THE ESCAPED LUNATIC.

It was the 5th day of November—"Guy Fawkes' Day" in the old almanac that hung above the mantel in maternal grandmother's long disused room up-stairs. In this Northern home to which we had recently removed, falling heirs to it through that very ancestress', will, the dwellers regarded November rather as a winter than an autumn month, and to-day the wind howled and the rain pattered with a persistence marvelous to hear.

And, as it happened, I was all alone in the house. Father had gone to take his russet apples to market—the apples that I myself had helped to harvest and pack in the barrels—and was not expected home until to-morrow night at the earliest. Jack, my brother, was in Montreal, fitting up the law office which was henceforth to be his abode. Jean, our hard-featured, cross-grained old servant, had gone home with the "rheumatics," as she termed it, to be treated by a certain ancient Indian herb doctor; and, just at dusk-fall, Peter, our "useful man," had thrust his shock head unceremoniously into the door.

"I say, Miss Ruth," he had said, "there's plenty of wood, and everything's all snug for the night, and I'm going over to Stephenson's. They are in trouble there."

"Trouble, Peter? What kind of trouble? Is the old man sick?."

But in answer to my query Peter only uttered an indistinct remark and went out, slamming the door behind him.

I stood in front of the fire looking down at the glowing embers, and pondering within myself. The Stephensons, who lived in an old gray-stone house on the other side of the precipitous glen, had always been a riddle to me. The family was small, consisting of only a crabbed old man, his portentously silent wife, and two tall, ungainly sons; and what on earth they did with all the big, echoing rooms, or how they contrived to live, perched like eaglets on the side of the rock, I could not form the least idea.

"City boarders," Peter had once grunted out in answer to my persistent interrogations.

But if they kept city boarders, why did they not leave these dreary mountain fastnesses when the leaves fell and the dismal autumn fogs gathered above the cliffs? Altogether, there was a certain atmosphere of mystery about these "Stephensons" that aroused all the Eve-like instincts in my nature.

While I stood thinking, a soft tap sounded at the door. I opened it at once, never once remembering that I was alone in the house.

"Ye never oughter do that, Miss Ruth," said the well known accents of Mrs. Gludge, Farmer Gludge's buxom wife.

"Do what, Mrs. Gludge?"

"Open the door after dark, when you're alone in the house, without asking who's there."

"How did you know that I was alone in the house?"

"I just met Peter goin' to Stephenson's."

"Oh!" said I. "But we don't have tramps here."

"I'm not so certain o' that," said the farmer's wife. "Your folks hain't lived here as long as I have. We're just nigh enough to the Canada line to have queer characters prowlin' about when ye least expect 'em. And then, there's Stephenson's."

"What of Stephenson's?" I cried eagerly. "Who is Stephenson, any way? Do tell me, Mrs. Gludge."

"Well, I declare!" said Mrs. Gludge. "Is it possible, now, that they hain't told you?"

"They have told me nothing."

"Well, it's likely they didn't want to scare you or make you nervous," said Mrs. Gludge. "But all the same, I think that you'd oughter know."

"Mrs. Gludge," I cried, seizing her arm, "what is it? Do tell me!"

"It's a private home," said Mrs. Gludge, lowering her voice to a whisper, as though the rain drops and the rustling fir boughs could overhear.

"A what?" I gasped.

"For people of feeble mind," explained the woman, "and lunies," tapping her forehead as she spoke.

I stared at her.

"Then," cried I, "that's what Peter meant when he said that—that—"

"One of the poor creatures has somehow given 'em the slip," said Mrs. Gludge; "an English gentleman from Montreal, as has only been there a few days. Nobody knows just how it happened, but happen it did. My man has gone over with a lantern to help hunt for him, and so has Peter."

"He might have told me!" I exclaimed indignantly.

"Anyway, I don't think he ought to have left you here alone," said Mrs. Gludge, severely.

"But you have come to stay with me, Mrs. Gludge?"

"Bless your heart, Miss Ruth, no! I'm on my way to carry a letter to Mr. Romney's up the road—a very important letter, with 'in haste' writ on it." In addition to her duties as a farmer's wife, and mother of a large family of little children, Mrs. Gludge helped her husband in the care of the obscure little country post-office a mile down the road. "And—by the way, I'd nearly forgot it—I've got a letter for you, too. That's what brought me here."

"For me, Mrs. Gludge?"

Instinctively I put out my hand to grasp the treasure, while the woman fumbled first in one and then in another of her pockets.

"It's very strange," said she. "I made sure I had it. I did have it when I started away from home; but now I remember. Just at the foot of Gibbs' Cliff I took out my handkercher to tie around my neck, the wind came so keen around the rocks, and I must ha' pulled it out with that, and everything too pitch dark to see. Oh, Miss Ruth, I am so sorry! Please don't report me, there's a good young lady, or I shall lose my place!"

I swallowed down a great lump of discomfiture and tried to laugh.

"Report you, Mrs. Gludge!" said I. "Certainly not. It wasn't your fault. If you hadn't kindly thought of me, and started to bring it to me on your way to Romney's, you would never have lost it."

"And quite true," said Mrs. Gludge, cheerfully; "but all the same, I wish I hadn't been so dreadful thoughtless. I'll send the boys out to search for it——"

"Oh, never mind the letter," I interrupted. "I dare say it's only from Jack. To-morrow will do well enough for that. But, Mrs. Gludge, you will come back and stay with me till Peter gets back? Jean is away, you know, and——"

"Yes, my dear, I'll do that," assented the woman, evidently relieved to be let off so easily on the score of the letter. "And it won't be long first. It's only a short half mile to Romney's, if the wind didn't blow so like all possessed to-night."

With a good-humored nod she disappeared into the rain and darkness, and I ran back to pile fresh logs on the waning fire. Bank burglars, extradited wanderers, a lunatic at large with all these possibilities whirling in my brain, it is not strange that I lighted a second lamp in order effectually to banish all lurking shadows in the angles of the room, and started nervously when a sudden blast of wind shook the window shutters as if with some imperious hand.

"I'll go to the garret and bring down some butternuts," thought I, "and then I'll get some cider from the cellar. It will be fun to crack the butternuts and watch the shells blaze in the fire; and Mrs. Gludge will like a drink of cider when she comes back all wet and chill."

Cheered by this happy thought, I caught up a lamp and flew to the garret of the roomy house where my father had bestowed all the treasures of the nutty autumn woods. Somehow Priscilla, the cat, had got locked into the garret, and I had to release her from durance vile, and replace a box or two, which she had knocked off from the window sill, before I came down, driving her catship before me, with the lamp in one hand and an apronful of butternuts in the other. Through the open keeping-room door a ray of ruddy light streamed into the Cimmerian darkness of the hall. I stopped abruptly. Surely I had closed that door when I came out, remembering a certain trick it had of slamming to and fro in windy weather like this. And at the same time a curious consciousness of some human presence near by crept over me like an unseen magnetic current.

Nor was it a false premonition. As I stretched my neck to peep curiously into the room, I saw seated before the fire a youngish gentlemen, pale, black-haired, and, as I thought, rather unsettled of aspect. And a decidedly wet and mud-bespattered gentleman, whose raiment was steaming in the glorious blaze and crackle of the pine logs, as he sat there holding out his hands to the genial warmth.

How had he gained an entrance? Had I carelessly neglected to bolt the big door after Mrs. Gludge's departure? Yes, I must have done so—and that was proof of how utterly unfit I was to be left by myself. For a second I stood there quailing and quaking, my heart thumping like a trip-hammer, and a cold sweat breaking out upon my forehead, before I decided what to do.

I had never seen a bank burglar, to be sure; but I was pretty certain this black-haired gentleman could not belong to that race. And I did not think he acted like any other scoundrel who was fleeing from the rigors of the law. He must be the English gentleman gone wrong in his head who had "escaped" from the Stephensons'.

I was alone in the house with a maniac. And at the idea my heart beat more violently than ever, and the cold drops grew colder on my brow.

With a sudden instinct I decided that there was nothing for it but flight. The worst feature of the case was that I could not get out of the house (be it remembered that Peter had taken away the key of the back kitchen door in his pocket) without passing directly through the room where the escaped lunatic sat basking before the fire.

This, however, must be faced; there was no remedy for it, and with one blind rush I precipitated myself through the room, tumbling over the cat and scattering a shower of butternuts as I went, and darted headlong through the door, with an involuntary shriek that might have rent the ceiling, if ceilings were rent in that way, except in the pages of romance.

Directly into the arms of—Jack, my own brother Jack, who was coming in from the van with a light valise in one hand and a dripping carriage robe in the other.

"Halloo!" bawled Jack, staggering under the blow of my very unexpected appearance. "Why—what the—I declare if it isn't Ruthie!"

"Where are all the folks? What has become of the stable keys? What have you done with Carleton?" he demanded.

But I paid no heed to his interrogatories.

"Come, Jack!" I cried, "come quickly! The escaped lunatic! He's right there in the keeping-room! Oh, Jack, I do hope you've got your revolver!"

"What!" roared Jack. "An escaped lunatic? Where the deuce has he come from? Has he hurt Carleton?"

He made a spring toward the keeping-room, in whose door stood the tall, pale man, straining his eyes out into the night.

"Where is he?" shouted Jack.

"Where's who?" said the escaped lunatic, in a pleasant, slightly drawling voice; "it wasn't a he! It was a she! And she cleared the floor in a single bound, and—Oh, I'm sure I beg a thousand pardons," as he caught sight of me. "But please, what is the matter?"

In a second my mental vision became as clear as crystal. I saw it all, and I envied Priscilla, the cat, because I could not vanish under the china cupboard as she did, and be gone. I could only blush and hang my head, and stammer out incoherent apologies, amid the laughter of Jack and the polite apologies of the friend whom he had unexpectedly brought from Montreal with him, and whose coming had been announced, as it seemed, by the very letter Mrs. Gludge had lost.

That's all. There is no sequel to my story. In real life I have found that stories seldom do have sequels. I had had a dreadful fright, and they all laughed at me at first, and made excuses for me and petted me afterward, and said "Poor little Ruth."

Father declared that he would never risk such a thing again, and discharged Peter on the spot—but Peter came back to his work the next day, just as usual, and he is here still. Mr. Carleton was very nice and apologetic for coming in without knocking, to dry himself, while Jack was leading the horse to the barn, but he has not yet fallen in love with me, as an orthodox hero ought to do.

The genuine escaped lunatic was captured near Stephenson's and taken to Montreal, under the impression that he was the Governor General's going to take possession of his viceregency. And just half an hour after we had settled down to the cracking of butternuts and drinking sweet cider that night, a merry group, a sepulchral knocking sounded at the door, and Mrs. Gludge's voice was heard proclaiming,—

"If you please, miss, I've come to keep you company!"

From "New Orleans Our Southern Capital."

By Julian Ralph in Harper's Magazine for February.

The Louisiana lottery being legalized tickets are openly displayed in the shop windows, and are sold on the sidewalks by men, women and children. One store for the sale of these tickets bears such a legend as this on its sign: This is lucky Number Eleven. More winning tickets sold here than anywhere else in town.

There was a drawing while I was in the city, and knowing that the lottery company was not to ask for a renewal of its privileges, I availed myself of the opportunity to witness its chief public operation and the historic characters who have been induced by large salaries to figure for it. The drawing took place in a theatre called the "Academy of Music," at eleven o'clock in the morning. The yellow gas-jets battled feebly with the daylight in the lobby into which the people were pressing without let or qualification. The theatre was two-thirds full at last. On the stage, set with a parlor scene, was a knot of men between two wheels. The wheel on the right was a band of silver, with sides of glass and with a door in the metal rim. A bushel of little black gutta-percha envelopes the size of dominoes had been poured into this wheel, and a white boy, blindfolded with a handkerchief, stood at the handle of the crank by which the wheel was turned. He had one arm in the door of the wheel, and with the hand of the other arm was offering a tiny envelope to Gen. Beauregard—the last surviving general who served on either side in our late war. A fine most gentlemanly-looking man he is, with the features of a French courtier, with snowy hair, a white moustache, a little goatee, and the pinkest skin a baby ever knew. He was faultlessly dressed. Across the stage, beside a very much larger wheel of parti-colored boards, sat Major-General Jubal A. Early—a perfect type of the conventional figure of Father Time; tall, portly, stoop-shouldered, partly bald, and with a long, heavy, white beard. He was dressed all in the color of the uniform he distinguished by his valor as a soldier.

By each general stood a blindfolded boy, taking numbers out of the wheels, and handing them to the generals. From the big wheel to Major-General Early came the numbers of the tickets; from the little wheel to General Beauregard came the numbers of dollars that formed the prize each ticket had won. By each general stood a crier. Early read out, "Twenty-one thousand one hundred and fifty-two;" and Beauregard, having shelled the gutta-percha case off a billet, read out, "Two hundred dollars." Then the criers took the billets and cried the numbers. "Twenty-one thousand one hundred and fifty-two" from one; "Tew hundred dollars" from the other, who, by-the-way, called out tew hundred dollars at least tew hundred times. But all the prizes were not of that amount. I chanced to hear the capital prize read out

"Twenty-eight thousand four hundred and thirty-nine" said Early. "Three hundred thousand dollars," said Beauregard.

The effect was startling; indeed the startled senses refused to grasp the meaning of the words. The criers repeated the figures. The people in the theatre craned forward, a hundred pencils shot over pads or bits of paper in men's and women's laps. Then a murmur of voices sounded all over the house. The routine on the stage was halted, for the criers took the two bits of paper to some clerks who sat at tables in the farther part of the stage, to allow them to verify the important figures. Then the routine began anew.

Dramatic.

Most persons who have the interests of young people at heart believe that dramatic entertainments are not healthful to them. Sometimes, however, a lenient elder needs a lesson to convice him that melodrama has a confusing and too exciting effect on youthful ideas.

An indulgent French gentleman who had allowed himself to be persuaded by his nephew to take him to see a holiday drama, received this letter from the boy a few days later:

"MONSIEUR AND DEAR UNCLE—Recent circumstances have reduced me to extremities. A holiday, the purchase of a desk, the necessity of buying my firewood for the winter, have reduced me to such a state that if you do not take pity on my poverty, for which I implore your succor, I shall be found in a situation which already makes me shudder with horor! Alas, I calculate—I calculate, gracious heavens, bear me witness! I calculate that to settle my account I need no less than twenty-five francs. Oh, heaven! I can hardly breathe! Yours, with deep respect, JACQUES."

The uncle replied: "A dark presentiment, my dear nephew, made me tremble when I received your letter. I opened it with agitation. Every line seemed to my shocked eyes to plunge a dagger in my breast. The awful picture of your situation made me shiver. A cold sweat burst from me, my face grew pallid, my hair stood on end, the words died on my lips, my heart almost ceased to beat, my blood ran cold, my limbs stiffened, I stretched my hand toward my purse. After calculating—after calculating all that, in this fearful crisis, I could do for you, I took out five louis, and I send them to you herewith. Your affectionate uncle, GEORGE."

The knitting machine was the work of Hooton in 1776.

The mariner's compass was a Chinese invention, 1200 B. C.

English books were first printed by Caxton in 1474.

IF I WERE FAIR.

BY EDITH RUTTER

("Then she looked into her mirror."

If I were fair,
If I had little hands and slender feet;
If I had cheeks the color rich and sweet
Came at a word, and faded at a frown;
If I had clinging curls of burnish'd brown;
If I had dreamy eyes aglow with smiles,
And graceful limbs and pretty girlish wiles—
If I were fair, Love would not turn aside;
Life's paths, so narrow, would be broad and wide,
If I were fair!

If I were fair,
Perhaps like other maidens I might hold
A true heart's store of tried and tested gold.
Love waits on Beauty, though sweet Love alone,
It seems to me, for aught might well atone.
But Beauty's charm is strong, and Love obeys
The mystic witchery of her shy ways.
If I were fair, my years would seem so few;
Life would unfold sweet pictures to my view,
If I were fair!

If I were fair,
Perhaps the baby, with a scream of joy,
To clasp my neck would throw away its toy.
And blue its dimples in my shining hair,
Bewilder'd by the maze of glory there!
But now—oh! show of a young girl's face;
Uncolor'd lips that Pain's cold fingers trace,
You will not blame the child whose wee hands close,
Not on the blighted bud, but on the rose
So rich and fair.

If I were fair,
Oh! just a little fair, with some soft touch
About my face to glorify it much!
If no one shunn'd my presence, or my kiss,
My heart would almost break beneath its bliss.
'Tis said each pilgrim shall attain his goal,
And perfect light shall flood each blinded soul,
When day's flush merges into sunset's bars,
And night is here. And then beyond the stars
I shall be fair!

The Last Division.

"If your mother should wish to give each one an equal amount of meat, and there should be eight in the family, how many pieces would she cut?" asked a teacher.

"Eight," answered the class.

"Correct. Now each piece would be one-eighth of the whole, remember."

"Yes'm," said the class.

"Suppose each piece were cut again, what would result?"

"Sixteenths," replied a smart boy.

"And if cut again?"

"Thirty-seconds."

"Correct. Now suppose we should cut each of the thirty-two pieces again, what would be the result?"

"Hash," quickly replied a little girl."

Coughs and Hoarseness.—The irritation which induces coughing immediately relieved by use of "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" Sold only in boxes.

Aniline dyes were discovered by Unverdorben in 1826

Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 1015 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.

Stem-winding watches were invented by Noel, in 1851.

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.

Disintregation is nature's second law.

Gun caps were first used in 1822 in the English army.

We eat too much and take too little out door exercise. This is the fault of our modern civilization. It is claimed that Garfield Tea, a simple herb remedy, helps Nature to overcome these abuses.

The first iron wire was drawn at Nuremberg in 1351.

Alcohol was discovered in the thirteenth century.

10 826

"German Syrup"

Mr. Albert Hartley of Hudson, N. C., was taken with Pneumonia. His brother had just died from it. When he found his doctor could not rally him he took one bottle of German Syrup and came out sound and well. Mr. S. B. Gardiner, Clerk with Druggist J. E. Barr, Aurora, Texas, prevented a bad attack of pneumonia by taking German Syrup in time. He was in the business and knew the danger. He used the great remedy—Boschee's German Syrup—for lung diseases. ●

Dr. Kilmer's
SWAMP-ROOT

CURES A PHYSICAL WRECK!

Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Gentlemen:—I desire to tell you just how I was, so that the public may know of your wonderful **Swamp-Root.** Two years ago last October I had spells of vomiting, I could not keep anything in my stomach; the Doctor said I had consumption of the stomach and bowels; continued to run-down in weight; I **was reduced to 60 lbs.** I would vomit blood, and at one time as much as three pints; we had two of the best Physicians and they said, my case was hopeless. "Oh, my sufferings were terrible." A neighbor told us of your Swamp-Root, and my husband got a bottle; I took it to please him. I used six bottles of Swamp-Root and I am now nearly as well as ever. I **weigh 108 lbs.,** do my own work and take care of my baby. Every one says, **I was raised from the dead,** and many will not believe that I am still living until they come and see me, and then they can't believe their own eyes, I am **looking so well.** Very gratefully.

MRS. JOHN CHAMPINE,
Jan. 10th, 1893. Antwerp, N. Y.

At Druggists, Price--50c. or $1.00.

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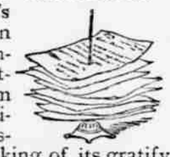

of Scott's Emulsion is contained in letters from the medical profession speaking of its gratifying results in their practice.

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of cod-liver oil with Hypophosphites can be administered when plain oil is out of the question. It is almost as palatable as milk—easier to digest than milk.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

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SWIFT'S SPECIFIC is totally unlike any other blood medicine. It cures diseases of the blood and skin by removing the poison, and at the same time supplies good blood to the wasted parts. Don't be imposed on by substitutes, which are said to be just as good, *it is not true.* No medicine has performed as many **IN THE WORLD** wonderful cures, or relieved so much suffering.

"My blood was badly poisoned last year, which got my whole system out of order—diseased and a constant source of suffering, no appetite and no enjoyment of life. Two bottles of S.S.S. brought me right out. There is no better remedy for blood diseases.
"JOHN GAVIN, Dayton, Ohio."

Treatise on blood and skin diseases mailed free SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

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Cures Constipation

Hood's Cures

Terrible Headaches.

Distressed and Discouraged

Health All Broken—Thoroughly Built up by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Mrs. Eva Covert
Of Bath, N. Y.

"I am glad to have my experience with Hood's Sarsaparilla widely known, because the medicine has done me so much good, I think it will benefit others who are out of health. I was in a very distressing and discouraging condition. I had no appetite whatever; could not sleep well; suffered with excruciating headaches. I felt

Tired and Languid,

Had no ambition and seemed all broken down. After I had taken medicine prescribed by two of our best physicians, a kind neighbor advised me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I followed her advice, and the result is, **I am perfectly well.** I do not have the headaches now, sleep well, that tired feeling is vanished, and I am bright and ambitious. I can eat heartily at every meal, and have gained in weight from 94 to 105 pounds. I do not have any distress in my

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla CURES

stomach, and epileptic fits, to which I was formerly subject, never trouble me now. I cheerfully recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla and do not wish to be without it." MRS. EVA COVERT, Bath, Steuben County, N. Y.

HOOD'S PILLS act easily, yet promptly and efficiently, on the liver and bowels. 25c.

THE COMING OF SPRING.

"The first person I saw advancing toward me was a youth of a most beautiful air and shape; there was such a bloom on his countenance, such satisfaction and joy, that I thought it the most desirable form I had ever seen. He was clothed in a flowing mantle of green silk, wrought with flowers; he had a chaplet of roses on his head, and a narcissus in his hand; primroses and violets sprang up under his feet, and all nature was cheered at his approach. Flora was on one hand and Vertumnus on the other in a robe of changeable silk."—Description of Spring from the *Spectator.*

As winter draws to a close we begin to long for the days of vernal beauty which though they seem to tarry long, are swiftly coming. Every day the sun mounts higher in the heavens; every day the maple and willow buds are swelling ready to open to the April sunshine. Down under the snowy earth, roots and bulbs are growing waiting for the earth to grow moist and warm, as warm winds melt the ice and snow. Robin and bluebird and blackbird will soon be twittering and chirping in the trees and the first yellow butterflies zigzagging along the wayside. But March is a blustery body and hearts grow tired waiting and are fain to cry,

"O, wind of the sweet South-west,
Blow and blow and blow!
Like a cradle pillow sunny with curls
Make each patch of snow."

GRASSES.

"The oat grass and the sword grass, and the bulrush in the pool."
—TENNYSON.

A very interesting subject for study is that of our native and foreign grasses. To one who thinks that "grass is grass" and that there is no difference between them, it will be a matter of surprise to learn of the many different varieties, each with its distinctive form of leaf and reed spike.

One of the most interesting is the "Sweet Vernal Grass" (*Anthoxanthem odoratum*). It has a very pleasant odor and should be found in every mixture of grass seed for the lawn. It grows too thin to be of much use to the agriculturist but imparts a very pleasant odor to hay which contains ever so small a proportion of it. Our illustration, reproduced from the Agricultural Reports shows the somewhat scanty foliage and slender spikelets of this fragrant grass.

A very popular meadow grass, better known, perhaps, in Europe than in this country, is the Orchard Grass, *Dactylis Glomerata.* This has pretty tufted spikelets, grows tall and heavy under favorable conditions and flowers so early that it may be cut before the oxeye daisy comes into bloom, thus helping to check the growth of that flower, which is becoming so troublesome a weed in some of our Eastern states. The Orchard Grass is always found upon those rich old English pastures so famous for fattening cattle.

DOTH the favors of Fate startle thee? Fear her frowns yet more.

PRIDE and shame are twins, though they do not look a bit alike.

WHOEVER is disloyal to truth is the same to falsehood also.

SOME are endowed with good temper to a greater degree than others. The gift can, however, be increased by the effort to cultivate it.

The Iron blast furnace was the work of Detmold in 1842.

Shorthand writing was the invention of Pitman, in 1837.

The revolving pistol was the invention of Colt in 1836.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Flints for gun locks were used in the French army, 1630.

Of Course You Read

The testimonials published in this paper relating to Hood's Sarsaparilla. They show beyond a doubt that HOOD'S CURES.

Constipation, and all troubles with the liver, are cured by Hood's Pills.

The torpedo was the invention of Dr. Bushnell in 1777.

The Coon in a Cage.

A raccoon makes an easily kept cage animal, and it is often found so confined. When awake it is the most restless of all creatures, pacing to and fro incessantly within its bars, being almost always in motion when in its cage and not coiled up in sleep. It is very fond of sugar and all sweetmeats, and, strange to say, it will greedily drink strong, sweet alcoholic cordials so as to become ludicrously tipsy.

Although the raccoon is still a common animal in this country, yet it does not withstand any systematic or persistent hunting from the hand of man, and there are to-day many wide sections utterly unfrequented by it, where, a few decades ago, it was abundant, the country itself remaining just about the same as to open timber, cultivated fields and dense forest.

The South American form is known as the "crab-eating coon" (Procyon cancivorous,) is very similar in appearance to ours and differs only in possessing much shorter fur and other minor characters; it extends over all South America as far south as the Rio Negro and it is very common in all suitable localities, according to Flower, with the same general habits; only, as there are several species of fresh water crabs in that region upon which this animal is very fond of feeding, it has got the particular name above given.

One form, Procyon lotor, ranges all down from the United States through Mexico well into Central America, and those specimens taken in Costa Rica are said to be the largest of their race, and our name of "raccoon" is an anglicized shortening of an Indian designation, "arathkoon," of the Delaware. The French raton or raton laveur and the German Waschba and similar European names are derived from the curious habit which this animal exhibits when eating of dipping or washing its food in the water if near a creek or pool; it also literally rubs and washes its forepaws in any stream or spring that it may chance to run across when leisurely prowling through the meadows or forests.

The Signal System.

The art of inter-comunication by means of semaphores and flash lights, so often resorted to by military commanders either to make their own movements known to their allies, or to discover to supporting columns the exact movements of the enemy—in fact for many different uses—is even in these piping times of peace an exceedingly interesting one. During the great Civil War that art was brought to a greater degree of perfection in the Federal and Confederate armies than it had ever been before, but the stupendous and all-absorbing question of the hour prevented anything like an adequate appreciation of its beauties.

Perhaps it is not generally known that the first signals ever used in the field were during the late war, and on the success of our system of flag waving and torch flashing at night, are based the systems now used by the armies of the entire world. The United States army was also the pioneer in use of electric telegraph on the battle field.

It is history, that during the earlier campaigns of the Shenandoah Valley, the flank movement of Lee's grand army for the first invasion of Maryland was detected and recognized from a signal station. It is all on record that night signals by torch prevented far greater disasters to the arm at Chancellorsville than those which actually befell it. When the troops were falling back, by night, upon the river, the pontoons of the right wing of the army were swept away By the flash of torches messages were sent across the swollen stream:

"Hold the army in its lines instead of crowding it, with danger of a panic upon the banks of the river."

The first intimation to the Union Army of the death of Gen. Polk was obtained by officers deciphering the code of signals that were used with flags between the different Confederate corps.

The hydrometer was the invention of Galileo, 1596.

Look on the bright side of life. Think of its pleasant things. Bear its unpleasant things patiently. Remember that the mercies of life greatly exceed its ills, and that often these ills are mercies in disguise.

The footstep of the fateful goddess Consequence may lag, but the weight of her hand is never lifted.

Three things are known only in the following way—a hero in war, a friend in necessity and a wise man in anger.

Candy Making and Candy Eating.

"I am told," said a cynical gentleman, "that confectionery is made, put up and handled entirely by girls and women, I infer that if the preparation of confectionery were completely in their hands, none of it would ever reach the public. It would be eaten up." This cynical person, like most cynics in their judgments, ignored an important characteristic of human nature. It is this, that liberty is often one of the best means of regulation

In most establishments where confectionery is manufactured, the female employes, when they begin their service, are told to eat as much candy as they like. Their employers even show a solicitous interest that they shall consume as much as possible.

"You are doing very well," said a superintendent in a candy making shop to a girl who had been in his employ for a day or two, "except in one respect—you don't eat enough candy. Unless you can eat more we shall have no confidence in you.

Thus encouraged, the girl ate a great quantity of various sorts of confectionery the next day—and never wished to eat any more as long as she lived.

This is the secret of the free permission. A new employe, set down in the midst of so much sweetness, and free to help herself, consumes too much for her palate and digestion; disgust follows satiety, and from that time forward the candy maker is content to let her confections pass through her hands without tasting them.

In Russia, where repression rather than freedom is the order of the day, a different practice, and apparently a cruel one, prevails in the confectionery establishments. The girls employed there are never permitted to taste the candies; and in order that they shall not do so secretly, a sort of moral muzzle is put on them.

They are made to sing incessantly, when at work, a song especially composed for the purpose. Any young woman who interrupts her singing for an instant is at once under suspicion, and is watched.

Of course the employes, in such circumstances are continually tempted to eat the candy, and their torture is made the more like that of Tantalus by the words of their song itself, which are in praise of the sweetness and deliciousness of the candy they are handling.

They learn to sing on ceaselessly and indifferently, but it is said by those who have been much in these Russian candy shops that the girls' utterance occasionally becomes singularly thick.

The Gun Not Needed.

A certain doctor in Northern Maine is noted for his love of hunting and he is reckoned a pretty good shot. During an epidemic not long ago a well-known lumberman (now deceased) had the misfortune to have several of his men quite sick, and one of them being in a dangerous condition the lumberman started in haste for this doctor. Now, our medical friend is sometimes quite slow in getting ready for his trips and on this occasion, after being called, he was unusually so. Suddenly the thought came to him that as he was to go so far into the woods he might see some game, and stepping to the door where the nervous lumberman was impatiently waiting he inquired: "Say, don't you think I better take my gun along?" "Gun? no!" was the excited reply, "the man will be dead enough before you can get there."—Lewiston Journal.

THE world is full of lion fighters, but it is hard to find people who won't run from a hornet.

IF you have the wrong kind of religion in the street cars, you don't have the right kind at church.

DO GOOD as often as you have opportunity, and it will not be your fault if you are not kept busy.

THE religion that is noisy in church is sometimes very quiet in other places where it is more needed.

THERE is no greater misfortune in life than to have a bad mother.

THE easiest thing for a loafer to do is to find fault with busy people.

IT is a dangerous thing to follow anybody who is not following Christ.

A new luminous fungus has been forwarded from Tahiti to Europe. It is said to emit at night a light resembling that of the glowworm, which it retains for a period of twenty-four hours after having been gathered. It is used by the native women in bouquets of flowers for personal adornment in the hair and dress.

IT COSTS MORE to make Royal Baking Powder than any other, because its ingredients are more highly refined and expensive. But the Royal is correspondingly purer and higher in leavening strength, and of greater money value to the consumer. The difference in cost of Royal over the best of the others does not equal the difference in leavening strength, nor make good the inferior work of the cheaper powders, nor remove the impurities which such powders leave in the food.

Where the best food is required, the Royal Baking Powder only can be used.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. The Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists. 25 CTS.

We offer you a ready made medicine for Coughs, Bronchitis and other diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Like other so called Patent Medicines, it is well advertised, and having merit it has attained a wide sale under the name of Piso's Cure for Consumption.

It is now a "Nostrum," though at first it was compounded after a prescription by a regular physician, with no idea that it would ever go on the market as a proprietary medicine. But after compounding that prescription over a thousand times in one year, we named it "Piso's Cure for Consumption," and began advertising it in a small way. A medicine known all over the world is the result.

Why is it not just as good as though costing fifty cents to a dollar for a prescription and an equal sum to have it put up at a drug store?

When Hamlet Exclaimed: "Aye, There's the Rub!" Could He Have Referred to

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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.

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RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

Do Not Be Deceived with Pastes, Enamels and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron and burn red. ● The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, Durable, and the consumer pays for no tin or glass package with every purchase.

RADWAY'S PILLS.

Purely vegetable, mild and reliable. Cause perfect Digestion, complete absorption and healthful regularity. For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases.

LOSS OF APPETITE, SICK HEADACHE, INDIGESTION, DIZZY FEELINGS, BILIOUSNESS, TORPID LIVER, DYSPEPSIA.

PERFECT DIGESTION will be accomplished by taking Radway's Pills. By their ANTI-BILIOUS properties they stimulate the liver in the secretion of the bile and its discharge through the biliary ducts. These pills in doses of from two to four will quickly regulate the action of the liver and free the patient from these disorders. One or two of Radway's Pills taken daily by those subject to the above complaints and torpidity of the liver, will keep the system regular and secure healthy digestion.

Price, 25c per box. Sold by all druggists.

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MEND YOUR OWN HARNESS WITH THOMSON'S SLOTTED CLINCH RIVETS.

No tools required. Only a hammer needed to drive and clinch them easily and quickly, leaving the clinch absolutely smooth. Requiring no holes to be made in the leather nor burr for the Rivets. They are **strong, tough and durable.** Millions now in use. All sizes, uniform or assorted, 300 to a box. Sold by dealers, or sent postpaid for 50c. in stamps for a box of 300, assorted sizes. Mention this paper.

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