A LULLABY.

Sleep, Baby, sleep!
The purple curtains of the night are spread,
The quiet stars are watching overhead;
Through the closed casement, in these stilly hours,
There comes no wooing fragrance from the flow'rs;
And all the merry birds are hushed to rest,
Since Baby lies within her own warm nest—
Sleep, Baby, sleep.

Wake, Baby, wake!
The sun is shining through the window-bars,
And Mother's eyes are brighter than the stars
Out in the garden nod the roses tall,
And Mother's kiss is sweeter than them all;
The birds are trilling from the boughs above,
And Mother waits to sing her song of love—
Wake, Baby, wake!

HIS FAIR PATIENT.

BY ROBERT H. LOCKWOOD

THE gray dawn had begun to filter through the closed blinds at the foot of his bed, and Doctor Banks had just settled himself for a final snooze, when his night-bell rang furiously. The good doctor sprang up and put his head out of the window.

"What is wanted?" he called.

"Is that Doctor Banks?"

The voice was a clear treble, and he could distinguish a female form in the street below.

"Yes," he answered; "what do you want?"

"Oh! doctor," said the voice tremulously; "please come with me at once. My sister is dying, I fear."

"I'll be right down," called the doctor, and, hurriedly dressing himself he descended and opened the door.

"Come in," he said; "I will be with you immediately."

As his visitor stepped into the full blaze of the hall light, the doctor saw that she was very beautiful. Her features, although pinched and pale, were clear-cut and classic. Her voice was low and well modulated, and, in spite of her apparent poverty, she had the air of a woman of refinement.

The doctor was soon ready, and together they left the house. She led him by many turns, through narrow streets, until she opened a door into a long, dark passage between two dwellings and passed in. The doctor followed her without hesitation. From the passage they emerged into a court on three sides of which faced a series of dismal and dirty tenements. Into one of these his conductress led him and up some rickety stairs. On the fourth landing she opened a door and entered an apartment. In a moment they stood beside a pallet on which lay a woman. The invalid stirred, and turning her wan face to them asked feebly:

"Have you brought the doctor, Alice?"

"Yes, dearest," and turning to him "Dr. Banks, this is my sister, Miss Carnold."

The change his name made on the sick woman was electric. From utter listlessness she was aroused to the intensest excitement. A deep flush overspread her face, and her eyes sparkled like coals as she raised herself upon her elbow and gazed into his face.

"It is not him," she muttered; "yet—yes—there is a likeness!"

She paused, and abruptly addressing the doctor said: "Had you ever a brother, Dr. Banks?"

Her voice was clear and resonant, it marked contrast to her previous mutterings. The doctor answered slowly and deliberately:

"Yes, madam."

"And his name was Henry?"

"Yes."

"Where is he now?"

A dark shade passed over his face.

"I do not know," he said; "I have not heard from him for three years. The last word I had was a letter he wrote me from California, telling of his engagement to a San Francisco girl—a paragon of beauty and goodness."

"That paragon is before you—or, rather, the wreck your faithless brother has left of her."

The doctor caught his breath. "Miss Carnold," he said, "this is a terrible surprise to me! But, come now, your sister shall tell me all. Meanwhile, you must not excite yourself, but must obey my directions strictly, if you wish to get well."

The doctor found that her's was no organic trouble, but rather a general exhaustion of nature's powers, arising from worry and insufficient food. He gave her a quieting potion, and she fell into a gentle slumber. He then asked Miss Alice to give him an account of how the trouble with his brother had happened.

In answer she related that her sister had met Henry Banks at a reception. He was young and handsome and had won her heart. Her father gave his consent to their marriage, and the day was set. Then followed Mr. Carnold's death, and the fall from wealth to poverty. He left nothing but his debts. But the climax of their troubles came when Henry Banks disappeared, leaving a letter for his fiancee stating that he had decided to start anew elsewhere and she would never see him again. The two women then worked their way to New York, hoping to meet friends of their father who once lived there, but only to find them dead. They had then rented their present apartments, and eked out a scanty living by taking in sewing. Under the severe strain Mary's health gave way, and she was prostrated. The younger sister, on her way for a physician, had been attracted by Dr. Banks's sign and had sought his aid. When she had finished her recital, the doctor was silent for a time.

"Miss Carnold," he said at last, "these surroundings are not congenial to you. Now I have a proposition to make which I beg you will accept in the same spirit that it is offered. The second floor of my house is vacant, and I want you to occupy it. When your sister is well enough to remove we will take her there, and you shall be more comfortable."

Alice's only answer was to burst into tears. The tender-hearted doctor sat down beside her and took her hand.

"Won't you consider me your friend, Miss Carnold," he said earnestly, "and accept this offer?"

She raised her lovely tear-stained face and their eyes met.

"Dr. Banks," she exclaimed, "your kindness quite overpowers me. Perhaps I ought to doubt you and spurn your proposal, but I am going to accept, for it seems to me that Providence has sent you to us."

"I trust that I shall prove a true emissary of Providence," he answered.

Two weeks passed. The invalid, thanks to her improved circumstances and the doctor's care, was so much improved as to be able to sit up. The doctor spent his evenings with the ladies when not professionally engaged, and charming companions he found them. One evening, while they were engaged in an animated conversation, the doctor's bell rang, and, excusing himself, he went below. As he opened the door a tall fine-looking man stepped into the hall. He stood there a moment, and then said in a low voice:

"James!"

"Harry!" exclaimed the other, springing forward and dragging him into the light. "It is you, my dear boy! Where have you been these three years? Come in and get warmed up."

When they were seated before the cheerful grate fire, James said:

"Hal, tell me; why did you desert you fiancee in her hour of need?"

"Good heavens! man, who told you that? I did not desert her. My story is a strange one, and but for the most substantial proofs I could never convince you of its veracity. But how did you hear of this?"

"From your fiancee. The Misses Carnold are living upstairs in the utmost poverty."

The other sprang to his feet. "Oh, let me go to her!" he cried. "Do not detain me!"

"No; you must wait," said his brother quietly. "It would kill her to see you suddenly in her weak state. I will prepare her for the meeting. But first tell me about your disappearance. You wrote to Miss Carnold, saying that you had decided to start anew, and that she would never see you again. That sounds like desertion, doesn't it?"

Hal uttered an exclamation of surprise. "It was a forgery!" he cried indignantly; "I never wrote such a letter. As I intimated to you, mine is a strange story, and this I suppose is but another chapter.

"Mr. Carnold, Mary's father, the day before he died, intrusted to my care a mortgage which he held on a gold-mine claim in Southern California and which he had intended to foreclose in three weeks. He wished me take possession of the claim and run it for his daughters' benefit, as this would be their sole support. I consented, and as soon as I left him placed the precious document in a safe-deposit vault.

"Mr. Carnold died the next day, and in the confusion and sorrow I forgot to mention the mortgage to the girls. That evening, sitting in my room, I fell asleep. I woke to find myself securely bound and gagged. To make a long story short, I was carried to a cab, conveyed a long way from the city to a lonely spot, and there kept prisoner, being guarded day and night by two of my four armed attendants.

"After two years of this sort of life, I succeeded in making my escape while my guards were in a drunken stupor after a day of debauch. I reached San Francisco in safety, foreclosed the mortgage, and caused the arrest of all concerned in my detention. Their cases come up in the November term. The mine was now the property of the girls, but no trace of them could I find; they had disappeared. I then came on and sought you. Like a fairy story, isn't it?"

"It certainly is, my dear Hal," answered James, when his brother had finished the recital of his adventures "I will run up now and break the good news to Mary and Alice."

"A tiresome patient," he said as he entered the room. "But I have learned through him that my brother Henry is well, and, what will be good news to you, that he has been totally blameless in the matter of his supposed desertion."

He then related his brother's story, being careful to conceal the fact that the mortgage interested them in any way.

"And so your brother is a rich miner now?" said Mary. "I hope, Dr. Banks, you will do all in your power to keep us apart."

"I will do nothing of the sort, Miss Carnold, He is anxious to see you, understand."

"But do you not see that we are miserably poor and he is a wealthy man? she said sadly.

"Suppose I tell you," he answered, that you are both rich. Suppose I tell you that the mortgage was left by your father in my brother's care for your maintenance, and that the gold-mine is yours."

The two women sprang up with exclamations of surprise; but the imperturbable doctor said to Mary, as he gently forced her back into her seat:

"Come now, Miss Carnold, I see I must exercise my authority. You must not excite yourself; you are still very weak. Besides—well, there's another patient," he added, interrupting himself, as the bell rang vigorously. As he left the room, he said mysteriously:

"If the patient proves to be a friend of yours, I will bring him in."

In a short time there were footsteps on the stairs—a knock—a cry—and the long separated lovers were clasped in each other's arms.

"What a joyous reunion!" said Dr. Banks, as he and Alice Carnold set apart watching the happy pair. "But do you realize that it means a separation to us, unless—unless you wish to avoid it?"

The beautiful head drooped to hide her blushes, but she did not answer.

"Alice, darling," he continued, passionately, "when first I saw those lovely, imploring eyes of yours, I loved you. Now you are a rich woman, and I only a poor doctor—"

"Hush! dear," she said, interrupting him; "I am rich, indeed, with such a love as yours. Take me, unworthy as I am; for you are my life."—New York Storiettes.

Not for Nothing.

"Josiar," said Farmer Corntossel's wife, "the roof's leakin' agin." "Is it? Well, I'll investigate it ter morrow." "Josiar—and she spoke with a something like asperity which was not usual with her—I don't read the newspapers for nothin'. Whut thet roof wants ain't investigation. It wants 'tendin' to."—Washington Star.

Devotion.

"Darling," he murmured, "I would be ready to die for you." She raised her eyes and smiled. "Then——" It was obvious that she was deeply affected. "—you, too, have noticed that black becomes me." The evidence of unselfish affection on his part quite overcame her.—Detroit Tribune.

Mother's Darling.

Suburban Boy—Mamma asked me what was my favorite flower, an' we'n I told her golden rod she kissed me and said I was poetic. Wot does that mean? Little Girl—I don't know. Why do you like the golden rod? Suburban Boy—'Cause it grows without any bother.—Good News.

A Master at Dialect.

Critic—You seem to be getting ahead splendidly with your works of fiction. Author—Getting ahead? I should say so! Why, the last magazine that bought one of my dialect stories had to send out for an extra supply of punctuation marks before it could print it.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

TO WHITEN SILK AND WOOL.

To bleach silk or wool the sovereignest thing on earth is sulphur smoke. Wash and dry either texture in the usual way, or rather hang to dry; take it down and fold smooth while it is still moderately damp.

Next get two tight barrels of good size, each with a single head, which should be bored full of big augur holes. In the open end of one hang the garments to be bleached, spreading them as open as possible; then cover the mouth of the bowl with a thick cloth. Now turn the other barrel open end down over a pair of braziers in which you have set fire to a pound of sulphur, previously wet with alcohol, and placed either upon earth, a brick hearth, or set in a large pan of water.

Set the barrel of clothes upon the sulphur barrel. See that the covering cloth is taut, then leave it undisturbed for at least three hours. The clothes will come out beautifully white, but will require at least two weeks of airing to rid them of the sulphur smell.

Straw hats can be bleached in the same way—first removing the band and and lining and washing them clean with a stiff brush. Sift a little meal or bran lightly over, then hang in the barrel, taking care that the brim is kept smooth and level. After it is bleached brush off the meal and press over a block, keeping a damp towel between iron and seam.—Chicago Record.

TAKING CARE OF THE CLOTHES-LINE.

Washing-day is too full of hard work and vexation to take any risks of having to do any portion of the work over, and the housekeeper who looks well to the accessories to such labor may save many an annoyance and a great deal of weariness, beside considerable time.

Among the unnecessaries of such occasions is the patching and piecing out of clothes-lines, the work of rubbing them with wet rags and the not unusual occurrence of a bad break, when the entire contents of the line may have to be rinsed again, even if it not necessary to give them a thorough washing to remove spots and stains.

Clothes-lines should be carefully taken down as soon as the clothes are dry. In doing this do not drag them on the ground or pull them over the dusty walks or porches, for they are liable to be damp and will catch any particles of dirt that they come in contact with. This necessitates a thorough cleaning when they must be used again, or the risk of making spots on the clothes. Tie the line up in a close bale and put it in a bag kept expressly for this purpose.

Some people leave the lines out from week to week, and, as a consequence, have to clean them and take the chances of having streaks and soils on the clean clothes, or, worse than this, find them parted in some weak spot and the wash spattered and dragging in the mud. The few minutes' work necessary to take down and put away all lines is time well spent.—New York Ledger.

SOME HINTS ABOUT TRIPE.

Tripe is such a nutritious food and agrees so well with dyspeptics and fever patients that it is a pity so few people know how to prepare and cook it.

In the country it is almost impossible to get tripe at the butcher's, and the canned article may be tripe in name but not in flavor.

It is no easy task to prepare tripe at home and the superior quality will more than repay the extra work.

The method used in our family is so easy and good that country people and all persons that kill their own beef should give it a trial.

Empty the tripe of its contents as soon as possible after the animal is killed. Wash it well and lay it in cold water to soak. Running water is best, but a large tub will do very well. Let it soak all day or over night, and it is well to change the water once or twice. After soaking, prepare a kettle of strong lye water, using concentrated lye. Cut the tripe in pieces of a suitable size for easy handling. Have ready a tub half full of cold water and a smooth board or washboard. When the lye is boiling hot drop in pieces of the tripe, let them boil a few minutes, then take them out, lay them on the board, and with a sharp knife scrape them well. The brown lining will slip off easily leaving the tripe clean and white. Wash well and lay in salt water over night or for a day or two and it is ready for use.

The tripe must first be boiled until very tender, when it is ready to pickle or use in any way one may prefer.—Detroit Free Press.

RECIPES.

Citron Cake—Four eggs, beaten separately. Three cups of sugar. One cup of butter, one-half cup of sweet milk, three cups of flour, two teaspoonsful of baking powder, one-half pound of citron, chopped and rolled in flour. Bake in long, narrow pans.

Apple Omelette—Stew eight large apples very soft, mash them fine and season with a cup of sugar, a tablespoonful of butter, and nutmeg or cinnamon to suit the taste. When the apples are cold add four well-beaten eggs. Bake slowly for twenty minutes and eat while warm.

Afraid of Thirteen.

Dick Singleton—I congratulate you, my boy. I hear that it's twins this time. How did that happen? Mr. Muchblest—Well, you see, we had twelve already and my wife is fearfully superstitious.—New York World.

Loose Duck Trousers.

"You don't appear to be puttin'on no frills," remarked Mr. Haicede to his city nephew. "but I must say that them there things you got on your legs would look a heap naturaller if you did."—Indianapolis Journal.

At the Revival.

The Deacon (to the cowboy who has just dropped in to see what a revival was like)—Young man, have you made your peace with your Creator? The Cowboy—I ain't never had no trouble with him.—Life.

He Understood.

Teacher—The race is not always to the swift. Do you understand the inner meaning of that? Bright Boy—Sometimes the head feller's tired gets punctured—Good News.

A Sharp Practice.

"This is what might be termed a bit of sharp practice," murmured the barber's apprentice as he started in on his task of learning to hone a razor.—Buffalo Courier.

His Mistake.

A fellow often thinks that a girl "by any other name would be as sweet" but he finds but his mistake after he gives her his own.—Brooklyn Life.

A MOTHER'S STORY.

HAPPINESS COMES AFTER YEARS OF SUFFERING.

The Terrible Experience of a Well Known Official's Wife—A Story That Appeals to Every Mother in the Land.

From the Chattanooga, Tenn., Press.

No county official in East Tennessee is better known and more highly esteemed than Mr. J. C. Wilson, Circuit Court Clerk of Rhea County, at Dayton, the home of Mr. Wilson. He enjoys the confidence and respect of all classes, and in the business community his word is as good as his bond. Just now Mr. Wilson is receiving heartiest congratulations from his numerous friends because of the restoration to robust health of his estimable wife, who has for years been a helpless invalid. Mrs. Wilson's high standing in society, and her many lovable traits of character have won her a host of friends, and her wonderful recovery has attracted widespread attention.

As the *Press* was the medium of bringing to the invalid lady's attention the remedy that has effected her remarkable cure, a reporter was sent to Dayton to interview Mrs. Wilson, in order that the general public might have the benefit of the sufferer's experience and be made aware of the treatment that wrought such a marvelous change in her condition. The reporter was welcomed at the Wilson home, and the enthusiastic lady with becoming reluctance gave the history of her affliction and the manner in which she was relieved:

"Yes," said Mrs. Wilson, "I was for 8 years an invalid with one of the most distressing afflictions woman can suffer. For 8 years I moped around, dragging myself with difficulty and pain out of bed. My little ones went untrained and were greatly neglected, while I looked listlessly and helplessly at the cheerless prospect before me and them. I suffered the most intense pains in the small of my back, and these seemed even greater in the region of the stomach, extending down to the groins. I suffered agony sleeping or awake. Despair is no word for the feeling caused by that dreadful sensation of weakness and helplessness I constantly experienced.

"I was treated for my trouble by several local physicians, but they were able to give me only temporary relief by the use of sedatives and narcotics. I had almost given up all hope of ever securing permanent relief when I saw an account in the *Press* of a cure which Dr. Williams Pink Pills had effected, I decided to try them, as I knew the lady who had been cured and had great confidence in her statement. I began to take the pills in October, 1893, and in two months I was doing light housework and attending to the children without any bad effects of weakness, such as I had formerly experienced. Hitherto, I had been unable to retain any food, but now my appetite grew stronger, and with it came back that old, healthy and hearty tone of the stomach. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured me, and I assure you the cure has brought a great change to our home. I can now rejoice in my husband's success, for I feel that I have something to live for. Who has a better right to feel this than a mother? One thing more. I have recommended these pills to others, and many of the women of Dayton have taken them with good results, and it is my greatest pleasure to recommend to every suffering woman a remedy that has done so much for me."

An analysis proves that Dr. Williams Pink Pills for Pale People contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are now manufactured by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine Company.

Catching Turtle.

A curious mode of catching turtle is practiced in the West Indies. It consists in attaching a ring and a line to the tail of a species of sucker fish known as the remora. The live fish is then thrown overboard, and immediately makes for the first turtle he can spy, to which he attaches himself very firmly by means of a sucking apparatus arranged at the top of his head. Once attached to the turtle, so firm is his grip that the fisherman on drawing the line brings home both turtle and the sucker.—New York Dispatch.

For Baldness.

An English physician named Mopother has been making researches into the influence of certain kinds of food on baldness. Two of the forms of food, he asserts, that nearly everyone takes every day, beef and milk, have, by their chemical composition, the effect of annihilating the primordial elements of the hair and withering the roots. Doctor Mopother thinks that different albuminoid food and starchy substances, particularly dark colored oats, which contain twenty-two per cent. of silica, have a powerful effect in making the hair grow. The races of men that have the finest hair are usually those living on starchy substances and vegetables.—Detroit Free Press.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure to get the genuine. It is taken internally, and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

The robbery of graves is the only crime under Chinese law for which the thief may be justly killed on the spot by anyone finding him out.

Walter Baker & Co., of Dorchester, Mass., the largest manufacturers of pure, high grade, non-chemically treated Cocoas and Chocolates in this continent, have just carried off the highest honors at the Midwinter Fair in San Francisco. The printed rules governing the Judges at the Fair, states that "One hundred points entitles the exhibit to a special award, or Diploma of Honor. The scale, however, is placed so high, they say 'that it will be attained only in most exceptional cases.'" *All of Walter Baker & Co.'s goods received one hundred points, entitling them to the special award stated in the rules.*

A fish with a head and body resembling that of an alligator was recently captured off Fort White, Fla. It weighed 1½ pounds.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Binghamton, N. Y.

The Suez Canal is only eighty-eight miles long, but it reduced the distance from England to India, by sea, nearly 4000 miles.

Are You Nervous,

Are you all tired out, do you have that tired feeling or sick headache? You can be relieved of all these symptoms by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla which gives nerve and bodily strength.

Hood's Pills are easy in action.

A Long Island woman found a pear, one and a half inches in diameter in a clam shell recently.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation 25 cts. 50 cts., $1.

The heaviest cyclist in the world is said to be Dr. Meldon of Dublin, who weighs 378 pounds.

It's Hood's that Cures

The combination, proportion and process by which Hood's Sarsaparilla is prepared are peculiar to itself. Its record of cures is unequalled. Its sales are the largest in the world. The testimonials received by its proprietors by the hundred, telling the story that Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures are unparalleled in the history of medicine, and they are solid facts.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills cure Constipation, Indigestion.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.
DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, or MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER

Removes Tan, Freckles, Pimples, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty and defies detection. On its virtues it has stood the test of 43 years; no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "*As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations.*"

One bottle will last six months, using it every day. Also Powder Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

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☞ Beware of Base imitations. $1000 Reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.

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Made of canvas and galvanized iron. Two bags, one inside of the other, with space between them for eight quarts of oats, which drop through into the basin, gradually filling it about one inch, directly under the horse's mouth. This Bag prevents waste, gormandizing, slobbering, breathing in the oats, never gets foul, and positively cures the habit of throwing the head.

This Bag has no opening for the oats to rattle like that blower automatically.

Four quarts of oats slowly fed where the horse gets them all is of more value than six wasted.

We guarantee it the only bag ever offered for sale with these merits. Send for circulars.

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$1000 in money; besides other valuable premiums to good guessers. Baseball Roasters, catch on. See offer in HOME AND COUNTRY MAGAZINE. Price, 25 cents. Sample Magazine can be seen and full particulars obtained at this office. All Newsdealers, or 53 East 10th Street, New York City.

1000 Stickers, your name and address, only 10c. THE HERALD, No. 147 A, Lum St., Phila. Pa.

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.

36 904

The large lens, measuring twenty-eight inches in diameter, for the Greenwich (England) Observatory, is completed and the other parts are said to be well advanced. The new sky navigator when completely set up will have a length of thirty feet.

What is said to be the largest gasholder in the world has just been completed for the gas company of East Greenwich, England. It is 300 feet in diameter, and when fully inflated is 180 feet high. The floating vessel of the holder weighs 1300 tons, and the capacity of the arrangement is 12,000,000 cubic feet.

The new leather "membranoid," or "boucle," is somewhat puzzling to those who are not in the secret of its origin. It is neither more nor less than tripe, tanned by a new process and prepared for use in about ten days. It is said to be the lightest leather known and as pliable as cotton cloth. It is made in ten colors and can be used for pocket-books, albums, millinery, dress trimmings and slippers. The leather looks like crash toweling and the honeycomb portion of cross-bar pattern is most ornamental.

WHY HE DIDN'T SHOOT.

A Cass avenue man, with a wife who has her own ways about doing things, catches her now and then.

"My dear," he said the other morning, as he was dressing, "I think you were right when you told me last night there were burglars in the house."

"Why?" she asked nervously.

"Because all the money that was in my pockets when I went to bed is gone."

"Well," she said, with an I-told-you-so air, "if you had been brave and got up and shot the wretch you would have had your money this morning."

"Possibly, my dear, possibly," he said gingerly, "but I would have been a widower."

She laughed softly then and gave half of it back to him.—Detroit Free Press.

An Unfortunate.

"Is Ethel going to the seashore this summer?" "No. What's the use? Nobody would believe she had been away. She doesn't tan or freckle a bit."—Washington Star.

CAVE dwellers still live in Spain.

LAUGH AND GROW FAT

A HEALTHY TONIC FOR INVALIDS OF ALL KINDS.

Humorous Anecdotes Gleaned from Various Sources—Something to Read Which Will Make Anybody Sleep Well—Better Than Medicine When Taken Before Retiring.

A Narrow Escape.

Dashaway—Ah, General, just got back from your yacht cruise in the Mediterranean? The General—Yes, sir. And we came near losing our lives, sir. Dashaway—Got caught in a gale? The General—No, sir; worse than that, sir. Dashaway—Didn't get ashore or run on a rock, did you? The General—No, sir; we ran out of whisky.—Life.

He Felt Flattered.

Willie Wibbles had been talking about a jest he once made until the young woman became weary. "I couldn't help thinking it was far-fetched," she remarked. "Oh, y-a-a-s, indeed," replied Willie, delightedly. "Genuine imported article, you know. I wead it in punch.—Washington Star.

Southern Dialect Stories.

Mrs. Peastraw—Land sakes, Mrs. Catcake! What do you mean by talking such gibberish? Mrs. Oatcake—We-uns is goin' teh keep bohders dis summeh an' we-uns wants teh have a dialeck teh please un with. I larned mine frum them air maggyzine stories, I did.—Harper's Bazaar.

A Settled Calm.

"It is going to be pretty tough sledding for me the next few months. I owe so much that it is going to take every cent I can make to pay out." "That is where I have the best of you. I have quit worrying. I owe so much that I have given up all idea of paying out."—Indianapolis Journal.

Not Exacting.

Young Munney—Ah! fair one, be mine; I will give up wealth, fame, position, yea, even family for you. Miss Pretty Shopgurl—Well, Henry, if you still insist I suppose I must say yes; but I won't be hard upon you, dear; you need give up only the latter.—Boston Courier.

Eve in Embryo.

"Huh!" exclaimed the first little girl, after she had heard the story of the fall of man, "the serpent couldn't tempt me with an apple. I don't like apples." "But," argued the second girl, "s'pose somebody told you not to eat apples."—Detroit Tribune.

Easy to Explain Them.

"I just can't understand our yacht gettin' beat by them British," said the patriotic man. "Ef it was old man Gould hisself that owned her it would be asy enough. Everybody would know that he was long on Britannia stock."—Exchange.

To Be Proven False.

"Well," said the man who tries to be philosophical, "there's always room at the top, you know." "I've heard so. But if the weather keeps up, I'm looking for the thermometer to furnish proof to the contrary."—Washington Star.

Its Properties.

She (nestling up to him)—I know we are poor, papa, but Charlie says that love will make a way. Her Father (grimly)—Yes, yes. It has made away with about eight tons of coal and $50 worth of gas in the last twelve months.—Truth.

Corrected.

Jasper—Girls always want to marry for love but when they grow older they look after the money. Jumpuppe—You express yourself very ungallantly. Women never grow older. They simply grow wiser.—Town Topics.

His Threat.

"What do you mean by threatening me as you have? I hear you swore if I cut across your field again you would shoot me as you would a dog?" "Oh, that's all right. I never shoot dogs."—Boston Transcript.

Trustworthy.

Old Gravely—If you do not care to be my wife, perhaps the prospects of being a rich young widow might tempt you. Minnie (eagerly)—Oh, Mr. Gravely! If I were only sure I could trust you.—Spare Moments.

Hopeless.

"Papa," said Willie, as he watched the colt prancing about the fields, "I don't believe he'll ever grow up to be a horse." "Why not, my son?" asked papa. "Because he behaves so like a jackass."—Harper's Bazaar.

They Don't.

Little Clarence—Pa what is a Lieutenant Governor elected for? Mr. Callipers—To succeed the Governor in case of death. Clarence—Why, pa, I didn't know that anybody ever died while holding office!—Truth.

No Use in His Business.

Mrs. Hastack—Here's a pair of old pants you can have. Heavy Waite—I'd take dem pants, mum, but dere ain't no seat on 'em, and I'm a great feller fer sittin' down, mum.—Judge.

Southern Pine Forests in Danger.

It is reported that the pine forests of Raleigh, Webster and neighboring counties of Virginia are in danger of total destruction through the ravages of a small insect which has appeared of late years, and is multiplying rapidly, and extending the sphere of its destructive work. Professor O. D. Hopkins, of the West Virginia Agricultural Experiment Station, thinks that he has discovered a remedy for the pest. He spent some time last summer in the Black Forest of Germany, and found there a small and prolific insect, which feeds on the injurious ones, and is not harmful to timber. He has imported several thousand of them, and is now engaged in distributing them in the sections where the ravages of the pest are worst. It is to be hoped that his remedy will be successful. The destruction of its pineries would mean an incalculable loss to the South.—New Orleans Picayune.

The First Street Car.

A correspondent is informed that the first street car was built by John Stephenson. It was first used on November 6, 1832, and ran from Prince street in the Bowery, to Fourteenth street. On its first trip it carried the Mayor and Common Council. The patent for this car was signed by President Andrew Jackson. The car had three compartments of ten seats each, the doors being on the sides. It also had seats on the top.—New York Tribune.

The Indian Hornbill.

A hornbill is something like a big magpie in all its sly tricks and ways. It catches a little ball of food, if thrown to it, with a sharpness and precision worthy of a cricketer. On one occasion, when Mrs. Hornbill had made herself a nest in the hollow trunk of the tree in their house and deposited her eggs in it, Mr. Hornbill came and plastered up the opening with mud, leaving only a small space sufficient for him to insert his bill and feed the female and nestlings. He feeds them in a very affectionate manner, by throwing up from his own stomach pellets of food, enveloped, something like a sausage, in "gizzard sacs" formed of portions of the interior lining of his own stomach. This is perhaps more curious than nice.—Longman's Magazine.

Never ridicule the unfortunate.

Fanaticism is an obstinate vice.

No fool can be silent amid his cups.

Monarchy, in any shape, is but tyranny.

A man with a prejudice is a man with a chain.

The universe in its entirety is eternal and self existent.

Three things to teach—truth, industry and contentment.

It is a responsibility to think and act for yourself. Most people hate responsibility.

To deprive wormwood of its bitterness, and to take away liberty from speeech, are both alike.

Glorious indeed is the world around us, but more glorious the world within us. There lies the Land of Song; there lies the poet's native land.

Men are unhappy only because they are ignorant; they are ignorant only because everything conspires to prevent their being enlightened; they are wicked only because their reason is not sufficiently developed.

Every man may with truth say that he waited for a whole eternity to be born, and that he has now a whole eternity waiting to see what he will do now that he is born. It is this which gives to this little period of life, so contemptible when weighed against eternity, a significance it never had without it. It is thus an infinite area, where infinite interests are played out. Not an action of man but will have its truth realized and will go on forever.

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.

LONG STRING of diseases and derangements have their origin in torpor of the liver. Deranged appetite, constipation, headache, sour stomach, gassy belchings, indigestion, or dyspepsia, are due to sluggish liver.

Mr. John A. DeBerry, U. S. Inspector of Immigration at *Buffalo, N. Y.*, writes as follows: "From early childhood I suffered from a sluggish liver. Doctors' prescriptions and patent medicines afforded only temporary relief. I tried Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, taking three at night and two after dinner every day for two weeks and then one "Pellet" every day for two months. I have in six months increased in solid flesh, twenty-six pounds. I am in better health than I have been since childhood. Drowsiness and unpleasant feelings after meals have completely disappeared. Respectfully yours,

John A. DeBerry
U. S. Inspector of Immigration.

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**Sick Headache, Female Complaints, Biliousness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Constipation