ROSES AND THORNS;

BY J. T. LEVENS.

The month that brings the Summer heat
Unfolds the buds that filled in May;
The red flow of the morn is sweet,
And sweeter is the ebb of day.
So fair the pleasant land's array,
So deep the joy on every side,
That men forget this ancient lay,
"The roses pass, the thorns abide.

Though hidden in a sure retreat,
The roses' blushes soon betray
Their secret, and the thorns that meet
Around them cannot once affray
The plunderer who seeks such prey,
For he will pluck them, and in pride
Upon his breast will wear the spray
Where roses pass, but thorns abide.

Alas! the hours have flying feet,
And Pleasure will not deign to stay
For anything that prudes entreat,
For anything that men can say.
To sigh and prayer she answers "Nay."
All for her going must provide,
Or they will find to their dismay
That roses pass, but thorns abide.

ENVOY.

Princes, pluck roses on your way,
Though under thorns the roses hide;
Yet think ye on my rhyme, I pray—
"The roses pass, the thorns abide."

FOUND BY AN UMBRELLA.

BY FREDERIC HOWE MARION.

I went down to the Balms at Riverville one Summer. I had been very hard at work all winter, and my physician said that a week's rest would do me good. The Balms was my uncle's place, and we were having fine, open weather that month.

It was strange, having nothing to do after being so long actually driven with work. I had Herod, my dog, with me, a great English stag-hound. Herod and I used to take long walks through the open country. We used to go strawberrying and botanizing a little. We did some hunting and a bit of fishing, I believe, during that first week. Meanwhile, I was physically recruiting very rapidly.

I don't thing there is a lovelier place anywhere than Riverville. It stands upon a hill, you know, and its orchards, white with bloom in May, slope down to the river which encircles it. The river is excellent, both for boating and fishing. The hillsides are spangled with flowers, violets, bareb-lls, anemones, everything pretty I ever heard of growing wild. The twenty houses which constitute the place are mostly those of gentlemen's country-seats. Now I thing of it, there is a poor hut or two, but they are overrun with vines, and are picturesque. As I look back upon Riverville it seems more like a beautiful picture I have seen upon a canvas than an actual place.

Well, the second week of my stay had nearly passed. I began to realize it with some consternation, and to contemplate somewhat ruefully certain distasteful tasks before me. My little dull office, with its ledgers and papers, its dust and din, and musty documents, seemed like a tomb.

But not wishing to be more miserable than was necessary, I whistled to Herod, and we sallied forth into the pure sunshine. I went forward to my favorite seat. It was a fallen tree at the edge of the little cave formed by the circling bank of the river.

As I sat here, in solitude, a boat came gliding down stream. It was rowed by a slender female figure. As I sat at my post of observation, a fair face was turned gently upon me, and I beheld a beautiful blonde with heron plumes in her hat.

In realizing the beauty of the face, I did not see that there was in it a sharp anxiety and appeal. But the next moment I was electrified by a shrill scream. The young woman had risen to her feet, and threw up her hands, as the wherry swamped beneath her. But I saw her in the water and tore off my coat.

But there was no need of my assistance; Herod had already leaped into the river. His great head went sailing through the circling water to the spot where the terrified girl struggled. It was not thirty seconds before her arms were around the dog's neck.

"Lightly! hold him lightly!" I shouted, "or you'll drag him down!"

At the same time Herod shook himself loose from one of her clinging hands. She must have been more spent than I thought, for the other hand unclasped also, and the golden head went under the waves.

"Save her! save her!" I shouted frantically.

The dog dived and brought her up again. He came swimming toward me.

He held her firmly by a sleeve of her dress. I observed that her face floated out of the water. I enthusiastically encouraged him. I saw, before he reached the bank, that his burden was quite senseless.

I relieved him at the water's edge. The noble brute lay down, panting. I carried the unconscious girl up the bank, and laid her on the grass.

I watched her for a moment. Not an eyelid quivered; her breast did not stir with the breath of life. Spreading my coat over her and saying to Herod, "Watch!" I ran across the fields in shirt sleeves for assistance.

Arriving at the Balms, I shouted to the hired man leaning on the gate-post:

"Harness a horse into the chaise!" Then rushing to the kitchen, I frantically ordered "Hot water and blankets!"

Finally, encountering my respected uncle in the sitting-room, I laid violent hands upon him.

"Why, John—what the duse—"

"Come, come!" I entreated. "A young lady is drowning!"

"Where?"

"Over here—under the pines—by the bank of the cove," I panted, disconnectedly. "Come, come!"

All amazement, he followed me. Arriving at the stable I thrust Enoch aside—most unceremoniously, for his customary leisurely manner particularly exasperated me at that moment—finished harnessing the gray into the vehicle, jumped in, motioned my uncle after me, and whipped the animal all the way down the hill.

"John, I think you are crazy," mildly remonstrated Uncle Lemuel.

I made no reply, for we had reached the spot.

As I stepped out of the chaise, Herod leaped upon me.

"Where—" I commenced, looking silently around. My patient was gone.

My uncle gazed at me inquiringly. I thing I must have looked foolish.

"I should like to know what you are looking for, John?"

"Looking for?" I exclaimed, beginning to get angry. "You think I'm a fool, I suppose, but I tell you there was a girl here; she was drowning, and the dog pulled her out of the water. She was quite insensible, and I laid her here myself. Now she is gone!"

"So I see," coolly replied Uncle Lemuel. "Well, how did it happen?"

"She was in a boat."

"What boat?"

"It swamped."

Uncle Lemuel whistled and put his hands in his pockets. I began to doubt myself if there had been any reality in the scene which had so excited me. Had I not been dreaming? At that moment Herod shook the water from his thick coat all over me.

"Look at the dog," I beg

"What is that he has there?" interrupted Uncle Lemuel.

Herod had lain down with his forepaws upon some small, white object. I want to examine it. It was a linen handkerchief.

"See here!" I cried, in exultation. "He is watching her handkerchief now."

Then I looked for a name and found it "Aster Grey." Uncle Lemuel began to look convinced as I showed it to him. But he said:

"There are no Greys in Riverville that I know of."

We re-entered the chaise and drove slowly homeward. So ended the episode, and so ended, upon the next day, my stay at Riverville.

I returned to the city and plunged into hard work, mental activity and steady application. Before another spring my energies were rather drained.

I should have forgotten the episode at Riverville, perhaps, if the girl had not been so beautiful. As it was, the face sometimes haunted me. It was the kind of beauty that suited me—fair noble, and serene in character. I wanted some one to love, and I was sorry that I had lost Aster Grey.

One spring evening, after a harassing day's work, I left my office and hailed a horse-car to take me up town. It was raining heavily.

After I had entered the car I found that I had left my umbrella behind me. My rooms were beyond the extreme route of the car, and some ten minutes' walk from the stopping place—long enough to drench me to the skin, as it was coming down then. Accordingly I made up my mind for a ducking, and we proceeded.

Gradually, as we approached the end of our way, the car was almost empty. When nobody was left but myself and a small boy at the other end of the car I espied an umbrella, lying on the seat beside me.

"Is this your umbrella, boy?" said I.

"No, sir," said he.

I reached forth my hand, took it, and jumped out at the corner of my street. I cannot say that I had a spasm of conscience in so doing. I had had too many umbrellas of my own appropriated and it was evident that the article had been forgotton by its owner, who would never have seen it again if I had not appropriated it. But I noticed, as I walked along, that it was a remarkably neat little affair, with an ornate handle.

And when I got home I found a plate upon the handle, and the plate was marked "Aster Grey, 79 S—— street."

Of course, I considered it my plain duty to return that umbrella promptly to its owner. The next evening I rang at 79 S—— street. I asked to see Miss Grey. She came fair and gracious.

I was emboldened to claim her former acquaintance. She looked mystified, as was quite natural, since she never remembered to have seen me before. When I recalled the incident of her danger at Riverville she told me that when she glanced toward the shore she was too much frightened at the peril she was in to distinguish any features or appearance. She knew nothing from the moment the boat sank beneath her. When she recovered consciousness she was alone on the bank, with the big dog over her. When she arose to her feet the dog seemed unwilling to have her go. By leaving him her handkerchief she managed to get away. She was visiting a family with whom my uncle had little acquintance, and left Riverville the next day.

I spent a pleasant evening, telling her of other exploits of my brave Herod. I spent other pleasant evenings with her, and asked her—only that—to let me love her.

She not only promised that, but to love me. And now she is my dear little wife, found by an umbrella.

SCIENTIFIC WAIFS.

In speaking of the solidification of a body by cooling, Professor Dewar says that water can be made to become solid by the evaporation of a quarter of its weight.

M. Forel has calculated that the quantity of heat accumulated in the Lake of Geneva during the Summer is equivalent to that which would be given out by the burning of 51,000,000 tons of coal.

The beak of the mosquito is simply a tool box, wherein the mosquito keeps six miniature surgical instruments in perfect working order. Two of these instruments are exact counterparts of the surgeon's lance; one is a spear with a double-barbed head, the fourth is a needle of exquisite fineness, a saw and a pump going to make up the completement. The spear is the largest of the six tools, and is used for making the initial puncture; next the lances or knives are brought into play to cause the blood to flow more freely. In case the last operation fails of having the desired effect, the saw and the needle are carefully and feelingly inserted in a lateral direction in the victim's flesh. The pump, the most delicate of all of the instruments, is used in transferring the blood to the insect's "stomach."

It is stated, in speaking of Maxim's experiments at aerial navigation, that he has got so far with his motors that he has obtained steam equal to 100 horse power with one square foot of grate, or rather of the equivalent of a grate, for he burns liquid fuel. The heat generated is so intense that no boiler plate has yet been made that can stand it.

A POUND OF FEATHERS AND A POUND OF LEAD.—Which is the heavier, a pound of feathers or a pound of lead? was a favorite question with "school committeemen" of the olden time, and the first rash answer used almost always to be, "A pound of lead!" If this question were asked to-day our old-time querist might receive a decided surprise, for a pound of feathers could easily be proved the heavier. With any accurate scales weigh out a pound of lead, using ordinary shot for convenience. Pour the shot into one of the pans of a balance. For the feathers a light muslin bag will be needed, and care must be taken that feathers and bag together do not weigh more than a pound. When the bag of feathers is put into the other part of the balance the beam will, after a few oscillations, come to rest exactly level. So far the verdict "both alike" seems to be proved. But place the balance upon the receiver of an air pump, with lead and feathers undisturbed. Cover the whole with the glass bell jar and exhaust the air. Slowly the feathers sink and the lead "kicks the beam." The pound of feathers is heavier than the pound of lead. The truth is that what we called a pound was not such in fact. For the atmosphere buoys up everything within it in proportion to the bulk of the object, and the feathers being of greater bulk than the lead, are supported by the air to a considerably greater extent than the lead. Removed from this supporting medium, their true weight is made evident.

A FASHION authority thinks that the costliest dresses in the world are worn by the women of Sumatra. They are made of pure gold and silver. After the metal is mined and smelted it is formed into fine wire which is woven into cloth and afterward made into dresses.

Men who spend more for tobacco than they give to the missionary cause, never do the Lord much good by shouting in church.

A resident of Plumstead, Penn., has a turkey hen which is very aquatic in her habits. She recently hatched and is now caring for, fourteen ducklings. When they take to the water she wades in after them, and keeps as near them as possible.

The human skin is exactly like that of a fish, as it is covered with minute scales overlapping each other.

SOLUTION OF THE LABOR PROBLEM.

The Carnegie troubles with the laboring men have brought the labor problem to the front in the minds of all. The only solution lies in the divinely given Golden Rule, "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also unto them." This has been strikingly illustrated by the millionaire merchant prince and Evangelist, Mr. Charles N. Crittenton, who has taken into partnership five of the heads of departments in his great wholesale house in New York, pronounced by the New York *Times* "probably the largest in the world." The New York press is full of praise for this notable deed. The New York *Herald* says: "On its face the transaction was simply the re-organization of the house of Charles N. Crittenton as an incorporated company.

As a matter of fact it was a voluntary surrender by Mr. Crittenton of a considerable interest in his very prosperous business to five of his old employes. Many employers have adopted one means or another of making their employes sharers in the profits of their business, and thereby securing their hearty co-operation. But the voluntary transfer by a man of large means of a large interest in his business to his employes without the payment of a penny, is unique.

Edward G. Wells, Third Vice President of the company, says: "It is capitalized at $800,000, Mr. Crittenton having turned into it every dollar's worth of assets of the house of Charles N. Crittenton, of which he was the sole owner. The stock is all taken, being held by Mr. Crittenton, Messrs. Alfred B. Kennedy, William A. Demarst, Franklin B. Waterman, Thomas E. Delano and myself. Mr. Crittenton is President of the Company.

"All of the men who have been taken into the company are old employes, the youngest of the five in point of service being myself, with a record of thirteen years in Mr. Crittenton's employ. Mr. Kennedy, who is the buyer for the house, has served twenty-six years. Mr. Demarst, head of the retail department, twenty years; Mr. Delano, the general manager, twenty-eight years, and Mr. Waterman, who runs our advertising department, sixteen years. *Others may be taken in.*

"I presume that we were selected on account of our long service and thorough familiarity with every detail of the business of the house, but I should not be surprised if some other old employes were taken into the company later."

Mr. Crittenton is himself devoting his entire time to Evangelistic work and his fortune to founding Florence Crittenton Missions for the rescue of erring girls. The story of their founding touches all hearts to tenderness and all eyes to tears. A few years since his little four-year-old Florence, on her dying bed pleaded "Papa sing 'The Sweet Bye and Bye.'" With choking voice and breaking heart her father sang the beautiful words and her beloved spirit floated heavenward on the wings of song. Though the Bye and Bye might be sweet, the present without his darling seemed so overwhelmingly dreary, that he did not care to live. But in his sorrow the Saviour who had taken the little child in his bosom, brought comfort to his bleeding heart and he found strangely true the words of Christ "My peace I give unto you."

Then he began to prove that he was indeed a follower of the lowly Nazarene who forever dignified labor by being Himself a carpenter, who in the midst of his toil uttered these royal words, which forever settle all strife between capital and labor, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye have love one to another."

Mr. Crittenton was so full of love that he went down into the slums and helped to uplift the fallen, and one night when he was pleading with a poor erring girl to leave her life of shame, he said in the words of Christ, "Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more." Through her tears she said, "Where can I go?" Quick as a flash came the thought "Where can she go?" scarce a door save a door of sin is open to her and then and there he determined as a memorial to his own little Florence to found a home where other fathers' little girls lost in the whirlpool of shame, might be rescued and restored to a life of virtue. So at 21—23 Bleeker St., New York, nine years ago was opened the First Florence Crittenton Mission, a large double four-story house, where food and shelter and clothing and a home are freely given, and under the influence of Mother Prindle the W. C. T. U. Matron, hundreds become Christian women. Over five hundred girls annually find a home here and three-fourths of them are redeemed.

Mr. Crittenton has also established Florence Crittenton Missions in New Brunswick, N. J., San Jose, Sacramento, Los Angeles and San Francisco, California. The latter was formerly known as "The Pacific Rescue Home," successfully carried on by a number of philanthropic people, but since Mr. Crittenton has become its President the name of his darling child has been given to it.

These Missions represent an investment of nearly a quarter of a million dollars, while his private charities foot up nearly as much more. It is the dream of his life to found a Florence Crittenton Mission in every large city in America and Europe, and plans to that end are made with the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, under the leadership of Miss Francis E. Willard and Lady Henry Somerset.

As an Evangelist, Mr. Crittenton is wonderfully blest of God, thousands having started heavenward under his loving ministrations. He gives his services freely, and though himself an Episcopalian, being an officer of Holy Trinity Church, Harlem, New York, he is perfectly at home in pulpits of all denominations, where he is warmly welcomed by the pastors. Perhaps the one distinguishing characteristic is the universal love he inspires in all hearts, which make many think as a little child said, "Mamma, don't you think Jesus when he was on earth must have been like Mr. Crittenton?"

ONE of the causes of the rapid spread of cholera is the superstition of the people in the countries where it originates, or in which it first takes hold after leaving its original seat. A chief constituent of this superstition is fanaticism, based on ignorance of the working of natural laws. The populations now comprehended in Russian rule in both Asia and Europe, whether Christian, Mohammedan or other, are all more or less fatalists, believing that the dread disease is a scourge sent from heaven and that it is sacrilege to endeavor to arrest its progress. This fact affords a clue to the hostile feeling exhibited by them toward those who set up quarantine or establish hospitals. "It is the will of God," says the peasant, and he folds his hands over his breast. He will take no care of himself because "God would stop the pestilence if He wished." This apathetic resignation has depopulated vast regions and swept into the grave innumerable hordes. Before such all-pervading fatalism the best intentions, the utmost exertions of the government are unavailing.

THE first folio 1623 edition of "Shakspeare" is under process of reproduction by means of photography.

THIS THREADBARE WORLD.

Without the remotest idea who was the originator of the term I appropriate as my title, I do not know—and, indeed, do not very much care—if I am committing a kind of heresy when I say it is one which reflects but small credit on the mind which conceived it.

For surely this old world seems threadbare only to those whose minds lack the freshness, the observation, the capacity for enjoying sights, sounds, and the study of human nature as much when standing on the shore of middle age, as when they first began to gaily follow the ever-widening stream of youth.

It is, I think, just this "threadbare" tendency of mind, too common, alas! amongst those getting on in years, which is at the bottom of the great gulf which is often fixed between folks, say, with thirty years' difference between them.

Now, had we all the freshness of sympathy, the power—which really *very* few parents possess—of looking back *truthfully*, and seeing that we, too, were "young and foolish;" we, too, preferred play to work, or thought love in a cottage would be an ideal existence; had we, so to speak, kept the warp and woof of our hearts and minds intact, and not worn it threadbare with the rub of worldly feelings, our wisdom (painfully garnered, perchance, from our own disappointments and heartaches) would have none the less weight because we "know just how it feels." It is hard, too, to understand why so few elderly people seem to have any capacity for the enjoyment of small pleasures, whether their own or those of others. As regards the latter, we must all be aware that in the sublime egotism of youth we have but scant room in our hearts for the joys and sorrows of our friends. "A heart at leisure from itself to soothe and sympathize" is, I take it, but seldom part of the moral adornment of those in the full glamour of youth's golden dream; it is, or should be, one of the autumnal charms we may hang around us as we begin to go down-hill.

Yes! there are plenty of threadbare-minded people in the world, people who are capable of travelling from Dan to Beersheba, and find all barren, who would indeed be miserable if they could not prove their "doll is stuffed with sawdust."

One of this pitiable kind, when asked "What struck her most in Cairo?" plaintively replied "The smells." Threadbare, indeed, must be the mind which can ignore the endless panorama of gorgeous sights, of glorious color and vivid picturesqueness—to forget the joys of a perfect winter climate, and focus itself on a grievance which, in spite of costly local boards, etc., may still, if a grievance really *must* be found, be indulged in without the expense of going to Egypt!

"How fresh and green you are in this old world," says Shakspeare, showing that, even in those distant days, freshness, a power to stand out above the level of dull commonplace, was valued. I cannot, however, at this moment recall whether the character apostrophized was elderly or not!

But do we not all know some men and women who could *never* seem old, who could never be wearisome, who can throw the glamour of imagination over everything, and whose every word and deed arouses one's interest?

To such natures, no matter what their trials and heartaches may have been, the world—by which I mean the *best* things in it, such as love, sympathy, friendship, faith, hope, and charity—will never seem threadbare, but always full of freshness and beauty, and, above all, of God-sent chances to make others happier.

But the charm of never growing old ceases to be a charm if we *think* ourselves ever youthful. The sarcastic saying, "It is strange women do not like their ages known; most of them are younger than they *look*," certainly strikes at a feminine folly. For men—fully as vain as women, only in another way—seldom seem to mind their tale of years being known.

But one does sometimes see foolish women clinging wildly with elderly hands (that is, by the way, no possible disguise or "make up" for hands and throats; one can always read advancing years writ large on both) to the rosy skirts of youth, boasting they still "dance everything," and too foolish to notice that the partners have become mere callow fledgelings, while the "best men in the room" (delighted to *dine* with the elderly siren) *dance* with their daughters. When we are at the age to think a woman of thirty "quite old," and that forty-five is quite beyond the limit of consideration, no one could ever convince us that the latter age, if met as a friend, not shrunk from as a foe, yet holds "the simple joy of living," especially to those who can live again in their children's lives, who can be content—having had their day—to "take a back seat" (only figuratively), and let the young folks have their day.

The late Archbishop Thomson, himself one of the lovable evergreen natures, once wrote—

But love and purpose as of yore,
With the world's throbbing pulses mix;
The world, with thousands to its score,
Is young, though I am sixty-six.

Happy is it then if—while never forgetting there is another world—we have yet eyes to notice the beauties of nature, art, and humanity in this one. There are noble actions we can all see and may some day be privileged to *do*, if our own hearts and minds are not worn too threadbare to stand the strain.

NOTHING TO BE PROUD OF.

Greene—I'd have you know that I've a mind of my own.

Gray—I'm sure it does you much credit to acknowledge it. It would be cruel to accuse anyone else with being the owner of it.

TILL DEATH US DO PART.

Mildred—What are you looking at me for?

Jack—I know what I'd like to look at you for.

Mildred—What?

Jack—Forever.

TRUE TO FRIVOLITY ONLY.

He [a sea-side acquaintance]—I leave to-morrow, Miss Summergirl. I leave on the 9.40 express, which will bear me away from here and you at the rate of forty miles an hour. Just think of that!

She—Forty miles an hour! How nice!

"Have you a book called 'Pansy Poems?'"

"Yes, sir."

"Gimme all you have."

"Certainly, sir. You must have a great admiration for the book."

"No, I haven't. It was written by my son, and I'm protecting the family name."

The Russian Government intends to soon commence the construction of a new railway which will connect the Caucasus with Persia. It will commence at Adgicabouls, a town on the line of Bakou, situated a little to the south-east of Bakou, crossing the Matgan steppe going toward the south-east a short distance from the Caspian sea nearly parallel to its shore, passing by the cities of Betiassauvan and Lencoran, terminating at the Persian port of Astara upon the Caspian sea on the frontier of Persia and the Caucasus.

A West Philadelphia man wants to sell his parrot, which he advertises as being "suitable for a deaf family."

The coffee palaces of Melbourne, says an exchange, are the finest in the world. The grounds are probably likewise very fine.

Twynn—They say that Dingler hadn't a friend in the world.

Triplett—No wonder. He went about reciting elocutionary selections at parlor entertainments.

"I ought to study photography," said the seaside young man who had proposed again. "I really ought. I can develop more negatives in a given time than anybody I know of."

Hostess—I've got such a cold to-day. I feel quite stupid.

Prize Idiot (calling)—I've got a bad cold, too; but I don't feel particularly stupid.

Hostess—Ah, I see you're not quite yourself.

HE WOULD DO AS WELL.

"Are you the phrenologist?" asked a man who wanted his bumps examined, of a young man who sat in the office.

"No," replied the latter, "I am not the phrenologist, "but I am his head clerk."

A GOOD DEAL TO GIVE UP.

Jenny—Jack, you ought to make some sacrifice to prove that you love me. Come, now; what will you give up when we are married?

Jack—Jenny, I'll—I'll give up being a bachelor.

Autumn is Come,

and with it aching bones, chilly feelings, racking coughs and catarrhal colds. All these symptoms count as nothing if you use Dr. Hoxsie's Certain Croup Cure at the first appearance of them. *The great U. S. all-remedies* for serious congestive attacks. Sold by prominent druggists. 50c. Manufactured by A. P. Hoxsie, Buffalo, N. Y.

The famous termites, commonly called "white ants," although they belong to the order of the dragon fly, infest Ceylon in countless swarms, devouring everything eatable, and even gutting the timbers of dwelling houses so that the latter are reduced to mere shells.

A HEAVY SENTENCE.

So many walls need pretty coverings that

The Fidelity Wall Paper Co.,

of 12 N. 11th st., Phila., have sentenced to be hung this fall, some 50,000 pieces of Wall Paper. Send four two cent stamps for samples of embossed papers for 10 and 12 cents.

A celebrated aeronaut asserts, after patient investigation, that the ninth day of the moon is the most rainy of the whole twenty-eight, and 4 o'clock in the afternoon the rainest hour of the day.

He Needs Ridge's Food.

Who?

Your ailing friend, who from whatever cause is suffering from the consequences of a digestion too impaired to permit the free use of ordinary forms of nourishment. He is weak, thin, sallow. His eyes are dull, his voice hollow, his countenance drawn and anxious looking. In the midst of plenty your friend is starving. One is nourished by nothing that one cannot freely digest. Let him try RIDGE'S FOOD. He needs it, and will soon show you what a blessing it has been to him. A postal card sent to Woolrich & Co., Palmer, Mass., will bring in return a copy of "Ridge's Food Primer," which supplies all necessary information.

Apoplexy needs medical treatment at once, but, until the physician arrives, elevate the head and shoulders. Use the fan freely to give plenty of air, and apply cold to the head by means of an iced bag.

Mr. W. D. Wentz, of Geneva, N. Y., was cured of the severest form of dyspepsia by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Full particulars sent if you write C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

The highest praise has been won by Hood's Pills for their easy, yet efficient action.

The best isinglass comes from Russia, where it is obtained from the sturgeon which inhabits the Caspian Sea and the rivers which run into it. This fish often grows to the length of twenty-five feet and from its air bladder the isinglass is prepared.

J. S. PARKER, Fredonia, N. Y., says: "Shall not call on you for the $100 reward, for I believe Hall's Catarrh Cure will cure any case of catarrh. Was very bad." Write him for particulars. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The first electric light was the invention of Staite & Petrie, in 1846, but scores of men have since made improvements and adapted it to popular use.

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.

During the influenza epidemic in Germany the proportion of ozone in the air was found to be scarcely ten per cent. of the normal amount.

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's 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The electric motor operates through the alternate magnetization and demagnetization of a bar of soft iron.

Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Phil'a, Pa. Ease at once, no operation or delay from business, attested by thousands of cures after others fail, advice free, send for circular.

In this country more deaths are said to occur in December than at any other time of the year.

DYSPEPSIA, impaired digestion, weak stomach, and constipation will be instantly relieved by Beecham's Pills. 25 cents a box.

The moons of Mars are named Deimos and Phobos—after the war horses of the Greek god.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle.

Gold assaying as high as $1800 a ton is said to have been found at Pitkin, Col.

"August Flower"

"I am ready to testify under oath that if it had not been for August Flower I should have died before this. Eight years ago I was taken sick, and suffered as no one but a dyspeptic can. I employed three of our best doctors and received no benefit. They told me that I had heart, kidney, and liver trouble. Everything I ate distressed me so that I had to throw it up. August Flower cured me. There is no medicine equal to it." LORENZO F. SLEEPER, Appleton, Maine.

Emma Frederick.

Our Baby

Was a beauty, fair, plump and healthy. But when two years old Scrofula Humor spread over her head, neck and forehead down into her eyes, one great sore, itching and burning. Hood's Sarsaparilla gave her new life and appetite. Then the humor subsided, the itching and burning ceased, and the sores entirely healed up. She is now perfectly well." I. W. FREDERICK, Danforth street, near Crescent Avenue, Cypress Hill, Brooklyn, N. Y.

HOOD'S PILLS cure all Liver Ills, biliousness, nausea, sick headache, indigestion.

EVERY MOTHER

Should Have It In The House.

Dropped on Sugar, Children Love

to take Johnson's ANODYNE LINIMENT for Croup, Colds, Sore Throat, Tonsilitis, Colic, Cramps and Pains. Relieves all Summer Complaints, Cuts and Bruises like magic. Sold everywhere. Price 25c. by mail; 6 bottles Express paid, $2. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

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DISCOVERIES AND INVENTIONS.

Human remains of bygone ages have often been discovered, but a French scientist has found the fossil skeleton of a monkey (of the same species as those inhabiting the rock of Gibralter), on the French side of the Pyrenees. The announcement has excited much interest in continental circles.

Mr. Crooker, who is constantly discoving fresh wonders, has found a practicable means of making red-hot-air! A contemporary describes the process which is of course effected by the electrical current, but we simply note the fact as of merely scientific interest to-day, but possibly, in the not distant future, a valuable discovery.

A simple and economical way of tarring sheet iron pipes, to keep them from rusting, is as follows:—The sections as made should be coated with a coal tar and then filled with light wood shavings and the latter set on fire. It is declared that the effect of this treatment will be to render the iron practically proof against rust for an indefinite period, rendering future painting unnecessary.

A discovery has been made by M. Flamand in Algeria, which will interest archæologists. He has found certain wells upon which figures of men, women, and children, evidently prehistoric, are represented. The stones also show the figures of horses, cattle, ostriches, and elephants, though the elephant has not inhabited this region within historic times. Further details are expected.

Tempering Steel by Electricity.—Another useful sphere has been found for the electric current which, it is said, is in successful use at the gun factory of St. Etienne, France, for tempering springs. The latter consists of steel wire wound spirally. By passing a current of 23 amperes at 45 volts through them, rapid heating results, and when the required temperature has been reached the circuit is broken and the springs fall into a trough of water. By this method, a workman, it is said, can temper 2,400 springs a day.

Amongst the latest ideas in medical investigation is that of discovering an antidote for the electric shock. An amateur investigator in America, is reported to have found that the insertion of aromatic spirits of ammonia into the body of a bird which had received a shock brought the animal back to life after all signs of animation had disappeared. Whether such a result would follow in the case of a human being, is of course unknown, but the subject is one well worth the scientific attention.

"How to drill glass" is the subject of a letter to the *Scientific American*. The writer says that to do it successfully one should first make the necessary drill out of a bit of Stubs steel wire. Make the cutting edge just like a stone drill, having the corners square and sharp. Heat the drill with the blowpipe to a white heat and drop it instantly into water. A few trials will get it hard enough. Rotate the drill in a small drill stock, keeping the cutting edge wet with a solution of camphor in turpentine. Sharpen the drill occasionally on an oilstone. Such a drill will cut a hole through plate glass three-eighths inch in about one minute. If the glass is thin, paste writing paper on each side with common mucilage.

The Nicaragua Canal.

The assertion is sometimes made that the Nicaragua Canal will not benefit us in regard to the increase of the number of our ships, and this assertion is based on the fact that France failed to add a single ship to her carrying fleet by the completion of the Suez Canal, built by French engineering, French enterprise and French capital. The fact is brought forward as a lesson in history which we must bear in mind when we are asked to consider the Nicaragua Canal question as an element in the development of our commerce.

At the present day the Suez canal is chiefly devoted to the carrying trade of England, and England owns a fighting interest in the stock. We hold in regard to the Nicaragua canal that the United States will, no matter who builds it, take the same position that England could not fail to attain in the use of the Suez canal. England possesses an immense, flourishing and steadily increasing commerce in the East, while the commercial possessions of France there are comparatively small.

Like England in the East, we have extensive possessions in the West on our Pacific shore, California, Oregon, Washington and Alaska, all very flourishing, while their productiveness is steadily increasing. It must, without fail, stimulate our shipbuilding trade when, by a shorter and safer transit, the mutual commerce will receive a most powerful impulse.

All the European ocean-faring nations are even more interested in the Nicaragua canal than in the Suez canal, because by passing it they will avoid the stormy ocean of the extreme southerly coast of South America, the sailing around which is a great deal worse than sailing around the Cape of Good Hope.—[Scientific American.

Any book in surprise series, 25-cent novels; about 200 pages sent free, postpaid, by Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, on receipt of 20 Dobbins' Electric Soap Wrappers; 2 0 vols. Best authors. 1-cent stamp for catalogue. Mention this paper

In observations on "squinting," Dr. Stevens, an English oculist, has taken over 2000 photographs of persons affected. The investigations demonstate that certain well defined types of facial expression are both associated with and dependent upon certain relative tensions of the muscles of the eyes.

Frazer Axle Grease.

There is no need of being imposed on if you will insist on having the Frazer Brand of Axle Grease. One greasing will last two weeks.

St. Peter—Where are you from?

Arrival—New York.

St. Peter—Oh, well, I won't put your name on the register until you make up your mind whether you are going to be contented to stay.

The right side of the body perspires more than the left, and the palm of the hand four times more than the skin of the chest.

HUMOROUS.

SO IT WAS.

"This is a crazy sort of a safe," said one of the burglars, after they had blown it open.

"Yes," replied the other. "I'll admit it's a little cracked."

"Can you do this piece of work?" asked Mr. Trotter of an applicant for the job.

"I guess so, sir."

"Well, I don't want a man who guesses, I want one who knows he can do it."

He had struck a match on his boot heel, and his wife remarked: "You are as spry as a cat, arn't you?"

"Do you think so?" he returned, in a pleased tone.

"Yes. You light on your feet, you know."

"I never shall have faith in woman again," said he bitterly, just after she had refused him.

"Oh, yes you will," said she. "You may not have quite as much faith in yourself next time, but otherwise it will be just the same."

THE TRUE LAXATIVE PRINCIPLE

Of the plants used in manufacturing the pleasant remedy, Syrup of Figs, has a permanently beneficial effect on the human system, while the cheap vegetable extracts and mineral solutions, usually sold as medicines, are permanently injurious. Being well informed you will use the true remedy only. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

The following epitaph may be seen in the cemetery of a parish in the environs of Paris: "Here lies Madame N——, wife of M. N——, master blacksmith. The railing round this tomb was manufactured by her husband."

"My husband is the dearest and most considerate man in the world."

"How does he show it?"

"He knows I hate tobacco-smoke in the house, and so he goes to the club every night after supper and smokes there."

Omaha Wife—"What under the sun are you doing?"

Husband—"Trying to tie this string around my finger.

"Why, I did not ask you to do any errand."

"No. This string is to remind me that I have nothing to remember today.

"My dear docror," exclaimed a lady who was talking with a man who had been shipwrecked, "how did you feel when you were floating far away from land on those boards?"

"Wet, madam," replied the doctor; very wet."

He—"No one can understand what the wild waves are saying."

She—"Of course not. The ocean is so very deep."

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP-ROOT

Kidney, Liver and Bladder Cure.

Rheumatism.

Lumbago, pain in joints or back, brick dust in urine, frequent calls, irritation, inflamation, gravel, ulceration or catarrh of bladder.

Disordered Liver,

Impaired digestion, gout, billious-headache. SWAMP-ROOT cures kidney difficulties, *La Grippe*, urinary trouble, bright's disease.

Impure Blood,

Scrofula, malaria, gen'l weakness or debility. Guarantee—Use contents of One Bottle. If not benefited, druggists will refund to you the price paid.

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"Invalids' Guide to Health" free—Consultation free. DR. KILMER & CO., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

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has been used by Millions of 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.

PISO'S CURE FOR

Consumptives and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use Piso's Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It has not injured one. It is not bad to take. It is the best cough syrup. Sold everywhere. 25c.

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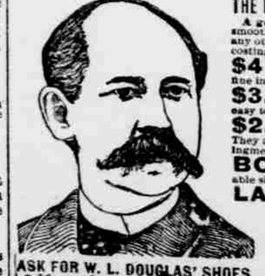

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W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN, THE BEST SHOE IN THE WORLD FOR THE MONEY.

A genuine sewed shoe, that will not rip, the most comfortable and easy shoe, smooth inside, flexible, more comfortable and stylish than any other shoe ever sold at the price. Equals custom shoes costing from $4 to $5.

$4 and $3.50 Hand-sewed, fine calf shoes. The most stylish, easy and durable shoes ever sold at these prices. They equal fine imported shoes costing from $6 to $8.

$3.00 Police Shoe, worn by farmers and all others who want a good heavy calf, three soles, water proof, and will keep the feet dry and warm. They are easy to walk in, and will keep the feet dry and warm.

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