence there will be 220 women to every man! Then, surely, if ever, there will be the millennium

A LEGLESS OUTLOOK.

The same writer continues: "On another view of the matier, our legs are in imminent danger. According to the suggestion of Dr. Emil Young, of Genesuggestion of Dr. Emil Young, of Geneva, in the course of a thousand years the human race may have lost the necessity of the use of legs. Walking is failing more and more into disuse. Steam, electricity, tramways, bicycles, have conspired to change the habits of the people, particularly in cities, which are gradually swallowing up the pepulation. The moneyed will take a cab to the next street, rather than walk, and the good old walking tours will be abandoned. In another generation or two doned. In another generation or two aerial chariots will be anchored outside our windows, and electrical coaches stand at every door, and legs will be soperfluities. All muscular activity will be confined to the hands and arms, which will lengthen and strengthen while the nether limbs will dwindle to rudimentary survivals. Further metamorphoses await man in the futur? disappear, or be dwarfed into insignificant remnants by the constant use of soft foods which need no chewing, not to speak of the possible introduction of chemical foods which will require no cooking or other preparation, and will scarcely require digestion. When the standards of beauty are changed in accordance with these anatomical alterations, a person with a fine set of natural teeth would almost seem a beast of prey. The 'coming man' will also be baid, and with the hair the nails will disappear, while the useless division of the foot into toes is already supposed to show signs of vanishing. Against these losses there must be set the great development of the brain accompanying the march of intellect, for man, as he abandons physical exertion, having everychemical foods which will require dons physical exertion, having every-thing done for him by the perfection of mechanical powers and processes, will turn all his energies to intellectual pur-suits. The prospect is not particularly alluring. Big-headed and bald, toothless, nailless and toeless, diminutive in stature, with no legs to speak of, if his partner, the coming woman, follows similar lines of development, they will form a curious pair." We should say

LATE SUPPERS.

LATE SUPPERS.

The old tradition that to eat anything just before going to bed was sure to produce indigestion and render sleep impossible is now happily exploded. It is not good, as a matter of fact, to go to bed with the stomach so loaded that the undigested food should render one restless, but something of a light, palatable nature in the stomach is one of the best aids to quietude and rest in bed. The process of digestion goes on in sleep with as much regularity as when one is taking violent exercise to aid it, and so taking violent exercise to aid it, and so something in the stomach is a very de-sirable condition for the night's rest. Some physicians have declared, indeed, some physicians have declared, indeed, that a good deal of the prevalent insomnia is the result of an unconscious craving of the stomach for food in persons who have been unduly frightened by the opinion that they must not eat before going to bed, or who have, like many peryous women, been keeping. many nervous women, been keeping themselves in a state of semi-starva-

CATCHING COLD.

The animal body is the most delicately constructed thermometer ever devised. It is entirely self-regulating, and probably never becomes entirely deranged. In normal conditions the body con-forms to the temperature of the medium in which it finds itself. The control in which it finds itself. The control thus exerted is purely a nervous one—an influence exercised by the nerves over the minute blood vessels which cover the surface of the body. There are two sets of these nerves, one acting as the signal line by which the temperature is recorded in the brain, and the other serving as a medium through which that organ transmits its orders to the blood vessels at the surface. This the blood vessels at the surface. This mechanism works in perfect harmony and unison, except under certain un-favorable conditions. Let us endeavor to discover what these conditions are, Except in extreme cases of heat or cold, when these nerves become par-tially or wholly paralyzed, they do their work faithfully, so that we shall expect to find the cause of a "cold" in a disturbance of the brain or an intera disturbance of the brain or an inter-ference with the orders which it has sent out to the surface vessels. Obvi-ously it is only the latter condition of affairs which interests us. Probably the chief cause of catching cold lies in the enervation resulting from the hot-house life which too many

persons lead during the winter months under the impression that they are sav-Ing their bodies from the shock which naturally comes from exposure to a cold and bracing atmosphere. But a gentle shock of that nature is precisely what is necessary to tone up the set of nerves in question, and enable them to perform their work quickly and properly. Bodles which are hived up in confinfment all winter may blossom out like the plants in a "greenery." but like them they will be blighted and sickly under the slightest change of temperature. Persons who lead such a lite may well ing their bodies from the shock which

feel anxious for their safety as the months of chilling blasts and wintry winds draw near. Persons who are just recovering from an acute disorder, or are still suffering from a chronic complaint, must be especially careful of draughts and undue exposure, since the general vitality is lowered, and the nervous system as a whole is consequently somewhat less active but in no condition will it be found possible to inure the body, to cold by hiving it up for the winter, or by living continually in a state of anxiety.—Youth's Companion.

UNSOUND TEETH.

The belef that unsound teeth belong only to a highly civilized state of life seems to be a prevalent one. But J. Howard Mummery informs us that a very different conclusion was reached by his father more than twenty years by his father more than twenty years ago, after an inquiry extending over more than a decade. Over 2,000 skulls were examined, including all the available collections in Great Britain. Among thirty-six skulls of ancient Egyptians there were 15 with carious teeth; among 36 Anglo-Saxon skulls, 12; among 146 skulls of Romano-Britons, 41; and among 44 miscellaneous skulls of ancient Britons, 9. Several other collections gave like results, Examining skulls of savage races, 27.7 per cent. of Tasmanians were found to have dental caries, 20.45 per cent. of native Australians; 24.25 per cent. of the natives of East Africa, and 27.96 per cent. of the natives of West Africa. per cent. of the natives of West Africa.

—Nature.

KEEP THE SHOES DRY. Keeping the feet dry is of quite as

IS CYCLING HEALTHY?

There are three sets of opinions amongst those who have ridden, or do amongst those who have riden, or do ride, the cycle as to the effect which riding has on them individually. It is clear that there are some who cannot ride: from the first the exercise does not suit them; from the first it wearles them in mind as well as in body. riding has on them individually. It is clear that there are some who cannot ride; from the first the exercise does not suit them; from the first it wearles them in mind as well as in body. They try, often under disadvantageous circumstances, overwearled with mental or bodily work, or suffer-

ing from some symptom of disease, and not unnaturally these discover that what they supposed might be for their benefit is just the reverse; their nervwhat they supposed might be for their benefit is just the reverse; their nervous centers are shaken, their muscles are tired and strained, their heart is wearled; if they have gout or rheumatism the latent malady comes out; in a short time they show the bad effects of the exercise, and, not liking to say anything by halves, and not believing they could have done anything for which they were specially unfitted, they are severe in their criticism and condemn a general system on the ground of their own idiosyncrasy. On the other hand there are men and women of all ages who, entering the cycling fraternity, find a pleasure and a relief in it which are quite phenomenal, and, though it may not last, are sufficient to make them feel that they must hold by the new acquirement, patronize those who excel in it, praise its many and obvious advantages, and by imperceptible means become on their part warm and perhaps able, if not altogether sincere, supporters of it, Lastly, there is a third set to whom cycling comes as a business. For the sake of saving time, or of carrying loads or other useful task, they train themselves in cycling labors and cycling animals—and find that they can perform labors otherwise impossible with comparative immunity from injury. The evidence which men of science can alone accept lies between these three sources, the last probably affording the best; and the evidence is to the effect that, excluding those who are not fitted by constitution to ride at their own physical and mental expense, cycling is as safe as any other exercise if it be taken in a moderate and common-sense manner.—The Lancet.

FOR CLEANING THE FACE.

Did you ever come home from a dusty ride, perhaps in a railroad car on a hot day, and after a most vigorous bath still feel dirty, particularly as to your face? And to those who answer affirmatively, as almost every one will, a lady says: "There are few soaps that one can risk using on the face, and even soap will not remove the grime as well as the least bit of cocoa butter. You should be able to get it at any drug store, but be careful that it is not rancid, and get ony a small quantity at a time, as it is best to have it sweet. If you want to test its cleaning powers, put a little of the cocoa butter on a soft rag after you have washed and dried your face, wipe off your face with this, and you will see by the blackened cloth that it does its work more thoroughly than soap and water. It softens the skin, and, unlike other cils, leaves no traces of greasiness behind it."—Country Gentleman. FOR CLEANING THE FACE. Country Gentleman.





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