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ESTABLISHED 1827

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ESTABLISHED 1827.

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After the Grip
SHE WAS
Sick, Lifeless, Dull
BUT NOW IS
Healthy, Happy, Lively

This Decided Change Brought About by Taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:
"Gentlemen—I wish to certify to the following facts: My little girl, Lilla May Guthrie, had a severe attack of the grip, and got somewhat better, but she did not seem to get right well. She lingered along from day to day, poor, weak and languid. We consulted a leading physician, and he said it was the dregs of the grip still about her. We gave the medicine he ordered, but she seemed to get

More and More Delicate.

She could scarcely eat anything, and what little she did take seemed to do her no good. Her flesh was soft and not healthy, and she was stupid and dull with no ambition. We were very much concerned about her. No medicine seemed to have any effect until about two months ago we commenced to give her Hood's Sarsaparilla. She had not taken half a bottle before she began to eat heartily, and we could see a decided change in her. Today she is in the full enjoyment of

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How They Control the Organs of the Body.
The electrical force of the human body, or the nerve fluid may be termed, is an especially attractive department of science, as it exerts so marked an influence on the health of the organs of the body. Nerve force is produced by the brain and conveyed by means of the nerves to the various organs of the body, thus supplying the latter with the vitality necessary to insure their health. The pneumogastric nerve, as shown here, may be said to be the most important of the entire nerve system, as it supplies the heart, lungs, stomach, bowels, etc., with the nerve force necessary to keep them active and healthy. As will be seen by the cut the long nerve descending from the base of the brain and terminating in the bowels is the pneumogastric, while the numerous little branches supply the heart, lungs and stomach with necessary vitality. When the brain becomes in any way disordered by irritability or exhaustion, the nerve force which it supplies is lessened, and the organs receiving the diminished supply are consequently weakened.

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FOR SALLY.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

It's happy every mornin',
Every evenin' I will be;
Fer I hoe the corn fer Sally,
And she bakes the bread fer me.

It's a little farm I'm runnin'
An' the soil is kinder rough;
But I'm workin' it fer Sally,
An' the crops grow fast enough.

All day long I hear her singin',
An' a lot of joy it brings;
Fer there ain't no song that's sweeter
Than the song that Sally sings.

Fer she sings because she's happy,
An' I stop the plough an' hoe,
When I hear her, feelin' thankful
That it's me her made her so.

She keeps the pails all shinin',
An' the bees a-workin' hard;
Calls the cows up fer the milkin',
Trains the roses in the yard.

An' she keeps furever singin'
When the household troubles press;
With a kiss fer little fingers
Always tuggin' at her dress.

Oh, it's happy every mornin',
Every evenin' I will be;
Fer I hoe the corn fer Sally,
And she bakes the bread fer me!

—F. L. STANTON.

AUNT HERISSON.

Two young men, mounted on valuable steeds, burst into laughter as they left the Vichy road to take the one through the forest.

They certainly lacked generosity, but Cyrille, the maid of Mlle. de Saint-Juirs, made an odd figure, mounted on the stiff old mare Leda, riding behind her mistress. Her silhouette was that of a warlike woman.

The young men rode past her into the forest, laughing and joking.

Mlle. de Saint-Juirs overheard their silly banter.

She turned her horse round and waited. She was handsome. The ride, the brisk air and also the indignation had beautified her complexion and given brilliancy to her blue eyes. Her nostrils palpitated like the heart of a wounded bird. She bit her lip and stood up in her stirrup, all trembling with anger.

The young men approached them a little abashed.

One of them opened his mouth, but had not time to speak before a young man rode up behind them and gave their horses two vigorous cuts with a whip. Being fine animals, they tore down the road on a gallop, resisting the efforts of their chagrined riders to stop them.

"Now, cousin," said the young man, saluting her "let us return."

And the ride back to the chateau was a happy one, for George de Sernay and his cousin Mlle. de Saint-Juirs were engaged, and neither doubted that the little incident was ended, not knowing how much sadness it would cause them.

The parents of the young cousin lived in a veritable chateau, but like Cyrille and Leda, it had seen better days. The gardens were dilapidated, but the interior of the castle was still very beautiful.

Mme. de Saint-Juirs had died when her daughter Marcelle was three years old. Her sister Herisson had cared for the child as though she had been her own.

Mlle. Herrisson had never cared to marry. She was very pious. She was continually in a discussion with M. de Saint Juirs because years before he fought a duel in the garden behind the chateau, and she looked upon him as a criminal.

When Marcelle was twenty, her aunt tried to induce her not to marry, but all influence was useless.

Marcelle, after overcoming Aunt Herisson's numerous objections, was affianced to her cousin, George de Sernay, an amiable and brave young gentleman.

The day after the ride George was seated at a table in the Casino of Vichy when two young men approached him.

"Pardon, but were you not yesterday on horseback in the forest?"

"I was, monsieur."

"We were also, my friend and I."

"That does not interest me."

"But it interests us."

"Well, you two converse about it and leave me in peace."

"If I am not mistaken you were the protector of the stout servant—"

"Whom you insulted. You were the impertinent person who—"

"I do not receive personal lessons, monsieur."

"It is a pity," said George, "for you need them."

"You are an insolent person."

George raised his arm, but controlled himself and said between his teeth:

"Consider yourself challenged, monsieur."

Cards were exchanged, the seconds conferred, swords were chosen and the encounter to be the next day. George demanded that it should not be made public. He spent the night in writing to his parents and his fiancee.

It was his first duel, and he was a little afraid.

The next morning at the rendezvous he found the place marked off and the referee holding the swords by the points. He presented them to the duelists, and drawing back quickly, said:

"Proceed, gentlemen."

George heard a bird sing joyously near him. He thought of Marcelle and advanced.

His adversary stood still, held his sword out straight and simply warded off each blow George gave, without any attempt at retaliation.

George nearly laughed.

"Halt!" said the referee.

They took the first position again. Three times they went through the little farce until George lost patience and resolved to finish it.

He threw himself on his adversary, whose sword's point cut deep into his hand. For a few minutes it was a fist fight; then some one separated the combatants.

Although George was bleeding badly, he wished to continue, but his friends would not allow it.

The seconds and his adversary were pale as death, and all the rest except George gave a sigh of relief.

In the evening two days later the family were assembled in the salon of the chateau.

Aunt Herisson read the newspaper. M. de Saint-Juirs and his daughters were making out a list for the invitations to the soiree following the betrothal. George was drinking a cup of tea. To explain his wound and his arm being in a sling—Aunt Herisson had already eyed it suspiciously—he told that he had fallen from the top of a long flight of stone steps.

His wound was made the pretext for a thousand little attentions from his fiancee.

Marcelle put the sugar in his tea, stirred it, and I believe had her aunt's back been turned she would have tasted it for him, the rogue!

Suddenly as Aunt Herisson read she became very pale and trembled with emotion. She held the paper close to her lamp and then dashed it onto the floor.

"What is it?" asked M. de Saint-Juirs.

"It is, monsieur, that I do not wish an assassin in my house." And turning to George, "Go immediately, never to return!"

M. de Saint-Juirs took up the paper and read aloud the paragraph of yesterday's duel, and of George receiving a wound.

Profound silence followed.

Aunt Herisson watched George and said at last angrily:

"Do you deny it, monsieur?"

"No, madame."

"Then I have told you what to do."

Marcelle commenced to sob.

"Marcelle, go to your room!"

"It is not possible," said George, in a voice choked with emotion.

"Go!"

Marcelle went to her lover's side, and with a tranquil courage said in a hollow voice:

"George, we must say goodby. I love you and will never love any one but you. Embrace me."

The aunt was horrified at this audacity—to see an assassin embrace her niece before her eyes.

Marcelle threw a last look at her lover and reached the door as her father's voice said:

"Stay, Marcelle!"

The aunt turned to her brother-in-law.

"I swear to you this man shall not marry my niece."

"I would let you know this house is mine, not yours."

"Very well," said the aunt, "it is for me to leave."

Then he said to George:

"Be a good fellow. Go now and return to-morrow, and I will arrange everything."

George was about to leave when Marcelle reopened the scene and raised her voice to defend him.

"If he had killed the other man, I could understand, but when he is the wounded one and you call him an assassin it is very hard!"

"I have sworn," repeated the aunt, "and I will never consent to this marriage."

M. de Saint-Juirs, knowing her obstinacy, then said:

"Very well. You will not stay here."

"So let it be."

But now Marcelle spoke:

"If, my aunt, you will stay, I will not marry without your consent. You replace my mother and have given me all the kind attentions of a mother. Though I will never cease to love George I will not disobey you."

"But it is all wrong," said M. de Saint-Juirs.

"No, papa, it is my duty." And the young girl broke down and hastened to her room, where she gave way to tears.

George went to Paris.

Marcelle little by little lost her color, her animation, her life. She was failing rapidly, and it worried Aunt Herisson.

She confided in the good old cure, and the result was that Marcelle was surprised the next morning by a loving letter from George.

They were now to be allowed to correspond under cover of M. Barbon, in Vichy.

The letters came with perfect regularity each month, but with no postmark. Marcelle discussed this point with Cyrille, who watched one night to see how the letter reached Marcelle's table in the little blue salon

She saw Mlle. Herisson herself put it there. This was made known to M. de Saint-Juirs, who arranged a little counterplot.

The next morning when Mlle. Herisson opened the door of the blue salon, to carry in the letter, she saw M. de Saint-Juirs, George de Serney and Marcelle, who was half laughing, half crying.

The young people dropped before her on their knees, kissed her hands and said:

"Your heart has melted toward us. Now do more and take our two heads in your hands and bless us."

"Yet I have sworn, you rogues," said Aunt Herisson.

"God will not reproach you for breaking your word."

Reformed Geometry.

Almost a hundred years ago two men set out from Virginia to visit the Scioto Valley, of the beauty and fertility of which they had heard alluring reports. On the third night they reached Clarksburgh, where they put up with a man who appeared to be honest, but old-fashioned and illiterate.

"Can you tell us how far it is to Marietta, and what sort of a road we shall find?" asked one of the travelers.

"Yes," answered the host, "that is exactly what I can do, for I was appointed one of the viewers to lay out the road, and have just returned from the performance of that duty."

"That is fortunate. What do you call the distance?"

"Well, the distance on a a straight line, which we first run, was 72 miles; but on our way back we discovered and marked another line which was much nearer."

The two travelers had each spent some years in the study of surveying, and were more or less amused at the idea of a line shorter than a straight line between the two given points.

However, the next morning they took the route which their informant had pronounced the shorter, and true enough they found his statement correct; for the crooked road went around the the hills, while the straight one went over them, and the distance round was less than the distance over.

Bees never make an attack while in quest of honey or on their return until they have entered the hive, says a writer. It is only in the hive and in its vicinity that we may expect them to manifest this irascible disposition.

Mr. Muggs, His Portrait.

A prominent citizen rushed wildly into the editorial office of an illustrated provincial paper the other day and savagely demanded to see the editor.

"What name, sir?" inquired a polite assistant.

"Muggs—J. B. Muggs!" stormed the visitor, and as he appeared on the verge of having a fit, the assistant hastened to conduct him to the editor's room, where there was a nice soft rug, on which he could comfortably kick and scream his fit out.

"Sir," exclaimed the prominent citizen glaring at the editor, "in this week's number (producing it) of your paper you have a monstrosity supposed to be a portrait, and underneath it is my name—J. B. Muggs. Now, I ask you, is there the slightest resemblance between this penny show and myself?"

The editor looked at the portrait and then calmly scanned his visitor.

"No, sir, there is not the slightest resemblance," he candidly admitted. "The man in this portrait has a straight nose, whereas your nose is only straight—passibly so—for about a quarter of an inch, and then it wobbles all over your face, ending with a despairing appeal to the sky. And this man has a fine, high, marble-like forehead. Your forehead begins too late and ends too soon, and looks as if a mole had been at work underneath it. Again—"

"Sir!" interrupted the prominent citizen blusteringly, "how dare you—"

"Let me finish, please," interposed the editor, with an authorative air. "Again, this man's eyes are alike—perfect twins; one of your eyes appears to have been better fed than the other; anyway it is twice as large as the other. Perhaps you chew more on one side of the face than you do on the other. That might account for it. And this man has a beautiful mouth; the lips form what I believe is called a Cupid's bow. Now your mouth is like a slit in a child's money box. Ever had children try to drop pennies in?" he asked facetiously. "No, sir, though your name is underneath this portrait, it is no more like you than a pearl is like a tadpole."

"Then how is it my name is underneath it, you insulting ink-waster?" asked the prominent citizen ferociously.

"Well," replied the editor, "our artist took a sketch of you when you were making a speech in public the other day. Now, our artist, like most artists, is passionately fond of the beautiful; and I can only suppose that his pencil positively refused to portray your features, and, in a way, unconsciously produced the the handsome man that appears in our paper. It was very wrong for our artist to append your name to it, just to save himself further trouble. Why, you're a libel on the portrait, sir!" exclaimed the editor, with seeming indignation. "I'm afraid," he continued musingly, "we cannot exactly prosecute you for libel; but I think you ought to write a letter of apology—of course, strictly speaking it is our fault, but it would look better for the apology to came from you—to the public, which we'll gladly print, for your name appearing under the portrait of a strikingly handsome man, when, in reality, you are about as strong an argument in favor of the Darwinian theory as ever I set my eyes on. Will you write the letter of apology, sir?" asked the editor, holding out a pen.

But the prominent citizen, after eyeing the editor's stalwart proportions stamped downstairs, muttering the threats of vengeance that he was afraid to put into execution.

"It doesn't do to humor people regarding their portraits," soliloquized the editor. "They are too touchy over them as it is, and want taking down a peg or two."

The Latest Amusement.

"Fad parties" are the latest form of amusement among the people who devote a good deal of mental energy to their entertainment. Each guest is expected to bring with her something which represents her hobby, and to talk about it interestingly. The woman with a passion for souvenir spoons brings one from her collection and discourses on the subject. The woman whose taste runs to antiques comes armed with an ugly little bit of china and information concerning antique shops. Even the young person whose fancy is merely for neckties brings her pet one and treats her fellow-guests to necktie lore.

All this is very pleasant when there are only women present. But when their are men also with their queer hobbies, the situation is sometimes painful. The man with a passion for natural history may bring his bugs and beetles, but they prove embarrassing to the woman of the party. The man whose role in relaxation in life is chess playing is apt to prove a bore. On the whole it is well to make the "fad party" a strictly feminine function.—*New York World.*

Heavy.

There are ways and ways of estimating literature, and perhaps in the days of the regulation three-volume novel the following method was as good as any. Harper's Drawer contains the following illustration of a critical rule not usually applied:

Doctor S. was passing a small grocery shop when he saw some ripe peaches, and stepped in to buy. The proprietor answered him in a very preoccupied manner, for he was looking at some books when his customer entered.

"I've been buying some books," he suddenly announced.

"Have you?"

"Yes; I've bought all of Duemasses."

"Dumas, you mean?"

"Well, any way'l do. Did you ever read any of them? Are they good?"

"Yes. Some are a little heavy though."

"Heavy!" retorted the grocer. "I don't know about that," he added, placing the complete writings of Dumas on the grocery scales and weighing them. "They tip the scales at 22 pounds. At any rate, I don't think I paid very high for them. They only cost me $12. That's less than 50 cents a pound!"

"Now for August," said Mrs. De Style to her dressmaker; "I want something that will harmonize with tan-color. I shall spend July at the seashore, and I must have some costume for August that will go with my complexion."

Is a Matter of Etiquette.

Argument in the Gallitzin school case, in which the American Mechanics pray for an injunction restraining nuns from teaching in the public schools of Cambria county, was concluded before Judge Barker, last Tuesday. Opinion withheld.

During the trial of the case a letter written by Nathan C. Shaffer, State superintendent of public instruction, to Mrs. Laura J. Hysong, one of the complainants, who had written to him urging him to take steps to remove the nuns from the schools in Gallitzin, was made public. It was offered as testimony and is of especial interest throughout the State. Superintendent Schaeffer, noting various specific complaints of Mrs. Hysong, says:

"I do not see anything in the law to prevent nuns from teaching the children to call the priest 'father' or a nun 'sister.' I am a protestant clergyman, and yet I would consider it breach of etiquette and common courtesy if I were to fail to use the proper ecclesiastical name in addressing a priest or a nun. We Protestants recognize the early church fathers and I see no reason why in common life we should not recognize the ecclesiastical names of the modern world. The law does not recognize the name which an actress assumes on entering the stage; yet it would be a great breach of etiquette and good sense if I should refuse to call her by the assumed stage name I certainly should address a nun as 'sister,' using the word in its ecclesiastical sense, although I would not accept a legal document from her unless signed in her name.

"The point which you raise is not a matter of religion at all, but a matter of etiquette. The priests from heathen lands were addressed by their own titles at the Chicago congress of religion, and I believe that it argues the spirit of a bygone age for any one to raise objection to teaching the common courtesies of life. Germany had a war of thirty years on religious questions and all parties finally began to respect the religious peculiarities of their neighbors. If I were to go to a reception in the vatican palace, I would, according to custom, kneel before the holy father, and would not consider myself less true to my Protestant faith on that account. Where we are in the majority Protestant directors may order the Bible to be read in the schools, and the Catholics must submit or establish parochial schools of their own. Why should we object if they insist on the common courtesies of life where they are in the majority. It is certainly not wise to raise a fight on ground that is not tenable.

"I do not think that the school board has acted wisely, but the school law does not vest any power in the State superintendent or in the county superintendent by which we can reach the school board on any of the grounds which you have named."

Speaking Slightingly of Women.

When a young man habitually speaks slightingly of women, one may feel reasonably sure that a moral blight rests upon his own character.

A scratching rebuke was once conveyed to a man of this class, who, at a public dinner at which no ladies were present, was called upon to respond to the toast, "woman."

He dwelt almost entirely upon the frailties of the sex, exclaiming that the best among them are little better than the worst; the chief difference being in their surroundings.

At the close of the speech, one of the guests arose and said:

"I trust the gentleman, in the application of his remarks, refers to his own mother and sisters, not to ours.

This young man, in his low estimate of woman, unconsciously verified a sententious saying by the author of Youth:

"The criterion of a man's character is not his creed, religious, intellectual or moral; it is degree of respect he has for women."

As a contrast to the light and flippant tone in which too many young men of the present day speak of the other sex, is the noble tribute from an eminent clergyman, who says:

"I am more grateful to God for the sense that came to me through my mother and sisters of the substantial integrity, purity and nobility of womanhood than for almost anything else in this world."—*Congregationalist.*

A Pretty German Story.

There is a valuable lesson in a certain little German story. The loved and petted daughter of a wealthy German noble received from her mother on her nuptial day a golden casket. In handing her the key, the mother said: "For one year, my daughter, carry this casket every day into each room in your home. Stand with it in your hands, for three minutes examine carefully the corners of the room. At the end of the year you may unlock the casket and I believe you will find I have bestowed on you the highest gift in my power." The year passed, and on the anniversary of her wedding day the daughter unlocked the treasured casket. Within, resting upon a velvet cushion, was a tiny roll of parchment. Taking it from its dainty resting-place, she hastily unraveled it and beheld these words enblazoned in letters of gold: "The eye of the mistress is worth a thousand pairs of servant's hands."

A Cheerful Man.

While Joe Jefferson was down at his Louisiana plantation last year, the wife of one of his neighbors died, and Mr. Jefferson called to express his sympathy and regrets. While he was at the house the clergyman arrived to make arrangements for the funeral. Neither the man nor his wife had been a church member. The husband was prostrated with grief, but he aroused himself as the clergyman entered.

"Is there any particular portion of the Scriptures you would like me to read at the funeral?" asked the clergyman.

The husband sat up, mopped his eyes, and thought for a moment.

"Well, you might try that bit about Samson and the foxes," he exclaimed, finally. "I guess that's about as funny as any of 'em."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Two Model Dog Stories.

At the last meeting of the Society for the Study of Comparative Psychology, says the Montreal *Gazette*, Mr. Anderson gave some of his personal experiences in connection with the lower animals, among others a rather interesting one concerning a dog in his possession. The dog had conceived a great liking for one of the members of the household, and nothing pleased him better than being allowed to rest at the door of his room. The room was situated at the end of a hallway, which was covered by oilcloth, consequently any person imediately below could hear the dog when his claws came in contact with the glazed surface. One day the dog, as usual, had taken up his place at the bedroom door, but was sent downstairs. In a little while he was heard again crossing the oilcloth upstairs. Before removing he was this time given a good scolding, and it was easily seen from his looks that he was ashamed of himself. One of the members of the household went into an opposite room, leaving the door slightly open, and awaited developments. In a short time the dog was seen approaching, walking with a peculiar gait; the whole weight of his body was placed on the ball of his foot, and it was impossible to hear his claws touch the oilcloth. Have we not got here a perfect case of reasoning, somewhat as follows: "If I can only succeed in passing this oilcloth, I will be all right?"

A DOG WITH A WOODEN LEG.

"Did you ever hear of a dog having a wooden leg?" inquired S. P. Ordway, of Logansport, Ind., last evening. "I know a man near where I live who has a small dog, one of whose front legs was crushed some time ago by a wagon wheel. Being something of a surgeon, his master carefully amputated the crushed leg, and when the wound was healed provided the dog with a light and strong wooden leg. In the course of time the dog, which is a very intelligent little animal, became aware that he could rest his weight upon this wooden leg and use it for all ordinary purposes. In walking or trotting the dog always uses his artificial limb, but if he has occasion to do any fast running or leaping, he will gracefully hold up the wooden leg and depend solely upon the other three for the service required."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Things Worth Knowing.

To clean the dingy rattan chair that has never been painted wash it in hot milk in which a little salt is dissolved.

Steel knives or other articles which have become rusty should be rubbed with a little sweet oil, then left for a day or two in a dry place, and then rubbed with finely powdered, unslacked lime until every vestige of the rust has disappeared, and kept in a dry place wrapped up in a bit of flannel.

There is false economy, which costs more than it returns; such as saving old medicine bottles, bottles, partially used prescriptions, the tacks taken from the carpet, or working days to save or make that which can be bought for a few cents.

In packing bottles or canned fruit for moving slip a rubber band over the body of them.

The introduction of grated pineapples into cake is voted a great success.

A neat laundry bag can be made of white Java canvas worked in block pattern with red embroidery cotton.

A Hennery Without an Equal.

A model hennery is to be built at Uplands, the county seat of Robert Garrett. It will probably have no equal in this country. Plans are now in the hands of an architect, and the contract will be awarded to-day. According to the plans of Mr. Garrett, who is an enthusiastic poultry-raiser, the building will be 240 feet long, 40 feet wide and 39 feet high. The front will be of glass, and several towers will decorate the building.

The spacious structure, which, when completed, will cost about $8000, will be provided with patent incubators. Mr. Garrett has studied this method of hatching chickens, and has consulted experts from abroad. A large yard will surround the building.—*Baltimore American.*

An Old Family Friend.

An old woman was leading a thin old horse across the commons in the northern part of the city, when a passer by asked him where he was going.

"I'm searching for a bit of green for the poor beast," he answered.

"I'd send him to the bone yard or the glue factory," said the other contemptuously.

"Would you?" asked the old man in a trembling voice. "If he had been the best friend you had in the world, and helped you to earn food for your family for nearly twenty-five years? If the children that's gone and the children that's livin' had played with their arms about his neck and their heads on him for a pillow when they had no other? Sir, he's carried us to mill and to meetin' and please God, he shall die like a Christian. Nobody'll ever abuse old Bill, for if I go before him, there are those paid to look after him."

"I beg your pardon," said the man who had accosted him, "there's a difference in people."

"Ay, and in horses too," said the old man as he passed on with his four-footed friend.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Strength and Health

If you are not feeling strong and healthy, try Electric Bitters. If "La Grippe" has left you weak and weary, use Electric Bitters. This remedy acts directly on Liver, Stomach and Kidneys, gently aiding those organs to perform their functions. If you are afflicted with Sick Headache, you will find speedy and permanent relief by taking Electric Bitters. One trial will convince you that this is the remedy you need. Large bottles only 50 cents at J. N. Snyder's drug store.

"What place is this?" asked the society woman as the coachman stopped before her own house.

"This, madam," said the footman, "is your home."

"Ah, indeed!" said the lady. "I'm here so little that I had quite forgotten it."

A Tale of a Windmill.

A number of years ago I was selling windmills in Southern Illinois. One day I struck a county where people despised windmills, and I did not sell mill a week. I got mad at last and concluded to try a "bluff game." I inquired for the meanest man in the county.

My informant grinned and, pointing to a distant house, said: "Wal, b' gosh! Old Jo Larch, over thar's the meanest man creation could git up."

Away I drove for old Jo Larch's.

He was fitting a saw on the back porch and paid no attention to my greeting. I went on: "Sir, I am selling the best windmill in the world and—"

"Git out o' that gate. When I want ye I'll send for ye."

I smiled. "All right, sir; but can't I get some supper? I'll pay well for it."

"No!" he yelled. "We've been to supper."

"Can I speak to your wife?"

"Won't do no good."

But it did, for I offered her $5 for a supper, and after a whisper to her husband he growled: "Wal, go in; she'll feed you."

After supper I said: "M