AN OLD GOOD-BY.

The dead leaves rustle at my feet,
The moon is shining brightly,
Something has softly dimmed my eyes.
Across the path one shadow lies—
The path two trod so lightly.

It was upon a night like this
Love left us only sorrow;
I held her little hand in mine,
That parting is to me divine,
Then there was no to-morrow.

Since I have learned life's lesson well,
Hearts are not easy broken;
To-night all joys I have forgot;
There's something sacred in this spot,
Where sweet good-byes were spoken.

I'd feel less lonely with myself
If I were broken-hearted:
Would I could live that night again,
With all its saddened-sweetened pain,
When love from love was parted!

—Lorimer Stoddard, in Lippincott.

THE FAMILY SECRET.

BY HELEN FOREST GRAVES.

"HERE'S a sketching party," said Mr. Poyntz—"six of us—three gentlemen and three ladies. Do you know of any place in the neighborhood where we could get decent board?"

The postmaster looked up at the ceiling and then down at the big stone spittoon. He reflected.

Then he shook his head.

"No," said he, I don't. The hotel don't open till June. Old Mrs. Moxon used to take boarders, but she had a stroke o' paralysis last month. I dunno of no one else."

"I should be willing to pay a fair price," said Mr. Poyntz, "and we'll give as little trouble as possible."

Still the postmaster shook his head.

"I—don't—know—of—nobody," repeated he. "Here, Janey Walton—two packages and a letter for your folks, and six cents due!"

A bright eyed young girl slipped forward from the shadowy corner where they sold calico and canned goods at double city prices, and counted six cankered cents, reluctantly, from a shabby purse.

Her cheeks were flushed, her heart was thumping like a trip-hammer, as she lifted her timid eyes to Percival Poyntz's handsome face.

"I—I think I know of a place where you could be accommodated," she murmured, "if you are not too particular—an old farm house with fresh air and plenty of room."

Mr. Poyntz stepped forward, raising his hat as he did so.

"We should require four bedrooms," said he, "and we're fully prepared to camp down in almost any fashion. Would fifty dollars a week for the party be too little?"

Janey's big brown eyes dilated. Fifty dollars a week seemed a colossal sum to a girl who had never seen more than a five dollar bill at any one time before.

He drew out his card.

"Will you favor me with the address?" said he. "May I call at once?"

"This evening," faltered Janey, feeling as if she had burned all the bridges behind her, "at eight o'clock. It's the old Walton homestead, beyond the mill-race, where the big elm-trees grow."

And before Percival could syllable any more questions that slim figure had vanished.

Janey Walton did not go home by the road, but took instead a short cut flying through budding woods, stopping on the edge of Racket Brook to gather a handful of the very earliest violets ere she jumped airly across the stepping-stones, climbing rude walls like a squirrel and springing lightly from hummock to hummock in the marshy meadow under the hill.

So that her cheeks and eyes were brighter than ever when she darted into the wide, low-ceiled keeping-room where her two elder sisters sat bemoaning their hard fate.

Amelia and Philippa Walton were widely different from their dark, nervous-natured young sister.

Amelia was tall and fair, with frizzed flaxen locks and expressionless blue eyes.

Philippa was like a big wax doll, with pinky cheeks and a deliberation of movement bordering on stupidity.

"Dear me," exclaimed Amelia, "how you do bounce into the room."

"We thought," said the magnified wax doll, "that you never were coming back."

"There's a letter for Philippa," said Janey, "from the Thackeray Magazine. It looks like her story coming back. And two parcels for Amelia."

"'Declined with thanks,'" angrily read Philippa. "And those packages are 'Melia's painted scarfs from the Bureau of Work. I knew there wouldn't be any market for them."

"As much as there is for your silly stories," sharply retorted Amelia. "Oh, dear! I never would have bought that blue serge dress if I hadn't thought—"

"Listen," struck in Janey, abruptly. "I've something to tell you, girls. We've come to a point, now, where something must be done; and I've determined to take boarders."

"Boarders!"

Miss Philippa drew herself up with hauteur.

"Never!" cried Amelia, emphatically.

"But we must live," reassured Janey, "And there's the interest on the mortgage coming due this month, and the taxes are all behind, and the butcher says he can't let the bill run any higher."

"We are Waltons," said Philippa.

"Waltons," suggested Janey, "must eat and drink."

Amelia burst into tears.

"Janey never had any proper pride," said she—"never! And I won't consent—"

"But you must consent!" asserted Janey.

And then she told the two pink-and-white maidens what she had done.

"Artists!" exclaimed Philippa. "On a sketching tour! Oh, how delightful!"

"Three gentlemen and three ladies," repeated Amelia. "Oh, I should revel in a little congenial society! Janey, see here! Philippa and I never will descend to the level of boarding-house keepers. As I said before, we are Waltons! Our grandfather was a county judge. But—if you choose to run the place, as it seems" (with a scornful sniff) "you've taken the responsibility of things, and let these people suppose we two are boarders, also, I see no harm in that."

"Yes," cried Philippa, "that's the idea, exactly! We'll take our Grandfather Revere's name, and these haughty city people shall suppose we are boarders, too!"

"And who is to do the work?" asked Janey, composedly.

"Why you, of course!" answered Philippa.

"You are to take the money," added Amelia. "It was your own idea, you know."

Janey shrugged her shoulders.

"Well," said she, "I don't see any alternative, but this new departure isn't quite according to my idea. Hush! There's a knock at the door."

And then it was that Mr. Poyntz appeared on the scene.

He was delighted with the big, airy rooms of the old homestead, the wide hall with its matted floor and paneled ceiling, the antique massiveness of the furniture, and the lovely prospect from the windows; and in less than a week he and his two sisters and the other members of the sketching class were snugly installed in their new quarters.

Janey had toiled like a slave to get the rooms ready. She had talked herself hoarse to induce the butcher to condone the arrears and to persuade the aggrieved "general merchant" to extend new supplies of flour and spices, tea and sugar.

"As soon as I get the first week's board," said Janey, "I can pay some of these debts."

"But Philippa must have a spring hat," said Amelia.

"And Amelia wants to go out sketching with the Poyntzes," declared Philippa, "and how can she without an outfit? You must let us have the first week's money, Janey. Don't you see, you silly little goose, that Mr. Poyntz is getting interested in dear Amelia? Oh, yes he is, in spite of that great-eyed Miss Duchesne, who goes about with a flapping hat and straight up-and-down gown, like one of Boughton's pictures. Only think what a thing that would be for us all! Why, Mr. Axworthy says he's a rich man, in spite of this artist kink of his."

"Rich men sometimes are artists," drily remarked Janey.

And so the first week's earnings were swallowed up by these human octopuses.

Miss Revere, as Amelia called herself, took great pains with her toilet, developed a new enthusiasm for art, and smiled her sweetest on Percival Poyntz, while the other Miss Revere devoted herself to Harry Duchesne and Frank Axworthy.

Like the lilies of the field, the tall sisters toiled not, neither did they spin, but sauntered gracefully about the green fields, posed under the greening boughs of the elm trees and studied the newest novels and poems, so as to be able to hold their own in the literary chit-chat of the sketching party.

"It's such a splendid opportunity for us," said Amelia, complacently.

"I'm so glad Janey thought of it," smiled Philippa.

One spring day, however, when they were all copying the fantastic leaps of a certain cascade not far from the house, Mr. Poyntz happened to be sitting beside fair Amelia, with his easel before him, and his palette on his thumb.

"Oh, by-the-way," said he, "there's something I want to ask you, Miss Revere!"

Amelia blushed.

This was not the way that proposals generally began; but then, she reflected, artists were so unconventional!

"It's confidential, of course," said he.

"Oh, of course!" murmured Amelia.

"Well, then, is it true that that pretty young hostess of ours has two selfish sisters who are boarding genteelly somewhere, and leaving her to bear all the brunt of care and responsibility?"

Amelia was silent.

The blush was gone now; her cheek wore the pallor of wrath, instead.

"Of course I don't believe it," said he. "I never have heard of any such persons since I have been here. But Mary declares it is a fact. I tell her, though, that if there were any sisters they would be here to help her in her household tasks and duties. She's the bravest little soldier I ever saw."

Miss Amelia bit her lip; her eyes lightened ominously.

"I don't know how you should expect me to know all about Miss Walton's household affairs," said she. "I am a Revere!"

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" said Poyntz. "I supposed you were old acquaintances."

"And I really can't imagine," vindictively added Amelia, "why you should be interested in the matter, one way or another."

"Can't you?" He smiled, and touched the glittering edge of the cascade with ivory-white. "Why, because I'm interested in Miss Walton herself; because I find her the most interesting person I have ever met; because I have asked her to marry me."

Amelia leaned forward, with a little gasp.

"And—and has she accepted you?"

"I don't know. I have not received yet any answer to the note I sent to her this morning."

"Do you mean—Janey?"

"Of course I mean—Janey."

Miss Amelia started up, letting her sketching utensils scatter themselves every which way.

"I think a bee has stung my finger," said she. "I must hurry back to the house."

Mr. Poyntz looked after her in some amazement, but before he could decide whether it was best for him to follow her and inquire into the full extent of her injury, his sister Mary came to his side.

"Percival," she whispered, "I've discovered it all! Revere isn't the true name at all of those big blue-eyed girls. They are the selfish sisters, masking as ladies of leisure, for their poor little sister to do the work and bear the blame of everything. Oh, I never heard anything like it in my life! She's as much a Revere as they are!"

"Well," said Mr. Poyntz, quietly, "if I have my way, she won't be a Revere long!"

The family secret was out at last; the true personality of Amelia and Philippa was finally recognized, and Janey could scarcely believe her eyes when she read Mr. Poyntz's letter.

"If it had been Amelia he meant," she murmured, "or even Philippa! But me! Can it be possible he cares for me?"

Two arms stole softly around her neck; a soft cheek was laid against her own.

"What shall I tell him, Janey?" whispered Mary Poyntz.

And Janey hid her face on her companion's shoulder and answered:

"Tell him—yes!"—Saturday Night.

Her Impressive Silence.

"Arrah, docther, an' may th' saints bless yer fer yer koindniss t' me sick boy! Shure, he'd be as dead as a shillaiay if it bean't fer ye." "Don't mention it, my good woman; don't mention it." "Shure, docthor, I'll niver till a soul."—Exchange.

WE have an idea that the feas don't sing anything else but "Daddy, won't you buy me a bow wow?"

NAPOLEON AND JOSEPHINE.

A New Private Life Which Defends the Act of Separation.

A great deal of sentiment has been wasted over Josephine and her divorce, but the author of a new private life of Bonaparte by Simeon and translated from the French by Arthur Levy shows that Napoleon was fully justified, apart from reasons of state, in taking the steps of separation. At the time of his marriage and for a long time afterward he worshiped her, but she was always cold and indifferent, seldom writing to him during his absence, continually and secretly contracting debts for jewelry and dress, and finally compromising her reputation by her relations with an officer, Hippolite Charles, who had been expelled from the army of Italy by the Emperor. This scandal occurred while Napoleon was in Egypt, and was kept from him as long as possible. He was at last told of it by Junot, and determined on an immediate divorce. On his return he was met by Josephine with such a show of humiliation and sorrow and with so many vows of future devotion that he forgave her and continued to live with her, although his love for her was dead. Later a genuine affection seems to have grown up between them, so that at last, when the divorce was decided upon it was a matter of pain to both. Napoleon never, even after his marriage with Marie Louise, lost interest in Josephine. The second marriage was even more unhappy than the first.

Marie Louise was a weak creature, with no principle, and when the Emperor was banished to Elba, she took up with a lover with whom she had long had relations. Both wives, whom he had striven by every means in his power to make happy, deceived him, with this difference; while Josephine was unfaithful to him from the start, Marie Louise only deceived him after several years of marriage. In each of these unions he tried to found an exemplary and peaceful home governed by the simplest habits. Neither the splendor of his career nor the pride of State had any influence upon his character as husband and father.

Several chapters are devoted to the relation of what Napoleon did for his officers and relatives, and the ingratitude shown by them in return. We are inclined to think that Mr. Levy does not sufficiently regard both sides of the question. As a general thing when Napoleon bestowed a favor upon anyone of his relatives it was saddled with conditions which were often difficult and irritating; and, besides, any recipient of his favors was never allowed to forget the obligation.

Freaks of the Candy Trade.

Candy consumers will scarcely believe there are seasons when that edible is particularly in demand, and others when business shuts down and fashionable manufacturers say "nothing is doing." Fancy never a time when candy takes a rest! Yet so it is, and after the summer hotel season it drops out as many points as it in the original sugar, and will not revive until December, when the factories start up for the Christmas trade. There are girls who will declare this to be impossible. They, at all events, never let up on its consumption. Why, then, should the candy business ever languish? But it was estimated at a summer hotel recently that the belles, of whom there were several, averaged two and three pound boxes a week, one attractive little Philadelphian having broken the record by exhibiting no less than fourteen boxes of various sizes and devices that she had received during the first ten days of her stay. It is also whispered of a certain managing mamma that it is her custom when leaving town to order confectionary to be sent her pride and joy once a week. When the delicious supply is handed around to friends at the resort, it is with the remark that "daughter" has so many admirers who wish to be remembered it is really an embarrassment of sweets. These fa ts may account for the falling off in trade at the end of the summer hotel season.—Boston Herald.

She Proved Her Love.

Don Massimo, Duke of Antikoli, whose engagement to Princess Eugenie Bonaparte was recently announced, some years ago fell in love with a beautiful Roman girl of humble birth, but, in spite of their mutual supplications, her parents refused in the most emphatic manner to give their consent to the union. After a great deal of persuasion, however, the girl appeared to waive her objections to a secret marriage. The day of the ceremony came at last, and it was while they were standing together and taking their vows, that the woman maiden suddenly threw herself into her lover's arms and sobbed out "You shall see now how great is the love I bear you. I will not consent to this marriage. The world says that I want your title and your money. I don't, but I could never make you happy," and in spite of the Duke's urgent, heartbroken entreaties, she obstinately refused to go through the remainder of the ceremony.

Thunder Kills Fish.

An electrical storm in St. Louis recently deprived many aquariums, both in residences and show windows, of their silver and gold fish. Thunder and lightning are judged by old fishermen and proprietors of animal stores to be the cause of the death of the fish which are found floating on their backs for several mornings after an electric storm. A St. Louis electrician gives it as his opinion that the concussion of the thunder breaks the air chamber which by compression cause the fish to sink and by expansion to rise to the surface.

His Last Chance.

"Did that fellow who was hanged die in the hope of a better life, like the most of them?" "I am not quite sure about that," replied the minister. "He made his breakfast entirely off ice-cream. He seemed to have some doubt that there would be any of it where he was going."—Indianapolis Journal.

Hot-Weather Reading.

Book Agent—Would you like to buy this work, sir, entitled "New Discoveries in Central Africa." Remsen Court—Suffering Moses! no, but if you have a book of the North Pole, with lots of people being froze to death, and all that, I'll buy it in a rush—Brooklyn Eagle.

Dissipation.

"I don't know what I'm going to do about my husband," said the ow with a sob. "What's the matter?" asked the sympathetic nightingale. "His habits are getting to be something dreadful. This is the second time this week he has been up all day."—Truth.

More dogs go mad in winter than in summer.

MIRACULOUS ESCAPES.

Napoleon Seemed to Live in a Charmed Circle and Went About With No Fear.

In reply to the question in what engagements he considered himself to have been in the greatest danger of losing his life, Napoleon once said "In the commencement of my campaigns." Indeed, if further proof were demanded to show that he did not spare himself at Toulon it is only necessary to add that during the ten weeks of its siege Napoleon, in addition to a bayonet wound in his thigh had three horses shot under him while at the siege of Acre, during the expedition to Egypt he lost no fewer than four in the same manner.

During the last days of his life when captivity, disappointment and sickness had well-nigh completed their work, it is said that the agony of his fatal disease drew from him on many occasions the pitiful cry of "Why did the cannon balls spare me?"

During his long military career Napoleon fought sixty battles, while Cæsar fought but fifty. In the early part of his career he was utterly reckless of danger while on the battlefield, and this spirit of fearlessness contributed largely to the love and esteem in which he was held by his armies. There was a curious belief among the English in Napoleon's time that he had never been wounded and indeed the report was current that he carefully, if not in a cowardly manner, refrained from exposing himself. Nothing could be more contrary to the truth, for he was in reality several times severely wounded, but, as he wished to impress upon his troops the belief that good fortune never deserted him, and that like Achilles, he was well-nigh invulnerable, he always made a secret of his many dangers. He therefore enjoined, once for all, upon the part of his immediate staff the most absolute silence regarding all circumstances of this nature, for it is almost impossible to calculate the confusion and disorder which would have resulted from the slightest report of the smallest doubt relative to his existence. Upon the single thread of this man's life not only depended the fate and government of a great empire, but the whole policy and destiny of Europe as well.

A DOG'S MEMORY.

How an Animal Helped His Master to Identify Him.

There was quite an interesting hearing before Alderman Swap of Erie, last week. Richard Daly, about a year ago, lost a bulldog which he prized very highly. He received information that one John Donovan had a white bulldog which he kept locked up, and Mr. Daly immediately made information before Alderman Swap to recover the animal, which he believed belonged to him. He went to Donovan and induced him to bring the dog out, and he claims there was a mutual recognition, Donovan, however, refused to give up the dog.

A hearing of the case was set for last evening, and a large crowd found admission to the office of the 'squire.

Donovan sat in the corner with the dog at his feet. Three men sat between Donovan and Daly. In the course of the hearing attorney Walling, in questioning the witness, said:

"Can you identify the dog by any marks on his body?"

Mr. Daly mentioned a few marks of identification, which were found to be upon the dog present.

"What was the dog's name, Mr. Daly?" asked the lawyer.

"His name was Buff," said Mr. Daly.

No sooner was the name pronounced by the once familiar voice than tap, tap, tap tap, was heard on the floor, and this the dog's only means of showing recognition of his former owner—by wagging his tail—was accepted as competent and conclusive evidence. The dog had not heard the name for nearly a year, but his memory served him well.

John Donovan claimed he bought the dog from a farmer, who may have stolen it. At any rate the dog belonged to Daly and he got it.

Sham Jewels.

Artificial pearls and rubies are now made with such skill as to deceive experts and introduce confusing conditions into the commerce of these costly and precious ornaments. The diamond is also produced by artificial means, but so far only of small size, though the experimenters look forward to the production of Kohinoors, Regents, and Orloffs which cannot be distinguished from the glittering and priceless treasures recovered from the mine. The trophies of art in the modern period are indeed miraculous, working revolutions in all things, making the wonder of yesterday the common-place of to-day, turning old glories into dreams, and old historical jewels, like those which burned in the breastplate of the high priest or encircled the pontifical miter of the king's crown, into pebbles and unregarded trinketry. That state of things has not yet come about but it seems to be on the way, and may bring with it new social decrees and usages in the matter of ornament, and introduce a new scale of prices in the jewel trade.

Best for Her.

An old bachelor was rather taken aback in this wise: Picking up a book, he exclaimed, upon seeing a wood cut representing a man kneeling at the feet of a woman,—

"Before I would condescend to kneel to a woman, I would encircle my neck with a rope and stretch it." And then turning to a young lady he inquired: "Do you not think it would be the best thing I could do?"

"It would undoubtedly be the best for the woman," was the sarcastic reply.

The Apple Tree and Its Cultivation.

Pyrus Malus, the common apple tree, is a native of Europe and almost naturalized here. The Romans had twenty-two varieties, according to Pliny. Probably nearly 1000 varieties are cultivated in the United States.

The wild apple or crab tree, a native of Britain and very generally found in temperate climates of the northern hemisphere, is a somewhat stunted looking tree, with austere, uneatable fruit, yet it is the parent of all, or almost all, the varieties of apples so much prized for the dessert.

The apple is now one of the most widely diffused of fruit trees, and in the estimation of many is the most valuable of all. It succeeds best in the colder parts of the temperate zone. It may, however, be found on the coasts of the Mediterranean Sea, in Arabia, Persia and the West Indies, but there its fruit is as small and worthless as in high northern latitudes.

In the Bible the apple tree is mentioned as superior to all other trees. "As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons." (Song of Solomon. ii. 3.)—Troy (N. Y.) Times.

Whole Family Helped

"My husband was troubled with Rheumatism so that he could hardly lift his hand to his head, and also had severe pains in his stomach after eating. Four bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla completely cured him. Our son was all run down and Hood's Sarsaparilla built him up, and he has gained 15 lbs. Our little boy Leon has also been given appetite, weight and strength by the medicine. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me of Erysipelas which I have had for 15 years and which is now entirely driven out of my system. Since taking Hood's I am better in every way." MRS. H. K. JOHNSON, Lyme Centre, N. H.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills are a mild cathartic. 25c.

An Observation.

It is observed in a lodge of men that it is always the unmarried ones who are most anxious to give entertainments that will include the women.—Atchison Globe.

A Crush.

"So she's sued for a divorce. Will she have any standing in court?" "From the nature of the testimony I don't believe there will be near seats enough.—Exchange.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Watches originated in Nuremberg as early as 1477. They were at first called Nuremberg eggs which they resembled both in shape and size. They were often fitted into the tops of walking sticks.

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

The first silk dress worn in Europe was sported by a lady of the French Court in 1455 The first pair of silk stockings worn in Europe adorned the ankles of Henry II. of France in 1509.

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

Pledging a toast originated among the Saxons. As the drinker raised the heavy cup with both hands a friend would stand by him with a drawn sword to prevent him from being stabbed.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

Guns are said to have been used by the Chinese before the beginning of the Christian era. The oldest dated piece of European artillery bears an inscription declaring that the gun was cast in 1303.

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

The father of the piano was the harpsichord, and its grandfather the spinet. The piano was first used in a public concert on May 16, 1767, in the Covent Garden Theatre, London.

After Breakfast

To purify, vitalize and enrich the blood, and give nerve, bodily and digestive strength, take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Continue the medicine after every meal for a month or two.

Hood's Pills cure constipation. 25c.

The Secret of Digestion.

"The secret of digestion is moderation," said an old man the other day, who at seventy-eight has the complexion of a girl and the relish for food of a schoolboy. "It seems absurd to me that persons should suddenly discover that many articles of food upon which our ancestors lived to a green old age are extremely detrimental to health and longevity. I have never considered what I ought to eat, but I have made it a rule of my life to always leave the table wanting just a little more.

"I did not leave the home roof, which was on a farm, until I was nearly thirty years old, and it was my habit from November to April to eat a piece of mince pie every night just before going to bed. It was rather a small piece, but I invariably took it and do not recall ever having even a bad dream in consequence.

"And I think, too, that digestion is like salvation—to be worked out individually. We are not all Baptists or Methodists, why must everybody be a vegetarian or some other food crank? When I got away from the mince-pie country, missing it, I took fruit in its place. A friend who saw me eating an apple one night hurled at me the old saw: 'Fruit is gold in the morning, silver at noon, lead at night.' 'Nonsense!' I cried, and retorted with another provery, 'What is one man's meat is another man's poison,' and I've continued to eat someting, usually fruit, every night of my life."—New York Times.

The Army of Railroad Workers.

There is an army of men employed upon the railroads of the United States, an army of 784,000. They are not engaged in idle maneuvers, dress parades, barrack drills or preparations for warfare, but by their diligence, energy and toil contribute immensely to the wealth, well-being and development of the country, the interchange of its products, the diffusion of information and the prompt transportation of vast numbers of passengers with a remarkably low percentage of casualties. The number of passengers carried last year was 530,000,000. The number of passengers killed was 293.—Chicago Herald.

A Few Observations.

A widower with seven children stands a better show matrimonially than a widow with one.

A good young man in town found a verse in the Bible to repeat as a proposal of marriage to his girl, and she found a verse in which to accept. Such good people miss lots of fun.

If a poor family has a rough wooden bench out in the yard, it is usually crowded with children having a good time, but in rich men's yards, the fancy ottees and rustic chairs are never occupied.

It is said of a girl who never has any beaux that in the evening she lights pieces of punk and fastens them to the porch. Any one driving past concludes that she is surrounded by young men smoking cigars.—Atchison Globe.

Popularity of Embalming.

The idea of earning a livelihood out of the making of mummies is not one to commend itself at first glance to the female mind, and the ghastly associations of the occupation are to many insuperably repellent. But embalming has for many reasons established itself in popular favor. It is the only sure means of preventing the spread of contagious diseases, through transmission by the undertaker's ice-box or assistants. It is a preventive against premature burial in the case of a cataleptic subject, as the first incisions and injections of the embalming fluid are likely to induce signs of life if any remain. Another favorable feature is the possibility of shipping bodies a long distance with convenience. It is not generally known that throughout this country large numbers of women have adopted embalming as a profession, and the head college of embalming has a large proportion of women graduates. Far from showing any horror or unfitness for the business, women are said to be peculiarly deft and efficient in the duties involved, which in a general way consists only in opening several of the large arteries, pumping out the blood and injecting preservative fluids. Many of the women graduates have been trained nurses who saw an opportunity to make more money than at their former profession. One advantage of the art is that it is easily acquired. The prospectus of the College of Embalming sets forth that "past experience has demonstrated that a complete mastery of the science of body preservation in all its branches cannot be obtained in the short space of two or three days, and therefore the length of time required to learn the process may extend from one week upward, according to the aptitude of the student." When the student has proved his or her ability to conduct the operation of embalming under different conditions in a satisfactory manner a diploma is granted, and the ordinary length of time required for graduation is two weeks.—Chicago Record.

When Nature

Needs assistance it may be best to render it promptly, but one should remember to use even the most perfect remedies only when needed. The best and most simple and gentle remedy is the Syrup of Figs, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

Tropical Railways.

Apropos of the projected Pan-American Railway, it is to be noted that not only is the first cost of railway construction in tropical countries very heavy, but the annual maintenance of way is expensive to a degree which cannot be appreciated by those who have had no experience in this connection. The Antioquia Railroad, in Colombia, says Charles P. Yeatman in the Engineering Magazine, cost in a single year for repairs of track and bridges $2266 per mile. The Cauca Railroad, in the same year, cost $3837 per mile. These two roads are in Colombia, and are sometimes mentioned either as future feeders of the Pan-American Railroad or parts of its main line. On the Antioquia Road, if the undergrowth were cut at the beginning of the rainy season, less than two months' rain was sufficient to form an arch of green trees thirty feet high, leaning over the track so as to shade it completely.

The constant change from dryness in the day to soaking moisture at night, even in the dry season, would soon ruin the best of timber, but nature furnishes a still quicker means of getting rid of it, in the shape of an ant or wood louse, which is careful not to mar the outside of his domicile, but will patiently honeycomb the inside, until what looks like a solid twelve-by-twelve stick is but a shell from one-eighth to one-fourth inch thick, filled with dust and ants. The native timber suffered so much from the inroads of these pests that, upon hearing that yellow pine was used in Panama to avoid them, a trial of it was made on the Antioquio Road. Georgia pine had to be shipped by way of New York, at a cost of nearly $100 per 1000 feet, board measure, when put in place. When I left there the first of my yellow pine trestles was being replaced. It had been built less than four years.

The present population of Berlin is 1,624,318, an increase over last year of 44,789, or 2.89 per cent.

WE have an idea that the women pay a good deal of attention to the hats worn by milliners.

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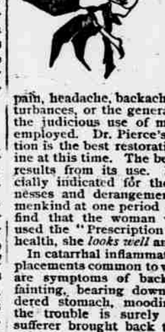

BUDS, Society buds, young women just entering the doors of society or womanhood, require the wisest care. To be beautiful and charming they must have perfect health, with all it implies—a clear skin, rosy cheeks, bright eyes and good spirits. At this period the young woman is especially sensitive, and many nervous troubles, which continue through life, have their origin at this time. If there be pain, headache, backache, and nervous disturbances, or the general health not good, the judicious use of medicine should be employed. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best restorative tonic and nervine at this time. The best bodily condition results from its use. It is a remedy specially indicated for those delicate weaknesses and derangements that afflict womenkind at one period or another. You'll find that the woman who has faithfully used the "Prescription" is the picture of health, she looks well and she feels well.

In catarrhal inflammation, in chronic displacements common to women, where there are symptoms of backache, dizziness or fainting, bearing down sensations, disordered stomach, moodiness, fatigue, etc., the trouble is surely dispelled and the sufferer brought back to health and good spirits.

"WOMAN'S ILLS."

MRS. BATES.

MRS. W. R. BATES, of Dilworth, Trumbull Co., Ohio, writes:

"A few years ago I took Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which has been a great benefit to me. I am in excellent health now. I hope that every woman, who is troubled with 'women's ills,' will try the 'Prescription' and be benefited as I have been."

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"The More You Say the Lees People Remember." One Word With You,

SAPOLIO

THE GOOD MAN'S ORDEAL.

Ten Minutes of Devotion Under the Most Distressing Conditions.

The worshipers at the Church of the Ascension in Auburn, R. I., had a novel experience one Sunday afternoon. The professional hymn had been sung, the white-robed young clergyman had finished his exhortation to the "dearly beloved brethren," the responses were over, and prayers commenced when a tardy parishion arrived. As he walked down the aisle he did not notice that he was followed by a companion. When the parishioner stopped and bowed his head in prayer his companion continued its demure tread onward toward the chancel. Once or twice it stopped as the organ sounded the "amens," but when progress was resumed the course was still onward.

By a nimble leap the wanderer landed on the platform leading to the chancel, and there revealed itself as a tiger-striped kitten about six months old. The kitten's and the clergyman's eyes met. The horrified clergyman with great effort continued to read on, while the unconcerned kitten, with tail erect and ears pricked, gazed on him with interest. Giving him a wink she passed on to the chancel, entered the sanctuary, and with a bound reached the altar. Not content with this she leaped to the bishop's chair and then set about adjusting herself to the surroundings by washing her face.

The sound of the clergyman's voice, however, seemed irresistible to her, and, jumping over the brass chancel rail, she leaped to the seat in front of the reading desk at which he was kneeling. With the close of the collect, "Lighten Our Darkness," the choir, the congregation still kneeling, sang an anthem. This interval gave the dominie his coveted opportunity to make a lunge for the cat. Puss was happily purring very loud, but, seeing the attempt on her liberty, a nimble jump saved her from the clergyman's grasp.

With the close of the anthem came the resumption of prayers and the renewed perambulations of pussy. She remounted the seat behind the clergyman, and to his horror he felt her gently testing the stability of his robe, apparently feeling her ground for a leap. The only place to leap was the clergyman's back. The kitten eyed her victim critically and was about to leap when she was startled by the terrific yelp of a dog which had somehow got into the choir stall.

The kitten now turned her attention to the organ, and peeping around, saw her enemy. Her enemy saw her at the same time. Each gazed intently in an apparent effort to hypnotize the other, but the experiment was cut short by the dog, who, with a leap and yelp, made for the cat and but for the vigorous scrambling of the bassos the two would have had an argument in full view of the clergyman and congregation.

The dog was held and the cat vanished just as the swelling sound of the final "amen" brought the worshipers from their knees, many of whom were entirely ignorant of the fearful ordeal through which their pastor had gone during the space of ten minutes of prayer.

Napoleon as a Horseman.

Napoleon was a most cruel horseman, and changed his mount frequently during battle. At Waterloo, however, he rode only the famous "Marengo." Another celebrated war horse of the great Corsican was "Austerlitz." Napoleon always insisted that his horse should be white or gray. Twelve were killed under him. He was once carried quite within the enemy's lines, where he narrowly escaped capture by a mad charger. Napoleon's runaway, it is only fair to confess, was caused by a terrible wound that goaded the poor steed to uncontrollable madness. Men lose their heads from pain; why may not a horse?

For a dumb combatant of unqualified savagery we must go to the camp of those master's of warfare—the French of Napoleon's day. One of the Emperor's aides, Capt. de Morbot, owned a mare named "Lizette," noted in peace or war for viciousness under certain provocation.

Once, with her master on her back she was surrounded by Russians. A huge grenadier made a lunge at Marbot with his bayonet, but Lizette dispatched him with tigerish ferocity, using only her teeth. Afterward she backed off, clearing with her iron heels a space among the Russians pressing on her flanks, then wheeled, dragging down to death beneath her hoofs an officer as she did so, and darting through the astonished crowd to a place of safety. In that brief encounter she killed two Russians out-right and cripled several others with her heels, and it all came from a cruel bayonet thrust that aroused all the poor creature's latent frency.

Not Real Life.

Crusty—The author of this book makes a false statement at the very start. Mrs. Crusty—Indeed, Crusty—Yes. He says it is a story of real life but I turn to the last page and read: "And they married and lived happily all their lives."—Exchange.

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