THROUGH BURDEN AND HEAT.

Through burden and heat of the day
How weary the hands and the feet,
The labor with scarcely a stay
Through burden and heat.

Tired toiler, whose sleep shall be sweet,
Kneel down; it will rest thee to pray;
Then forward, for daylight is fleet.
Cool shadows grow lengthening and gray
Cool twilight will soon be complete—
What matter the wearisome way
Through burden and heat?

—Christina Rossetti.

BRAVE COLLEGE GIRLS.

BY H. C. DODGE.

WE were two girls home from college during the holidays. At least I was "home," and my room-mate and best chum at school was visiting me.

Taking advantage of the special privileges accorded to college girls on home vacations, we were having our own way entirely by sitting up late and alone in the big hall of my parents' country home long after the others had gone to bed.

The dimly glowing embers of a real old-fashioned log fire on the hearth gave the only light we had or wanted.

Now and then a little flickering flame, suddenly blazing and as quickly dying out, made dancing ghostly shadows flit about the spacious apartment, giving it the weird and spooky appearance our romantic minds desired.

At the foot of the winding staircase stood an ancient suit of knightly armor, complete even to its visor drawn and its mailed right hand grasping its battle spear, which, no doubt, had in its day unhorsed and pierced many valiant foe.

At the top of the first stair landing was a "grandfather clock" ticking its loudest as it trying to tell two giddy girls that after midnight it was proper for them to be in the land of dreams and not be wasting the precious slumber time in talking nonsense.

But its mournful "tick-tock, tick-tock" only made our hobgoblin surroundings more enjoyable and the old knight in armor grimly watching us saw but merry looks and heard only suppressed laughter, and, maybe, a few girl secrets for his pains.

Not another sound echoed through the big sitting room hall save sometimes the rising wind outside slamming a shutter or moaning through the trees on the lawn or drearily whistling down the huge chimney before us.

Although the romance of our situation was delightful in the extreme, by and by it began to impress itself in all its uncanny spookiness upon our senses.

We became quieter, and though wishing to seek our cosy bed chamber above we dreaded going to it through the gloom of the long stairs and upper hall, and so, yet we lingered below by the dying fire.

"Say, Luce!" said my chum Kate, after a spell of dismal silence, "suppose that ugly old knight by the stairs should step down and come for us—what would you do?"

"I would just run for my life, I guess," I answered, while the thought made cold chills run over me, "and you'd run for yours too, brave as you are. Let's go to bed, Kate."

"O, no hurry!" she laughed, "I like it here immensely. I dare you to go up and touch the old fellow. Say, Luce, might't there be a real, live man inside that armor now. A regular bloody burglar, for instance, waiting for us to pass him and then G-R-A-B us to choke our screams and cut our throats. I believe I saw it move. There! Look! I'm sure it made a noise. See its eyes staring right at you now."

I could feel my hair trying to erect itself and in spite of the ridiculousness of the thing being aught but an empty shell I felt awfully like screaming and then fainting dead away. Kate, seeing my terror, kept on.

"I'm sure it's alive," she whispered, "and watching us. There! it moved again."

"O, Kate," I gasped, more scared than I wanted to admit, "do please stop talking so. I'm not afraid, of course, oh. I don't think you ought to try to scare a person. It isn't right. Come, let's go to bed, it must be after 1 o'clock. What will my folks say when they know it?"

"Well, Luce, you go first and see if it's safe to get past that old barbarian. There, he moved again. I'm sure a man's inside the armor."

"No. We'll go upstairs together," I spoke, "give me your hand."

Kate evidently had frightened herself more than me for her hand trembled as I took it. "Now!" I boldly whispered, "come." And away we dashed by the grim sentinel and up into my room.

After I had locked the door in the dark I found a match and lighted a candle standing on the dressing table, and Kate and I both looked into the glass—to see who was the whitest, I suppose.

Then we began laughing. "I never thought you was such a coward, Luce," said Kate, "where's all your college grit?"

"And where's yours?" I answered, "you were more scared than I. Why, you haven't nerve enough to haze a freshman or play tricks on a professor."

And so we bantered each other as we prepared for our needed rest.

Then blowing out the candle, we both said our shortest college prayer, and jumped into bed.

But we couldn't sleep till our excitement subsided, and so we talked.

"What would you do, Kate," I asked, "in real danger? Would you faint or go into hysterics?"

"Neither, Luce," she laughed. "I'm not built that way. I'd be as cool as a cucumber, and as brave as a lion in any emergency. I often wish I had a chance to prove it."

"That's my case, exactly," I earnestly said. "I may be frightened at—at a mouse, for instance, but I don't think a man—even a robber—could scare me. There! I forgot to open the window for air. I'll do it now."

Out of bed I got and lifted the window shade and stood for a moment gazing on the lawn. The sky had been overcast in the early evening, but now the broken clouds were flying before the wind. The old moon, lately risen, shed enough beams on the soft snow to make the night effect of light and shade weirdly beautiful, particularly about the large evergreen trees swaying in the gale.

As I watched the dark shadows they cast on the snow when the moon peered through the cloud rifts, my attention was directed to the tree nearest my window. Its shadow seemed strange, I thought, and at times looked as if something or somebody was moving under or around the dense branches.

Finally I whispered to Kate to come take a peep, too.

"There's something alive there, that's certain," she said, after a moment's intense gazing, "but don't let it see us. Keep out of the moonlight. Goodness! it's a man—two of them. What can they be up to?"

"Mischief, Kate! They must be burglars going to rob us. See! That's the end of a ladder sticking out. Now, my college heroine! your chances to distinguish yourself has come—and mine. It's lucky we stayed up late. Slip on something quick, and we'll nip their design in the bud. I've got a pistol and you know how to shoot, if I don't."

It was my brother's revolver I referred to. During my absence he used the room, and that loaded weapon was in its case in a bureau drawer.

I showed it to Kate, and she grasped it fearlessly. "It's fortunate, Luce," (she spoke low and without a tremor) "that I'm tomboy enough to like firearms. They call me a crack shot down South when I'm home. But where's your gun?"

"I'm more afraid of a gun than a burglar. Stop! Yes, there's a hatchet in the closet. I'll take that," and I did.

"Now, then, Kate," I quickly whispered, "I'm in command, for I know the house. See! the fellows are taking the ladder around. They'll evidently try the back window of the fireplace hall. We'll sneak down and lay for them, one of us on either side of the window. While they are forcing an entrance you shoot and I'll chop—but not till I order. Remember if we don't capture, or at least, wound them so they don't leave tracks, no one will believe us. Instead, we'll be laughed at. Your nerves are steady, Kate! You don't want to yell for help, do you?"

"Lead on! I'll follow!" smiled Kate, with a look that showed a true college girl's courage.

"All right, then," I coolly answered, "Attention, company! Shoulder arms! Forward, march!"

Hatchet and pistol in hands we noiselessly made our way past the old clock, whose "tick tock tick tock" in the darkness and stillness sounded like "go back, go back," past the ancient knight in armor, whose grim, ghostly form seemed bigger and fiercer in the expiring glow of our log fire, till we reached the rear window of the hall. Its solid shutters were tightly bolted, and in order to shoot when the time came we softly raised the shade and sash. Soon our strained ears heard the ladder go up and the shutter tried.

In the almost pitch darkness of the ghostly hall we took our positions, Kate to the right and I at the left of the window, and waited, wondering how the burglars intended to break in. It seemed an age before we heard a slight sound of boring by some tool the robbers were using. Then it stopped and for a while we thought the attempt had been given up to find another and easier entrance.

The suspense was more dreadful than when we knew what the villains were doing. While enduring that awful terror, something I couldn't see touched my dress. In spite of myself I almost screamed. But, happily, it only was the cat and I whispered so to Kate for fear it might give her the shock I had received.

A faint noise of sawing on the shutters luckily came then to dissipate our panic and restore our nerves for action.

Scarcely perceptible was the sound as we listened with loudly-beating hearts and without knowing exactly what it portended.

Suddenly the moonlight shone through a small square opening in the shutter on my side and a huge, black hand inserted itself and fumbled around to find and unhasten the bolt.

Quickly I raised my hatchet to chop—then a more daring and less horrible plan of action came to me.

Dropping my weapon instantly, I grabbed the burglar's hand with both of mine and bracing one knee against the windowsill I pulled that demon paw in farther and held it.

Ha! I hadn't pulled stroke oar in our college crew for nothing. Now my gymnastic lessons—hauling myself hand over hand up ropes and swinging on trapeze bars—served me well.

Vainly those coarse, hard fingers tried like snakes to wind about mine and hurt them. Vainly that strong, rough, murderous hand sought to tear itself from my college learned grip. The more it tried the tighter I held.

"Shoot, Kate! Shoot—right through the shutter! Quick—before I weaken," I yelled.

"Bang!" went a bullet. "Bang! Bang!" two more. I felt the muscles relaxe in the hand I clutched. Mine did, too. Then I let go, heard a fall and shouts outside—and (they told me afterwards) I fainted.

Kate and I both lay in heaps on the door when father and my brother rushed to our aid.

One burglar was captured alive after a smart chase in the moonlighted snow. The other—was found where he fell. But they never told that to Kate till the coroner's inquest and then they had to.—Detroit Free Press.

Walling in Crocodiles.

One of the innumerable curious sights of India is the Nuggar tank of Kurachi. In former times the crocodiles which inhabit it roamed the neighborhood at their will, seeking whom they might devour, but so great was their depredations that the authorities were forced to build a wall round their haunt. This is a swamp, caused by hot springs, the medicinal virtues of which have been known from early times, and are attributed to the sanctity of a Mohammedan whose tomb is close by and to whom the crocodiles are sacred.

The tank, as it is called, is about 150 yards long by about half that distance in breadth. In this space one observer counted over 200 reptiles from eight to fifteen feet long, and smaller ones innumerable. They are so tame, in a sense, that it is necessary to poke them with a stick before they will move.

Buffaloes are always standing in the water, and are not attacked, but any other animal is instantly seized. "The whole appearance of the place," says one writer, "with its green, slimy, stagnant water, and so many of these huge, uncouth monsters moving sluggishly about, is disgusting in the extreme, and it will long be remembered by me as the most loathsome spot I ever beheld."—Chamber's Journal.

"August Flower"

"I am Post Master here and keep a Store. I have kept August Flower for sale for some time. I think it is a splendid medicine." E. A. Bond, P. M., Pavilion Centre, N. Y.

The stomach is the reservoir. If it fails, everything fails. The liver, the kidneys, the lungs, the heart, the head, the blood, the nerves all go wrong. If you feel wrong, look to the stomach first. Put that right at once by using August Flower. It assures a good appetite and a good digestion.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Mamie Adams

She Was Blind

With scrofula in the eyes—could barely distinguish between daylight and darkness. I took her to numerous experts and hospitals and gave up in despair. A friend advised me to give

Hood's Sarsaparilla

and marvelous to relate, it has completely restored her sight and given her perfect health." CHAS. A. ADAMS, St. Albans, Vt.

Hood's Pills cure sick headache, biliousness, and all liver ills. 25c. per box.

TO EUROPE IN A BALLOON.

Prof. Hazen Will Cross the Atlantic in the Air.

Prof. Hazen, of the United States weather bureau of Washington, is going to make an aerial voyage across the Atlantic. He will travel in a balloon made of strange material and equipped with hitherto unheard of devices. It will be moved by propellers and directed by a rudder, and is expected to stay afloat two weeks or more, though the transoceanic trip may require but fifty hours. The enterprise will be paid for out of private funds, but instruments for observations will be furnished by the Government.

A preliminary voyage from Denver to New York or from San Francisco to New York will first be made, and then the ocean voyage will be attempted. To come back across the Atlantic would not be practicable, because the air currents are in the

THE GREAT HAZEN DOUBLE BALLOON.

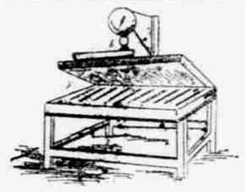
opposite direction. In order to return by balloon it would be necessary to go around the world. Prof. Hazen thinks there is no reason why balloon voyages around the globe should not be made some day. He believes the north pole will eventually be reached by aerial navigation.

MEASURING BY MACHINERY.

Area of an Irregular Skin Quickly and Accurately Registered.

When the layman learns that a side of leather is sold and charged for by the actual area it may contain he wonders how the surface measurement can be obtained with any degree of accuracy, because of the irregular edges. This was formerly accomplished by a long and sometimes unsatisfactory method of calculation, but now a machine does the work accurately and quickly.

Goat, calf and sheepskin leather is placed in this machine, and at once the number of feet is recorded. The leather is removed and pieces of



THE MEASURING MACHINE.

paper that have been mathematically measured are put in the machine and the record is found to agree perfectly with that laboriously performed by the old-fashioned hand method. The importance of checking sales and deliveries of leather can not be overestimated.

A Herder Saved by His Dog.

Wesley Newton, who came in from Marquette, tells of a desperate encounter that one of his sheep herders had with a large mountain lion on a recent night. On the night in question Andrew Thompson, one of his herders, was asleep in his cabin, with his herd corraled close at hand. Hearing a commotion among the band he went out to investigate, and saw a mountain lion making off with one of his charges.

Thompson was unarmed, but without hesitation ran to the rescue of the sheep, when the lion dropped its prey and sprang upon him, felling him to the ground. Thompson's faithful shepherd dog took a hand in the encounter and undoubtedly saved his master's life, although it was at the cost of his own. The man's clothing was almost completely torn off of him, and he was quite severely scratched in a number of places, but while the lion and the dog were engaged he succeeded in extricating himself and made his way to the cabin, where he secured his rifle. The trusted dog was still fighting his powerful and unequal adversary when Thompson returned and he quickly dispatched the lion with a single shot, but not until the noble dog had been killed.

Lion, dog and sheep all laid within a few feet of each other, the ground was red with blood, and Thompson, with his clothing torn in shreds and bleeding from a dozen painful wounds, presented the appearance of having tackled a huge grizzly bear. Fortunately Thompson's wounds are not serious, but he is satisfied that he would have been killed had it not been for the interference of his dog.

This is one of the first instances on record where a mountain lion has been known to attack a man, the beast usually beating a hasty retreat at the first sight of a human being. The lion measured eight feet from his head to the tip of his tail.—Red Lodge (Montana) Picket.

We're Willing to Believe It.

The gnat is provided with a regular set of lancets and a cupping glass from which the air can be withdrawn.

BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

At the Tea Table—A Coincidence, at Least—Prove an Alibi—Used Big Ones—A Kiss a Yard, Etc., Etc.

"I've made you an angel cake," she said,
And the manly husband raised his head,
And answered her, "Any cake you make,
My darling, must be an angel's cake."

—New York Press.

COMMISERATION.

Miss Stivetts—"Miss Dennis's face is her fortune."

Miss Caustique (pityingly)—"Poor thing!"—Quips.

HER REBUKE.

Larkin (at telephone)—"Hello!"

New Girl (at central)—"Is that the way to address a lady who is a perfect stranger to you, sir?"—Judge.

A COINCIDENCE, AT LEAST.

"They say it's a love match."

"Perhaps; but they each have a million in their own right, and the relatives are satisfied on both sides."—Truth.

PROVE AN ALIBI.

"I can prove anything," bragged the Professor to the fair Miss Harkins.

"I wish you would prove an alibi!" moaned the young woman sotto voce.—Life.

A COINCIDENCE.

"Do you notice what a rich color our milk has?" asked she.

"Do you observe how muddy the water is now?" he responded.—Washton Star.

HAD HIS EAR.

"I hope you paid attention, Johnny, to what your father said to you this morning about throwing stones."

"Yes, ma; he had my ear all through the talk."—Puck.

BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

"Why don't you cast your bread upon the water?"

Young Husband—"It's no use; my wife learned to make it at a cooking school."—Inter-Ocean.

BAD HUMORED.

Mrs. Crusticus—"I will tell you about that when you are in a good humor."

Crusticus—"Am I to understand, madam, that you will never tell me?"—New York Tribune.

USED BIG ONES.

"I always weigh my words," said the Boston lady.

"You must need hay-scales for some of them," replied her impertinent nephew.—Washington Star.

THINKS HERSELF PRETTY.

Estelle—"Marilla thinks a great deal."

Millicent—"You surprise me."

Estelle—"She thinks she is pretty and thinks so all the time."—Puck.

THRIFTY.

Lulu Japonica—"Why did Ethel and George elope?"

Charity Ball—"Her father gave them what the wedding would have cost, to begin housekeeping with."—Puck.

HE IS NEARSIGHTED.

Ferry—"Giglamps will never be troubled by his wife having the last word; he married a deaf mute."

Train—"But she talks on her fingers, doesn't she?"

Ferry—"Yes; but Giglamps is nearsighted."—Puck.

A POINT OF HONOR.

Student A.—"I'm a scamp, and no mistake, though I say it myself."

Student B.—"Now, don't say that again, or I shall be compelled to send you a challenge. I am not going to allow a friend of mine to be insulted in that way."—Saphir's Witzblatt.

BON VOYAGE.

Prunella—"So you are going to Europe? And how long do you expect to stay?"

Young Callowe—"Oh, until my money gives out!"

Prunella (rather anxiously)—"Of course you'll take a good supply with you!"—Truth.

A Country with One Cannon.

The rulers of the miniature Republic of Andorra decided recently that the country should possess a cannon. Krupp was ordered to manufacture one of modern type. The great gun arrived at its mountain destination a short time ago, and was placed on the highest point in the "country." A day was appointed to try the cannon, which was able to send a ball eighteen kilometers. Just as the two artillerymen of Andorra were ready to fire, it occurred to one of the citizens that the shot might cause some trouble. The territory of the Republic of Andorra does not extend over more than six kilometers. To direct the shot, therefore, toward the surrounding mountains would be the same as firing at France or Italy, as the ball would necessarily fall on the territory of one of these countries. It was then decided to shoot the ball in the air, but some one suggested that it would endanger the lives of too many people in its descent, and possibly bore a great hole in the Republic of Andorra. Good counsel prevailed, and the two artillerymen were commanded to unload the gun

A New York man claims to have a famous Bible worth $10,000.

DR. KILMER'S

SWAMP-ROOT

CURED ME.

Dropsical Swelling, Cold as Ice.

LIFE WAS A BURDEN.

"Swamp-Root" saved my life after I had suffered everything but death. I send you my photograph and this description of my case and you can use it if you wish. My hands were as cold as ice; fire would not warm them. Dropsical swellings of the lower limbs; I could not button my shoes. Exertion completely exhausted me; death seemed so very near. The swellings have gone and all my troubles have disappeared. My health is better now than it has been for years.

"SWAMP-ROOT CURED ME."

Tell doubting ones to write me I will tell them all about it." MRS. R. J. CUTSINGER, Jan. 15, 1893. Marietta, Shelby Co., Ind.

At Druggists 50c cents and $1.00 Size.

"Invalids' Guide to Health" free—Consultation free. Dr. Kilmer & Co., - Binghamton, N. Y.

Dr. Kilmer's U & O Ointment Cures Piles Trial Box Free — At Druggists 50 cents.

SMALL BUT EFFECTIVE,

Was the little Monitor that met the Merrimac at Hampton Roads. So too are Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, effective in conquering the enemy—disease. When you take a pill it's an important point to have them small—provided they have equal strength and efficacy. You find what you want in these little liver pills of Dr. Pierce. They're put up in a better way, and they act in a better way, than the huge old-fashioned pills. What you want when you're "all out of sorts"—grumpy, thick-headed and take a gloomy view of life, is these Pellets to clear up your system and start your liver into healthful action. Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels, are prevented, relieved, and cured. Put up in sealed glass vials, and always fresh and reliable.

JAMES WILLIAM CHADD, ESQ., of *Georgetown, Ky.*, says: "My wife thinks your little 'Pellets' are the greatest pills out."

SELECT SIFTINGS.

The most graceful of domestic animals is the cat, while the most awkward bird is the duck.

Of the 18,327 female depositors in the savings banks of Philadelphia, 8246 are described as boarding-house keepers.

Tacoma, Washington, is overrun with tramps and idlers, and robberies of houses and pedestrians are of nightly occurrence.

New Orleans, La., believes she has shipped the largest cargo on record, 20,000 bales of cotton on board the British ship Samoa.

The marriage is announced at New York City of Elephtherios Pelalah to Catharine Eleferopuls. The priest was Rev. Paisios Ferentinos.

Weeping trees, from which drops of pure, cold water fall, are of frequent occurrence in the forests of Oregon, Montana, Washington and British Columbia.

A vegetable curiosity is owned by a resident of Wenatchee, Washington. It consists, it is claimed, "of a network of large potatoes grown upon one another."

Family names seem to be scarce in Denmark. In the Copenhagen directory the name Hansen takes up thirty-four columns, Petersen thirty-two, Jensen thirty columns.

Among the estates left by persons who died in Vienna, Austria, and whose heirs have not been found, is one consisting of an opera glass. Another man's estate consists of a scarfpin.

It is said that a man does not reach his full mental power until the age of twenty-five, and the development of talent is most marked between the ages of thirty and forty-five.

British soldiers will wear seamless socks in future, because they insure greater marching efficiency. The old style of seamed socks chafed the shin and made the soldiers footsore; the seamless socks do not.

R. S. Campbell, a resident of North Salem, Ind., claims to have found a stone in the bottom of a creek near his home which resembles, in size and shape, a well-trimmed horn. The curiosity weighs sixty-seven pounds.

Grifton, N. C., can probably lay claim to more division than any other small place in the country. The village is located, it is said, in two counties, three townships, two congressional districts, two senatorial districts and two judicial districts.

A Chicago shoe manufactory makes 20,000 pairs of "dead men's shoes" a month. The soles are of pasteboard, covered with grained paper, the uppers are quilted satin and crochet work and a ribbon tied in a bow knot holds the shoe to the foot.

Florida people are telling of an orange tree in Doctor Abernathy's grove at Altoona which has borne during the past season 15,000 oranges. It is a seedling, twenty-five years old, some thirty feet high, and has received only the ordinary grove care and culture.

In the 227 years since "Don Quixote" was published 1324 editions have been printed, of which 523 were Spanish, 304 English, 179 French, 99 Italian, 84 Portugese, 45 German, 18 Swedish, 9 Polish, 8 Danish, 6 Russian, 5 Greek, 3 Roumanian, 4 Catalonian, 1 Basque and 1 Latin.

A Quaint Japanese Town

Humphrey B. Kendrick, a former resident of Santa Barbara, who has just returned from a residence of several years in Japan, gives an interesting description of a little mountain town named Nara in that country.

"Every one, or almost every one, in Nara, has a deer," said Mr. Kendrick, "and they are as plentiful there as dogs in an American town, while around the temples are great numbers, all sacred to the Japanese. And they are very tame, coming up even to the stranger, and almost begging for gingerbread, of which they are very fond, and which the tourist is expected to buy for them. When the Emperor, a great many years ago, came into Nara, and Nara, you know, was the first capital of Japan, he rode on a white deer, and that at once made the deer sacred, and at the same time it became fashionable to own one, and now they are the most common thing to be seen in the place, unless it be lanterns, which are actually without number, and of every kind and quality. A lantern in Japan is very different from one here, for there they are stone pillars, although there are some of metal, and made to be suspended. I saw some of bronze in one of the temples which had been brought from Holland long ago.

"But while there are so many the Japanese will never count them. That would be a very wicked thing in the sight of the gods, who keep the number a careful secret. And though sacrilegious foreigners have made the attempt no two of them have ever counted them the same.

"Another feature is the goldfish ponds—no such fish as you see here, but twelve and fourteen inches long, and of such a deep color, darker than orange even. And those with the fan-tails are beautiful. All of the ponds and lakes are full of them, and as the water is very clear, it is a marvelous thing to stand on the shore and watch them dart through the ripples, and when out in a boat the very bottom assumes a golden hue."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Kept Her Son's Body Thirty Years.

A funeral took place at Rock Island, Tenn., the other day that was the talk of the whole country. The dead were a mother and her son, and the son had been dead and unburied for thirty years. During the Civil War the son was killed at Murfreesboro. His mother declared that she would never part with her boy while she lived, and that when death claimed her also both should be buried in one grave. She had an air-tight cedar casket made with a glass top, into which the body was laid. This was placed in a room assigned for the purpose, where the mother often repaired to commune with the dead. The body gradually became mumified. Thirty years it waited, an uncanny occupant that gave the house a queer reputation.—Chicago Herald.

Polly and the Thunder.

Most parrot stories are regarded as apocryphal, but here is one that I believe is true, says a writer, because a friend of mine can vouch for it personally, having been present at the time. He was calling on my friend, Dr. Frank Harris, at his home in Winthrop, which he has christened Chicory Doc—the former owner, Jack Mason, having given it no name. He calls it Chicory Doc because there is a dock outside and a "doc" inside, and the whole place is surrounded by the blue flowers of the wild chicory and is also quite chic.

Well, the doctor had a parrot which is a remarkable talker, and of whose many expressions most are self-acquired from observation. He sings and dances "Peek-a-Boo," calls the neighbors and members of the family by their name, and is especially valuable when the telephone rings and the servant is not in that part of the house, as he, on hearing the bell, immediately calls "Annie! Annie!" till she comes and answers the call. He also responds to any knock at the door, asking who it is, inviting the person in, and if the person does not come immediately says: "Wait a minute," as he has heard others say before.

Sunday afternoon, when my friend was there, the very heavy shower was in progress, and the conversation was hushed by the fierceness of the downpour and the flashing of the lightning. Presently a sharp flash was followed by a tremendous report, and then came the voice of Polly: "Who is it? Who is it? Come in! Wait a minute!" Then, as there was no response, he called sharply, "Doctor! Doctor!" and then losing patience, he became more familiar, and insistently shouted, "Frank! Frank!" But though the company laughed, they all thought that the lightning had given a close enough call, and the cry of the bird was not answered.—Boston Globe.

$100 Reward. $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Massachusetts, with 324 towns and twenty-eight cities has 383,000 pupils in her public schools, and 60,000 more in private schools and academies.

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 R. MALANGER, 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.

East Chairback road, among the Piscataquis county mountains, 2,270 feet above the sea, is probably the highest trout abode in Maine.

Have you ever *tried* Dobbins' Electric Soap? It don't cost much for you to get *one bar* of your grocer, and see for yourself why it is *praised* by *so many*, after 24 years steady sale. Be sure to get no imitation. There are lots of them

Nuremberg, Germany, has four public baths for school-children. Seventy thousand baths were taken therein during the past year.

A Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat should not be neglected. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES are a simple remedy, and give prompt relief. 25 cts. a box.

Samuel Gilbert recently gave up his seat in the Boston Stock Exchange to his son, after a membership of fifty-nine years.

Beecham's Pills cure indigestion and constipation. Beecham's, no others. 25 cts. a box.

London has in constant service a police force of some 12,000 men. In 1892 the number of arrests was 84,-922.

Do not put off taking a medicine. Numerous little ailments, if neglected, will soon break up the system. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla now, to expel disease, give strength and appetite.

Hood's Pills cure constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

A Large Order.

Mme. Newriche—"I want a first-class passage for Havre."

The agent of the Standard Line—"Yes, ma'am."

Mme. Newriche—"And I want a smooth passage, no matter what the cost."

Five years ago a single frost in the district around Cognac, France destroyed $15,000,000 worth of vintage.

It is said that for centuries whenever the Spanish soldiers wanted exercise they picked a quarrel with the Moors.

52 868

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package; also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

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

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

CONVENIENT SAFE.

A convenient safe now made consists of a series of shelves held together by boards at the sides. The front and back are of wire similar to that used for window screens, that on the front being tacked to a frame and swung on hinges, with a button to keep it closed. Here meat, vegetables, pies, cheese and left overs of all kinds may be kept absolutely secure from flies, mice, cats and other troublesome tasters. It may stand in any convenient place, and soon become an article of daily use and almost indispensable.—Buffalo News.

FLANNELS WITHOUT SHRINKAGE.

To wash flannels without shrinkage have a tub half full of water that is more than warm, but not very hot, and make a strong suds with laundry soap of the best quality. Add a tablespoonful of powdered borax. Shake the flannels thoroughly, then squeeze them with the hands, sop them up and down, and if necessary rub the spots between the hands. Do not rub soap on the flannels, and do not rub them on a board. Wring from the first suds and put into another of the same temperature. Rinse through this water, then put them into another as warm, that does not contain soap. Wring dry, shake vigorously, and dry quickly. Iron before they are quite dry with a moderately hot iron, and press well. Do not use borax for colored flannels.—New York Post.

CLEANSING FLUID.

One of the best and most economical of the various fluids for removing spots from fast-colored fabrics is given below. It is said to have originated in the English Navy, and is in general use among both soldiers and sailors. Cut four ounces of castile soap into a quart of soft water and heat it until the soap is melted. Remove from the fire and add two quarts of cold soft water. When the liquid is quite cold pour into it four ounces of ammonia, two of alcohol and two of ether. Bottle and cork tightly. When it is desired to remove greasy spots or generally renovate a garment shake the liquid well, apply with a sponge or cloth and rinse with clear water. When fast-colored dress goods are to be washed add a cupful of the fluid to a pailful of soft water, soak the garments in the water for a few minutes, wash them out and rinse thoroughly.—New York World.

KEEP THE OVENS CLEAN.

That it is a marked addition to the flavor of oven-cooked food that these places should be kept scrupulously clean is not so well realized by housekeepers as it should be. In Devonshire, according to Chambers's Journal, ovens are white-washed, a practice that is excellent. "Firstly," says the journal, "it makes the ovens light, and it is doubtful if ovens would be allowed to get so dirty if they were not so dark and the dirt so inconspicuous. Then the lime whiting, which is the particular ingredient of whitewash, is a material approaching the nature of a disinfectant; anyway, it is not favorable to smells or odors of any kind whatever. Lastly, it so plainly shows by discoloration when objectionable results may be expected and the limewash should be renewed."

If you cannot have tiled ovens, in which bread and meats are most admirably baked, scrub out the black, sooty ovens of your range and whitewash them, and if you can't do this, at least keep the ovens actually clean, if they do not look so.

SANDWICHES.

Anchovy Sandwich—Soak six anchovies two hours; scale and remove the bones. Butter four slices of bread; lay the split fish or two of them; sprinkle over a little minced celery; add the other slices of bread; press gently; cut each slice in two pieces, and arrange on a dish.

Turkey Sandwich—Mince the dark meat of cold cooked turkey, season with salt and pepper and a few drops of good extract of celery; put in a sauce pan, set on the fire to warm; mix in an egg, take from the fire and cool. Butter slices of stale bread and spread with the turkey; cover with top slices, press them together cut in two, pile on a plate and serve.

Ham Sandwich—Chop up half a pound of lean, boiled ham; mix with a tablespoonful of minced cucumber pickle, a teaspoonful of French mustard and a dash of cayenne. Put a tablespoonful of butter in a sauce pan, stir over the fire; add the ham, with the yolk of an egg and a little salt; stir well and take from the fire; turn out on a plate, let cool, spread on slices of buttered bread, lay another slice on top and serve.

Salad Sandwiches—Chop up a cup of the white meat of a boiled chicken, and the same of cold boiled tongue; put in a mortar and pound to paste; moisten with a few drops of vinegar and celery extract, add a dash of cayenne and half a cup of mayonnaise dressing; turn the mixture into a dish and set on ice. Cut thin slices of bread, lay over a crisp leaf of lettuce and cover with another slice of bread; press gently together, cut each sandwich in two, pile on a dish and garnish with cress.

Sandwiches, when properly prepared, are very dainty, not only for luncheons and 5 o'clock teas, but for parties and receptions, writes Mrs. E. R. Parker in the Courier-Journal. The bread should be at least twelve hours old, and home made; either yeast or salt raising will be found best. The slices should be cut thin and even, and the crust trimmed off. The meat for sandwiches should be of good quality, well cooked, and cut in small, thin slices; all skin, fat and gristle should be taken off. To serve sandwiches neatly, fold a napkin, lay it on a dish and pile them very high on it; garnish with bunches of cress.

Discarded champagne bottle corks sell for thirty cents a dozen.

The average wheat crop of this country yields about 500,000,000 bushels.

Utah has 3,000,000 acres of arabic lands, watered by 1,000 miles of canals.

Virginia raises 5,000,000 bushels of peanuts and $4,000,000 worth of fruits and vegetables.

Mississippi is second in cotton fifth in rice, sixth in horses and mules and seventh in sugar.

ST. JACOBS OIL CURES MAGICALLY

SPRAINS.

Chronic Cases of Many Years Cured Easily.

The bituminous or soft coal output in the United States now aggregates 100,000,000 tons annually.

In the construction of the Suez canal 800,000,000 cubic yards of material were excavated by 30,000 laborers.

Alabama is fourth in cotton, fifth in molasses, sixth in sugar, seventh in rice, tenth in coal.

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, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, BILIOUSNESS, 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 bilious pains and torpidity of the liver, will keep the system regular and secure healthy digestion.

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

RADWAY & CO., NEW YORK.

CATARRH IN CHILDREN

For over two years my little girl's life was made miserable by a case of Catarrh. The discharge from the nose was large, constant and very offensive. Her eyes became inflamed, the lids swollen and very painful. After trying various remedies, I gave her S.S.S. The first bottle seemed to aggravate the disease, but the symptoms soon abated, and in a short time she was cured.

DR. L. B. RITCHEY, Mackey, Ind.

Our book on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Letters from Mothers

speak in warm terms of what Scott's Emulsion has done for their delicate, sickly children. It's use has brought thousands back to rosy health.

Scott's Emulsion

of cod-liver oil with Hypophosphites is employed with great success in all ailments that reduce flesh and strength. Little ones take it with relish.

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

THE JUDGES of the WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION Have made the

HIGHEST AWARDS