

RATES OF ADVERTISING: One Square, one inch, one insertion... One Square, one inch, one month... One Square, one inch, three months... One Square, one inch, one year... Two Squares, one year... Quarter Column, one year... Half Column, one year... One Column, one year... Legal advertisements... Marriage and death notices... All bills for yearly advertisements... Temporary advertisements... Job work—cash on delivery.

Chicago has averaged one suicide a day this year.

Scientists predict that in a century's time there will be no disease that is not curable.

The emigration from Ireland last year is the lowest recorded since the collection of returns commenced in 1851.

Probably the most complete series of court records in America are said to be those of Northampton County, Virginia. The series commences from 1632 and is complete up to the present time.

Dr. Richardson, a famous English physician, thinks that seven out of ten would reach the age of 110 if they would keep cheerful, take proper exercise, be temperate in their habits and sleep enough. He does not regard the stomach as a factor of longevity.

What will be known as serum therapeutics—i. e., the treatment of diseases by the injection of serum that has been "immunized"—is likely to be extended to other diseases than lockjaw, hydrophobia and diphtheria, remarks the New York Independent. A series of highly interesting experiments has lately been conducted by no less than six of the progressive doctors of the day, in the treatment of pneumonia by serum with satisfactory results, and it is quite certain that these experiments will be carried still further.

A writer in the Overland Monthly has seriously proposed the introduction of the kangaroo in this country to take the place of the now practically extinct buffalo as a food supply on the Western plains. It is urged that the kangaroo is hardy, easily acclimated, domesticated without difficulty, breeds easily in captivity, is cheaply maintained, has a large amount of excellent and very edible flesh, is valuable as a fur and leather producer and can be cheaply and easily procured.

It is ruled by the postal authorities that any reduction of the size of a postal card by clipping, rounding off the corners or otherwise, will subject the receiver of the card to a charge of one cent on delivery. This makes the cost of a postal card equivalent to letter postage. Many persons enclose postal cards to correspondents in envelopes too small, and imagine that a little clipping won't make any difference. Others round off the corners for ornamental purposes or convenience in handling. But the practice is wrong.

The private carrying of pistols in England appears to have reached the proportions of a nuisance and a nuisance, and Lord Carmarthen recently introduced a bill in Parliament to regulate the conditions under which that dangerous instrument may be sold, and define those under which it may be carried. The object of the bill was to keep it out of the hands of roughs and minors, and in a general way to discourage the practice, except where it was manifestly necessary. It provides that the vendor must take out a license, and that the pistols must be consecutively numbered, so that they can be at any time identified. The buyer's name must be registered, and he must not be a convict or a ticket-of-leave man, or under eighteen years of age. It contains other rather stringent interdictions, showing that the abuse which it sought to rectify had grown into considerable proportions.

A company has just been incorporated at Springfield, Ohio, for the discovery of the heirs of the vast Holmes estate in England, said to be worth \$400,000,000. It was led by James Holmes, a South Sea trader, and William Hinrod, of New York, is said to be one of the heirs. The odds are 100 to one that there is no such estate, declares the Atlanta Constitution. Similar announcements are made from time to time, and thousands of people in this country have been bled by unscrupulous swindlers. There are no estates in England worth millions of dollars awaiting American claimants. Our ministers and consuls have frequently made this statement, but it has no effect. Just so long as people love money and lack common sense and information they will be the victims of the lawyers and agents who work the unclaimed estate racket. In the past few years it has been announced that various persons in Georgia were attempting to recover million-dollar inheritances in Europe. Not one ever succeeded. They spent what money they could spare on the agents who were swindling them, and that was the last of it. People hunting big estates, as a rule, will have to accumulate them by their own efforts.

HE TOOK TIME TO DIE.

There was an old fellow who never had time for a fresh morning look at the Volume sublime, Who never had time for the soft hand of prayer, Who smoothed out the wrinkles of labor and care, Who could not find time for that service most sweet At the altar of home where the dear ones all meet, And never found time with the people of God To learn the good way that the fathers have trod; But he found time to die, Oh, yes! He found time to die, This busy old fellow, too busy was he To linger at breakfast, at dinner or tea For the merry small chatter of children and wife, But led in his marriage a bachelor life; Too busy for kisses, too busy for play, No time to be loving, no time to be gay, No time to replenish his vanishing health, No time to enjoy his swift-gathering wealth; But he found time to die, Oh, yes! He found time to die, This beautiful world had no beauty for him; Its colors were black and its sunshine was dim, No leisure for woodland, for river, or hill, No time in his life just to think and be still, No time for his neighbors, no time for his friends, No time for those highest immutable ends Of the life of a man who is not for a day, But, for, worse or for better, for ever and aye, Yet he found time to die, Oh, yes! He found time to die. —Amos R. Wells, in Harper's Weekly.

FIVE BLACK MARKS.

HE most miserable time I ever had in my life," said Dr. Macpherson one day as we sat chatting in his cozy drawing room, "was spent in a gunboat off the coast of Guinea. I began my professional life as a surgeon in the navy, you know."

I did not know. But as the doctor seemed intent on telling the story I did not interrupt him by saying so. "We had been cruising about in the Mediterranean," he went on, "when we were unexpectedly ordered to the Bay of Lagos to overtake some miserable little tribes near the coast which had not been behaving itself as a properly regulated little tribe under the protection of the British Empire ought to do. Kakoga's tribe, it was called, and Kakoga came in for a good share of honest abuse from the officers and men of the Dragon-fly, when our orders came. The worst of it was, as far as the officers and men were concerned, that we were not at unity among ourselves. The engineer, called Lashton, had been naturally morose in consequence. What made him morose so was the fact that his successful rival was the Sub-Lieutenant, an awfully nice fellow, and the only man on board that I cared for. Lieutenant Gilby had met Miss Callan at Malta, and had become engaged to her without the least idea that the engineer had intentions that way, not that it would have made any difference to him if he had, I suppose. Lashton's unbecoming enmity against him made life on board pretty unpleasant, and divided us into two cliques. The Lieutenant's clique, consisting of himself and me, certainly had the liveliest time of it, for the successful suitor of Miss Callan, and while we were in the Mediterranean we suffered very little from the engineer's hostility. But directly we steamed off for Lagos a most remarkable change came over my friend, and he turned as taciturn as Lashton himself.

"It puzzled me to discover the reason, for though we were all sorry to leave the Mediterranean, still it was not like Gilby to sulk over it. He could not see less of his fiancée than he had been doing for two or three months, and we had the prospect before us of a small fight, for which he had been wishing. Lashton suggested to me in his sinister way that it was the prospect of fighting which caused the change in my friend, and though I answered the suggestion in the tone it deserved, still it seemed the only explanation.

"Gilby said, when I asked him, that it was the weather, and the irritation with which he answered prevented me continuing my inquiries, and made me more than ever convinced that it was 'funk,' and a very severe form of the disease, too. In fact, he took very little pains to conceal it. "I hope to goodness that I shall not have to go on shore," he said, when we had nearly reached our destination. I wish that Commander would lead the party, and leave me here to look after the ship."

"It is not likely," I answered, gruffly, and was glad that Lashton was not about to overhear him. I answered his next suggestion more gruffly still. "I suppose you would not like to certify that I ought to be on the sick list, would you, Macpherson?" he asked me, hesitatingly.

"I refused flatly. "If he had told me the true reason of his fear I might have acted differently, for he looked ill enough, poor fellow. His face had grown quite white and was since we started. "It looked whiter still next day when he had to go in command of the landing party, which I accompanied, of course. "When we were fairly embarked on

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THE SOVEREIGN POET. Heeds above the clang and dust of time, With the world's secret trembling on his lip, He asks not converse nor companionship In the cold starlight where thou canst not climb. The undelivered tidings in his breast Suffer him not to rest. He sees afar the memorable throng, And hinds the scattered ages with a song. The glorious riddle of his rhythmic breath, His might, his spell, we know not what they be; We only feel, what'er he uttereth, This avers not of death, This hath a relish of eternity. —William Watson.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Although money talks, woman can meet it half-way and get in the last word.—Pack. A new broom may sweep clean, but a new towel does not wipe clean.—Athenian Globe. You will not find one spring poet in fifty who does not need liver medicine.—Galveston News. "That Bagley is a chump," "Why so?" "He paid me ten he owed me, right before my tailor."—Life. A piece of limburger cheese is like a tack in one respect—you can always find it in the dirt.—Texas Siftings. "The whole world loves a lover. Then I really do not see— Why my suit didn't prosper— She was all the world to me!" It is a dangerous business for men and women to lie to each other until they are married.—Detroit Free Press. A woman should have learning; but she should convert her learning into wisdom, that she may know how to conceal it.—Pack. The blindest kind of love Is the unseeing kind, That marks the egoist. —Pack. Mrs. Nwued—"Our landlord thinks of nothing but the rent." Nwued—"You wrong him, my dear. I'm sure he never thinks of the rent in the roof."—Judge. The proprietors of a West Philadelphia salable have this sign outside their establishment: "If you are looking for mules don't forget us."—Philadelphia Record. Mrs. Watts—"So it was in the Chicago wheat market that you lost your all?" Everett West—"Yes, mum, all save me honor—and an elegant third."—Indianapolis Journal. A maiden lady in Newburg keeps a parrot which swears and a monkey which chews tobacco. She says between the two she doesn't miss a husband very much.—Athenian Globe. She—"How old would you say I was?" He—"Um—well, I should say you were old enough to know better than to think I would answer a question like that."—Detroit Free Press. Burglar Bill—"Wot's become o' Slickfinger's sister?" Sneaky Sam—"Savin' time for follerin' a fashionable fad." Burglar Bill—"Wot fad?" Sneaky Sam—"Elephantmanier."—New York Weekly. "Who is that gentleman engaged in conversation with Mrs. Sobright?" "I don't know him; but he must be one of the most distinguished men in the country." "What makes you think so?" "His portrait has never appeared in the newspapers."—Norristown Herald. Chinese Emperor—"Why did you lose that battle?" General Wu Run—"The Japanese attacked us in the rear." Chinese Emperor—"I was informed that they attacked you in front." General Wu Run—"Yes; but that was our rear when they got there."—New York Weekly. "Have you been able to catch the speaker's eye?" asked the first lady legislator. "Have I?" rejoined the second legislator. "Well, rather. I wore my navy blue bengaline with the heliotrope sleeves, and the speaker couldn't keep his eyes off me." Upon the call of the house they separated.—Detroit Tribune. "Hypnotism," said the professor, "in our present state of knowledge, may be defined as the power exerted by one person over the mind of another." "Why," giggled the fluffy girl, "that is just the same as falling in love." "I said 'mind,' my dear young lady," retorted the professor.—Cincinnati Enquirer. Sympathetic O.M.L.L.—"Will you please tell me if the lady in your paper every week? I want to tell her how much pleasure I had in perusing her articles on 'The Baby in the Cradle.' Office Boy—"Ho's yonder, mum. That's him who is standing there with a pink shirt on and smoking his pipe."—La Semana Comica.

Novel Food for Hogs. Fresno County (California) grape growers are considering of establishing a big pork-packing house. The second crop of grapes, if dried, seriously interferes with the first crop of raising hogs, the new scheme is to turn hogs into the vineyards, and fatten them on these late grapes, which mature in November. It is estimated that 50,000 tons of these second crop grapes are produced every year around Fresno.—New York Tribune. The Greek Colony in Georgia. A Greek colony has been established at Elton in Effingham County, Georgia. They have purchased eighty acres of land from Mrs. Kuhn, and about a dozen of them are already there and others are expected soon. They will raise vegetables and other farm products, but their principal object is to raise fruits and grapes. They are a sturdy, hard-working lot of people.—New York Journal.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

If You Can't Get One With a Title—Different Eyes—Ancient—Not a Boy—Evidence, Etc., Etc. Don't marry a man for money, It's a dreadful thing to do; But to marry a man with money Is really the proper one. —Detroit Free Press.

DIFFERENT EYES. He (in love)—"There she goes with her St. Bernard. Beauty and the beast over again." The Other One—"Yes; isn't he a beauty."—Life.

EVIDENCE. Miss Summit—"Mr. Jagway called on me last night, and I think he had been drinking." Miss Palisade—"He told me this morning that you looked beautiful."—Life.

NOT A BOY. Little Ethel—"I stopped into Mrs. Brickrow's to see her new baby." Mamma—"Did you? It's a boy baby, isn't it?" Little Ethel—"Oh, no, I guess not. It's real sweet."—Good News.

ANCIENT. Miss Redbud—"Mr. Quilter said he wrote a joke about you and sent it to one of the papers." Miss Penstock—"Was it accepted?" Miss Redbud—"No. The editor said the subject was too old."—Life.

PROOF OF THE TRUTH. Uncle Hiram—"If yer want ter have good dogs yer must educate 'em to it. I took as much trouble to rear me dog that ez I did with my son, Ike." "But that dog is no good!" Uncle Hiram—"Neither is Ike."—Life.

AN ALTERNATIVE. "Do you think a girl ought to learn to cook before she gets married?" said the practical man. "Yes," replied his dyspeptic friend. "Either that, or else she ought to be willing not to try."—Washington Star.

PREPARATORY TO CHOOSING. "Is this where you vote?" said an Ohio voter to the election officer. "Yes, ma'am." "Then please cut off samples of all the tickets and I'll take them home and see which I like best."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

IT WOULDN'T MATTER. Little Boy—"Sister says she's never going to marry any one that's in a trade. She says she's goin' to marry a professional man." Old Lady—"Well, it won't matter. The little dear never did have much appetite, anyway."—New York Weekly.

MERELY GEOGRAPHICAL. Clara—"Do you know, Maud, Mr. Smithers paid me a great compliment last night?" Maud—"No, what did he say?" "He said I was among the prettiest girls at the party." "Yes, I noticed you were among them."—Texas Siftings.

VARIETIES OF TOUCH. "Success?" The pianist tossed his lionine looks back from his brow. "Success—" His fingers wandered aimlessly among the keys. "—is all in the touch." Persons who had been touched for \$5 a seat to hear him play had, by a curious coincidence, arrived at the identical conclusion, quitted in disappointment.—Detroit Tribune.

REACHING HIS ENEMY. Fair Shopper (to clerk, who has shown her every piece of goods in the store—"Well, I don't see anything here that suits me. I'll go down to Yard & Tapeley's and see what they have." Salesman (eagerly)—"Here's the card of one of our salesmen. Will you kindly get him to wait on you?" Fair Shopper (pleasantly)—"Ah! a friend of yours, I suppose?" Salesman—"Not at all!"—Pack.

OFF AND ON. A lawyer noted for his success on cross-examination found his match in a recent trial, when he asked a long-suffering witness how long he had worked at his business of tin-roofing. The answer was: "I have worked at it off and on, but have worked at it steady for the past twenty years." "How long off and on have you worked at it?" "Sixty-five years." "How old are you?" "Sixty-five." "Then you have been a tin-roofer from birth?" "No, sir; of course I haven't." "Then why do you say that you have worked at your trade sixty-five years?" "Because you asked how long on and on I had worked at it. I have worked at it off and on sixty-five years—twenty years on and forty-five off."

Here there was a roar in the court room, but not at the expense of the witness, and his inquirer hurriedly finished his examination in great confusion.—Harper's Magazine. A copy of the Aithen Bible, the first Bible in the English language printed in America, was sold in Boston by auction a few days ago for \$300.

THE CHIROPDIST ON POINTED SHOES.

"I am sorry to see a tendency on the part of men to forsake the sharp-pointed shoe that has held the fashion for so long and to return to the broader style of extremity," said a leading chiropdist. The change, if it come about as I expect it will, will have a pretty substantial effect for the worse upon my business. Two-thirds of the patients who come to me suffering from painful callous growths on their feet are the victims of sharp-pointed shoes. There is only one foot in a thousand that can wear such an article with anything like comfort, but the 999 who can't, stand the misery in order to make a pretty peddle appearance. The contracted space allowed for the toes in such shoes crowds them together as in a vise, and circulation in them stops and corns and bunions are the result. No one should wear a shoe which does not allow the joints of the toes to work naturally, but it should always fit the foot closely and snugly. A loose shoe is as provocative of corns and other foot ailments as a tight and narrow one."—Washington Post.

Illustrating What He Meant. Litter day speakers of English are getting to be very wordy and pompous in the use of our language, according to the distinguished linguist, Professor Whitney, and he thinks we ought to get back to the modesty and simplicity of our ancestors. This advice of Professor Whitney is no doubt timely. But in advising us not to use big words and to be clear, pure and simple in diction he employs the following words: "Avoid all polysyllabic profundity, pompous prolixity and ventriculo-verberation. Shun double entendre and prurient jocosity, whether obscure or apparent. In other words, speak truthfully, naturally, clearly, purely, but do not use large words."—Boston Globe.

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SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

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HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Although money talks, woman can meet it half-way and get in the last word.—Pack. A new broom may sweep clean, but a new towel does not wipe clean.—Athenian Globe. You will not find one spring poet in fifty who does not need liver medicine.—Galveston News. "That Bagley is a chump," "Why so?" "He paid me ten he owed me, right before my tailor."—Life. A piece of limburger cheese is like a tack in one respect—you can always find it in the dirt.—Texas Siftings. "The whole world loves a lover. Then I really do not see— Why my suit didn't prosper— She was all the world to me!" It is a dangerous business for men and women to lie to each other until they are married.—Detroit Free Press. A woman should have learning; but she should convert her learning into wisdom, that she may know how to conceal it.—Pack. The blindest kind of love Is the unseeing kind, That marks the egoist. —Pack. Mrs. Nwued—"Our landlord thinks of nothing but the rent." Nwued—"You wrong him, my dear. I'm sure he never thinks of the rent in the roof."—Judge. The proprietors of a West Philadelphia salable have this sign outside their establishment: "If you are looking for mules don't forget us."—Philadelphia Record. Mrs. Watts—"So it was in the Chicago wheat market that you lost your all?" Everett West—"Yes, mum, all save me honor—and an elegant third."—Indianapolis Journal. A maiden lady in Newburg keeps a parrot which swears and a monkey which chews tobacco. She says between the two she doesn't miss a husband very much.—Athenian Globe. She—"How old would you say I was?" He—"Um—well, I should say you were old enough to know better than to think I would answer a question like that."—Detroit Free Press. Burglar Bill—"Wot's become o' Slickfinger's sister?" Sneaky Sam—"Savin' time for follerin' a fashionable fad." Burglar Bill—"Wot fad?" Sneaky Sam—"Elephantmanier."—New York Weekly. "Who is that gentleman engaged in conversation with Mrs. Sobright?" "I don't know him; but he must be one of the most distinguished men in the country." "What makes you think so?" "His portrait has never appeared in the newspapers."—Norristown Herald. Chinese Emperor—"Why did you lose that battle?" General Wu Run—"The Japanese attacked us in the rear." Chinese Emperor—"I was informed that they attacked you in front." General Wu Run—"Yes; but that was our rear when they got there."—New York Weekly. "Have you been able to catch the speaker's eye?" asked the first lady legislator. "Have I?" rejoined the second legislator. "Well, rather. I wore my navy blue bengaline with the heliotrope sleeves, and the speaker couldn't keep his eyes off me." Upon the call of the house they separated.—Detroit Tribune. "Hypnotism," said the professor, "in our present state of knowledge, may be defined as the power exerted by one person over the mind of another." "Why," giggled the fluffy girl, "that is just the same as falling in love." "I said 'mind,' my dear young lady," retorted the professor.—Cincinnati Enquirer. Sympathetic O.M.L.L.—"Will you please tell me if the lady in your paper every week? I want to tell her how much pleasure I had in perusing her articles on 'The Baby in the Cradle.' Office Boy—"Ho's yonder, mum. That's him who is standing there with a pink shirt on and smoking his pipe."—La Semana Comica.

Novel Food for Hogs. Fresno County (California) grape growers are considering of establishing a big pork-packing house. The second crop of grapes, if dried, seriously interferes with the first crop of raising hogs, the new scheme is to turn hogs into the vineyards, and fatten them on these late grapes, which mature in November. It is estimated that 50,000 tons of these second crop grapes are produced every year around Fresno.—New York Tribune. The Greek Colony in Georgia. A Greek colony has been established at Elton in Effingham County, Georgia. They have purchased eighty acres of land from Mrs. Kuhn, and about a dozen of them are already there and others are expected soon. They will raise vegetables and other farm products, but their principal object is to raise fruits and grapes. They are a sturdy, hard-working lot of people.—New York Journal.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

If You Can't Get One With a Title—Different Eyes—Ancient—Not a Boy—Evidence, Etc., Etc. Don't marry a man for money, It's a dreadful thing to do; But to marry a man with money Is really the proper one. —Detroit Free Press.

DIFFERENT EYES. He (in love)—"There she goes with her St. Bernard. Beauty and the beast over again." The Other One—"Yes; isn't he a beauty."—Life.

EVIDENCE. Miss Summit—"Mr. Jagway called on me last night, and I think he had been drinking." Miss Palisade—"He told me this morning that you looked beautiful."—Life.

NOT A BOY. Little Ethel—"I stopped into Mrs. Brickrow's to see her new baby." Mamma—"Did you? It's a boy baby, isn't it?" Little Ethel—"Oh, no, I guess not. It's real sweet."—Good News.

ANCIENT. Miss Redbud—"Mr. Quilter said he wrote a joke about you and sent it to one of the papers." Miss Penstock—"Was it accepted?" Miss Redbud—"No. The editor said the subject was too old."—Life.

PROOF OF THE TRUTH. Uncle Hiram—"If yer want ter have good dogs yer must educate 'em to it. I took as much trouble to rear me dog that ez I did with my son, Ike." "But that dog is no good!" Uncle Hiram—"Neither is Ike."—Life.

AN ALTERNATIVE. "Do you think a girl ought to learn to cook before she gets married?" said the practical man. "Yes," replied his dyspeptic friend. "Either that, or else she ought to be willing not to try."—Washington Star.

PREPARATORY TO CHOOSING. "Is this where you vote?" said an Ohio voter to the election officer. "Yes, ma'am." "Then please cut off samples of all the tickets and I'll take them home and see which I like best."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

IT WOULDN'T MATTER. Little Boy—"Sister says she's never going to marry any one that's in a trade. She says she's goin' to marry a professional man." Old Lady—"Well, it won't matter. The little dear never did have much appetite, anyway."—New York Weekly.

MERELY GEOGRAPHICAL. Clara—"Do you know, Maud, Mr. Smithers paid me a great compliment last night?" Maud—"No, what did he say?" "He said I was among the prettiest girls at the party." "Yes, I noticed you were among them."—Texas Siftings.

VARIETIES OF TOUCH. "Success?" The pianist tossed his lionine looks back from his brow. "Success—" His fingers wandered aimlessly among the keys. "—is all in the touch." Persons who had been touched for \$5 a seat to hear him play had, by a curious coincidence, arrived at the identical conclusion, quitted in disappointment.—Detroit Tribune.

REACHING HIS ENEMY. Fair Shopper (to clerk, who has shown her every piece of goods in the store—"Well, I don't see anything here that suits me. I'll go down to Yard & Tapeley's and see what they have." Salesman (eagerly)—"Here's the card of one of our salesmen. Will you kindly get him to wait on you?" Fair Shopper (pleasantly)—"Ah! a friend of yours, I suppose?" Salesman—"Not at all!"—Pack.

OFF AND ON. A lawyer noted for his success on cross-examination found his match in a recent trial, when he asked a long-suffering witness how long he had worked at his business of tin-roofing. The answer was: "I have worked at it off and on, but have worked at it steady for the past twenty years." "How long off and on have you worked at it?" "Sixty-five years." "How old are you?" "Sixty-five." "Then you have been a tin-roofer from birth?" "No, sir; of course I haven't." "Then why do you say that you have worked at your trade sixty-five years?" "Because you asked how long on and on I had worked at it. I have worked at it off and on sixty-five years—twenty years on and forty-five off."

Here there was a roar in the court room, but not at the expense of the witness, and his inquirer hurriedly finished his examination in great confusion.—Harper's Magazine. A copy of the Aithen Bible, the first Bible in the English language printed in America, was sold in Boston by auction a few days ago for \$300.

THE CHIROPDIST ON POINTED SHOES.

"I am sorry to see a tendency on the part of men to forsake the sharp-pointed shoe that has held the fashion for so long and to return to the broader style of extremity," said a leading chiropdist. The change, if it come about as I expect it will, will have a pretty substantial effect for the worse upon my business. Two-thirds of the patients who come to me suffering from painful callous growths on their feet are the victims of sharp-pointed shoes. There is only one foot in a thousand that can wear such an article with anything like comfort, but the 999 who can't, stand the misery in order to make a pretty peddle appearance. The contracted space allowed for the toes in such shoes crowds them together as in a vise, and circulation in them stops and corns and bunions are the result. No one should wear a shoe which does not allow the joints of the toes to work naturally, but it should always fit the foot closely and snugly. A loose shoe is as provocative of corns and other foot ailments as a tight and narrow one."—Washington Post.

Illustrating What He Meant. Litter day speakers of English are getting to be very wordy and pompous in the use of our language