### REFUSAL.

Clarinda's shy.
She's mute, the rogue, and says me nay
Whatever I ask.
Yet all I need is but to touch
The velvet of her hand to hear
The rosebud call me Shepherd, dear—
Clarinda's shy.

Clarinda's shy.
The rosebud pouts and bids me hence
Whatever I ask.
Yet all I need is but to hold,
For she has never been embraced
The living circle of her waist—
Clarinda's shy.

Clarinda's shy.
Her pinky ears, those lovely shells,
Whenever I speak
She floods apace with rain of gold,
Yet all I ask is only this,
To melt upon her snow a kiss—
Clarinda's shy.

## THE COUNT'S HEIR.

Winter evening among the Maine hills.

Mrs. Gray had come out on the porch steps, under the shadow of the great cedar tree whose blue-berried clusters flung an aromatic odor on the wintry air, to see her pretty daughter start for the "party" with Eben Johnson.

There was an accent of annoyance, not to say vexation, in the voice which fell very unpleasantly on Mrs. Gray's ear, as her husband came slowly up the garden path.

"Hannah," said he, pettishly, "wasn't that Eben Johnson who passed me, driving our Mary in a cutter?"

"Where's the harm?" said Mrs. Gray, answering the tone rather than the words, as she glanced smilingly up from her work. "I'm sure he's a fine young fellow enough, and I rather think he and Mary like one another."

"Harm?" echoed Noah Gray. "I'm surprised to hear you ask that question, wife. No poor sailoring chap like Eben Johnson is going to marry Mary Gray, and so I tell you!"

"Are you warm enough, Matie?"

"Oh, yes, plenty warm. Drive a little slower, Eben, please. I want that disagreeable Seth Holloway to pass us."

"Seth Holloway!" he muttered between his teeth. "Oh, Matie, I wish I were rich!"

"Why?"

"Then your father would like me as well as that red-haired, one-eyed Seth Holloway! I never used to care anything about riches, Mary.

"I remember once, years ago, there was a pestilence raging at a little seaport in Italy, where our ship was anchored. The inhabitants fled, panic-stricken; but I had no fear and I nursed an old grandee through it—a rich, childish old duke, with a skin as yellow as a saffron.

"I wish you could have seen his palazzo, Mary, with its orange trees and fountains; and yet, he was lonely and wretched amid it all. I didn't envy him his wealth. He was very grateful and wanted to adopt me; but I wouldn't have staid there for uncounted worlds."

"And have you ever seen him since?"

"Never; but I have many a time wondered what he's doing in his tumble-down palazzo."

That low-eaved old house, with the cedar tree waving its dark arms over the porch and the clumps of shrubby lilacs in front, would come in sight at length, drive as slowly as they choose, and the black shadows of the gate-post sleeping on the snow in the still, white moonlight, seemed to keep a solemn watch as the little sleigh glided up and stopped.

As Mary opened the sitting-room door she started back at the sight of the group that met her eyes

There was Seth Holloway sitting uneasily on the edge of a chair—her father, his gray head resting on his outstretched arms on the table—and her mother bending over him, trying through fast dropping tears to whisper comforting words.

"Mother! Oh, mother! what has happened?" she exclaimed, springing to Mrs. Gray's side, while Eben Johnson stood dismayed in the doorway. "Speak to me, father! Are you ill? Oh, do tell me what the matter is!"

"Matter!" groaned Noah Gray hoarsely, as he lifted his head and stared round the room with strained eyes. "The matter is that we are ruined—you are a beggar, child!"

"What does he mean, mother?" faltered Mary, shrinking back.

"He means, dear, that the man down in Augusta, whom he indorsed for, has failed—has run away, and your father has all the amount to pay!"

"I tell you what, 'Squire!" said Eben, pressing forward. "I have but a little money, but that little is heartily at your service. And I'll write to my uncle, up at Sprayville, to lend me some money; and I'll work my fingers to the bone, but that you and yours shan't come to want? Don't take on so, 'Squire—now don't!"

Noah Gray silently stretched out his hand to meet the iron grasp of the young sailor, whose voice trembled with the fullness of his heart.

Seth Hollowway, who had been uneasily writhing on the extreme limit of his chair, got up to depart at this juncture.

Noah Gray shook his head wearily.

"You mean well, my boy," said he, "and I thank you; but I'm a ruined man! After all these years of work and care to scrape together a little competence for Hannah and Mary, I am a ruined man at last," huskily. "There never was anything so bad but what might be bettered!"

Noah did not reply and Mrs. Gray whispered softly to Eben that perhaps her husband needed rest. The brave young fellow took the hint, only pausing on the threshold to say to Mary in an undertone:

"Matie, I wish more than ever that I was a rich man!"

The little red postoffice had been thronged and vacated in due season and now the ruler of the mails sat all alone on his high stool, swinging his feet and peering over his spectacles out of the window.

Suddenly he started up.

"Hello Eben! Eben Johnson!"

And Eben, who was riding along the road, absorbed in inward reflection, came to an abrupt pause.

"Well, what's wanting?"

"Here's a letter for you, with a New York postmark!" said the man of stamps, holding up the document between his forefinger and thumb.

Eben mechanically came forward and took the letter, turning it curiously over as he walked away.

"A letter for me," he muttered. "I'm sure I don't know of anybody who would write to me, unless it was Mary Gray, and I don't think she would write when she could speak so much easier. Well, I guess I may as well open it!"

And Eben opened a brief letter from a New York attorney, agent for an Italian firm, simply announcing the death of one Count of Pietro Latorino and his bequest to Eben Johnson, seaman, a sum of money which would have seemed ample to most men, but which appeared an exhaustless mine—an Aladdin world of wealth—to Eben.

He turned giddily back to the village.

"When does the next train leave?"

"At 11:30," answered the postmaster—a sort of village oracle.

Three days had elapsed, and Mary Gray was sitting listlessly before the fire, her pretty hands folded and a faint, feverish glow on her cheek.

Mrs. Gray was hustling hither and thither trying to keep up a semblance of cheerfulness and Noah sat by the window, a paper of dates, figures and calculations in his hand, which he despondently gazed at from time to time.

"Mother."

Mary spoke in a very subdued voice, but Mrs. Gray's quick ear caught the low accents, and she came to her daughter's side, caressing the golden braids of her hair with a loving touch, as she whispered:

"Yes, darling."

"Mother would you have thought Eben could stay away from us in our misfortunes?"

"Hush, dear, don't judge rashly, maybe something has happened to detain him at home."

"But he might at least send word."

"Wait, Mary—only wait," whispered the mother, softly folding Mary's hand in hers.

Slowly the sunset faded away from the walls of the room, and the firelight threw its arrows of light and shadow about the ceiling, and the cricket began to chirp softly between the fire-bricks, and Mary still sat there, musing sadly. Was she indeed forgotten, or——

"Mary—my own Mary!"

Yes, it was he—close beside, with his strong arms about her and his eyes looking into hers! No dream—no delusion—but Eben's own self!

"Did you think I had ceased to remember you, dearest? As if I could ever think of anything else. No, love, not until the grave divides us shall I fail to hold you first and most precious in my heart."

"Mr. Gray," said Eben, turning to the old man, "what is the amount for which you are liable, according to law?"

"Seven thousand four hundred and sixty-nine dollars and forty-two cents," answered Noah Gray, mechanically, as if he were repeating a lesson.

Eben laid on the table before him a check for $8,000.

"It is yours, sir."

"Noah Gray scrutinized the bit of paper through his spectacles with a pale, almost incredulous face. Then, with a long breath of intense, indescribable relief, he fell sobbing on Eben's shoulder.

Then followed explanations and Eben told how he had unexpectedly become heir to the childless old Italian nobleman, who had in death remembered the American boy who had nursed him through the pestilential fever.

Mrs. Gray listened, declaring that "it was as good as a novel, every bit;" and Mary, ah! Eben had only to watch her face to see what she thought.

"My wish has come true, Mattie," said Eben, turning to her as he concluded, "I am rich—rich in wealth, and richer far in your love! May I have her, Mr. Gray?"

Noah silently placed her hand in that of the young man.—Boston Globe.

### KEPT RIGHT ON TALKING.

**A Colored Man Who Had H's Rib Removed While Fully Conscious.**

John Williams, a colored man, who was recently shot through the left lung by Grahame Moore, at Kirkwood, Mo., subsequently submitted to a heroic operation at the city hospital in the removal of half of the seventh rib. The operation, says the Globe-Democrat, was conducted under remarkable circumstances, as the patient was not placed under the influence of an anæsthetic, and remained perfectly conscious throughout the ordeal. The physicians at the hospital discovered that his pleural or lung cavity was constantly filling with blood. He was "aspirated" several times to little effect. This process gave but temporary relief, as the cavity filled up with blood and air faster than it could be drained. Finally Dr. Marks decided that Williams had to be opened up and one of his ribs resected or cut off to drain the cavity properly and save his life. As the bullet had passed through Williams' left lung, making that organ unfit for use, the administration of chloroform was almost sure to be fatal.

"If we do not operate you will die," Dr. Marks frankly told the colored man, "and if we give you chloroform you will probably die, too. If you can stand the pain we can save your life."

"Dat's all right, go ahead," replied Williams. "Ah knows yoh doctors are my frens, and whatever yoh does Ah knows youse right."

Williams was placed upon the glass operating table and given several big drinks of whisky. The skin of his left side over the seventh rib was then punctured several times with a hypodermic syringe charged with cocaine. The surgeon's lance entered his side and, cutting clear down to the rib, made an incision four inches in length. Williams gave one howl, but did not flinch a hair's breadth. After the rib was laid bare Dr. Marks seized his bone saw and cut it off with half a dozen strokes. The pain of this part of the operation must have been excruciating, but Williams, whom one of the physicians had engaged in conversation, kept on talking, merely giving vent to an exclamation now and then, as if to emphasize his remarks. When three inches of the rib was cut off, Dr. Marks thrust his lance through the lining of Williams' pleural cavity, and made a slit in this three inches in length. Dr. Marks thoroughly cleansed the pleural cavity and packed it with antiseptic gauze, stanching the flow of blood. As quickly as possible the flaps of flesh were laid back in their proper places and bandaged over. Through it all Williams stood the operation like a hero. After the operation Williams' temperature went down to 100.02 from nearly 104, and his respiration lowered from forty to twenty, showing the splendid effect of the ordeal.

**For Heart Palpitation.**

Dr. Nebo (in Journal de la Santé) says that an excessive palpitation of the heart can always be arrested by bending double with the head downward and the hands pendant so as to produce a temporary congestion of the upper part of the body. In almost all cases of nervous or anæmic palpitation, the heart immediately resumes its natural function. If the respiratory movements be suspended during this action the effect is only the more rapid.

### SLEEPING IN BUSINESS HOURS.

**Brief Protests of Active Minds Against Being Overworked.**

We were in an elevated train, and having nothing better to do were watching a well-known financier of this city, who sat in an opposite seat paring his finger nails.

He was a man whose name is a household word all over this country for his great wealth and the daring speculations by which he has won it.

He appeared to be uneasy and crossed and recrossed his legs constantly.

Suddenly he sat perfectly still, knife in hand, while his eyes, fixed on nothing in particular, took on a far-away look and the lids contracted slightly.

His whole appearance betokened a man who was thinking so intently on some subject that he was entirely oblivious to his surroundings for the moment.

"I wonder what big scheme he's concocting now?" I whispered to my companion.

"None at all, I'll bet you," was the answer from my friend, a shrewd young doctor.

"I have noticed," he continued, "that men of active faculties often lapse into such spells, and persons who see them generally suppose that they are the outward marks of intense mental application: but my experience convinces me that they are, on the contrary, brief periods during which the mind is really thinking of nothing at all.

"I call them 'mind naps,' and I believe them to be as highly beneficial to the mind as sleep is to the body. They are a sort of protest and protection of nature against the excessive strain put upon the mental faculties by too energetic thinkers.

"If you ask a man at such times what he is thinking about so intently he will generally give you an evasive answer, because he would rather have you suppose he was concocting some deep scheme than not; but the fact is that his mind has really been asleep and when he is actually thinking hard you will generally find his eyes roving from one object to another, and his whole body in a state of fidgets."—New York Herald.

**Peppermint, Spearmint, and Tansy.**

More than one-half of all the oil of peppermint, spearmint, and tansy used in the world is said to be produced and distilled in Michigan. The center of the industry is St. Joseph County. Peppermint plants weighing 15,000 tons when dried are cultivated every year in the State. From these the essential oils are distilled. Early in spring the roots are planted in furrows from two to three feet apart. In a day a good workman will plant an acre with them. A few weeks later the rows meet and cover the entire ground. In September the plants mature. They are then covered with fragrant purple blossoms, and the time has arrived for mowing. After lying in the sun to dry they are raked into heaps and taken to the distilleries, of which there are about 150 in the State. It is estimated that 300 pounds of dried peppermint plants produce one pound of oil. The yield per acre is fifteen pounds of oil. Distilled peppermint brings from $1.25 to $5.00 per pound in the home market. The industry was originally established in Mitcham, England, about 150 years ago. Early in the present century a beginning was made in this country in Wayne County, N. Y., and in St. Joseph, Mich. To-day nine-tenths of the entire product of the world is made in the United States. The rich alluvial soil so abundant in Michigan, together with its desirable climate, has enabled the State to take precedence over any other State or country in this industry.—American Stockman.

**Tricks of Artists.**

A French paper says that for two months of the year the chief business of the two thousand and odd exhibitors at the Salon is to attract the attention of visitors to their own pictures. Some of the dodges" which have been found useful for the purpose, it seems, are highly ingenious.

The plan found most effectual, and therefore most commonly employed, is the "Yankee Amateur Dodge." It consists of employing two or three agents, dressed in an eccentric fashion to walk backwards and forwards with a mysterious air. The public is greatly awed by their appearance, and reports are soon circulated that the picture will be sold for its weight in gold. Another highly recommended plan is to hire the best-looking model introduced into the picture to walk backwards and forwards in front of the canvas. The identity is soon discovered, and a great sensation is the consequence. A few years ago a painter found out a still more original plan. He placed some soft, resinous substance, which would grow soft with warmth, in front of his own picture. The unfortunate person who happened to stop for a few minutes would find himself fixed to the spot for some time. Our authority thinks this last method the most business-like and effectual.

**Origin of the Arab Steed.**

The origin of the best strain of Arabian blood has been related by some romancer. While Mohammed was fighting his way to greatness he was once compelled to lead his corps of 20,000 cavalry for three days without a drop of water.

At last, from a hill top, they described the silver streak of a distant river. Mohammed ordered his trumpeter to blow the call to dismount and loose the horses. The poor brutes, starving for water, at once sprang into a mad gallop toward the longed-for goal. No sooner loosened than came the alarm—false, as it happened—of a sudden ambush. "To horse!" was blown, and repeated by a hundred bugles. But the demand was too great; the parched throats were not to be refused; the stampede grew wilder and wilder as 20,000 steeds pushed desperately for the river banks.

Of all the frantic crowd but five mares responded to the call. To these duty was higher than suffering. They turned their tracks, came bravely back, pleading in their eyes and anguish in their sunken flanks, and stood before the Prophet. Love for their master and a sense of obedience had conquered their distress, but their bloodshot eyes told of a fearful torment—the more pathetic for their dumbness.

The danger was over; the faithful mares were at once released; but Mohammed selected these five for his own use; and they were the dams of one of the greatest races of the desert. From them have sprung the best of Arabian steeds. It can, however, scarcely be claimed that the average horse of the Orient comes up to this ideal. He must have been bred from the 19,995.—Col. T. A. Dodge, United States Army, in Harper's Magazine.

### CARE OF THE WARDROBE.

**Some Suggestions About the Putting Away of Summer Finery.**

It is an accepted fact among women, founded upon good reason, that when one's belongings are valuable and costly the services of a maid are not a luxury, but a necessity and really an economy, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch. Delicate fabrics need great care in handling and preserving and fine boots, shoes, gloves and handkerchiefs are not to be tossed about carelessly and still preserve their freshness. But without a maid and with a comparatively simple wardrobe a meed of care even will be found a great protection.

In putting away summer wash dresses they must be rough dried, then folded neatly and packed in a box or trunk by themselves. It is an excellent idea to go over each one and take the few mending stitches that are sure to be needed. Challies, crepons and summer silks should be carefully shaken and brushed, spots sponged, bows of ribbon taken off and unmade if possible, or the dust carefully wiped off with a bit of silk dipped in weak ammonia water and packed away in separate boxes. The same rule applies where laces trim the dresses. If these are washable they should be washed, otherwise shaken and wound around a bottle or wooden roll.

It is a good plan to let the dresses hang wrong side out in the air all of a sunny morning—if you live in a hotel to hang in a hot room the same length of time is a good substitute. Rumpled ruches, shields and bent bones should be taken from waists, and a skilled maid says the waist linings should be brushed down every seam with cologne and water. Feathers and flowers should be taken from the hats and bonnets, wrapped carefully and separately in tissue paper, and consigned to boxes where they will not be crushed. The flowers should have each leaf pulled out, and if breathed on before using again will be found fresh as ever. Parasols ought not to be rolled, but have a loose slip cover put on after they are carefully wiped, or if gauze flirted free of dust with a silk handkerchief and then stood in some safe place and occasionally opened to alter the folds.

### A LOFTY SUGAR TREE.

**A Wonderful Species of Palm That Gives Sweet Sap.**

The sugar maple of New England has a rival. It grows in the Andes of Chili at a height of from 3,000 to 4,500 feet above the sea. It is a curious variety of that most useful, wonderful tree, the palm, whose varieties also give us dates and cocoa, and cocanuts and fans.

This palm is not slim and graceful like most kinds we see in tropical pictures. It is about fifty feet tall, with a very thick trunk, enlarging in diameter from the ground up to about half its height, and then tapering again to the top, where its long leaves spread out.

These sugar palms produce great quantities of sweet sap, which, when boiled down, makes both molasses and sugar of a peculiar, but delicious flavor.

On one estate the trees grew in such numbers that once it was determined to count them. After counting several hundred thousand, more than half remained uncounted, so the task was given up.

What marks" it must be for the children when "sapping time" and "sugaring off" come round! But the Chilians do not collect the sap in the way the New England farmers collect sap from the maple tree. No; instead of boring small holes in the trunk, the palm is cut down and beheaded of its crown of beautiful leaves and then the sap begins to flow from the upper end and keeps on flowing for months. Every morning a thin slice is cut off to prevent the wood from hardening and forming a crust through which the sap could not flow.

A good tree will yield nearly a hundred gallons of sap. A curious thing is the fact that the sap will not run if the tree lies with its head downward. It will only run upward.

**A Feminine Hustler.**

Desire Wilcox of North Lyme, Conn., is a woman of unusual accomplishments. For seven years she has worked a farm without help, except in the busiest seasons. She plows, harrows, and plants, harvests her crop, pitches hay, chops down trees and cuts them into firewood and railroad ties; she yokes and drives cattle, shears sheep, and drives a string of from three to five yokes of oxen with a skill which is positively artistic.

Desire, who is now 50, was married when she was 19, but her husband drank too much cider to celebrate the ceremony, so his new bride took him out and chastised him severely, then flung him into a corner, with an injunction to remain until he was sober. He concluded, however, that discretion was the better part of valor, so stole away during the night and has never been seen since.—New York Sun.

**Merely Stating His Opinion.**

A young lady who is really popular in Washington society tells the following:

The summer she spent at a mountain resort in Virginia, where she was the recipient, of course, of a number of attentions from the men, both young and old. Among the most persistent was a young man whom I shall conceal by calling Jones. He was very devoted. He took the girl walking and driving. He spent money on her, sending candy and flowers, which cost high at certain seasons. One evening there was a hop at the hotel. Between the dances Mr. Jones proposed a promenade. The night was beautiful and the air balmy. The young lady consented. Jones told her he thought she was the most charming person he had ever met; that she was everything that a man could desire for a wife. He even said he loved her. The young woman, not a little frightened, said:

"But you know, Mr. Jones, I could never marry you."

He stopped in his rhapsody, and replied;

"I haven't asked you yet."—The Capital.

**Good Idea.**

One way of toughening ourselves is by means of a cold foot bath. We take cold through the feet as often as any way; by putting them in cold water for about ten seconds, morning and night, and then rubbing them till they are red, is a grand remedy for all this, and toughens us very much. Ten or fifteen seconds are long enough, and even less will do in the first few times. It is unwise to prolong this bath, and may do harm.


## Terrible Itching Sores

"I had what the doctor pronounced to be eczema. It was accompanied by severe itching, and my limbs pained me a good deal and were swollen. I became all broken out with pimples. This caused me to scratch, and the eruptions turned into one solid sore. The disease spread all over my body. After consulting physicians, my attention was called to Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I concluded to give it a trial. This was in April, 1892, and I continued faithfully with it until Christmas, 1893. At the same time I took the medicine, I ate anything that suited my appetite.

Mr. F. T. Craig

**I Am Now Cured**

and have no signs of the disease except a little inflamed color where the sores gathered. My affliction is healed; I feel like myself again." F. T. CRAIG, Halfway, Va. Remember

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**Gabriel Was Misinformed.**

A young man says that for some time past, while going by the cabin of an old-time darky, on his way home from his business at night, he heard the sound of prayer and words like these: "O, Lo'd, sen' de angel, Gabri'l fur yer poor ole sarvant; he tired ob dis life; he hunger an' thirst fur de kingdom. O Lo'd, sen' de angel, for de sarvant am ready to go." Hearing the same petition most every time he went by, the young man said he thought he would see if the "ole sarvant" was in earnest, and, indeed, ready to be transplanted. So, stealthily climbing the wooden stack of the adobe chimney, he called down from the top of it to Sambo, the sable petitioner:

"Sambo!"

"Who dat?" said the old man.

In a very solemn and sepulchral voice the young man answered:

"I am the angel Gabriel sent by the Lord at your request to take you to Heaven."

"Ki! Mars Gabri'l, yer mistaken fur dis time, sho'. Yer must er got mity mixed up in yer d'recksburns. Sambo done don't lib here no more. He stay in de cabin at de yuther end ob de quatter, sah."—Savannah (Ga.) News.

**"Our Carter."**

The familiar soubriquet "Our Carter," came about in this manner: He was invited to a banquet in Philadelphia during his congressional career, at which the President, his Cabinet, the members of the Supreme Court and many lesser dignitaries were present. Up to that time he had never made a speech. During the evening he was approached by a gentleman who said that the party had been disappointed by the non-arrival of the gentleman who was to answer to the toast: "Agriculture the Basis of Commerce," and that his name had been put down for the response. When the toast came, he was introduced to the assembly as Carter Henry Harrison. Raising his voice to a pitch it had never reached before, he said: "I come from a district three miles long and two miles wide, and in it we raised more grain than many States combined. It is raised by elevators." The audience roared, and appalled by his success, he staggered and nearly fell. Things swam about him, and a friend supported him hurriedly and whispered: "For God's sake go on or they will think you drunk." With a great effort he continued, and the crowd, believing they had discovered a new humorist, applauded him to the echo. A Chicago paper commented on the press dispatches and asked: "Who is this C. Henry Harrison?" for it was in this manner that the speech had been reported. The next day it answered its own question by announcing: "Why, it is our Carter."—Toledo Commercial.

In Australia the cherry stones grow on the outside of the cherries, and several varieties of wood will sink in water.

No authentic painting by any one of the famous Greek or Roman masters of antiquity is now known to be in existence.

The first English dictionary contained only nouns and verbs, the nouns in one column and the verbs in another.

**The Russian Peasant.**

Easily satisfied, indolent, self-indulgent, weak, he does not care to rise in the world. So long as he can exist and allow his wife and children to exist, and so long as he can obtain for cash or credit vodka enough to keep him going, he is content. He has no idea of any higher civilization, or of any sort or home comport. For the rest he loves his "little Father," the Tsar: fears God in a superstitious sort of way, and the Lieshui (wood spirits) and other supernatural objects of his national foklore in a very real way; observes the Church festivals with bibulous piety; attends church at Easter; tolerates his wife, and knows absolutely nothing of the affairs either of this word or of the next. But education is making great strides, and the younger generation is growing up with advantages to which its forefathers were strangers. Light is stealing gradually over the land. Would that it might chase away the drink demon! With the vodka evil reduced to moderate dimensions, there would be a chance even for rural Russia.—Temple Bar.

**A Picture from Barbadoes.**

"I was writing, this morning, about 6 o'clock; and although the sun was quite up, the pervading light that never quite leaves Barbadoes was reflected back from sea to desk, through bread-fruit and cocoanut-palms, as soft as from a sunset cloud," William F. Hutchinson, M. D., tells us in the New Peterson. "My thermometer marked 77 degrees, and the sweetness of the night was not yet gone. Perfumes of awakening rose and jasmine mingled with dying odors of la bonita del noche, the lady of the night; and day-sounds of birds and men were usurping the night-frog's song, whose musical double note still vibrated through the air. Peace and life reigned around, and as the warm salt air filled farthest group of lung-cells, sending blood clear to the tips of one's toes, life was very well worth living at almost any cost, and this loving island seemed more attractive than ever."

**IN OLDEN TIMES**

People overlooked the importance of permanently beneficial effects and were satisfied with transient action, but now that it is generally known that Syrup of Figs will permanently cure habitual constipation, well informed people will not buy other laxatives, which act for a time, but finally injure the system.

In some Hindoo temples in South India the collection is taken up by an elephant that goes round with a basket.

**Business Men in a Hurry**

eat in restaurants and often food insufficiently cooked. Ripans Tabules cure dyspepsia and sour stomach and immediately relieve headache.

In 1869, flour was sold to the retail trade at $6.20 a barrel; to-day it is $3 30.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.
A. W. GLEASON, SEAL Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
☞ Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The Russian Czar's palatial yacht, the Polish Star, has a minature Greek chapel on the upper deck with an altar spread with red velvet.

**Don't you know** to have perfect health you must have pure blood, and the best way to have pure blood is to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier and strength builder.

**Hood's Pills** may be had by mail for 25c. of C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Denver, Col., has the largest street railway cable in the world. The rope which acts as the motor is 36,000 feet, or about seven miles long.

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

An apple tree in Monticello, Fla., bears on different limbs grafted apples, crabapples, prunes, peaches, pears and quinces.

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

The trotting record has been lowered at the average rate of five seconds a decade since 1845, when Lady Suffolk held it.

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

The first savings bank in this country was the Philadelphia Savings Fund Society, organized in 1816. It is still in existence.

Letters received at the Chicago postoffice show that the name of the Lake City can be spelled in 197 different ways.


## 98%

of all cases of consumption can, if taken in the earlier stages of the disease, be cured. This may seem like a bold assertion to those familiar only with the means generally in use for its treatment; as, nasty cod-liver oil and its filthy emulsions, extract of malt, whiskey, different preparations of hypophosphites and such like *palliatives*.

Although by many believed to be incurable, there is the evidence of hundreds of living witnesses to the fact that, in all its earlier stages, consumption is a curable disease. Not every case, but *a large percentage of cases*, and we believe, *fully 98 per cent.* are cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, even after the disease has progressed so far as to induce repeated bleedings from the lungs, severe lingering cough with copious expectoration (including tubercular matter), great loss of flesh and extreme emaciation and weakness.

Do you doubt that hundreds of such cases reported to us as cured by "Golden Medical Discovery" were genuine cases of that dread and fatal disease? You need not take our word for it. They have, in nearly every instance, been so pronounced by the best and most experienced home physicians, who have no interest whatever in misrepresenting them, and who were often strongly prejudiced and advised against a trial of "Golden Medical Discovery," but who have been forced to confess that it surpasses, in curative power over this fatal malady, all other medicines with which they are acquainted. Nasty cod-liver oil and its filthy "emulsions" and mixtures, had been tried in nearly all these cases and had either utterly failed to benefit, or had only seemed to benefit a little for a short time. Extract of malt, whiskey, and various preparations of the hypophosphites had also been faithfully tried in vain.

The photographs of a large number of those cured of consumption, bronchitis, lingering coughs, asthma, chronic nasal catarrh and kindred maladies, have been skillfully reproduced in a book of 160 pages which will be mailed to you, on receipt of address and six cents in stamps. You can then write those cured and learn their experience.

Address for Book, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.


**A Point on Arithmetic.**

"Jeptha," asked Mrs. Jones, who was busy with pencil and paper, "can you tell me how many feet there are in an acre?" "No," said Jones, savagely, "but I can tell you how many aches there are in a feet."—Detroit Free Press.

**Nothing to Do with the Case.**

Maud—Jack tells me that he has never loved any one before. Ethel—Well, excuse me for telling you, but he and I were once engaged. Maud—Oh, I didn't ask him about engagements. I only asked him about love.—Judge.

**Hedging.**

The Unsophisticated Man (sadly)—So you never want to see me again. The Sophisticated Girl (firmly)—Never!—and—er—don't forget to call to-mortow night, so that I can return your presents.—Truth.

**Voiceless.**

"Yes, sir," said Mabel, proudly, "when a young man kisses me I cream." "Mabel," said Reginald, with a sudden anxiety, "why is it you are so often hoarse when I call on you?"—Exchange.

**Couldn't Tell.**

"What a husky voice you have!" said the grass to the corn, after the long dry spell. "Have I?" replied the corn. "I didn't know it, but, then, my ears are bad this year, you know."—Truth.

**Daring These Dull Times.**

Miss Summit—Don't you find the life of a commercial traveler very exciting, Mr. Trainmaker? Trainmaker—It is full of it. Why, on my last trip I took an order.—Clothier and Furnisher.

**Highly Magnetic.**

"Your husband is a magnetic man," said the visitor. "I know it," responded the wife. "I found a steel hairpin sticking to his coat collar the other day."—Indianapolis Journal.

**Familiar with the Subject.**

Teacher—Why can't you learn to calculate interest as nicely as Tommy Traddles? Dull Boy—I can't had so much experience as he has. Our house ain't mortgaged.—Good News.

**At the Fair.**

The Capper—It's three rings for 5 cents, gen'l'men; and every time—Uncle Hiram—Say, Samanthy, ain't them rings cheap! I don't suppose they be solid gold, do ye?—Puck.

**No Foreign Pollishness.**

Stranger (in far Western restaurant)—Is it necessary to tip the waiters here in order to secure proper attention? Native—Not if yeh got a gun.—New York Weekly.

**Not Yet.**

St. Peter—Who is that stout lady standing outside? Assistant—Queen Victoria, your holiness. St. Peter—Indeed! Just ask her if she won't come in out of the reign.—Truth.

**The Time.**

Cholly—How is the weather outside? His Man—Wet, sir. Cholly—Good. I shall weah my new English twousehs that ah too long to be wohn without being turned up.—Truth.

**Unkind.**

"I see that Scripkins employs a type-writer now." "Yes." "Doing lots of work?" "No. He wants somebody to blame for his mistakes in English."—Washington Star.

**A Well-Bred Parrot.**

Mr. Wilson has a parrot which he feels sure used to belong to one of the best families, because it always talks when anyone begins to sing.—Youth's Companion.

**An Apt Comparison.**

Saidso—Mrs. Medders reminds me of the old hen who sat on duck's eggs. Herdso—How? Saidso—Her children are all in the swim and she isn't.—Exchange.

**Two Negatives.**

He—If I should ask you if you were telling the truth when you said no you could not marry me what would you say? She—I should still say no.—Vogue.

**A Rialto Invitation.**

First Actor—Can you dine with me at the dollar table d'hote to-night, old man?" Second Actor—Sorry, my boy, but I've got only $1.75.—Truth.

**A Useful Check.**

Mrs. B.—John, what's the Salic law we read about in history? John—It was a law that prevented women becoming kings.—Truth.

Robert Browning wrote "The Ring and the Book at fifty-seven.


## Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Backache.

## ST. JACOBS OIL

SAFE, SURE, PROMPT.

## LENAPE SPRINGS

IS YOUR FAMILY DEAR TO YOU? IS YOUR HEALTH AND LIFE DEAR TO YOU? THEN DON'T BE WITHOUT A CASE OF THE BEST AND CHEAPEST TABLE MINERAL WATER IN THE MARKET.

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OUR TRADE MARK. GENERAL AGENCY 607 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

ON SALE AT ALL THE LEADING HOTELS, RESTAURANTS & CAFES

SAMPLE BOTTLES SENT FREE TO FAMILIES ON REQUEST

ASK YOUR GROCER OR THE BOTTLER FOR IT.

Do You Know That There is Science in Neatness? Be Wise and Use

## SAPOLIO


**Advice.**

Young Lawyer (to client)—They can't hang you for a murder you didn't commit. Client—That's the judge's sentence. To be hanged by the neck until I am dead. Young Lawyer (thoughtfully)—All right. You just go ahead and let 'em hang you and I'll make 'em sweat for it.—The Million.

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