THE CHILIAN'S OATH.

The city of Valparaiso is one of the most important upon the Pacific coast. Take them altogether the people o Chili show the most enterprise and seem the best adapted for republican government of any in South America, yet the common people are of a dark, revengeful nature, and few foreigners find favor in their eyes. But with the dark-eyed maidens of Chili it is different, and Yankee sailors always like to run into "Valparaiser" for a cruise on shore, and a happy time they have generally.

Ned Wilton landed from the brig Vesper, which had sprung a topmast and stove in her quarter in a storm in the south Pacific. It was a two weeks' job to refit, and as Ned was a man to be trusted the "old man" gave him a free run on shore. Ned wasn't much of a man to drink, and most of his time was spent in rambling about on the beautiful mountain slopes, getting acquainted with the dark-eyed beauties of the city and country, and enjoying himself generally. One day while exploring the country ten miles to the north and east of the city, he was attracted by the sound of voices loud in dispute, and then came a woman's cry for help. Dashing through the bushes Ned came out in a little open space, where he saw a beautiful girl, whom he had met at a fandango in Valparaiso, struggling in the grasp of a dark-looking Chilian, who, if he was not a villain, ought to have had a quarrel with his face.

"See here, my man," said Ned, "you'd better drop it, or you may chance to get yourself into trouble."

"That advice might be as well applied to yourself, senor," replied the man, with a dark, savage frown. "If you will take my advice, given in the most friendly spirit, you will take yourself off and attend to any business of your own which you may chance to have on hand. No man ever interfered with Manual Gogena who did not repent it."

"I'll have to leave it to the young lady," said Ned, quietly. "If she says that I'm in the way I'll walk, as you say, but not before."

"No, no!" cried the girl. "Do not leave me alone with this man."

"That's all right," said Ned. "You see that the senora claims my help, Manuel Godena, and I'll have to trouble you to get up and travel."

The man drew a knife and made a dash at him. Ned knocked it out of his hand and then and there gave him such a thrashing as he had never received in his life. Then, stripping him of his weapon, he kicked him industriously down the slope, for it "riled" him to have a man draw a knife.

The Chilian at last took to his heels, and when once out of reach of Ned's No. 8 boot turned and shook his hand at him in a menacing manner.

"Hear me, Americano," he hissed. "I vow to the saint not to take rest or sleep until I have revenge on you!"

Ned answered by a contemptuous laugh, and whirling on his heel went back to the lady, who was trembling with fear.

"Let me escort you safely from this place," he said. "You are hardly safe here."

"Thanks, senor. That man is my cousin, and this morning he undertook to escort me to the house of my uncle, who has a cattle ranch over yonder. But when we reached this place he seized me and swore that he would carry me to the haunt of the bandit Rosas and there keep me until I promised to marry him."

"He is a land pirate," said Ned, "and deserves keel-hauling if ever a man did."

"I do not understand that, senor," said the girl, with a merry smile. "But I shall be your debtor forever if you will go with me to my uncle's house."

"I am quite at your service," said Ned, gallantly; "but I don't know the way you wish to go."

"This way, senor."

She struck into a forest path, after a glance at the manly face of the Yankee sailor. That glance was enough, for it showed her that she was absolutely safe with him, no matter where she might choose to go. An hour's ride brought them to an opening, and on the slope of the tablado before them they saw a fine ranch surrounded by buildings and corals for cattle.

"This is the place, Senor Americano," she said. "Will you not come to the house and let my uncle thank you?"

"I don't want any thanks for an act which no man could have refused to perform; but I will go in. Will you give me your name? Mine is Edward Wilton, and I am second mate of the brig Vesper."

"And mine is Isola Mendez. I remember you, senor. I danced with you at the fandango in Valparaiso last week."

They entered the house and were met by Senor Mendez, the uncle of Isola. He heard her story and thanked the young American warmly for the art he had performed. But Ned lopped him,

"It annoys me to be thanked for so slight a service," said Ned. "Please do not say anything more about it."

"I will try and thank you in some other way, senor," said the ranchero, warmly. "Now you must make a stay with me, if your business will allow it, and I will try to make it pleasant for you."

"I have a week of liberty on shore," said Ned, "and then I must be off. I accept your invitation with pleasure, senor."

Three or four days passed pleasantly, the ranchero doing his best to invent new pleasures for the young American. Isola was a pleasant companion, and Ned was very sorry when the time drew near for him to leave. The last day of his stay the two rode out among the foothills, and it was plain to see that they were very deeply in love. As they halted for a moment in a breezy canyon a dozen horsemen suddenly surrounded them. Ned made a gallant fight, and shot one of his assailants and mortally wounded another before he was overpowered. In the leader of these mountain bandits he recognized Manuel Godena.

"I told you that I would not rest until I had revenge, accursed Americano," he hissed. "Now Isola——"

But the girl, giving her horse the rein, broke suddenly through the ranks of the men who surrounded her, for they had not taken the trouble to secure her, and set off at a mad gallop, closely pursued by four of five of the banditti. But there was not a man in Chili who could ride with Isola Mendez, and as they passed out of sight all could see that she was gaining rapidly and was likely to escape. A cry of rage burst from the lips of Godena.

"Now 10,000 curses on the girl!" he cried. "I meant that she should witness my punishment of her Yankee lover; but at least we have him secure. Place him against the rock there, with his hands and feet bound. Make him fast so that he can not fall down."

The men obeyed, and Godena dismounted with a pistol in hand. Ned, held in his place by his bonds, looked him boldly in the face. Advancing a pace the miscreant aimed at him, changing his aim from time to time to distress the prisoner. But Ned did not give the slightest sign of fear. At last the pistol exploded and the ball tore through the fleshy part of his shoulder.

"One!" said Godena, producing another pistol. "I am going to hit you on the other side."

Again he fired and the other shoulder was torn by the ball.

"You black-hearted hound!" cried Ned, "if you think to wring a single cry from me you are mistaken. Go on, savage and complete your bloody work."

Godena, with the grin of a fiend, took two other pistols from the hands of one of the men. Again he fired, intending to pierce the arm of the young sailor, but this time he missed.

"Poor practice," said Ned. "Try again, my dear fellow."

The fourth pistol cracked, and Ned gave a start and a shiver, for his left arm had been pierced. Godena was very angry, for in spite of the torture, he had not been able to wring a groan from the gallant young man. Reloading his pistols carefully, he stepped close to his prisoner, and again and again touched him with the muzzle of the cocked pistols over the heart, upon the forehead, in every vital part, but he did not flinch.

"Why don't you end it, cowardly dog?" cried Ned.

"I will end it," replied Godena, stepping back a single pace. "Thus Manuel Godena avenges himself."

He raised the pistol in his right hand to a level with the heart of the prisoner, and was about to pull the trigger, when a rifle cracked on the mountain side above them and Manuel Godena, shot through the heart, fell upon his face, dead. At the same time a score of stockmen and rancheros chased down the canyon, and the bandits turned in flight, pursued by the herd riders, led by Senor Mendez. Then Ned fainted from loss of blood, and when he came back to life his bonds had been removed and he lay upon the green sod, his head pillowed upon the knee of Isola Mendez.

"Do not move," she said softly. "Yo te amo!" (I love you).

Ned Wilton recovered from his wounds, but not soon enough to sail in the Vesper. Indeed, he never left Chili, and is now a rich ranchero, and the name of his wife was once Isola Mendez.—Boston Globe.

A Question of Discipline.

A German was boasting in the presence of some Russians about the obedience and discipline of the German army, citing numerous instances from the war between France and Germany.

"Gentlemen," replied one of the Russians, "what you say about the discipline in the German army amounts to nothing at all when compared with what occurs continually in the Russian army. But I will merely recite one instance of what occurred at the beginning of the reign of the Czar Nicholas, when the discipline in the Russian army was comparatively lax. At that time, before the telegraph was discovered, the Russians used signal stations, which were a few miles apart. The soldier made the signal which was repeated by the soldier at the next station, and thus the news was conveyed thousands of miles.

"One day a soldier at a station near St. Petersburg did not see the signal in time, and, dreading the punishment that awaited him for negligence, deliberately hanged himself on the signal tower. The soldier at the next station mistook this for a signal, so he deliberately but promptly hanged himself, also. In consequence of the discipline which prevails in the Russian army, next day it was discovered that all the soldiers at the signal stations from St. Petersburg to Warsaw had hanged themselves on their signal towers. Of course, a much stricter discipline prevails at present, and——"

"That will do," replied the German "I give it up."—Texas Siftings.

Modern Mummification.

The facts disclosed in the process of unrolling a mummy present in striking contrast the difference of the mode of embalming pursued by the ancient Egyptian and that carried out in modern times. Now the embalmer can conduct in minutes a preserving process which cost the Egyptians as many days, and if after his process is completed he should take pains to seal up the preserved body with all the skill possible to modern art, he might leave a human body so perfect in regard to natural form and color that after 3,000 years not a lineament need be wanting for its identification that would not have satisfied even a contemporary of the dead person. We are inclined now to experience regret that in Egyptian times the art was not advanced enough to leave the embalmed in such likeness of life. But whether it is worth the trouble in these days to revive the art, in the more perfect type of it, for the edification and satisfaction of the men and women of thirty centuries hence, is a wide question. Cremation is, at this moment, becoming the fashion, but possibly some persons would rather be so immortalized and preserved for scientific study, like William Gilbert's flies in amber, "shining in eternal sepulchres."—London Lancet.

Game of Shadow Buff.

The game of shadow buff differs very materially from blind man's buff, but it is equally as amusing. A large piece of white linen should be fastened neatly up at one end of a room, so that it hangs smoothly. Buff (not blinded) seats himself on a low stool, with his face to the linen, and a table, on which is a lighted candle, should be placed about four or five feet behind him, and the rest of lights extinguished. Buffy's playfellows next pass in succession between the candle and him, distorting their features in as grosque a manner as possible—hopping, limping and performing various odd antics, so as to make their shadow very unlike their usual looks. Buffy must then try and guess to whom the shadows belong, and if he guesses correctly, the player whose shadow he recognizes, takes his place. Buff is allowed only one guess for each person, and must not turn his head either to the right or left to see who passes

American and German University.

The average age of the American college student at graduation, is certainly not greater than that of the German student in leaving his university. The American student is, however, not only a better educated man, in the best sense of the word, than the German student at a corresponding age, but the average American college graduate, who has not yet entered upon any professional study whatever, either in law, medicine, theology or science, but has spent three years at an academy of the grade of Andover, Exeter, or Easthampton, and four years at any of the leading colleges of New England, is, by any fair test to be instituted by a committee of British or European educational experts, a better educated man than the average German student who has completed both his gymnasium and his university studies.

The Old Question.

If a wheel be expended on its axle so as not to touch the ground and be revolved in its a fact that both the top and the bottom part revolve with equal rapidity, but if the wheel be placed on the ground and revolved it must move forward. The top spokes are thus revolving forward and are also moving forward through space with the forward movement of the hub. The bottom spokes, on the contrary, are revolving backward. The difference between the velocity of the upper and the lower spokes is, therefore, to be measured by the absolute forward movement of the hub.—Mobile Register.

FRIED OYSTERS.

Take, large, fresh oysters, drain and crumb and let them stand fifteen minutes; then dip in egg and again in crumbs and let remain five minutes. Fry a few at a time, in smoking, hot fat. When nicely browned, drain on paper, lay on a hot platter and serve.

CELERY SALAD.

Wash and scrape the celery and lay in ice cold water until dinner time.

Make a dressing of one tablespoonful of oil, four of vinegar, a teaspoonful of sugar, pepper and salt.

Cut them into half inch lengths pour the dressing over, stir well and serve.

VERMICELLI WITH CHEESE.

BRUSSELS SPROUTS.

Heat the contents of one can and season with salt and white pepper and serve with a cream dressing poured over.

BOILED LEG OF MUTTON.

Wipe with a damp cloth—tie in a well floured cloth and put in plenty of boiling water.

Allow twenty minutes to the pound. When half done salt the water; take out, wipe carefully with a cloth wet in hot water, butter all over, and serve.

CAPER SAUCE.

Place two tablespoonfuls of butter in a frying-pan and when it melts (not brown) add one heaping table-spoonful of flour, and two gills of boiling water. Stir constantly until it boils smooth, then add the yolk of one hard boiled egg, chopped fine, and two table-spoonfuls of capers.

MASHED POTATO.

Allow a table-spoonful of salt to a quart of water. Cover the potatoes closely; when done drain and allow the steam to escape before washing. To each pint of potato, add five table-spoonfuls of hot milk, a table-spoonful of butter, salt and white pepper. Beat until light with a fork, and serve in an uncovered dish. Do not smooth the top, or pack them in the least.

SWEET POTATO CROQUETTES.

To three tea-cupfuls of mealy-baked potatoes, add by degrees as you beat with a fork, a heaping table-spoonful of butter, a tea-spoonful of lemon juice, the well beaten yolks of two eggs, salt, pepper, and a gill of milk. Mold into cylindrical croquettes, dip in egg and bread crumbs and fry in smoking hot fat. Drain on paper, and serve.

LIMA BEANS.

Boil until tender, and drain. Melt a heaping table-spoonful of butter, and stir in a table-spoonful (scant) of flour and a tea-cupful of white stock. Add the beans and simmer fifteen minutes. Season with salt, pepper and a table-spoonful of chopped parsley, and serve.

PINEAPPLE SHERBE.

One quart of grated pineapple, one of water, five gills of granulated sugar, the juice of two lemons, the white of one egg and one table-spoonful of gelatine. Soak the gelatine in half a tea-cupful of the cold water until very soft. Boil the remaining water and sugar together two minutes, add the gelatine and stir until dissolved. When nearly cold add the pineapple and lemon juice and squeeze through a cheese cloth bag. Freeze, remove the dasher, and stir in a meringue made of the white of an egg and a table-spoonful of powdered sugar beaten stiff. Repack and stand aside until ready to use.

Put half a package of vermicelli into salted boiling water and cook until tender, (about twenty minutes.

Drain; butter an agate baking dish, spread a layer on the bottom, grate a little cheese over, add a few bits of butter and continue in this way having cheese on top. Pour over enough milk to cover the vermicelli and brown in a quick over.

FANCY CAKES.

Make a rich jumble paste of one cupful of butter, one and one half cupfuls of granulated sugar, four eggs, two cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one half a cupful of corn starch and half a wine-glassful of brandy. Beat together as for cake, add enough flour to make a soft paste, roll out thin and cut in whatever shape you choose. Cut some paste in thick, narrow strips and lay around the edge to form a cup shaped cake. Bake on buttered paper.

Drain canned peaches that were halved, place one in each cake, with a teaspoonful of boiled icing on the top.

ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING.

Sift one teaspoonful of baking powder (Cleveland's) into two teacupfuls of flour three times over, then roll into the flour two teacupfuls each of seeded raisins, washed and dried currants, one half a teacupful each of blanched almonds, chopped citron and finely shaved candied orange and lemon peel, and season with a teaspoonful of cinnamon and half a grated nutmeg.

One teacupful of minced suet, one of sugar, one wine-glassful each of wine and brandy, one teacupful of milk, two of fine bread crumbs, a pinch of salt and eight well beaten eggs.

Add the floured fruit last and mix very, very thoroughly. Butter a large mould, set in a sauce-pan with boiling water to reach half up the sides of the mould and steam, without stopping, five hours and a half.

Turn out, very carefully on a dish, turn a dash of brandy over it, light and send it to the table ablaze. Serve with vine sauce.

WINE SAUCE.

Put one gill of butter into a warm earthen bowl and beat until it is light and creamy. Gradually beat into this two gills of powdered sugar, and when light and foamy add a wine-glassful of wine, a tablespoonful at a time; then beat in three tablespoonfuls of milk and a teaspoonful each of extract of bitter almonds and vanilla. Place the bowl in a pan of boiling water and stir constantly for three minutes.

A MOMENTARY MEDITATION.

I sometimes list to my grandpa's clock
As I'm sitting sad and lone,
And it seems to me that its strange "tick tock"
Is a language of its own.
And my thoughts go backward year by year
In a pleasant retrospect.
It fills my mind with a gracious cheer—
Does the old clock's dial-ect.

Ah! when shall time wind up its work
And its spring refuse to flow.
While its hands which never a moment shirk
On an endless strike shall go.
But its old face shows not a shade of fear
From its patient toiling clique.
And 'twill still do business year by year
While its tock in trade is tick.

Now, Brethren!

The record of a death, published in one of the religious papers, says of the departed brother: "For two years preceding his death he was a constant reader of the ——. He was a great sufferer, but grace sustained him." The Congregationalist exclaims: "How sad that he did not take to the reading of some other newspaper in time!" But, seeing he was so graciously "sustained" in reading the paper he did, he perhaps found a blessing in the "suffering" that accompanied its persual.—Christian Inquirer.

ONE ON HICKS.

"It isn't square," said Mawson, petulantly.

"What isn't?" queried Hicks.

"A circle," replied Mawson, his petulance disappearing.

HOPELESS.

"What on earth is Jimmy crying about now?" asked papa.

"He wants to give his gold fish a bath," returned mamma.

The popularity which Hood's Sarsaparilla has gained as a spring medicine is wonderful. It possesses just those elements of health-giving, blood-purifying and appetite-restoring which everybody seems to need at this season. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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Deafness Can't Be Cured

by local applications, as they can not reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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Poor soap shrivels the finger nalls.

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"I inherit some tendency to Dyspepsia from my mother. I suffered two years in this way; consulted a number of doctors. They did me no good. I then used

Relieved in Two Days. your August Flower and it was just two days when I felt great relief. I soon got so that I could sleep and eat, and I felt that I was well. That was three years ago, and I am still first-class. I am never without a bottle, and if I feel constipated the least particle a dose or two of August Flower does the work. The beauty of the medicine is, that you can stop the use of it without any bad effects on the system.

Constipation While I was sick I felt everything it seemed to me a man could feel. I was of all men most miserable. I can say, in conclusion, that I believe August Flower will cure anyone of indigestion, if taken

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Cephas and the Coon.

Coon-hunting still gives great enjoyment to hunters in the mountainous districts of Massachusetts. The skin of the animal sells for a dollar or more, but this reward is a mere trifle compared to the pleasure the hunter finds in tracking and treeing the coon and finally bringing him to the ground. Few men ever appreciated sport of this kind more keenly than a certain old farmer named Cephas Green.

He and his wife were one day jogging along toward the town in the carryall, their business in the city being of especial importance, nothing less than the signing of papers which should transfer half of their farm to a neighbor.

They still had four miles to go, when an acquaintance hastily crossed the road in front of them, his gun on his shoulder.

"After a coon," he said hastily, "my boy seen one in the woods up here."

"Is that so?" cried old Farmer Green, excitedly. He passed the reins to his wife, leaped from the carryall, and disappeared after the sportsman.

Six hours later a neighbor, driving over the road, found the carryall drawn up under a tree, the horse turned out to grass, and Mrs. Green sitting in the shade, with a look of disgust and weariness in her face. Usually the most placid and even-tempered of women, she now said, with pardonable sharpness:

"If you see Job Sanders in town, please tell him that Cephas Green has smelt a coon, and that that trade of ours won't be made as long as that coon is alive. If you're hurried for time, you needn't say anything but 'Cephas Green' and 'coon.' Job'll know the rest."

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have all the virtues of the larger ones; equally effective; purely vegetable. Exact size shown in this border.

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FOR FIFTY YEARS! MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children while Teething, for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

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To the SUFFERER from diseases of the Throat and Lungs, is our latest BOOK on Consumption and kindred diseases and the wonderful results of the AERATED OXYGEN COMPOUND.

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AGENTS wanted for How I Made a Home and Lost in One Year. Our copyrighted methods free to all desiring a Home, or business change. $75 to $200 Monthly. Teachers and Ladies find big pay for spare hours. TREASURY PURCHASING AGENCY, 27 4th Ave., New York.

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.

MOCK TURTLE SOUP.

Mock turtle soup is far more delicious than turtle soup, if carefully made. Have the head split open and skin removed at the market. Soak an hour in cold water and boil in six quarts of water until the flesh will slip easily from the bones. Take out the tongue and brains on separate dishes, and put the fleshy parts and cheeks to cool. Chop the rest very fine; reserve half a tea-cupful for forcemeat balls. Return the rest with the bones to the pot. Season with one large onion, one carrot, two teaspoonfuls of salt, one of white pepper, one bunch of sweet herbs (thyme, parsley and savory,) one-half teaspoonful of mace, cover closely and simmer for four hours. If it shrinks to less than four quarts of liquor add more water. Strain and set aside until next day. Remove the fat and bring half of the stock to the boiling point. Put two tablespoonfuls of batter in a frying pan, when hot add two tablespoonfuls of browned flour—when smooth add it to the soup. Cut the tongue and fleshy parts of the head into small dice and add them to the soup. Season with a little cayenne and more salt—if necessary. Add half of a well beaten egg, salt and pepper to the chopped meat you reserved—and make into a dozen small balls by the addition of a little flour. Dip in the remainder of the egg, roll in flour, place on a buttered paper in a shallow bake-pan and brown slightly in a hot oven.

When the soup has boiled five minutes, (stirring constantly) add the juice of half a lemon, a wine glassful of Maderia wine, a teaspoonful of mushroom and one of tomato-catsup, and the force-meat balls. Cover five minutes and serve.

DEVILED CRABS.

This is Mrs. Roror's recipe and cannot be improved upon. Boil twelve heavy crabs in a kettle of water to which a tablespoonful of salt has been added, three quarters of an hour. When cold break off the claws and separate the shells. Remove the spongy fingers, and the stomach—which is found immediately under the head. Pick out all the meat, being careful not to get any fine pieces of the shells.

Put half a pint of milk into a double boiler, and when it is hot stir in a tablespoonful of butter and two of flour rubbed together. Stir smooth and add four hard boiled eggs mashed fine, a tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley, a half saltspoonful of grated nutmeg and the crab meat, and season highly with salt and pepper.

Clean the upper shells, fill them with the mixture, carefully packing it in, brush over with beaten egg, cover with fine bread crumbs and fry in smoking hot fat.

They can be baked if one prefers, but the fried ones are far more delicious.

BRAISED TURKEY.

A turkey whether to be roasted or braised should be singed and drawn the day before it is used.

Make a dressing of stale bread crumbs seasoned with a teacupful of butter, one egg, minced celery and chopped parsley, salt and pepper. Mix well, fill the body, sew up the opening and truss it into good shape. Chop one medium sized onion, a root of celery and half of a large carrot; butter the bottom of the roasting pan and put in the prepared vegetables together with two bay leaves, a teaspoonful of pepper corns a tablespoonful of salt and four teacupfuls of boiling water. Place the bird on top of this and bake, basting every fifteen minutes with the liquor in the pan. When it is done put two heaping tablespoonfuls of butter in a frying pan and brown carefully, then add two level tablespoonfuls of flour, strain the liquor from the pan into it and stir constantly until it boils and is smooth. Add half a can of chopped mushrooms and serve in gravy boat.

CREAMED ONIONS.

Pare, parboil in salt water, add fresh and boil until tender; then drain and add a sauce made as directed for Lima beans. Season with salt and pepper.

Cann's Kidney Cure for Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, Bright's, Heart, Urinary or Liver Diseases, Nervousness, &c. Cure guaranteed. 831 Arch Street, Philad'a. $1 a bottle, 6 for $5, or druggist. 1000 certificates of cures. Try it.

There are 1125 characters in the twenty-four books that Charles Dickens wrote.

FITS! All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

There are so many teachers of music, one would think music ought to be quite well formed now.

Not a few people seem to think the keeping of an appointment a matter of no particular moment.

Reading maketh a man full—that is, it fills his mind with words that he does not know now to pronounce.

Never speak ill of anybody; you can do just as much execution with a shrug of the shoulders or a significant look.

HE PLAYED HIS PART.

Front Rank—I had to laugh at Quicksteep in the sham battle.

Rightwheel—Why?

Front Rank—When he was killed he said, "O, death, where is thy sting?"

HUMOROUS.

A millionaire has large will power.

Everything gets around in a sewing circle.

A chivalrous man will never make light of an old flame.

The crack of doom ought to be heard at the break of day.

It never does any good to air opinions that need fumigation.

Wise medical men do not treat somnambulism as a pillow case.

Banks of clouds are often broken by heavy drafts of wind.

The hotter people feel toward each other the cooler they act.

It was the reporter who attended an execution who went out with the tied.

A man's declining years begin at fifty; a woman's begin from fifteen to eighteen.

An owl is regarded as an embodiment of wisdom because he knows how to keep dark.

Willie—"Pa, what's a rhinestone?"
Father—"A glass instrument used to skin suckers."

It doesn't seem to require any premonitory training to know how to make an assignment.

How fortunate for us that the Indian, when he disappeared from New England, forgot to take his summer with him!

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"*There's something behind it.*" That's what you think, perhaps, when you read that the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy offer $500 reward for an incurable case of Catarrh. Rather unusual, you think, to find the makers of a medicine trying to prove that they believe in it. "There must be something back of it!"

But it's a plain, square offer, made in good faith. The only thing that's back of it is the Remedy. It cures Catarrh in the Head. To its mild, soothing, cleansing and healing properties, the worst cases yield, no matter how bad or of how long standing. It has a record that goes back for 25 years. It doesn't simply relieve—it perfectly and permanently *cures*. With a Remedy like this, the proprietors can make such an offer and *mean* it. To be sure there's risk in it, but it's so very small that they are willing to take it.

You've "never heard of anything like this offer?" True enough. But then you've never heard of anything like Dr. Sage's Remedy.

FARMERS: LOOK OUT!

You are exposed to sudden changes of temperature, and to injuries.

ST. JACOBS OIL

Cures RHEUMATISM, SPRAINS, BRUISES, CUTS, WOUNDS, SORENESS, STIFFNESS, SWELLINGS, BACKACHE, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, BURNS.

A PROMPT AND PERMANENT CURE.

The man who wants the earth is satisfied if he secures the dust.

Offenders against the law are usually arrayed in breaches of the peace.

The shillelah still seems to be the most striking issue of the Irish campaign.

A new broom sweeps clean. So does the new gown with the six inch train.

The tramp is the man who waited for the wagon too long, and had to take a walk.

We never saw a man so sanctified that he smiled when he paid his taxes.

One peculiarity of the skin on an animal is that the fur side is the near side to you.

ASHAMED.

"What a beautiful red rose that is."
"Yes—it's probably blushing at the price they ask for it."

GREAT CUT IN PRICES.

Stranger—What's the crowd going into that store for? Anybody hurt?

Native—No, bargain day. Silkshave been reduced from $1.25 to $1.24 a yard.

AMONG THE FREAKS.

"I'm very fond of travel," said the fat lady to the wild man of Borneo. "Ever been abroad?"

"No. To tell the truth, I am't never been out o' New York," replied the wild man.

A NOBLE LAD.

Mrs. O'Toole—Faith, it's my Tim that's the noble lad!

Mrs. O'Call—Is he, thin?

Mrs. O'Toole—He is that. There's ne'er a boy in the whole ward that can give the polace the shlip as well as he can.

OUR FLEXIBLE ENGLISH.

Gildersleeve—Cubbage must be an expert machinist.

Winebiddle—What makes you think that?

Gildersleeve—When he left me this afternoon he said he had but ten minutes to make a train.

NATURE'S HOSE C