## INSURANCE FAKIRS.

### How They Operate to the Detriment of Honest Companies.

**The Sleek and Oily Worker Is Constantly on the Watch for Fresh Victims—His Method of Doing Business.**

There have sprung up in these latter days the flim-flam worker and the soap package fakir, and by some means unknown to the uninitiated the devil and his allies have evolved a plan whereby humanity is also cursed and pestered with the life insurance fakir, says the Insurance Magazine. Of all the great evils that have befallen any class of business the life insurance fakir leads the van. Born of women, of a few days and full of gall, the life insurance fakir goes abroad in the land, seeking for some one to entrap. He does not utilize the methods of legitimate life insurance men to succeed in his business, but he adopts the methods of the soap package fakir and the flim-flam worker. He sallies forth seeking a victim, and in his peregrinations he finds his man and then the play begins something after this fashion:

Fakir—Is this Mr. Jones?

Jones—Yes, sir. What can I do for you?

Fakir—My name is Gull. I am the general executive special of the great Y. Z. company, known all over this broad land for its great liberality to policy holders. I am just from the home office, and was intrusted by President K. to come direct to your city and call on you and show you our new Double-Distilled Duplex and Out-of-Sight Constellation Bond. This is a special policy just issued by the great Y. Z. company, and I am the only authorized representative to sell you this great aggregation. This bond was gotten up to sell only among the most prominent business men of this country. Mr. K., our president, selected you as one of the fortunate ones to whom we will offer this special aggregation. Now, Mr. Jones, if you will give me a few minutes of your time, I will show you some of the leading features of this highly valuable bond.

Jones—I am very busy just now, but if you will call at four o'clock I will look at your bond, although I have no intention of augmenting my insurance at the present time.

Out goes Mr. Fakir, rushes over to his office or hotel; draws forth one of his Double-Distilled-Duplex and Out-of-Sight Constellation Bonds, and forthwith draws up an illustration of the great D. D. D. and Out-of-Sight C. B. on a basis of $100,000 and promptly at four he heaves in sight. With blood in his eye and swimming in gall he invades the sanctuary of Mr. Jones and forthwith shows him what a wonderful contract the Y. Z. has to offer. He shows Mr. Jones how this D. D. D. and Out-of-Sight C. B. binds the company to everything and the insured to nothing; shows him how, owing to the superb management of the company, they cannot only carry Jones for $100,000, but will also pay him 9 per cent. compound interest on his premiums, and if Jones wants to be elected president of the company all he has to do is to ask for it. The great Y. Z. Company are just dying for him and are so anxious to help him. Of course, if Jones gets hard up the company will not only carry his policy without his paying the premiums, but will also loan him sufficient money to pay his debts. This being a special contract, of course the price is special, and, although the regular premium is $4,444.44, he is authorized to make Jones a special proposition and will only charge him $444 for it. Of course, this great reduction does not affect the contract in any way, and Mr. Jones will probably get greater returns from his policy than if he had paid full premium. After enlarging on many other valuable points Jones falls a victim, and in due time gets his D. D. D. and Out-of-Sight C. B., chuckling to himself what a great deal he has made, and continues to congratulate himself until some honest insurance man tells him just what he has; then he froths at the mouth, and swears vengeance, but the fakir is in new fields and Jones is in the soup.

## THE FUTURE OF LONDON.

**Increase in the Population of the City Receives No Serious Check.**

The favorite name of Cobbett for London—"the wen"—is going to be truer than it ever has been if we can trust some remarkably interesting statistics just issued by the London county council, says the Westminster Budget. One question discussed is whether London is or is not being checked in its rate of growth. On a first glance at the registrar's figures with regard to London itself it appeared as though it were, for before 1881-91 London population was increasing every ten years at a rate varying from 16 to 21 per cent., but in the decade ending with 1891 the rate of increase had only been 10 per cent. "Does this mean," asks the committee of which Mr. Costelloe is chairman, "that London has reached the turning point and that in a few years the increase will become a decrease?" The committee finds that it does not. It appears that the true reason for the apparent diminishing rate of increase is that the building space in London is gradually being appropriated, and that the people, aided by improved railway and tramway and omnibus accommodation, are betaking themselves more to outside London residences. Even in greater London this is noticed to a smaller extent. The rate of increase in population, while still very rapid in greater London, is beginning to show a tendency to become slower, and it is discovered that the Londoners are moving still farther out into the home counties. Then there are speculations as to what the size of London will be fifty years hence or less upon the milder suppositions. If we do not add any more to the population than the amount per decade that has been added since 1881 it seems that we should have a population in 1941 of close upon 10,000,000. If we allow for a growth at the rate of the natural increase of births over deaths there will be nearly 11,000,000 in London in that year. If we reckon that London will grow at the average rate of the last three decades we shall be over 14,000,000, but if inner London and outer London go on together growing at the rate they have been growing for the last three tens of years we are to expect a London population in 1941 of a trifling 17,500,000. If we look at the matter in another way and ask what population greater London will contain when it has attained throughout the mean density of well-known areas we get the following appalling figures:

If greater London were only peopled as densely as Hampstead it would contain a population of ..... 13,000,000
If it were peopled on an average as densely as Fulham is now the population would be ..... 20,000,000
If it were peopled at the rate of St. George's, Hanover square, the total would rise to ..... 32,000,000

Whitechapel is now three times as densely peopled as St. George's itself. The moral is obvious.

### The Usual Result.

The house at Morristown occupied by Frank Stockton, the story writer, once had the repute of being haunted. The owner was about completing the sale of the house to a lawyer when a word was dropped as to the uncanny legend touching the place, and the would-be purchaser immediately declined to proceed further with the negotiations. Mr. Stockton, however, cheerfully took the house, ghost and all, and perhaps he was a little disappointed when the trimming of some trees about the eaves put to flight the legend of the place. It was discovered that the squirrels were accustomed to leap from the trees to the roof and use the water trough as a runway. The sound of their scampering had been mistaken for that of ghostly feet.

## THE INDIAN DATURA SEED

**A Poison That Is Often Used by Robbers to Overcome Their Victims.**

It has been remarked that one of the greatest objections to the suppression of hemp cultivation for smoking purposes in India is that it would drive the natives to the use of more dangerous sedatives. One of the drugs which the exile is the most prone to substitute for his beloved hemp, when the latter is not available, is the datura seed. For many years it has been known to the police and those engaged in medico-legal examinations that one of the favorite methods adopted by Indian thieves to rob their victims has been the administering of datura. The stupefying effects of this drug enables them to carry on their depredations, and at the same time avoid, in most cases, the fatal results which attend the use of other poisons.

The symptoms present in the individuals affected were loss of consciousness, dilation of the pupils, picking at the bed clothes, attempts to grasp imaginary objects, and from the movement of their hands they all appear to be drawing out threads from the tips of their fingers. When taken upon an empty stomach the effects of the poison are usually discernible within ten minutes, but in the case of a well nourished person half an hour or more elapses before its effects are perceptible. The rareness of fatal cases in connection with the use of the poison is one of the chief factors in its selection by the native criminal.

The datura seeds may be gathered almost anywhere in India, and also easily purchased in the bazars; so it is hardly to be wondered at that such a convenient instrument should be so popular among the Indian criminal classes. If it is desirable to render any particular person helpless for a given time the administration of the datura is the main difficulty, and this, unless servants are absolutely trustworthy, is not insuperable. The period before consciousness is restored after taking a dose of the poison varies in different individuals and is dependent very much on the state of the health of the victim at the time it is administered. Thus, in some cases a complete recovery took place in two or three days, or less, while in others unconsciousness has been known to last as long as a week.

The symptoms exhibited in many cases resemble those of alcoholic poisoning or delirium tremens. In some instances the poisoned persons act under the belief that they are following their ordinary occupations. For example, in one case a stonemason's laborer was under the impression that it was his duty to haul up everything in his vicinity, not excepting his master; in another case a groom was seized with a desire to perform grooming operations on those with whom he came in contact; and a third, a goldsmith, seated himself on the floor intent on following his usual vocation.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

## WOMEN SCRUB THE STREETS.

**An Old Philadelphia Custom Which Is as Unique as It Is Contagious.**

Everyone has heard of the abnormal cleanliness of the front steps of Philadelphia houses, but there is a section in which the streets are scrubbed every morning, six days in the week, with suds. And this scrubbing is done not by the hired girl, but by the lady of the house herself.

The extraordinary practice prevails in the section of the city bounded by Diamond, Broad, Eighteenth and Huntingdon streets. Every morning of the week, unless bad weather prevents, a double line of women may be seen scrubbing away and dashing buckets of water upon the pavements to rinse off the soapsuds. These streets are only about fifteen feet wide from curb to curb, and the narrowness of them seems to engender a feeling of responsibility for their cleanliness. These ladies are possessed by this queer mania to such an extent that they hire women to do their scrubbing about their houses, but reserve the street cleaning for their own special recreation.

Some of the women were asked why they did such unpleasant work. One woman, who did not seem to participate in the employment, smiled quizzically and said:

"That's just the question every one of us asked when we moved into this locality. We called the other women idiots for doing it for about a week, and then we got ashamed of seeing the pavement in front of our own particular house so much dirtier than our neighbor's, and so we got to work and did as the other women do, scrub our part of the street every morning. It isn't a bit nice and I don't like to do it, but it has become the custom and I can't stand against it. The house may wait for a scrubbing and the children may run wild, but we can't neglect the street."

"How did such a ridiculous custom become established," was asked.

"Nobody knows. It just broke out like an epidemic of measles, I suppose, and when it once got started nothing could stop it."

"What do your husbands think about this street scrubbing?"

"Our husbands? Oh, they growl a little, but that doesn't matter."

Other women were asked if they scrubbed the pavements because they liked the work. They all seemed to think the question preposterous. "I certainly don't like it. What in the name of goodness is there to like about it?" That is the answer one made, and without exception all those who were questioned affirmed there was nothing they detested more than to get out in the street and scrub.

Then to the question as to why they did it if they didn't like it, some said they did it because the neighbors did, and some few said they couldn't bear to see the street in front of their door dirty.—Philadelphia Press.

The advance of surgery can furnish few more singular illustrations than is supplied by an operation in one of the London hospitals whereby the breast of a blackbird was fastened to a woman's face as a substitute for her nose, which had been so damaged that it had to be removed. The woman, who had been a housemaid in a hotel, had been struck in the face by a descending lift, which caused the injury that led to the operation. The operation has proved perfectly successful, with every appearance of the woman being provided with a useful nasal appendage, though how it will perform its functions when the cure is complete remains to be seen.

There is a canal in England which cost eighty thousand pounds to construct, and was recently sold for one hundred pounds. It is known as the Stort Navigation, and dates from the reign of George III. In 1873 a firm of brewers obtained it for fifteen thousand pounds, as they found that when their malt was carried quietly by canal a saving in value was effected, as against the transit in trains, the difference being considered about equal to the rent of a malt-house. The present proprietor had been for a long time in the service of the firm, and the navigation of the canal was handed over to him for one hundred pounds, as a token of esteem, by his employers.


*IT TAKES YOUR MONEY*—only 25 cents to buy a glass vial of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets—but then you get a lasting benefit and a *permanent cure* of your Bilious or Sick Headache, Constipation or Indigestion, loss of appetite, and all those troubles which follow a disordered liver. The time to treat an inactive liver is before it becomes a disease. If these tiny Pellets were in every day use people would be germ-proof. The germs of disease make their entrance to the system through the liver—your health and well-being depends on the liver.

If you suffer from wind and pain in the stomach, giddiness, costiveness, disturbed sleep, you get immediate relief from the use of "Pleasant Pellets."

They're *guaranteed* to give satisfaction, or money returned.



Think of the thousands of hopeless cases which must have been cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, before its proprietors could be willing to say, as they do: "For any case of Catarrh, no matter how bad, which we cannot cure, we'll pay $500 cash."



### Thirteen Years Experience.

MILLER'S FALLS, MASS.—"At different times during the past thirteen years," said Mr. W. A. Johnson of this place, "my wife has been sick from lung trouble, kidney and liver complaint, ulceration of the stomach and spring fieddlity. At each time she has taken Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, and it cured her. It is a family medicine with us and many of our neighbors."


### Those Perfume Plants.

From the Chicago Tribune.

"Speaking of street fakirs," said the tall man of the party, "I used to know a fellow in Lawrence, Kan., who was the king of the crowd. He could make money out of anything. A block of common soap was worth many dollars to him as a grease eradicator or something of the kind, and for an outlay of a few cents he could turn pockets full of cash.

"One day this young fellow came to me and asked me in a mysterious manner to go into a loft with him. I went, and there found one of the most ingenious outfits I ever saw or heard of for 'doing' a gullible community. This is what the outfit was:

"There were one hundred small cloth bags, each filled with wet bran. In each bag was planted a cucumber seed. under the warmth and dampness these seeds would soon sprout and then my young friend would take each bag and dip it into a tub filled with highly-perfumed water. Then the small flat leaves which first sprout would be carefully taken off, leaving the next leaves, which are rough and wrinkled and do not bear such strong evidence of identity. Then the hundred bags with their sprouts would be put in boxes and carefully carried to some 'jay' town, where my young friend would actually get 50 cents a piece for them as perfume plants.

"The plan was worked by him successfully a number of times, and he always managed to get away without being injured. He was a fluent talker and always disposed of his perfume plants in an easy manner. Then, as persons who have been caught at any such 'sucker' game do not care to squeal his chances of detection were reduced to a minimum."


"I was not well for over two years. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and feel all right now." A. E. Sharpe, Bellville, Pennsylvania.


### That Wicked Parrot.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"Baldheaded people are continually being made the but of other people's jokes," remarked E. M. Weir, of Chicago, as he mopped the perspiration from his pate, which was as devoid of hair as a billiard ball. "It is not often, though, that you hear of a parrot taking advantage of our misfortune and setting us up as an object of ridicule. Such a thing happened to me a few weeks ago, and I will tell you how it was. An old college chum of mine received a parrot as one of his wedding presents, and both he and his wife are greatly attached to the bird. He is in the habit of getting out of his cage and roaming over the house at his own sweet will. One day the cook caught polly in the act of pulling some pickled onions from a jar that stood on the kitchen table; she was so angry that she threw a dipper of hot water she had in her hand at him, some of which landed on top of his head, and the result was that a tuft of feathers came off and he was a baldheaded parrot for evermore. Months after this occurrence I called at the home of my friend to spend the evening. The parrot's cage hung up in the hall in such a position that he could command a view of the front door. As I stepped inside the door and removed my hat, displaying my extensive bald pate, Polly at once cried out in the plainest tones:

"'Ha, ha, so you have been at the pickled onions, too, have you?'"

### The Most Gorgeous Treasures of Arabia.

What a splendid picture it brought before your mind! You read the glowing descriptions of the secret treasures which the genii of the ring spread before Aladdin's gaze. You perused this favorite story of yours in "Arabian Nights" when a boy, and your imagination pictured brilliantly for you everything that the words suggested.

That was when you were a boy. To-day, possibly, you are unable to do it. Shall we tell you the reason why? Most probably because your liver is sluggish, and as a consequence you suffer from sick headache, dizziness, and constipation. Do you want to cure all these troubles permanently, make your liver active, your imagination lively, and in general enjoy things as you did when a boy? All you have to do is to use Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, the smallest and easiest to take, and they are the cheapest because they are guaranteed to give satisfaction, or your money is returned. What more can you ask?

### Wise Words.

History is the conscience of humanity.

Truth is the skeleton of appearances.

Antiquity is the aristocracy of history.

The earth is filled with broken silences.

Conservatism is contentment half in blossom.

Adversity is a grindstone that puts an edge on us.

The richest men don't always know how to be rich.

Silence is the wit of fools and one of the virtues of the wise.

Every duty we omit obscures some truth we should have known.

### What are Called Confections.

Here are some of the so-called confections of the toilet, to which the French lady pays so much attention: Silk corset laces, silk drawstrings for skirts, tights, etc., lace ruffles run with narrow ribbons, garters with buckles and bows, corset steels faced with silk plush, gold and silver hooks to keep the skirts from running up above the hips or waist; shoes, boots and slippers lined with colored kid; embroidered handkerchiefs, edged with narrow lace; hemstitched flannel skirts; muslin and silk ruffles, edged with valenciennes laces; ruffling on nightdresses or dressing jackets, hemstitched to the garment; silk embroidered veils; silver ornaments, such as the violets, fleur-de-lis, clover etc., applied to an opera bag; fur-lined carriage shoes; silk-covered foot rests; silver buckles for the belting in dress waists; infant muslin for underwear, etc.

## GREAT FAMILIES FALL.

**Degenerate Sons Sooner or Later Ruin Them.**

**Lithuanian Prince Who Died Almost a Pauper—How Noble European Houses Have Been Dragged Down—Descendant of a King Becomes a Waiter.**

In the little village of Grodno, Lithuania, there died a few weeks ago the bearer of one of the proudest names in eastern European history, says the New York Tribune. He was an ordinary physician, and went his daily rounds among the village sick, collecting with the greatest difficulty enough money to support his aged wife. It was Prince Ignaz Jagello, believed by many to be the last scion of the royal Jagello family, which once ruled in Lithuania. By the victory of Tannenberg, in 1410, the founder of the family broke the power of the "German Order." The difference between the simple life of this "Dr. Rezio" and the magnificence of his ancestors led a German writer recently to collect a number of instances of the degradation of the descendants of once famous and powerful families.

"In Grosswarddein, Hungary," he writes, "died recently a modest and industrious clerk, Johnann Szabo, who had passed his life in semi-poverty. Few who followed him to the grave knew that his real name was one of the highest and greatest in French history. The aged Szabo was a grandson of Marquis Chabaud Rohan, who immigrated into Hungary after the French revolution. The old gentleman taught languages in the Wenckheim house, adjusted himself to his changed condition, married and gave the name Szabo to his descendants. When it was learned that a Rohan had died in France leaving an immense fortune, they came forward and proved they were genuine Rohans. But the recognition of their claims was useless, as they had not been remembered by the testator. The old Szabo continued to work as a poor clerk to his death, and no one can say that he ever dishonored the famous noble family to which he belonged. That was left for another scion of the race, Prince Benjamin Rohan, who was sentenced to prison in Paris two years ago and subjected to a fine of two thousand francs.

"The last Borgia came to his end a short time ago at Guigl, near Salzburg. He was Baron Calisto von Borgia, whose father lost his fortune through the Austrian government in 1837, and lived later in Salzburg, as an employe of a tobacco house. The younger baron was employed for a short time in the office of a lawyer and became later a photographer, living for twenty years in Germany. A long sickness impoverished him, and his widow lives from the alms of others.

"On board of a steamer going from Bordeaux to the Thames in 1869, just as the vessel came in sight of the English coast, an old man, apparently poverty stricken, ended his days. He called himself Charles Edward Stuart, count of Albany. He was, in fact, the last descendant of the pretender, Charles Edward, and his wife, Princess Louise Stolberg.

"Leon de Lusignana, prince of Koricos, a descendant of the Armenian kings, died in Italy in 1870, in the most abject poverty. He had served in the French army until 1850, and was wounded at Solferino. Napoleon III. granted him a pension, which, however, was not paid after the fall of the empire.

"The famous family of Mont-Morency, related to the Lusignans," adds the writer, "has sunk so far that a Mont-Morency is a farm servant in the neighborhood of Paris. A descendant of the Valois family is a letter-carrier in Saint-Chamas; a Marquis de Fallique is an omnibus guard, a Saint-Megrin is a cab driver, a Count Charles de Busserolle is a floor cleaner in Raffee and a De la Bourdarliere is a washerwoman.

"Only a short time ago a minister in the village of West Bromwick, Yorkshire, discovered possibly the last Plantagenet in a small boy-of-all-work. His father was a chimney-sweep, and, despite the family tree in his possession, had shortened the name into Plant to escape being teased by his comrades. A Tudor died in Wales in the thirties as a poor coppersmith.

"The fall of the great German noble family of Von Sickingen is also interesting. In the churchyard of the little village of Yorch, near Sauerthal, is the grave of the last male descendant of Franz von Sickingen, who once bade defiance to a German emperor and made France fear. He died, after wasting his property, in 1834, in the hut of a peasant who had given him shelter from pity.

"As the Paris Figaro recently told its readers, a Princess Galitzin works as a stable girl in a French circus; a Prince Krapotchin is a cab driver in Moscow; a Prince Soltikoff is a laborer in a St. Petersburg market; Princess Pignatelli is a music hall singer and Countess Olosy is a circus rider.

### DISEASE SPREAD BY DOGS.

**Some Startling Statistics from the French Republic Regarding Consumption.**

Consumption now carries off five per thousand persons in France, or one hundred and seventy thousand a year, says the London Dispatch. In England the mortality has fallen to two per thousand. The towns where this scourge is most intense are Paris, where the mortality from it is one out of five deaths; Dijon and Nancy, where it is one out of seven, and Marseilles, where it is one out of six. At the Protestant congress at Havre, held to study special questions in a practical manner, Dr. Gilbert, who is a consumptive specialist, said that drunkards are particularly subject to it. There is a drunkard's phthisis. Now, the habitations of inebriates are dirty and ill-kept and cleanliness is a great obstacle to the spread of contagious diseases. In La Cite Havraise, or mansions built for working-class tenants, the mortality from consumption is very high, notwithstanding the hygienic principles according to which the architect worked. There were five out of twelve deaths from consumption. This might be explained from the tenants' habit of spitting about. A woman's dress that swept the sputa of a consumptive on the stairs picked up the germs, which she inhaled when brushing the garment. Dr. Gilbert is, for this reason, against tenement houses or mansions for the poor. The shaking of clothes and bedding from the windows and balconies was another source of contagion. The subject of dogs as a means of propagating consumption was also gone into. A report of Prof. Cadiot, of the veterinary school of Alfort, shows that they most often be a vehicle for spreading it. He has long treated dogs suffering from tuberculosis for cancer, but latterly the microscope showed him what their disease was. Between the 14th of last March and the 7th of April eight dogs died at Alfort of tuberculosis. From the 1st of October, 1891, to the 1st of August, 1893, he made forty post mortems out of nine thousand, and found in all the forty cases tuberculosis to be the cause of death. The disease is very catching from a dog. It originates in the intestinal macus, because dogs eat bones picked by tubercular patients and lick up what they leave on plates. They also keep about them if attached to them and in this way some get affected through the lungs. If the dog is often contaminated by the human patient he in turn spreads the disease to other human beings.

### England's Matrimonial Boom.

There was a singular boom in the matrimonial market in England last year, whether because of or despite the hard times is an interesting point for speculation. There were more people married there in the third quarter of the last year than in any similar quarter of the last ten years, with the exception of 1891. The marriage rate was highest in London, where hard times were generally reported to be most felt.

## A RUNAWAY TRAIN.

**It Couldn't Be Captured, and Finally Dies Up a Town.**

A Denver & Rio Grande engineer, says the Pittsburg dispatch, relates an exciting incident of railroading in Colorado. The Denver & Rio Grande and the Santa Fe lines run parallel from Denver south to Pueblo. From Denver to Palmer lake, sixty-seven miles, the road makes an ascent of two thousand feet, and from Palmer lake to Pueblo the descent is two thousand feet in about the same distance. At several points, notably ten miles south of Palmer lake, the grade is something terrific. At a point six or eight miles below Palmer lake there is a siding where cars are occasionally set out when a train is too heavy to make the summit of the divide.

A Santa Fe freight running from Pueblo to Denver, had made this siding, said the Colorado railroad man in relating the story, and was doing some switching. Two box cars with a brakeman on them were left on the main line while the engine and remainder of the train were on the side track. The cars started down the hill and the brakeman ran to the brake on the first car, expecting to stop them with one or two turns on the brake wheel. The brake chain was broken. He ran to the second brake. The brake rod there was uncoupled; nothing remained to hold the cars. By this time the unmanageable cars were going down the hill at the rate of eight or ten miles an hour. The brakeman jumped. As the cars slid down the grade their speed increased with every turn of the wheels.

A glance at a time card showed the train crew that No. 9, the Pueblo express, had left Colorado Springs. There were but two telegraph offices between the flying cars and the fast express in a distance of twenty miles. But one thing was to be done—the engine must catch the runaway cars. Away they went, down the hill. It's never necessary to work steam going down that grade, but the engine was wide open. They were backing her, and it seemed every moment as if the tank would jump the rails. Soon the cars came in sight. A nervy brakeman climbed over the rear end of the tank, lowered himself onto the swinging brake beam, and stood ready to make the coupling. They passed Husted running sixty miles an hour. The bumpers at last came together, but the brakeman could not make the coupling. Again and again he tried, but every time failed. Four miles away the little town of Fountain could be seen as they shot around the point of the foothills. The engine was screeching as if she were alive.

A man stood on the depot platform. He gazed a minute up the hill, made a dash for the switch, and threw it—and No. 9 and her half-hundred passengers were safe. Steam was shut off and the engine slowed down. A quarter of a mile ahead the two box cars took the spur and ran the length of the long track. Then half the town was in ruins. The cars that the train crew had been chasing and bumping into for ten minutes were loaded with dynamite.

## THE MOTION DENIED.

**A Judge Who Was Somewhat of a Stickler for Cleanliness.**

They tell a good story about a judge who is well known in Buffalo even if he does not hold court here, says the Buffalo Express. Some time ago a man who is a snide lawyer came before him to make a motion. This man lived in one of the suburban towns, and he was not particularly scrupulous as regards his personal appearance. Indeed, on the morning on which he came into court to make his motion he was dressed in a dirty coat, a vest that was covered with stains from soup, tobacco and other like droppings, and his hands were unclean and his shoes covered with mud.

He waited until he had an opportunity to address the judge, and then made his motion. It was merely a perfunctory sort of an affair, to open up a case or something of the kind, and not one in a thousand is refused by any judge. Everybody in the courtroom was, therefore, greatly surprised when the judge thundered out: "Denied!"

The man himself was completely taken aback. He rose to his feet and stammered and stuttered, and finally said: "Your honor, I hope you have not mistaken the import of this motion. It is a mere formal affair. I fail to see on what you base your decision."

"Denied!" roared the judge again.

"But, your honor," the lawyer went on, "I think you must be laboring under a misapprehension. This is of no importance. There isn't a soul on earth who isn't willing that the motion should be granted."

"It's denied, I tell you," said the judge again.

"Will your honor kindly state the grounds on which the denial is made?"

The judge straightened up in his chair, took off his eye-glasses and looked severely at the lawyer. He extended his hand and pointed one of his long fingers at him. "The motion is denied for two reasons," he said, impressively: "First, you are not a regular member of the bar and entitled to practice in a court of record; second, you need a bath."

**A Bright Lad,**

Ten years of age, but who declines to give his name to the public, makes this authorized, confidential statement to us:

"When I was one year old, my mamma died of consumption. The doctor said that I, too, would soon die, and all our neighbors thought that even if I did not die, I would never be able to walk, because I was so weak and puny. A gathering formed and broke under my arm. I hurt my finger and it gathered and threw out pieces of bone. If I hurt myself so as to break the skin, it was sure to become a running sore. I had to take lots of medicine, but nothing has done me so much good as **Ayer's Sarsaparilla**. It has made me well and strong."—T. D. M., Sorcatur, Kans.

**AYER'S Sarsaparilla**

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

**Cures others, will cure you**

Fox's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

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