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ESTABLISHED 1827.

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EVERYONE WANTS TO KNOW WHERE TO GET THE MOST OF OF THIS WORLD'S GOODS FOR THE LEAST MONEY?
WE HAVE THEM.
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THEY GO!
THE PRICES
—ON—
BLACK ASTRACHAN,
—AND—
Persiana Capes!
On all sizes, 34 to 42. We have not many to sell, so if you want
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Come soon. When a lady buys a Persiana or an Astrachan Cape, she is making a
WISE PURCHASE.
As the present style is bound to last for two or three seasons, at least. They are a warm, comfortable garment, easily put on and taken off, and a suitable article for all the year around wear, just as fashionable in spring as in fall, and nice for cool evenings in the summer.
TEN JAP. SCREENS,
To come down in price, as well as down from the top shelf, where they are now standing. $5 ones to $4, $5.50 ones to $4.50, $3.50 ones to $3. Two Fire Screens, $4 to $3. Other bargains you can see when you come.
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"All-Healing Salve,"
—FOR—
NEURALGIA IN THE HEAD,
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19 YEARS OF PAIN
PERMANENTLY CURED BY
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THE CASE.
Milroy, Mifflin County, Pa.
Editor of The World, New York, N. Y.—Dear Sir: The case of Mrs. Gemmill presents a striking example of suffering and marvelous cure. She has lived in and near Milroy for 30 years, and is 69. In 1864 she was thrown from a wagon, sustaining serious injury to her spine. From that time till 1883 she was a helpless cripple, unable to walk.

THE CURE.
During these long 19 years of suffering, she found no relief from the numerous remedies she had tried. In 1883 her daughter read the advertisement of St. Jacobs Oil, and she bought two bottles. The oil was applied, and before the second bottle was exhausted by Mrs. Gemmill she was able to walk about, and has been completely cured.
M. THOMPSON, Postmaster.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers Everywhere.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

Oh! My Head!
Suffering of a New Jersey Senator.—Dyspepsia, Sick Headache.—Terrible Things.

"There are a few things that I believe in with all my heart." The speaker was ex-Senator Albert Merritt, head of the large fruit firm, 82 Park Place, N. Y., and the scene his office. "I was sick and feared I had become fated to endure the

TORTURE OF DYSPEPSIA

and affection of the kidneys. A relative said to me, 'Try Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, made at Rondout, N. Y.' I did so. I grew better, could eat, sleep and work with a clearer head, and the yellow color of my skin gave place to the healthy color announcing pure blood. Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is entitled to the credit of saving my life. I can give you the names and addresses of fifty persons who affirm, as I do, that "Favorite Remedy" has been to them a blessing in time of need." Mr. A. DeRevere, Tarrytown, N. Y., says: "For a long time I was troubled with severe attacks of dizziness and

Blind Sick Headache

due to impure blood. I was advised to try Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. I did so and I have been completely cured. It's the best thing I ever heard of for any disorder of that nature, and I have recommended it to many with like success." Mr. Daniel Fitts, Taunton, Mass., says: "I recommend Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy for dyspepsia and sick headache. It cured me." Dyspepsia, Constipation, Nervousness, Debility, Rheumatism and the ills peculiar to women, invariably yield to

DR. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY.
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Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.
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There is no Whiskey that has ever been sold that has grown in favor with the public so rapidly as our old Export, and the simple reason is that it is utterly impossible, to duplicate it.
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filled with care. Our prices are as low as any other first-class house and on many articles much lower.
The people of this county seem to know this, and have given us a large share of their patronage, and we shall still continue to give them the very best goods for their money.
Do not forget that we make a specialty of
FITTING TRUSSES.
We guarantee satisfaction, and, if you have had trouble in this direction, give us a call.
SPECTACLES AND EYE-GLASSES
in great variety: A full set of Test Lenses. Come in and have your eyes examined. No charge for examination, and we are confident we can suit you. Come and see us.
Respectfully,
JOHN N. SNYDER.

A FANCY.

Once, wandering o'er untrodden fields
Far from the bustle of the town,
Bound by the spell which fancy wields,
I climbed a hill and, looking down,
Saw, in the valley far beneath,
A darksome wood, where oak trees tall
Swayed in the south wind's gentle breath,
As if robbing bosoms rise and fall.

But when I reached the vale, alas!
And on the very border stood,
A mighty hedge I could not pass
Grew all about the tempting wood.
I caught within the golden ray
Of buttercups. The rippling trill
Of brooks and fountains in their play
With bird-songs seemed the wood to fill.

And, as I listened, on the wind
There came a voice, as one who sings:
"Oh, mortal, leave the world behind,
And scale the hedge on fancy's wings.
Behold, thou standest on the edge
Of that enchanted fairyland.
Thy doubts have raised the mighty hedge,
'Twill vanish now at thy command."

I sighed as one who doubts his dream,
I saw the thorny hedge grow less;
And fainter grew the mystic gleam;
The hedge passed into nothingness.
The mist of eventide arose,
Within a barren vale I stood.
The day was sinking to its close—
There was no dim enchanted wood.

—Flavel Scott Mines in Harper's Weekly.

THE DEACON'S WOOING.

The sun had disappeared behind the hills of New Bethany and the lingering light on the mountain tops was changing from rose to purple when Deacon Pinch stopped his melancholy old mare in front of the village post office.

It was Saturday night, the only time when New Bethany roused itself from its lethargy, and showed any sign of life and energy. The rest of the week it drowsed and languished after the fashion of small country towns remote from railway and manufacturing centres.

"Whoa, Mary Jane!" said the deacon, with unnecessary emphasis throwing the reins on the mare's broad back, and springing to the ground.

But the despondent Mary Jane had already ceased her shambling gait from sheer force of habit. A ten year's service with the deacon had made her perfectly familiar with the accustomed round of stopping places. Wednesday night it was prayer meeting; Sunday, the church service, and Saturday night invariably the post office, and, as a late variation, an after pause at the house of Mrs. Betsy Hill, the milliner, who for a quarter of a century had supplied the women of New Bethany with head gear fearfully and wonderfully made.

The moment the deacon stepped inside the office he knew, from the unusual buzz of conversation, that something extraordinary had happened.

"Heard the news, deacon? asked one of the village loungers.

The deacon looked up in an inquiring manner.

"Miss Keziah's had an amazin' streak of luck."

"It's been nothing but an amazin' streak of luck ever since she was born," returned the deacon. "If ownin' the best farm in town and hevin' money at interest isn't luck, I would like to know what is."

"Yes; but this is somethin' out of common. You used to know her brother who died years ago and left his only child for Miss Keziah to bring up? Wal, when the old man Mead died Miss Keziah took the farm as her share of the property, and her brother being of a rovin' turn of mind, took the few thousand of personal property as his'n and invested 'em in Western lands, which turned out to be worthless, and he lost every cent he put in. Folks always blamed him for bein' so foolish and hasty, and they say grief and mortification hastened his death. Wal, it turns out they have put a railroad straight through the lands and it's sent real estate way up, nobody knows where. Miss Keziah's been offered nigh onto $8,000 for the lands, and they say she will get ever so much more if she only holds on."

"You don't mean it?"

"I dew; it's trew as Scripture."

"She'll hold out, never fear," said the deacon. "And I hold it to be our bounder duty as neighbors to advise her to that end."

Instead of lingering as usual for the village gossip—for New Bethany post office on Saturday night answered the purpose of a weekly paper—the deacon seemed in a great hurry to get home.

It was the night of the choir rehearsal, and as the deacon drove by the church he saw Mary Mead, Miss Keziah's niece, going up the steps.

He suddenly whipped up his sleepy old mare and drove home at a breakneck speed.

"Now's your time, Soloman Pinch," he muttered to himself. "It's mebbe a long while afore ye'll have such a good chance again. She'll be sure to be alone for a couple of hours or so—hi, old lady, no stoppin' here to-night," he added, giving the lines a sudden twist as Mary Jane showed an inclination to stop before Mrs. Mary Hill's house; "we've other fish to fry now, old girl."

When he reached home he drove the mare under the horse shed and tied her there, instead of unharnessing her as was his usual custom.

Then he entered the house, and hastily swallowed the scanty supper which the hired woman placed before him, donned his best clothes, and drove off once more at a rapid pace.

"Law sakes alive!" exclaimed the woman, amazed. "The deacon's got suthin' on his mind, that's sure. It's the first time that I ever knowed him to disremember to ask a blessing."

Ever since the death of his wife Deacon Pinch had looked on Miss Keziah as her probable successor.

For years he had gazed on the fine Mead farm with its substantial buildings, but he never could screw his courage up to the point of facing the snapping black eyes of its owner.

Of late he had been seen several times knocking at the door of Miss Betsy Hill's little brown house, and the worthy milliner was overjoyed at the opening of the brilliant prospect before her.

But the news of the sudden rise in western lands caused Miss Hill to sink into insignificance by the side of the rich woman with her well tilled acres, her over-flowing barns, and her prospective thousands of dollars.

The idea fo failure in his matrimonial venture never for an instant entered the deacon's mind. He thought she would jump at the chance.

"Come to put her money and my influence together," he thought, "and I rather guess we will stand about top of the heap in New Bethany."

Miss Keziah was sitting by the table knitting as usual, when a step sounded on the walk. She opened the door, and holding the lamp above her head, her eyes rested on the amazing spectacle of the deacon in all the Sunday magnificence of white shirt and black broadcloth. "Well, I never," she ejaculated, and then feeling that her reception had been hardly hospitable, she lowered the lamp and said kindly: "Come in, deacon, come in."

"Thank ye, thank ye; I don't mind if I dew."

"Take a seat, deacon."

"Thank ye; I don't mind if I dew."

"Anythin' goin' on?" asked Miss Keziah, resuming her knitting. She was greatly puzzled to account for those Sunday clothes.

"Nothin' within' the range of my observation. There won't be much goin' on till election time; things'll be pretty lively then."

"Want to buy any hay this year?" chirped Miss Keziah. "Mine is extra good this season; my hired man says it is the best harvest yield in town."

"I rather guess I'll have enough to carry me through the winter. If I don't I shall know where to come fur hay as is hay. I declare, your farm does beat all! I feel kind o' rigged like when I think the best farm in town is managed by a woman."

Miss Keziah smiled graciously and the deacon drew his chair nearer his hostess. "It must be a great load for ye to carry alone. Such a large farm is a tremendous responsibility for a lone woman."

"Oh, I don't mind it. It keeps me proper busy."

The deacon hitched his chair along a few inches farther.

"Ye'd oughter have a brother or a cousin, or some relative like to share the burden with you."

"My shoulders are plenty strong," returned Miss Keziah good naturedly. "I am glad to show folks there are women who are good for something besides giddy-gaddying and tattling."

"Yes" answered the deacon, "we can all testify to your valley and worth. You're real honor to your sex. You are a bright and shinin' beacon light to the triflin' and vain-minded women of the world," and the speaker waved his hand at the conclusion of this little oratorical flourish.

Then hitch, hitch, went the chair Miss Keziah ward.

"Don't you feel sort o' lonely at spells?" he asked.

Miss Keziah glanced suspiciously at the rapidly advancing chair. She went to the fire and put some wood on, and then came back and set her chair on the farther side of the table thus putting a barrier between them.

"I'm never lonely, deacon. Plenty to do is the best medicine for loneliness."

"But woman's a tender, dependent creatur'. Woman's a vine," here the deacon took up his weekly prayer-meeting drawl, "and needs suthing to cling to when the troublous, desolatin' winds and waves of affliction and sorrow roll over her."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Miss Keziah, with a contemptuous sniff. "I can tell you I can stand alone as well as anybody, if the Lord wills it, tho' I admit it is pleasanter to have some one keep you company."

"That's just it. Now it seems to me that it would be a good thing if we could walk hand in hand through this vale o' tears."

Miss Keziah was dumbfounded, but a look at her aged admirer excited her to say wrathfully: "The old fool!"

The deacon started to beat a retreat, but the yarn was wound around his boots and he had to remain.

"When you began your talkin," she said, "I thought you was hintin' about Betsy Hill, and wanted to take me into your confidence. I never dreamed you meant me. I wouldn't give up my freedom for the best man living. Betsy Hill will make a good wife for you, and she needs a home herself. And let me tell you, deacon, if you'll stir around and pick the stones out of your lots and mow the weeds there's no reason why your farm shouldn't look as well as mine. If I've said anything to hurt your feelings, deacon, I hope you'll overlook it. Why you're all tangled up in the yarn. I'll untangle it."

The delay caused by this gave Miss Keziah chance for further remark:

"One word more, deacon; have you heard about the western lands?"

The deacon wished he was anywhere out of range of those merciless black eyes.

"I—I think I've heern suthin' about 'em," he replied, meekly.

"I thought so, I thought so," exclaimed Miss Keziah, savagely. "Well, deacon, those lands rightfully belong to my niece, Mary, and I only hold them as her guardian."

The deacon began to look upon his rejection as a blessing in disguise, for without the western lands Miss Keziah's attractions seemed tame compared with those of mild, blue eyed, buxom Widow Hill. "I can trust ye not to mention this?" he asked, timidly.

"I shall not mention it. Now follow my advice, deacon; make sure of Betsy Hill before another week goes by. You have my good wishes. See to this at once."

"Thank ye, thank ye; I don't mind if I dew."

The good woman followed her crestfallen visitor to the door. As a sudden gust of cold night air put out the light, she said: "The air is snapping to-night; have a frost, eh, deacon?"

And the discomfitted deacon felt that he had been nipped by something sharper than a frost.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

"Who's running this hotel, anyhow?" asked a landlord of a traveling man who wasn't disposed to accept the situation as meekly as he might have done. "Who's running this hotel? That's what I said." "Well, I can't say. I haven't made up my mind yet whether it's the cockroaches or the nocturnal insects that make sleep nothing but a fantastic dream of hope. You'll have to figure it out for yourself."

Apples as Medicine.

Chemically, the apple is composed of vegetable fibre, albumen, sugar, gum, chlorophyll, malic acid, gallic acid, lime, and much water. Furthermore, the German analysts say that the apple contains a larger percentage of phosphorus than any other fruit or vegetable. This phosphorus is admirably adapted for renewing the essential nervous matter, lethicin, of the brain and spinal cord. It is, perhaps, for the same reason, rudely understood, that old Scandinavian traditions represent the apple as the food of the gods, who, when they felt themselves to be growing feeble and infirm, resorted to this fruit for renewing their powers of mind and body. Also the acids of the apple are of signal use for men of sedentary habits, whose livers are sluggish in action; these acids serving to eliminate from the body noxious matters which, if retained, would make the brain heavy and dull, or bring about jaundice or skin eruptions and other allied troubles. Some such an experience must have led to our custom of taking apple sauce with roast pork, rich goose, and like dishes.

The malic acid of ripe apples, either raw or cooked, will neutralize any excess of chalky matter engendered by eating too much meat. It is also the fact that such fresh fruits as the apple, the pear and the plum, when taken ripe and without sugar, diminish acidity in the stomach rather, than provoke it. The vegetable salts and juices are converted into alkaline carbonates, which tend to counteract acidity. A good ripe raw apple is one of the easiest of vegetable substances for the stomach to deal with, the whole process of its digestion being completed in 85 minutes. Gerard found that the "pulpe of roasted apples mixed in a wine quart of faire water, and labored together until it comes to be as apples and ale—which we call lambeswool—never faileth in certain diseases of the brains, which myself hath often proved and gained thereby both crownes and credit." "The paring of an apple, cut somewhat thick, and the inside whereof is laid to hot, burning or running eyes at night, when the party goes to bed, and is tied or bound to the same, doth help the trouble very speedily and contrary to expectation—an excellent secret."

Poultice made of rotten apples is of very common use in Linconshire for the cure of weak or rheumatic eyes. Likewise, in the Hotel des Invalides, at Paris an apple poultice is used commonly for inflamed eyes, the apple being roasted and its pulp applied over the eyes without any intervening substance. Long ago it was said apples do easily and speedily pas through the belly; therefore they do molify the belly; and, for the same reason, a modern maxim teaches that—"To eat an apple going to bed, The doctor then will beg his bread."

Bread from Wood.

Science has already enabled man to extract fiery beverages and many other things of more or less value from wood, and it is now proposed to go a step further and produce bread from wood. In an address recently delivered in Heidleberg, Germany, by no less eminent an author than Victor Meyer, it was announced "that we may reasonably hope that chemistry will teach us to make the fibre of wood the source of human food." What an enormous stock of food then, would be found, if this becomes possible, in the wood of our forest, or even in grass and straw. The fibre of wood consists essentially of cellulin. Can this be made into starch? Starch has essentially the same percentage composition, but it differs very much in its properties, and the nature of its molecule is probably much more complex. Cellulin is of little or no dietetic value, and it is not altered, like starch, in boiling water. It really gives glucose when treated with strong sulphuric acid, as is easily shown when cotton-wool, which is practically pure cellulin, is merely immersed in it. Starch gives the same product when boiled with weak acid. The author further quotes the researches of Hellriegel, which go to show beyond dispute that certain plants transform atmospheric nitrogen into albumen, and that this process can be improve by suitable treatment. The production, therefore, of starch from cellulin together with the enforced increase of albumen in plants would, he adds, in reality signify the abolition of the bread question.—*The Milling Record.*

Atchison Again.

There never was a new baby that wasn't pretty. Newspapers are apt to say they are handsome if the father brings in good cigars, but they are not.

The world is progressing. Women now meet and demand their rights. A hundred years ago men whipped their wives for such presumption.

When a girl is little and bashful her mother makes her play with the boys, and she don't want to, but when she is large and wants to play with the boys her mother don't want her to.

A well-dressed woman never seems to have too much on.

There is a woman in Atchison so primitive that when she cuts her little boy a pair of pants she lays him flat on the cloth and chalks the size and shape around him.

There is nothing a Kansas woman likes better than a mean man who is willing to be reformed.

A man is more apt to be what his enemies say he is than what he himself says he is.

When a man prays for punishment for his sins, it is evident that he is a hypocrite.

All children hate a model child.

It is so much easier to forgive a big man than a little one.

In a Sick-Room.

Nothing is gained, and much time that is very valuble is wasted, by allowing ourselves to become nervous and unable to be of the slightest use in the sick-room, says a writer in *Good Housekeeper.* Although we may consider a person too ill to be aware of what is taking place about them, they are oftentimes fully cognizant of the merest trifles, and always more or less susceptible to any and all things going on in the sick-room. For that reason conversation about the condition of the patient carried on in the room in whispers, or in any mysterious manner, should be avoided and an air of quiet cheerfulness always maintained.

Sherman on Henry Clay.

In his reminiscences of life in Washington, Gen. Sherman recalled vividly the great trio of American Statesmen, Clay, Calhoun and Webster. He had heard them all speak in the Senate of the United States, and he enthusiastically declared that Clay was unquestionably the greatest orator to whom he had listened. Webster was heavy and ponderous, Calhoun was logical while passionate, but Clay was the orator; genius soared like the eagle and was as incapable of confinement.

"I shall never forget the impression that Mr. Clay made upon me once when I heard him speak before the Senate. I was a young lieutenant and had just returned from California, where I had been detailed. I was one of a crowd packed in the gallery, and when he gave vent to a splendid burst of oratory we could not contain ourselves and cheered enthusiastically. Mr. Fillmore was president of the Senate, and warned the gallery that the repetition of any such demonstration would result in the place being cleared. Mr. Clay was speaking on the possibility of secession, and we all kept quiet until he said: 'I love Kaintucky with all my heart and all my soul, but if Kaintucky were to secede I would shoulder my old musket and be among the first to put her down, down, down!' Mr. Filmore's warning was useless. The gallery arose and yelled and I yelled with it. Then we were all cleared out, to our infinite disgust.

"Mr. Clay was always admirable. His oratory was indiscribable. He seemed to be inspired and spoke extemporaneously, with no other preparation than a few offhand notes that he had jotted down previous to taking the floor. He would exhaust the subject suggested by one of these brief memoranda, and then pass on to another. His enunciation was clear and distinct, but marvelously rapid. It was impossible for the reporters to take his speeches in those days, when stenography had not bee so perfected as now, and that is the reason that his speeches do not read as well as those of Webster. But of the two men Mr. Clay was incomparably the better speaker. In his last years of public service he stood between the two fires of the extreme North and the extreme South, and there were little men in the Senate always snapping and snarling at his heels. Sometimes they drove him to bay, and then it was a fine spectacle to see him turn on them and demolish them. He scattered them as easily as a splendid stag scatters a pack of coyotes."

The First Repeating Rifle.

An Atlanta veteran was talking the other day about his first experience with a repeating rifle.

"I was out on the picket line," he tells it, "and a lot of Yankees kept shooting at us from the shelter of a pine thicket. Finally we made a break to the thicket and then we had it. Every fellow would pick out his man and then load and shoot, taking advantage of the shelter of the trees.

"My Yankee got the first shot, and missed me. As I was only seventy-five or one hundred yards away I thought I would reach him before he could load again, so I made a dash for him. He stepped out from the tree and aimed, but I thought he was just trying to bluff, so I didn't stop till he pulled down on me

"My Lord!" I thought, "that's the first rifle I ever saw with two barrels!" I just halted, but thought surely his gun must be empty now, so I started for him again. Well, sir, he just stood there and bang! bang! bang! bang! like milking a cow. I jumped for a tree mighty quick, I can tell you. I heard him just hollering behind the tree. It tickled him mightily. I didn't know what to make of it. I put my cap out from behind the tree, and he bang! banged! down on it. It scared me. I didn't know how long the thing would hold out. Presently I thought I saw him bending over. His head was protected, but his back was showing. I took a good aim. The ball passed through the fleshy part of the thigh, and as he hollered I made for him. He dropped his gun and started to run, but he stopped and went back with me. I carried that old gun of his back and it was a great curiosity to the boys. They never did believe that I could shoot sixteen times, and I couldn't prove it, because he had only one load left and we couldn't get any ammunition to fit the gun, so we broke it up to keep the Yankee from getting hold of it again.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

He Commanded.

George Williams, who used to be the West Town assessor, is quartermaster of the second regiment. He was appointed while he was in office, and he made a very handsome figure when he first donned his full dress uniform. One day there came an order for a parade. "Must I turn out?" Williams asked of Colonel Wheeler, who was then in command. "Yes," said the Colonel. "And must I go on horseback?" was the next question. "Certainly," replied the Colonel. Williams wanted to obey orders, but he felt some misgivings. "I have never been on a horse," he said. The colonel told him that it was not too late to learn to ride, and he started off to secure his steed. After the parade the colonel asked Quartermaster Williams how he had progressed. "All right," was the reply, "But I'll tell you on the quiet how it was although with the confidence I have acquired I think I could ride any sort of a horse. The truth is that I got a street car horse. Inside of my coat I put a bell. I could not draw my sword while in motion, so when I was obliged to do it I reached in and rang my bell once. The horse paused, and I drew my sword. Then I rang the bell twice, and he went ahead again."—*Chicago Herald.*

The Spring Medicine.

The popularity which Hood's Sarsaparilla has gained as a spring medicine is wonderful. It possesses just those elements of health-giving, blood purifying and appetite-restoring which everybody seems to need at this season. Do not continue in a dull, tired, unsatisfactory condition, when you may be so much benefitted by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It purifies the blood and makes the weak well and strong.

It is the wife of the late husband who is most interested in "the coming man."

Puzzled the Bartender.

If there is one thing that Al Vail, the well-known barkeeper, is prouder of than his good looks, it is his knowledge of all species of mixed drinks, and his ability in getting them up in style. A few days ago a stranger wearing a tile, a glass diamond and a rosy headlight glow upon his nose, stepped up to the bar, and said:

"Give me some fortunates a la Francais, with a dash of bourgeoise a fortiori."

"Eh! ah, yes," replied Al. "Will you—ahem!—you—take it hot, or have it cold?"

"Cold?" queried the stranger, contemptuously.

"Who ever heard of the like? If that's all you know about the drink, I'll take something else. Fix me up some cum grano salis with a bete noir on the outside."

"Y-yes, sir," said Vail, promptly, but weakly; "I'll have it ready in a moment. You want a grain of—of—what, did you say?"

"Hw, bosh! I said nothing about a grain of anything. Don't you know what cum grano salis is? Let it go. Give me an ego sum homo, will you, and be lively. I'm in a hurry."

"I'll accommodate you in a jiffy," murmured Al, getting red in the face.

"Give me an egg, Billy," (to the underbartender). "Let's see. An egg and one hom—what in thunder did you want besides the egg, stranger?"

"Egg the devil. I said ego sum homo, and said it plainly. Great Heaven's! Where's the barkeeper of this place? I can't fool around with an ignorant apprentice."

"I—um—don't seem to have heard of the drink you mention, stranger," said Vail, sheepishly, while his countenance took on the aspect of the setting sun. "I thought I knew—"

"Oh, no doubt you thought you were an expert," remarked the customer, sarcastically. "Ho, ho, ho! S'pose I'll have to take something plain if I deal with you. I reckon you know how to fix me up a honi soit in a little qui moly pence, don't you?"

"Oh, yes," and Al smiled in a sickly fashion. (Aside: "What the devil does he mean by Molly's pants?") "Billy, where's the bottle of bourbon?"

"Bourbon? Why, man, there's no whisky goes with that drink. Well, may I be carried away on a stretcher if I'd a' believed this! And in a metropolitan saloon, too! Give me a plain ipse dixit, will you?"

"Friend," moaned Al, as he leaned over the bar, while the perspiration rolled off his brow, "I can't do it. We've got plenty of ipsy, but there ain't a d—d bit of dixit in the house."

"Say, could you fix me up a rara avis?"

"I can't," tearfully confessed the embarrassed barkeeper, "For I don't know how."

"And you call yourself a barkeeper?" said the man with the glowing proboscis. "Well, I've got nothing to say. Try to learn, young man. You may yet gain some knowledge of your business. Good-by, good-by."

It was not until a few days afterward that the crestfallen drinkmixer discovered that he had been the victim of a put-up job, and that he had been trying to fill orders for a lot of old French and Latin phrases. Then he repaired to the alley in the rear of the establishment, and silently kicked his corns against the curbstone.

The Brass Mule Cure.

A traveler, recently returned from Pekin, tells us that he saw a method of cure which may be new to some of our readers. In a temple outside the city gates is to be found a brass mule of life size, supposed to have wonderful healing properties. Patients suffering from every imaginable disease seek this temple to obtain a cure. The method pursued is as follows:

Supposing you suffer with sciatica, you go with all speed to this famous temple, and, having discovered the particular part of the brass mule corresponding to the painful region of your own body, you must rub the animal a certain number of times and then with the same hand shampoo your own disabled member, and then—well, then the pain goes.

The special feature of this method of cure is its delightful simplicity. Is your tooth aching? Just scrub the mule's teeth and afterwards your own, and voila! the cure is complete. Have you an ulcer of the cornea? Pass the tips of your fingers to and fro over the particular eyeball of the mule, and then with well regulated pressure rub repeatedly the afflicted eye. The mule has unhappily lost his sight during the many years he has been engaged in his benevolent work, the eyeballs, we are told, having been gradually worn away, as the result of constant friction, until now you have only the empty orbits to operate upon.

The animal is patched in all directions with fresh pieces of brass put on to cover holes produced by the constant friction of eager patients, and a new, perfectly whole mule, stands ready at hand awaiting the day when his old colleague, having fallen to pieces in the service, shall give him an opportunity of likewise benefitting posterity.—*North China Medical Journal.*

The Czar's Family.

The Empress of Russia has her daughters much with her, and has not even a so-called governess for them. Her own personal attendant and her lady of honor serve also for them. In part this springs from the Emperor's love for simplicity of life, but in part, also, that they try to surround themselves with as few people as possible, so that as little as may be concerning their private life should transpire to the outer world, of whom they are, and not without good reason, much afraid. The empress superintends in person the education of the two little grand duchesses, Xenie and Olga, aged respectively fourteen and six. The emperor in his leisure moments tries to do the same for his boys. Especially he loves to give them music and dancing lessons, for he thinks himself a great musician, and has a predelection for the cornet-a-piston.—*Leisure Hours.*

Dr. Talmage's Mother.

I never write or speak to a woman but my mind wanders off to one model—the aged one who twenty-four years ago we put away for the resurrection.

About eighty years ago, and just before their marriage day, my father and mother stood up in the old meeting house at Somerville, N. J., and took upon them the vows of the Christian. Through a long life of vicissitude my mother lived harmlessly and usefully, and came to her end in peace. No child of want ever came to her door and was turned away empty. No one in sorrow came to her but was comforted. No one asked her the way to be saved but she pointed him to the cross. When the angel of life came to a neighbor's dwelling she was there to rejoice at the starting of another immortal spirit. When the angel of death came to that dwelling she was there to robe the departed for the burial.

We had often heard her, when leading family prayers in the absence of my father, say: "O, Lord, I ask not for my children wealth or honor, but I do ask that they may all be the subjects of Thy comforting grace!" Her eleven children brought into the Kingdom of God, she had but one more wish, and that was that she might see her long-absent missionary son, and when the ship from China anchored in New York harbor, and the long-absent one passed over the threshold of his paternal home she said: "Now, Lord, lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for my eyes have seen Thy salvation."

The prayer was soon answered.

It was an autumnal day when we gathered from afar, and found only the house from which the soul had fled forever. She looked very natural, the hands very much as when they were employed in kindness for the children. Whatever else we forgot, we never forgot the look of mother's hands. It was a cloudless day when, with heavy hearts, we carried her out to her last resting place. The withered leaves crumbled under hoof and wheel as we passed, and the sun shone on the Raritan river until it looked like fire; but more calm and beautiful and radiant was the setting sun of that aged pilgrim's life. No more toil, no more tears, no more sickness, no more death. Dear mother! Beautiful mother!

"Sweet is the slumber beneath the sod,
While the pure spirit rests with God."

With such a mother as an example, is it strange that I should always have cherished the most exalted estimate of woman and womankind?"—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Chauncey and Horace.

From the New York Sun.

One of the most interesting sights in the social life of New York is Chauncey Depew and General Horace Porter at a dinner party. These two veteran diners-out have been neighbors over the tables of prominent people for so many years and have been friendly rivals in post-prandial eloquence so long that their experiences are in many cases almost identical. It would be a wise man who could figure up the number of elaborate dinners which the pair have eaten in company. They have gotten into the habit of referring to each other in the most amiable way in all of their stories, and Mr. Depew seldom tells an anecdote or reels off a reminiscence which is not imbued with such parenthetical phrases as "You remember that night, Horace?" "Wasn't it so, Horace?" "Am I right, Horace?" or some other reference to General Porter. General Porter always replies to these queries and references with an amiable and often smiling inclination of the head, and, when he rises to speak, he not unusually begins his address by saying, "Chauncey and I were dining," or making some other reference to the genial president of the New York Central road, whereupon Mr. Depew always wags his head in sympathy. They are the most harmonious speakers in the world. Both have a soft, easy and conversational style, and they are utterly without oratorical sins. Of course at the big dinners the two men are more formal in their references, but at the small and particularly attractive banquets at which they frequently figure they are as confidential and unestrained as a couple of college chums at a class dinner.

Card of Thanks.

If the proprietor of Kemp's Balsam should publish a card of thanks, containing expressions of gratitude which come to him daily, from those who have been cured of severe throat and lung troubles by the use of Kemp's Balsam, it would fill a fair-sized book. How much better to invite all to call on any druggist and get a free sample bottle, that you may test for yourself its power. Large bottles 50c. and $1.

An Efficient Clergyman.

Senator Turpie is somewhat absent-minded, and it is said that in 1874-75, when he was Speaker of the lower branch of the Indiana Legislature, he would do some queer things. Whenever a roll-call was ordered, he would pound on his desk until everything was quiet. Then, in a rather moderate tone of voice, he would say:

"The roll will be called. Those voting in the affirmative will, when their names are called, say 'aye'; those in the negative, 'no.'"

Then quick as a flash he would turn to the reading clerk, and in a loud, shrill voice, would say:

"Call!"

The first time he did this the reading clerk came near jumping out of his skin.

The various preachers in Indianapolis were from time to time asked to offer prayer in the House, and sometimes ministers from other parts of the State who happened to be in town were invited to invoke the Divine blessing upon the Hoosier law-makers. One morning Speaker Turpie rapped on the desk, and said:

"The House will be in order. Prayer will be offered by Rev. Mr. Smith, of Vincennes."

Then, just as the reverend gentleman bowed his head to begin prayer, he was startled by hearing the Speaker command him in a loud voice:

"Pray!"

One Dollar Well Invested.

If you have bad breath, constipation, pain in the small of the back, discolored skin, nervousness, or dizziness, your only wise course is to take Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y. It will cleanse the blood of all impurities regulates the Kidneys and Liver, and thus restore a healthy glow to your cheek again. All druggists; one dollar a bottle.

It is very strange that among those who set themselves up as great guns the ones of the smallest calibre are the biggest bores.

Don't give up, there is a cure for catarrh and cold in the head. Thousands testify that Ely's Cream Balm has entirely cured them. It is a safe and pleasant remedy. It is applied into the nostrils. It is not a liquid or snuff. It cures by cleansing and healing. Price 50c.