TRAILING ARBUTUS.

BY MINNIE IRVING.

When skies are flushed with fleecy clouds,
And snowdrops star the ground,
Behold the misty April woods
With blushing beauty crowned!
In every deep and dusky glade,
Or dingle's mossy gloom,
The trailing arbutus displays
The glory of its bloom.

Oh, would you know the legend sweet
Of how it came to glow
With such a soft and rosy hue?
For once 'twas like 'ye snow.
A robin, building in the oak
Beside the ruined mill,
At sunset told it all to me,
With many a silver trill.

One morning, bright with diamond dew,
An angel of the spring
Went flying over the wood, and dropped
A garland from her wing.
Then came a maiden newly wed,
The veil upon her hair,
And pressed her cheek against the flowers,
And left her blushes there.

"Do You Feel Thirsty, Father?"

BY MARGARET SPENCER.

"Aunt Luranda Brown! There never was, nor ever will be a funny temperance story! The editor writes me, 'Please send us a story, not sad; it must be on temperance; but make it funny! We are quite delinged in tears this month.' Perfectly absurd request. A funny story-of-temperance."

"Mary, don't look so forlorn; I can tell you one this minute, and it's true as the gospel; happened here in this very temperance town. If the editor of the "Breezy News" don't laugh, then he is a hopeless case. That's all!"

Mary was Aunt Luranda's favorite niece from England. She lived close to Boston, and wrote for the newspapers, and was "smart"; she was making her uncle's family a visit in Ohio. Aunt Luranda folded her hands over her white apron, put her specs on the top of her head, and said: Reuben Cliff was born in our town. His father and his grand father were called good, plain, well-to-do men. They gave their men on the farm whiskey and rum, sometimes, and took a little too much themselves at "raisins" and town meetings. Reuben was used to wine on the table and sideboard. Milk punch and eggnog for company and for health!

Reuben's father said, "If the boys are used to seeing it at home they'll never be drunkards."

Reuben was a handsome boy, and at twenty-two a fine, sober, manly fellow. He married my dearest Sunday school scholar, Lucy Chapin. She used to worry a good deal about Reuben's love of a glass now and then, but his prosperous business and his entire devotion to his family led her to think him "too much of a man and a gentleman to be a drunkard."

Twelve years passed. Reuben's little Annie was ten, and Bob eight years old. The baby died that winter. Little by little Reuben went down, till he lay in the streets. He was nervous and easily intoxicated, and for three years had been taking a little more every day until he almost lived at the saloons. I can't tell you Mary, about Lucy, about Reuben's discharge from his place of business.

"Really, Aunt Larinda, I don't see anything."

Anything funny. Well I see it coming now. I'm going to leave out the sorrowful.

One night late in the fall, as your uncle and I were going home from prayer meeting, we stopped at Reuben's house. We knew Lucy had gone to take some sewing home, and the children would be alone. The front door was shut, but the curtains were not drawn down, so we looked in the window a moment.

What a sight! There on the bare floor lay Reuben Cliff, his hair tossed about, his face red, and his eyes shut like the dead. On one side of him knelt Annie; a large tin dipper was in her hand, a bucket full of water stood close beside her. Bob knelt on the other side; his face all aglow with excitement and responsibility. He held a small tin funnel to his father's lips, putting it just inside his mouth. Annie slowly poured a stream of water from the big dipper, watching carefully that it should go down her father's throat.

Uncle leaned against the house for support, and I stuffed my shawl in my mouth. Bob raised up often to look in his father's eyes, but they were still shut. Another and another dipperfull.

"Bob, it don't quite all go down."

"A little runs over, but you spilled some."

Down the man's face, into his ears, his neck, over the dirty coat and handkerchief, the water ran in tiny streams on the floor. Bob scrabbled off his knees and said decidedly, "There I'll bet father's full."

"Yes, there went another drop go down. That's certain. But Bob are you sure that half a bucket full is enough?"

"Oh yes, Annie, that's a lot of water, I tell you. But—it does take a good deal to fill such a great big man, you know."

Bob's candid face was more than your uncle could stand. He just walked away a minute to laugh aloud.

"'Annie, mother'll be awful glad to see father full. I heard her say this morning, when he said he was faint and sick, and must have a drink. He was so thirsty, 'I wish you could be filled up once Reuben, and never ask for another drop to drink.'"

"Poor mother," and Annie sighed. "Bob, we've done more than all the big temperance societies in this town that Aunt Luranda goes to so much. Father won't want another drop, I know, after this."

She put her two small hands on her slim waist, set her head to one side a bit, and drew a long breath of satisfaction. Then we walked in. The floor was covered with tiny streams of water running in every direction. The men was dead drunk. Soberly as I could, I asked,

"What are you doing, children?"

Annie said enthusiastically, "Why you see, Aunt Luranda, Sally White's father used to go to the saloons all the time, and be in the streets, and was always drinking. Now he's cured! He's never thirsty for whisky or wine, or beer. Mr. Gough told Sally's mother that whenever a man was once *filled up* with cold water till it ran down out of his mouth in streams, he would never want to drink whisky again, never. They poured a bucketfull of cold water down Sally's father, and he was full, and he's never been thirsty since. Sally told me—herself. So Tom and I have cured father!"

Tom leaned over his father's face and said briskly:

"Yes indeed. We have. For once, father's got enough to drink!" Tom sighed and added, "He won't be thirsty when mother comes this time, either!"

Well Mary, your uncle couldn't talk; he walked into the other room, and shook, and coughed, and took a glass of water, and at last said, "Come, we must go, Luranda."

We couldn't wait to see the poor mother come home; but she told us how she found them that night: how she and little Annie were early in the morning building a fire, and Reuben awoke. Not a dry rag on him, cold, wet and miserable.

Lucy left him alone with Annie. He stood on his feet, cursed and swore, staggered to a seat by the fire. At last he asked, "How in the ——did I get——?" then he put his hands to his head—to think.

"Father do you feel thirsty this morning?" a little sweet voice asked.

"Tell me about it Annie," he said feebly.

Then the little girl stood close by her miserable father and said, "You see father, Sallie cured her father of wanting to drink whiskey by getting him very, *very* full of good cold water; so you see (now don't be cross with us father), you see Tom and me—we just *filled you full* of cold water, too! And now father, *do* you feel thirsty?"

Reuben Cliff took his little cold water doctor in his arms and fairly shouted "*No, no,* I am not thirsty; I never will be thirsty again for anything but cold water!"

"That was three years ago, Mary. Reuben can beat John B. Gough in making temperance speeches, and says he *was* 'full for once!' As his little Bob said 'once and forever!'"

"Our temperance work gets bigger and more blessed every day, and Reuben Cliff is our leader."

Washington, D. C.

HOW MUSICAL RECORDS ARE MADE.

Entering the apartment, the eye beholds a scene so strange and unusual as to impress the beholder with the momentary delusion that he has penetrated into some chamber of necromancy belonging to mythical history.

Great demijohns, glass jars, storage and primary batteries, innumerable small-sized and curious looking boxes embellished with tiny wheels, shafts, and governor balls, stand on all sides, while in the center of the room are placed two grand pianos, fronting which at close range, pedestals or tripods are located, surmounted by huge funnels with open mouths ready to catch the sounds produced by the instruments. It will be seen that the horns are manufactured with large apertures to receive sound, and taper off at the opposite end to a small tube, which has the effect of concentrating the vibrations and causing them to fall upon the cylinders with great force.

The interrogatory is often made to us, "What is a musical record," To which we reply, in technical language, it is the cylinder used upon the phonograph after it has received the almost imperceptible undulations of the recording needle, as it catches and transfers the sounds played from the instruments into it. The theory and operation of the phonograph are now well known to the public, but in order to define clearly the term "record," we will state that any cylinder upon which a succession of sounds has its intaglio representation is a "record."

When a number of records are required of an especially popular composition, a dozen or more phonographs are ranged in a semi-circle around the piano and impressions are taken from the instrument through the funnels, a dozen at a time, and these are then duplicated by a secret process. The duplicates are as clear and excellent as the originals.

There are various mechanical wants contrived to amuse the public, in which the phonograph plays a concealed though important part. One of these is in the shape of a phonographic doll—within whose tiny body a phonograph is concealed, by turning the crank of which the youthful image is made to repeat childish rhymes and nursery songs.

The making of musical records is an industry which has assumed enormous proportions, and special buildings have been set apart for this purpose. It is a well-known fact that many excellent musicians have given up their normal profession to carry on this new art, as it is found to be more lucrative. Actors and actresses utilize their spare time in reciting and singing to the phonograph, and some very beautiful music is thus set before the public. This is a luxury to many who do not reside in the metropolis, where alone they would be enabled to listen to a Patti, a Paderewski, a Duse, or a Bernhardt.

The musical repertoire of the North American Phonograph Company is increased by this means, and the best talent is secured to furnish music for the people. Improvements are constantly being made to add to the clearness and volume of these records, and reports come in that they have attained a great degree of perfection.

IT'S A WISE MAN THAT KNOWS HIS OWN VOICE.

In a room in the Stock Exchange Building the other evening, were gathered a dozen gentlemen who were looking with interest at an object that stood in the middle of the group. It resembled a small horizontal engine. The spectators were guests who had been invited to an exhibition of Edison's perfected phonograph.

The electrical wizard's productions are all known, in a general way, and the usual idea of the phonograph is that it can register human speech and reproduce it. Of the wonderful power and well-nigh limitless scope of this perfected instrument, those present had not the faintest suspicion. They were, therefore, somewhat startled when the large reproducing funnel was placed before the phonograph and the cylinder was set in motion.

After numerous musical renditions of popular airs, Levy's favorite cornet solo, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," came forth in magnificent volume and execution. It had been recorded by the North American Phonograph Company and sent from the laboratory at Orange, N. J. Then everybody was allowed to talk into the cylinder It turned regularly, not saying a word, but faithfully recording every syllable uttered, with every tone and inflection. When all had delivered their little monologues, separate transmitters were given to each person present, and the reproduction of their words began.

All were acquainted with the different voices and one of the gentlemen, far quicker than the rest to catch the different tones, told whose voice was being reproduced immediately upon each change. Half a dozen of the monologues had been repeated, when he exclaimed:

"There's an odd voice. Whose is it?"

A quiet laugh ran around the circle. "I can't understand it," continued the gentleman, puzzled. "I know every one here, but I can't recognize this voice to save my life; I never heard it before."

"Are you sure?" they asked him.

"Positive; whose is it?"

"Your own," was the response.

And so it was. A curious thing about the human voice is the fact that when a man hears his own voice faithfully imitated, he cannot recognize it.

Positively, everything that relates to sound is under the control of the phonograph.—*The Phonogram.*

PROF. BAEYER, of Munich University, has been rummaging around among the mummy graves of Achmin, and he has made a study of more than archæological interest. He has exhumed the remains of an embalmed Egyptian princess, and with them a lot of cosmetics used for improving the complexion and brightening the eyes three or four thousand years ago. He is submitting the ingredients of his find to chemical analysis, and hopes to put these ancient preparations on the market for the benefit of the ladies of to-day. Prof. Baeyer's discovery indicates that, so far as woman nature is concerned, the world hasn't changed a particle in 4,000 years.

KISSING THE ROD.

BY JAMES WHITCOMBE RILEY.

O heart of mine, we shouldn't
Worry so!
What we've missed of calm we couldn't
Have, you know!
What we've met of stormy pain,
And of sorrow's driving rain,
We can better meet again
If it blow.

We have have erred in that dark hour
We have known
When our tears fell with the shower,
All alone—
Were not shine and shower blent
As the gracious Master meant?
Let us temper our content
With his own.

For, we know, not every morrow
Can be sad;
So, forgetting all the sorrow
We have had,
Let us fold away our fears,
And put by our foolish tears,
And through all the coming years
Just be glad.

Indianapolis Journal.

NEW REFORMED DRESS.

GOWNS RECOMMENDED FOR WOMAN'S WEAR.

The National Council of Women Suggests Some Sensible and Hygienic Costumes that Will Be Shown in Chicago During the Summer.

Short Skirts for Walking.

Of the four different styles of walking costumes recommended by the committee on dress of the national council of women, one at least is trim, neat, artistic and withal womanly, although truly the skirt is unconventionally short, says the Chicago Post. This costume is in four pieces and is of one-colored material. There is a long, graceful jacket opening over a blouse bodice; a skirt reaching several inches below the knees, and leggins, neatly fitted and buttoned as are gaiter tops These leggins extend up over the knees. While this costume is, of course, exceptional in being short of skirt, it is one that recommends itself, not only because it is comfortable, convenient and hygienic, but from the fact that it is not calculated to challenge adverse criticism.

Another costume suggested by this committee is what they call the "American costume," which is a short one-piece gown with a zouave jacket open in the back as well as the front. This gown has two box plaits in the back and also in the front and follows the outline of the figure without fitting it closely.

The Syrian costume, also recommended by the committee, is the one which was so much mooted in the London papers a few months ago. The directions for making the skirt, which closely resembles full Turkish trousers, are as follows: Take two

NEAT, TRIM, AND TASTEFUL.

full breadths of double-width material, or four of medium single-width goods, and for the length measure from under the heel to the usual waist line. The divisions begin just above the knees, where gores nine inches wide are inserted, with the wide part uppermost, and joined. At the waist this skirt is either gathered or plated rather full in front and very full behind, leaving it somewhat scant in front. Pockets may be placed on either side in front of the hips. When buttoned on a skirt the placket is in the back. However, this costume may be made as a one-piece costume by carrying the length right on to the shoulders. In this case the skirt should have two short plackets in the fullness at the back, with a short band between to button to the waist. In the front it may open in the front fullness. With this costume no leggins are required, as high-topped boots reach to the lower gathered edge. A garment somewhat scanter of this sort is recommended to be worn under a short princess dress.

The fourth of these costumes is "the modified Syrian." This, while much like the Syrian, has the division beginning under the turn of the skirt about ten inches lower than in the regular Syrian costume. In this the extra fullness is taken out over the hips by means of several small gores on each side. To the waist lining is attached a pair of loose linen drawers that do not extend quite to the knee, and the outside material, instead of being sewed to a band or held in place by an elastic, is slightly gored and sewed to the lower edge of these drawers. In this way the support of the costume from the shoulders is secured. In walking the division is not defined in the Syrian costume, and as the upper part of the dress is more conventional it is not

THE AMERICAN COSTUME.

so exceptionally striking. A "gymnasium dress," not in any important aspect different from the ordinary gymnasium costume, is also suggested.

The committee members who have recommended these costumes—Frances E. Russell, Annie Jenness Miller, Frank Stuart Parker, and Octavia W. Bates—together with several other women prominent in the national council of women — have pledged themselves to wear some one of these costumes during the World's Fair. That they will succeed in popularizing something which, while modest and tasteful, will free womankind from the thralldom of bedragled dress skirts, worn binding braid, and, as a famous doctor calls it, "the savagely unhygienic dress that is the vogue for women," is not too much to hope for, although one may not be able to confidently expect it.

Anything in the nature of a uniform or a dress exclusively for business women will never be successful so long as human nature remains what it is. In the work undertaken by the committee on

SYRIAN COSTUME.

dress of the national council this fact has been recognized. The report of the committee opens with the statement that the members have concerned themselves with endeavoring to devise costumes suitable for business hours, for shopping, marketing, housework, walking and other forms of exercise. The further statement is made that anything in the form of a uniform is deprecated; that they desire to make their recommendations such as to insure a large liberty of choice, and that they hope to assist in delivering women from the bondage in which fashion has so long confined them.

In this connection it is of interest that a number of those who have pledged themselves to wear one of these short costumes during the World's Fair are women of wealth and leisure. All that the committee has aimed to accomplish is in the line of walking costumes.

As to evening or reception toilets or indeed gowns for the house or any function, the trailing robe of rich material with all the features of the conventional full dress gown is approved both by precept and example by these women. Indeed, it is keynote of the movement that they do not set aside one jot or tittle of the conventionalities of life. In fact, several of this committee have recently had handsome evening gowns made by Miss Barry, of Marshall Field & Co., who makes a specialty of costumes that are in every respect hygienic and yet that perfectly conform in general contour to the best and latest modes. Some of these evening dresses are not only rich and elegant but are so truly artistic that they would delight the soul of a painter.

In the interests of this reform, in which the committee on dress has taken the initiative, the national

MODIFIED SYRIAN.

council of women started a few months ago a sort of petition called a "consent," the text of which is as follows:

"We, whose names are signed below, consent to give our influence in favor of an improvement in woman's dress which will allow her the free and healthful use of the organs of her body when walking or taking exercise. In signing this paper no one of us becomes responsible for the suggestions of any one else, nor do we promise to wear or to indorse any particular style of dress. We simply give our influence to help start a strong and healthy movement in favor of freedom and common sense in dress, leaving ourselves free to work for it as seems best to each one."

More than a thousand women have signed this document, among whom are many who are distinctly conservative, though well known. It is now proposed to circulate this document among men as well as women.

Writers.

The worst class of authors, from the printer's point of view, are those who alter, and add and transpose until a proof is a rivulet of type meandering through a meadow of apparently chaotic inky cobwebs. Carlyle, it is well known, was a terror to compositors. The late Rev. J. G. Wood was another. When he sent back his sheets to the press little bits of paper were gummed along the edges, each containing two or three lines of writing. Burke was a third, for he returned his proofs in such a condition that sometimes the whole had to be set afresh. But Balzac was the terror of all terrors. With him it was not a question of resetting once; he would send fifty lines in manuscript, and, receiving proof after proof, would alter and add until he had evolved a story. His corrections probably cost more than those of any dozen, or even twenty, of his contemporaries.

The Road to Fortune.

Civility is a fortune in itself, for a courteous man often succeeds in life, and that even when persons of ability fail. The history of our own country is full of examples of success obtained by civility. The experience of every man furnishes, if we but recall the past, frequent instances where conciliatory manners have made the fortunes of physicians, lawyers, divines, politicians, merchants, and indeed individuals of all pursuits. In being introduced to a stranger, his affability or the reverse creates instantaneously a proposition in his favor, or awakens unconsciously a prejudice against him. To men, civility is, in fact, what a pleasing appearance is to women; it is a general passport to favor—a letter of recommendation written in a language that every person understands. The best of men have often injured themselves by irritability and consequent rudeness; whereas men of inferior abilities have frequently succeeded by their agreeable and pleasing manners. Of two men equal in all other respects, the courteous one has twice the advantage, and by far the better chance of making his way in the world.

Naught treads so silent as the foot of time.

THE EDUCATIONAL PHONOGRAPH AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

The Columbian Exposition affords the opportunity of seeing one great branch of human improvement fostered and stimulated by means of the Edison phonograph.

Mr. A. W. Clancy, the progressive and earnest chief of the educational department of the phonograph, will here present to the public examples of the benefits to be derived in employing this wonderful instrument.

Four sub-departments have been organized in this branch. The first embraces public school work in which there are questions by the teachers in different studies, and responses on the part of the pupils recorded and reproduced from various schools in the country, from the primary grades up to the high schools.

Second, there are declamations and recitations; also musical performances consisting of songs, quartettes and choruses.

Third, statements from prominent heads of institutions of learning, recorded on cylinders, referring to various methods of school work.

Fourth, a display of large numbers of cylinders upon which are recorded systems and exercises written in different languages—German, French, Latin, Spanish, Italian, etc. These show how the phonograph becomes an important factor in teaching correct pronunciation, not only instructing pupils in the grammar of their tongues, but repeating syllables indefinitely, until the ear of the pupil has become familiar with the sound.

Another interesting feature of the educational exposition is the collection of phonographs upon the walls, where one may survey the faces and form of those whose voices are heard in the recitations and musical performances.

The phonograph renders to youth, of all ages, valuable assistance by frequent repetition of the vocabulary of their own or any foreign language. Mistakes of pronunciation are rectified by this means, without fatigue on the part of the scholar or teacher.

That the phonograph facilitates the efforts of the educator in developing the youthful mind is now proven beyond cavil, but something more than a statement of this fact is necessary in order to convey to the world, at large, a knowledge of the wide and important field of usefulness in which this instrument may be applied.

Brightest Part of My Trip.

The New York fashion correspondent of a southern paper gives out the following:

A lady writes: "I have read your letters for a long time, and have often envied you the opportunity you enjoy of seeing the beautiful things you describe. I used to think, when I read of those charming dresses and parasols and hats at Lord & Taylor's, that theirs must be one of those stores where a timid, nervous woman like myself, having but a few dollars to spare for a season's outfit, would be of so little account that she would receive little attention; but when you said, in one of your letters a few months ago, that goods of the same quality were really cheaper there than elsewhere, because they sold more goods in their two stores than any other firm in New York, and that because they sold more they bought more, and consequently bought cheaper, I determined, if I ever went to New York, I would go to Lord & Taylor's.

"That long-waited-for time came in the early autumn, and I found myself standing before that great entrance, with those wonderful windows at either side. I summoned my courage and I entered, as I suppose tens of thousands of just such timid women as I have done before. My fears were gone in an instant. The agreeable attention put me at my ease at once, and I felt as much at home as though I were in the little country store where my people have 'traded' for nearly a quarter of a century.

"And now, as I wear the pretty things I purchased, or see them every day and find them all so satisfactory, I think of my visit to this great store as the brightest part of my trip to New York."

Puritan Babyhood.

Alice Morse Earle in the Independent, represents the Puritan baby as having literally a struggle for life, in the winter time, except at such moments when he was scorched by the flames of the roaring wood fire, he must have been shivering with cold, for the temperature four feet away from the chimney on a raw winter's day would surely make a modern child scream with discomfort, or lie stupefied and chilled. On the Sunday following his birth the little martyr was carried to the meeting-house to be baptized.

When we read that the building was often so cold that the communion bread was "frozen pretty hard and rattled sadly in the plate," we wonder that grown persons could bear the exposure, and still greater is the marvel that tender babies could live through their christenings, for the ice had often to be broken in the christening bowl.

Dressed in fine linen, and wrapped in a hand-woven christening blanket, the young Puritan received his first chilly welcome into the church. One record to be found in Judge Sewall's diary of January, 1694, pictures the state of the case with a graphic touch:

"A very extraordinary storm by reason of the falling and drifting of the snow. Few women could get to meeting. A child named Alexander was baptized in the afternoon."

It is evident that Alexander must have been of a tough fibre, since his death is not straightway recorded.

Nor was the christening day the only Sabbath on which the baby graced the meeting-house. Puritan women were devoted church-goers, and if the mother went, the baby had to go also. Indeed, we sometimes hear of a little wooden cage or frame in the meeting-house to hold the babies who were too young, feeble, or sleepy to sit upright.

Of the dress of these children we know little, but yet enough to prove that they must have been supremely miserable. Linen formed the chilly foundation of their attire, thin short-sleeved, low-necked shirts. Their gowns were generally shapeless, large-necked sacks of linen or dimity made and embroidered by hand.

In summer and winter the baby's head was always closely covered by a cap, often warmly wadded, which was more comforting in cold weather than comfortable in the warmest season.

Yet some of these babies survived, and New England was peopled with men and women of sturdy fibre.

"August Flower"

Eight doctors treated me for Heart Disease and one for Rheumatism, but did me no good. I could not speak aloud. Everything that I took into the Stomach distressed me. I could not sleep. I had taken all kinds of medicines. Through a neighbor I got one of your books. I procured a bottle of Green's August Flower and took it. I am to-day stout, hearty and strong and enjoy the best of health. August Flower saved my life and gave me my health. **Mrs. Sarah J Cox, Defiance, O.**

It Is Not What We Say

But what Hood's Sarsaparilla DOES that tells the story—

Hood's Cures

Miss Lizzie May Davis,
Haverhill, Mass.

After the Grip

Nervous Prostration—No Help Except in Hood's

Sure It Saved Her Life.

"Have been suffering for two years past with **Nervous Prostration** which was brought on by a very severe attack of grip. Had **Cold Chills** almost every day for nearly three years. Have now taken, on the recommendation of my druggist, three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla. What five doctors of both Boston and this city could not do, those three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla have done for me. I am now well and can walk without a cane. I feel grateful to **Hood's Sarsaparilla**, as I believe I should not now be alive if it were not for this medicine." MISS LIZZIE MAY DAVIS, Haverhill, Mass.

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently, on the liver and bowels. 25c.

"An agreeable Laxative and NERVE TONIC. Sold by Druggists or sent by mail. 25c., 50c. and $1.00 per package. Samples free.

KO NO The Favorite TOOTH POWDER for the Teeth and Breath, 25c.

Do You Sleep Peacefully?

"Business is the art of Living

by buying and selling, so men must get money by it. It is a pity so many fail to see that honesty is the best policy. Calling things what they are not is a wrong in every way, delusive and dishonest."

What advantage can there be in calling a common wire imitation bed as good as a Highly Tempered Steel Wire

PILGRIM SPRING BED?

The buyer is sure to find out that it is not. Such dealers are sure to lose caste and custom. The "PILGRIM" is the best bed made. SEE IT, and you will be convinced.

Retailed at No. 31 Warren Street, New York; No. 2 Hamilton Place, Boston.
For sale by all reliable Dealers.
See Brass Tag Registered Trademark on all Genuine Pilgrims.
Send for Money Saving Primer, Free.
Atlas Tack Corporation, Boston.
WAREHOUSES—Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Baltimore, San Francisco, Lynn.
FACTORIES—Taunton, Mass.; Fairhaven, Mass.; Whitman, Mass.; Duxbury, Mass.; Plymouth, Mass.

$1000 HOME for each applicant; rich, healthful Texas. Rev. ANDERSON (Co. Treas), Austin, Texas.

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.
CONSUMPTION

21 837

Satisfied with the Change.

In the days when men sold their wives for a small money consideration, the woman in the case was not always dissatisfied with the changed order of things.

Early in the month of March, 1766, in English carpenter, named Higginson, went into an alehouse for his morning draught; there he met a fellow carpenter, and their conversation turned on wives. The carpenter, whose name history has not recorded, lamented that he had no wife.

Higginson, on the other hand, lamented that he had, and expressed regret that there was no way, except murder, by which he could rid himself of her.

The carpenter assured Higginson that there was a way—the old English custom that made it quite lawful for a husband to sell his own rib.

"No one would be such a fool as to buy mine," sighed Higginson.

"I would do so," the other promptly replied, "and think I had made a good bargain, too."

The husband, just then in a mood to chafe against domestic restraint, clenched the bargain on the spot. Mrs. Higginson was duly claimed by her new lord, and went willingly enough and lived with him as his wife.

In a few days, however, Higginson either grew tired of his matchless home or suspected that he had not done right, and went to the other carpenter's house, demanding his wife back. Mrs Higginson strenuously refused to leave her new lord. "A sale is a sale," said she, "and not a joke."

Higginson went again and again, but to no purpose, and after a week or two ceased calling. His wife had just begun to conclude that he had at last quietly resigned his claim, when she was cited to appear before a coroner's jury and identify her husband, who had settled the question by hanging himself.

The price paid for the woman is not recorded.

WHEN TRAVELING

Whether on pleasure bent, or business, take on every trip a bottle of Syrup of Figs as it acts most pleasantly and effectively on the kidneys, liver and bowels, preventing fevers, headaches and other forms of sickness. For sale in 50 cents and $1 bottles by all leading druggists.

People who own chickens in Hutchinson, Kan., are compelled by law to inclose them in coops from March to October.

WILL WE HAVE CHOLERA?

If such is to be the deplorable state of affairs, it would not be wise to overlook any precautionary measure. The cheapest and best way to improve the sanitary condition of your home is to scrape off the old paper and have new put on. THE FIDELITY WALL PAPER CO., of 22 North Eleventh Street, Philadelphia, are selling gold embossed papers for 12 and 15 cents. Send 4 two cent stamps for samples.

A calf with a wing growing from its shoulder-blade may be seen on the farm of A. M. Chisholm, near Hecla, South Dakota.

EVERYDAY ETIQUETTE.

The fundamental principle of all travel, where people are liable to meet each other, whether singly or by hundreds, is to *turn to the right.* Where lines of travel cross, as at the junction of streets, courtesy must largely take the place of definite rules.

A person should always give preference to the lame or decrepit, to old people, or those carrying heavy or bulky parcels. Their presence upon a busy street may at first thought seem an annoyance; but put yourself in their places!

If it is necessary to walk very rapidly, and there is opportunity for a choice, take a sidewalk where rapidity of movement will interfere with the comfort or safety of as few as possible.

If it is necessary to stop upon a walk, do so in a manner not to annoy those who may be coming after. No thoughtful or refined person will stop to talk with a friend or even a business man in such a manner as to interfere with the progress of others. It is always easy to step out of the traveled way, and still more courteous to turn and walk with the other party, while the necessary conference is being held.

It is in very poor taste for a man—young or old—to so dress as to attract attention upon the street. Women should especially avoid such display of jewelry or extravagant dress as will elicit criticism.

Gentlemen should not indulge in loud talk and boisterous laughing upon the street; ladies *will* not, under any circumstances.

The practice of smoking upon the street, universal as it is, is none the less vulgar, and should not be indulged. It should be borne in mind that there are a great many persons—men and children, as well as ladies—to whom the fumes of burning tobacco are little less than poisonous, and it is far from pleasant to have a succession of the unsavory odors wafted into their faces from the respiratory cavities of all sorts of people.

It is offensive for one woman to critically scan the dress and "make-up" of another upon the street, or to comment upon her personal appearance; for those ill-bred young men who stand or lounge in public places to scan each member of the opposite sex who passes, the only adequate remedy is the vigorously applied cane of some stalwart relative of the insulted party.

It is not "good form" to eat anything upon the street, be it fruit, confections or food; but it is much less vulgar than to go along with the end of a toothpick protruding from the lips.

Whistling, humming or singing along the street is only allowable in remote country districts, where no other diversion or companionship is to be found.

Walking arm in arm or hand in hand during daylight is now practiced only by country lovers who have come to town to see the sights. In the evening a lady should usually take a gentleman's arm, when walking with him, especially if the thoroughfare be crowded.—*Good Housekeeping.*

Its Effect.

In a fire, by the way, one gets curious peeps at human nature, which throws off all disguises in moments of peril. Not long ago an apartment house took fire. There was no time to be lost by the inmates. A mother, scantily clad and crying, took out her two little children. A wife buttoned herself in her long newmarket and ran, leading her brown-eared setter. A devoted son and daughter on the top floor dressed warmly their helpless old mother of 80 and waited to carry her if need be, across the fire escape. One woman put on a fur-lined cape over her nightdress and came forth with a traveling bag filled with silver. Another put her valuables in her sealskin coat, and, finding the smoke not too threatening, fished out her long-tailed coat and the black silk silhouettes of her grandfather and grandmother, which she knew she couldn't replace. Another, who had full as much time in which to act, left all her belongings and fled in her nightdress, blistering her bare feet on the cinders, and ran down the street calling for a carriage. One man contented himself with a bath robe, while another dressed himself in his four-in-hand tie and a scarf pin.

"Brace up" is a tantalizing admonition to those who feel all tired out, without appetite and discouraged. But the way in which Hood's Sarsaparilla builds up the tired frame and gives a good appetite, is wonderful.

Best family cathartic, Hood's Pills.

The hat last worn by Richard Wagner, with a certificate of genuiness attached, is offered for sale in Venice.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is a liquid and is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Write for testimonials, free. Manufactured by F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Since 1840 thirty-seven vessels, of which a part of the name was the "City of," have been wrecked or lost.

For 24 years Dobbins' Electric Soap has been *imitated* by unscrupulous soap makers. *Why?* Because it is *best of all* and has an immense sale. Be sure and get *Dobbins'* and take no other. Your grocer has it, or will get it.

An English corset firm made 838 corsets on orders for men last year.

Frazer Axle Grease.

Use the Frazer Axle Grease, 'tis the best in the world—will wear four times as long as any other. Ask your dealer for it, and take no other.

A Washington druggist has a sign out announcing "Bargains in Pills."

Sufferers from Coughs, Sore Throat, etc., should try *"Brown's Bronchial Troches,"* a simple but sure remedy. *Sold only in boxes.* Price 25 cts.

The first idea of a pneumatic tube was due to Dennis Papin in 1667.

POSTAL GUIDE FOR 1893

Containing all the post offices arranged alphabetically, in States and Counties, with all other matters relating to post office affairs can be ordered from B. SALINGER, P. O. Box. 1182, Philadelphia, Pa. No business man should be without it. Price $2.00 paper cover with monthly; $2.50 cloth cover with monthly.

A Philadelphia taxidermist is appropriately named Stuffer.

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

No hearses are used in the City of Mexico.

Beecham's Pills instead of sloshy mineral waters. Beecham's—no others. 25 cts. a box.

Nails were made by hand previous to 1810.

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.

Queen Victoria preserves a number of oil paintings that were executed by herself and the Prince Consort in their youthful days.

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.

The Davis Hand Cream Separator and Feed Cooker Combined.

Completest of outfits for a dairy farmer. This machine has an attachment which, when the bowl has been taken out, is dropped into the Separator so that a belt can run to the churn. Write for further particulars. Davis & Rankin Bldg. and Mfg. Co., 240 to 254 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill. Manufacture all kinds of Creamery Machinery and Dairy Supplies. (Agents wanted in every county.)

TOWER'S TRADE MARK FISH BRAND

This Trade Mark is on the best

WATERPROOF COAT

Illustrated Catalogue Free. A. J. TOWER, BOSTON, MASS.

MOTHER'S FRIEND

A remedy which, if used by Wives about to experience the painful ordeal attendant upon Child-birth, proves an infallible specific for, and obviates the tortures of confinement, lessening the dangers thereof to both mother and child. Sold by all druggists. Sent by express on receipt of price, $1.50 per bottle, charges prepaid.

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Unlike the Dutch Process

No Alkalies —OR— Other Chemicals

are used in the preparation of

W. BAKER & CO.'S

Breakfast Cocoa

which is absolutely pure and soluble.

It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing *less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

DEMAND THE OLD RELIABLE FRAZER AXLE GREASE. SOLD EVERYWHERE WILL WEAR TWICE AS LONG AS ANY OTHER. TRY IT! USE THE BEST TAKE NO OTHER.

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 hole to be made in the leather nor care for the rivets. They are strong, tough and durable. Millions now in use. All sizes, uniform or assorted, put up in boxes.

Ask your dealer for them, or send 40c. in stamps for a box of 100, assorted sizes. Mailed by

JUDSON L. THOMSON MFG. CO., WALTHAM, MASS.

AN IDEAL FAMILY MEDICINE

For Indigestion, Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, Bad Complexion, Offensive Breath, and all disorders of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

RIPANS TABULES

act gently yet promptly. Perfect digestion follows their use. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Box (6 vials), 75c. Package (4 boxes), $2. For free samples address

RIPANS CHEMICAL CO., New York.

FOR FIFTY YEARS! MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

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.

BLOOD POISON A SPECIALTY.

If any one doubts that we can cure the most obstinate case in 20 to 60 days, let him write for particulars and investigate our reliability. Our financial backing is $500,000. When mercury, iodide potassium, s