LOVE'S SEASON.

In sad sweet days when hectic flushes
Burn red on maple and sumach leaf,
When sorrowful winds wail through the rushes,
And all things whisper of loss and grief,
When close and closer bold Frost approaches
To snatch the blossoms from Nature's breast,
When night forever on day encroaches—
Oh, then I think that I love you best.

And yet when winter, that tyrant master,
Has buried autumn in walls of snow,
And bound and fettered where bold Frost cast her
Lies outrage! Nature in helpless woe,
When all earth's pleasures in four walls centre,
And side by side in the snug home nest
We list the tempests which cannot enter—
Oh, then I say that I love you best.

But later on, when the Siren Season
Betrays the trust of the senile King,
And glad Earth laughs at the act of treason,
And winter dies in the arms of Spring,
When bugs and birds all push and flutter
To free fair Nature so long oppressed,
Uthrill with feelings I cannot utter,
And then I am certain I love you best

But when in splendor the queenly summer
Reigns over the earth and the skies above,
When Nature kneels to the royal comer,
And even the Sun flames hot with Love,
When Pleasure basks in the luscious weather,
And Care lies out on the sward to rest—
Oh, whether apart or whether together,
It is then I know that I love you best

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Lippincott.

PRISCILLA'S MANAGEMENT.

BY MARAH CROSSE FARLEY.

DEACON DODGE felt "blue" enough, as he sat down to his six o'clock tea, in his humble home on Forest Hill. It was not that the tea was either badly served or poor in quality, for he invariably purchased the best groceries the market afforded, and nothing Miss Prissy ever tried to do or make ever resulted in failure. It was neither the eatables nor yet the drinkables that caused the cloud on the deacon's brow. As he expressed it, he "felt blue as a whetstone," and the cause arose from the tightness in money circles.

Miss Prissy, the deacon's strong-minded daughter, perceived the lowering countenance, and wishing to conciliate the old gentleman a little, put an additional lump of sugar in his tea.

"Third, and lastly," he said, in an abstracted manner, as he passed the cup for refillment.

Prissy smiled almost involuntarily at this "power of habit" exemplified.

The worthy deacon, busy with his bread and butter, did not see his listener's face.

"I'll tell you what," said he, carefully adjusting his knife and fork, "unless something happens in our favor pretty soon, we are gone to smash completely."

Even the lingering shadow of the smile that had played round the corners of Prissy's mouth died out, and she looked anxiously at her father as he went on:

"There is a four-hundred-dollar mortgage on the house, with interest at seven per cent., and no man can stand such a per cent. as that. There is that one-hundred-dollar note, and two of fifty dollars each, besides one hundred and sixty dollars yet unpaid on the lumber, seventy-five dollars—got to come somehow—for the carpenters, twenty-five for the mason, twenty-five more for the painting. Besides, that leaves us with the house not yet half finished, the ground yet to be grubbed and laid out and fenced, and not a cent, mind you—not a single cent—to do it with."

The deacon leaned back in his chair and fairly groaned.

The strong minded Priscilla got up, and walking round to his side of the table, laid her hand on his arm.

"Listen to me, deacon," said she, thoughtfully—she always called him that when she felt particularly in earnest—"listen to me, now, and I'll tell you the plan I have for extricating our affairs from financial annihilation."

"Talk away," growled the bear. "Talk, at any rate, is cheap enough, even in these hard times."

Prissy declined to notice the slight put upon her tongue, and continued, bravely:

"You know you have always refused to keep a cow, pig, or chickens. Now, then, let us have all three, and I will show you this fail that your interest money shall be forthcoming, besides having our grocery bill footed as it is made."

"Pshaw, Priss!" ejaculated he, with a groan of disapproval, "how could you do it? Besides, my credit isn't worth a blue bean. I haven't the money to pay for a cow, nor a pig, nor even the chickens, so there's an end of that."

In no wise discouraged, the strong minded young woman coolly continued:

"I have ways and means for all of 'em, deacon. And if you will solemnly agree to do in all things as I suggest and advise, I in turn will promise and ratify it, too, to take these debts and the unfinished house on my shoulders, metaphorically speaking, and in three years' time we will owe no man, and our house and ground shall compare favorably with any in the country."

The deacon considered a moment.

"Show me your ways and means, Priss."

"Well," a little reluctantly, "you know the Laurels? Mrs. Laurel wants to trade a young new milch cow, with the calf, for twenty-four yards of that new ingrain carpet of our, and as I have already carpet enough, besides that to cover all the floor we shall use for a year or so, I have accepted the offer. That is cow No. 1, eh?"

"Cow No. 1—yes."

"Uncle Remus has taken a fancy to my gold watch, and wants to trade me a sow and a hog of the female persuasion for it, and as the watch is useless to me in our present circumstances, I have made up my mind to close with him. So there is cow No. 2, and aforesaid pig."

The deacon opened his eyes.

"'Pon my word, Priss, you're a born trader. But what about the chickens?"

"I have bought five—four hens and one rooster—of the Bowers, on 'tick,' as they say. The hens are wanting to set, and I shall send you to Neighbor Toodle for eggs to set them with. Toodle charges fifty cents per dozen for eggs, but his are an extra kind of large fowl that can be made to bring four dollars per dozen as early spring chickens by the first of June. I can have at least thirty or forty chicks for the June market and the proceeds therefrom will take up a certain note of yours. In the meantime the butter shall pay our household expenses as we go along. There shall be no butcher's bill, nor any other kind of a bill, run up for future settlement. The calves we will fatten and sell this fall, the hog ditto. Uncle Remus advises me to keep the litter of pigs until next year, when they will fetch us something over a hundred dollars. The eight acres of ground, for the use of which we pay forty dollars, must be planted with corn, and I have already selected the seed. As the land is particularly clean and of uncommon good soil, the yield should be not less than seventy-five bushels to the acre, which, if corn comes down to an unprecedentedly low figure, will still pay all expenses for seed, rent, tillage, and leave us enough to fatten our hogs after all."

The deacon was silent from astonishment.

"I shall raise as many chickens as possible through the heat of the coming summer; so that the next spring I shall have eggs by the quantity, when the market reports quote a good price, with supply less than the demand."

"You talk like a farmer, Priss," ejaculated the dazed deacon. "When did you learn so much, I wonder?"

"Don't ask me questions, but promise me," giving him a tight squeeze.

"I promise."

She shook herself loose from him, and poured out for herself a cup of hot tea.

"Very well; go to work and make me some chicken coops and a hen house, and fetch home my hens to-morrow, and this fall I will show square accounts with some folks I know of."

In the course of time the cows were driven home, the chickens roosted in the deacon's hen house, and the "female hog, with her seven children, occupied the attention of the deacon's daughter. Of a morning Prissy went into the cellar and skimmed, and strained, and churned, and outside the deacon himself, with the spade and ax made good time among the stumps, thereby saving hired help and the additional cost of a wood pile.

The deacon had lived all his life under a lazy cloud. He couldn't cut wood, he said, because it made him so tired. He couldn't work at farming, because the weather was either too hot or too cold, or too wet or too dry. He couldn't stay all the while at his place of business (he was a photographer) and wait for customers, because he "wanted to get out and stretch his legs." But suggest the idea of an impossible enterprise to him, or ask him to invest in a lottery ticket, or talk travel, and directly the deacon was your man.

He was utterly and abominably lazy and selfish. He forced Prissy to pinch and save a dollar, while he would squander fifty, and have nothing to show for what he had paid out. Such is man—that is, so much of it as went by the name of Deacon Dodge.

One of the things the strong-minded girl got him to do was to make a fence, which she insisted should be hedge. A hawthorne hedge, she declared, was both beautiful and attractive, besides just as useful as any other.

So, under her vigilant generalship, he delivered some trees for the nurserymen and took his pay in hedge plants, which she made him set out and attend to.

Little by little she put the deacon on his mettle, until at last she herself was surprised to find how much she had made him accomplish. At the end of the first year he had grubbed their one and a half acres, put the first coat of paint on the house, made the fence, dug the cellar, built outhouses, cut all the fire wood and made five dollars a week besides.

At the end of their first year Prissy found she has sold six dozen chickens at four dollars per dozen, and had as many more to winter over. She had sold six hundred pounds of butter, at an average of thirty cents a pound. The two calves fetched twelve dollars readily, and the fatted hog twenty-seven more. Their household expenses had been just one hundred dollars, aside from what she had raised in the garden, and the butter and eggs were of home manufacture, also. She spent not a penny for clothing.

Together they checked off account, one evening, and to his intense surprise the deacon found a little matter of four hundred and fifty dollars to his credit, besides having a much better start for the next year.

He paid the balance due on his lumber, and thankfully took up three other notes, after which he breathed more freely. The next year the invincible Prissy sold two hundred dollars' worth of hogs, sixty dollars' worth of eggs, and ten dozen chickens, still keeping household and personal expenses at the lowest possible point.

The deacon, too, had better luck, or perhaps attended more strictly to his business, and the end of the second year was also the death knell of the insatiable mortgage.

As this is no fancy sketch, but, on the contrary, is a veritable "leaf from life," I cannot state what the result was for the third year of Miss Prissy's management.

But I saw the deacon the other day trimming his hedge, which was all white and sweet with bloom, and he tells me that the carpenters are busy at his house, and that he shall have enough produce to dispose of in the fall to take him completely out of debt. He certainly has the handsomest place in the country, and by far the most stylish house. As for Prissy, her face is tanned a light brown, and her hands are not quite so white and small as they once were—not "so useless by half," she says, turning them over carefully, and showing the little callous lumps on the palms.

"But we are out of debt anyway," she added, triumphantly. "This thing of being dunned by every other person one sees is anything but funny."

May Forrest Hill long outshine its neighbors, and stand as a striking memento of one woman's will.—New York Weekly.

How Deaf Mutes Dance.

"I never felt so lonesome in my life," said a gentleman recently, "as when I chanced to be thrown one day with a picnic party of deaf mutes. They could understand each other, laughed and carried on and had a good time generally, while I sat like a mummy, apart, looking on, but unable to participate in any of the fun.

"One thing that surprised me greatly," he continued, "was to see them indulge in dancing. I had always supposed that it was absolutely essential to hear the rhythm of the music in order to keep the time of a waltz or a polka. To be sure they had an orchestra on the dancing barge, and for a time I regarded that as peculiar, for few if any of the party could hear the strains.

"After a little thought I solved the mystery. The mutes could not hear the music, but they felt it, which was just as effectual. To be sure of the matter I spoke to the leader of the orchestra and he assured me that my surmise was correct, and that when he was employed by the party it was expressly stipulated that he should bring his biggest bass drum and bass viols. The deep tones were more vibratory than the others and the mutes kept excellent waltz time by feeling the vibration of the wood flooring upon which they danced."—New York Herald.

The Modern Obituary.

His debts were all settled,
His wife he adored;
He died like a Christian—
Fully insured.
—Atlanta Constitution.

An Old Settler.

Geologists agree that many thousands of years ago—they do not agree on the number of thousands—great ice fields, like immense glaciers, moved slowly out of the north over a large part of the United States and Europe. These glaciers were so thick that they have left on the top of the White Mountains bowlders which they had carried hundreds of miles, and they had much to do with shaping the hills and valleys of New York, Pennsylvania, and New England. The marks made by these glaciers as they ground and crushed their way over the rocks are still plainly visible in many places, and it is easy to trace the large bowlders they carried northward to regions where such stone occurs in large quantities.

Those were days of great things, and among the huge creatures that roamed about in the region of the advancing glacier was the Elephas Americanus, or American elephant. Part of the skeleton of one of these animals has just been unearthed at Carl Junction, Missouri, and sent to the Washington University. These bones show this animal to have been from twenty-five to thirty feet long, and fifteen feet tall. It fed on trees and bushes, and a wagon-load of pine branches and cones would have made a light supper for this monster. Its molar teeth had grinding surfaces nine by four inches in size, and its tusks were nine feet long. Coarse long hair covered the big fellow from head to toes, and a drove of such animals must have been an imposing sight, even in the presence of the mighty glaciers.

In a cave in France has been found, scratched on a bit of ivory tusk, a rude picture of one of these prehistoric mammoths. This picture is supposed to be the oldest known, and was made by some man or boy who was more clever than his fellows, but who lived in a cave, ate raw meat, and wore scanty clothing made from untanned skins of wild beasts which the filthy and savage men of those far-off times killed with clubs and stones. It may be, therefore, that human beings saw the living animal, pieces of whose skeleton were dug the other day from beneath twenty feet of soil out in Missouri.—Harper's Young People.

Jots and Dots.

YOU must use or lose that talent.

DO NOT save all the flowers for the funeral.

THAT butterfly was a worm the other day. But it ceased to crawl and took wing.

WHEN, having had ample time to prepare, a man makes an apology he is an apology for a man.

"WE shall know each other there." Yes, but it would help things to get slightly acquainted here.

PUT in the lock-stitch of love and pull out the basting-threads of duty from the garment of service.

HAVE you tried to lift a life to a higher level? Then "do it some more," as the cornstalk said to the sunbeam when it pulled.

ALL that the soldiers took away from the cross was the garment of Christ, and lots of other people are doing the same thing.

THE brother who took his letter from the church the other day thought something would sag right away. It did, but it wasn't the church.

WHEN the brother whose hens have scratched up your garden talks in meeting about loving one's neighbors, do not speak right away.

Canned Vegetables.

There are few things more unappetizing than the canned goods put up in tins, as they are ordinarily served—that is, simply turned out into a saucepan and heated.

A very important precaution to take is to turn out the contents of a can several hours before they are wanted, which will cause them to lose the peculiar, stifled, close taste, frequently combined with solder, that too often clings to them.

Peas should be drained of their liquor and heated with a spoonful of water, a lump of butter, half a teaspoonful of fine sugar and salt and pepper. Or, make a thin white sauce with milk, butter seasoning and a bit of flour, and heat them in this.

Canned corn needs a little milk or cream, butter and seasoning, and it must only get thoroughly hot. Cooking toughens it.

You can make a corn pudding with two cupfuls of chopped canned corn, one of milk, one egg beaten in half a cupful of milk, a tablespoonful of melted butter and a palatable seasoning of salt and pepper.

For corn pancakes mix as above, adding half a cupful more of milk, flour to make a thin batter, and a teaspoonful of baking powder.

Pancakes made of canned peas, after the same receipt, are not bad.

Canned tomatoes are nice stewed and baked in alternate layers with boiled rice or boiled macaroni, seasoning the layers with butter, pepper and salt.

Canned asparagus makes nice asparagus cream soup, and may be served in every way the same as the fresh.—Albany Cultivator.

A Tame Mountain Lion.

The author of "A Ride Through Wonderland," says that she was invited, when in Colorado, to visit a hunter's store and see a mountain lion; the only one, as its owner asserted, which had ever been tamed. It was in a little back room, chained to an iron staple in the floor, round which it was pacing, uttering low growls.

It appeared very much like a small panther, and seemed anything but tame, snarling at us as if it longed to spring. It was in awe of its master, however, and cowed down every time he cracked his whip. He made it do several tricks with a retriever dog, which did not seem to like the task very well.

"Come and kiss Miss Pussy," said the man, and the dog went up to it, laid a paw upon its neck, and licked its face.

The master then put a piece of meat on its nose, and told the dog to fetch it away.

"He doesn't care for this part," was his comment. "She has had him by the throat once or twice. Just look at her iron paws! One blow would lay you dead as mutton. What, you brute, you would, would you!"

Miss Pussy had tried to gnaw his boot, and needed to be lashed off.

"Did you ever take her out?"

"Oh, yes, she goes walking with me on the mountains, sometimes. I take her chain off when we're out of the town, but I'm precious careful to follow her, and never let her step behind me!"

Risky.

Irate Father—Young man! I am outraged, sir, that you should seek to marry my daughter on so short acquaintance. You are almost a stranger to her. Stubbs (firmly)—Well, she doesn't take any more chances than I do. She's almost a stranger to me.—Texas Siftings.

MANY USES FOR PAPER.

Inventive Yankees Have Devised Some Peculiar Modes of Employing It.

We have had the golden age and the iron age and various other ages, but the present will probably be known as the wooden or paper age. Paper dress material masquerading as silk is the latest invention in the paper line, and threatens to drive the silkworm out of business. Spruce sawdust, cotton or jute waste and alcohol are put into the machine and come out at the other end shining, delicately colored, rustling silks, suitable for the most fastidious lady's gown. Of course, this paper silk doesn't wear so well as the real fabric, but think how much cheaper it will be!

Enthusiastic paper manufacturers say the new woman and the new man will dine off paper dishes. It is not improbable that the hat of the future will be an indestructible paper affair, impervious to fire or water. Over in Paris any enterprising milliner will be able to show you stylish bonnets and hats made entirely of paper, frame, trimming, ornaments and all. Parasols of paper do not seem to have been thought of yet, but satchels and trunks of paper are common enough. The paper trunk, despite its frail sound, is the despair of the baggage smasher. It refuses to smash.

So do paper car wheels. They have been in use for years on some of the most important railroads in this country. It must not be supposed that the wheels are made entirely of paper. This material only forms the interior shell. Having been subjected to terrific pressure, it is molded and firmly bolted to the outer rim, which is of steel. Greater durability and lightness are claimed for these wheels, but don't let the idea of lightness lead you to get under one. If you do, you may possibly have use for one of the paper coffins which are being turned out at wholesale by a firm at Westfield, Mass.

The railroad train of the future is likely not only to have paper wheels, but to run on paper rails. These are made entirely of paper, and are formed in molds under great pressure. They have been used to some extent in Russia and Germany, and are said to be free from many of the defects of the ordinary steel rail.

Paper horseshoes are another European invention. Among the advantages claimed for them is that they maintain a rough surface, enabling the horse to get a good grip on the smooth pavements. German paper makers have put on the market a substance called "papier sculptor," which is used instead of clay for modeling. It is simply paper pulp kept soft enough to be worked. Papiermache ceilings and wall decorations are very fashionable. They may look like leather or brocade or a thousand and one handsome embossed effects, but they are wood pulp, just the same.

The house-furnishing departments in the big shops furnish interesting evidence of the extent to which paper enters into ordinary life. Paper pails and tubs are appreciated by the suburban dweller who hasn't "set" tubs. They are much lighter and easier to keep clean, as well as cheaper than the old style. So is the much-abused cuspidor. Peach baskets, berry baskets and butter boxes are made of paper, and almost everything under the sun—salt, which used to come in pretty blue and white bags; oatmeal, crackers, ice cream, candy, shoes, corsets, dresses—is sent home in a paper box. In Japan, they say, some folks live in paper houses, and in this country paper boats are in use. Nor must the necessary sewer pipe be forgotten. Paper pipes for carrying water, steam or electricity are not uncommon. As conduits for electricity they are considered safe, even though the wire be not insulated.

Remedy for Red Noses.

Red noses, says Diana De Morny, are certainly most unattractive, and how to remedy such an affliction comes within the power of all those who suffer from this disfigurement. Let the red nosed girl abstain from spices and from all stimulants—even tea and coffee; let her take frequent exercise, dressed in loose clothes; eat simply cooked food, with an abundance of fresh fruit and vegetables. Tight lacing, tight shoes—anything which impedes the circulation—will produce red noses. The following wash, which is the formula of the renowned specialist, Hillairet, may be used also with benefit: Distilled rose-water, 250 grammes; spirits of camphor, 50 grammes; sulphur, in powder, 20 grammes; Senegal gum, pulverized, 8 grammes.

Ancient Lighthouses.

Lighthouses for the guidance of mariners are very ancient. The earliest in England of a permanent character were the North and South Foreland lights. They were merely lath and plaster buildings, with a light on top of them in a glass lantern. The first Eddystone was erected about the middle of the last century.

A Borrowed Custom.

Our habit of reading the declaration of independence on the Fourth of July is derived from the old English custom of having the magna charta read twice a year in the cathedrals. The bishops not only read it, but excommunicated those who broke it.

Kaiser Wilhelm Is Rebuilding.

Kaiser Wilhelm is spending $1,500,000 on additions and improvements to his palace in Berlin, which it will take seven years to complete. Last year $350,000 was spent in rebuilding the northwestern end.

Became a Necessity.

When pins were first invented they were considered so great a luxury as not to be fit for common use, and the maker was not allowed to sell them in an open shop except on two days of the year at the beginning of January.

An Animal Flower.

The inhabitants of St. Lucia have lately discovered a most wonderful plant. It grows in a cavern, in an immense basin of brackish water that has overflowed from the sea. The bottom basin is covered with pebbles, and each pebble with from one to five of these plants, which, for want of a better name, are termed animal flowers.

These curious creatures, which are in all shades of color, remind one of a beautiful flower bed. To the sight they are perfect flowers, but on the approach of a hand or a stick they retire out of sight.

Close examination shows that the middle of the flower-like disc is provided with four tentacles which move round the petals with a brisk, spontaneous motion. Each of these filaments is provided with pincers for receiving prey. They live upon the spawn of fish and marine insects. Whenever the pincers on the filaments make a catch, the petals immediately close, and there is no escape for whatever has been so unfortunate as to fall into the voracious creature's maw.

Joy Joyful.

In that magnificent anthem in which the line recurs—"Be joyful, be joyful, my heart ever joyful," lies a suggestive secret for all true living. Despair and doubt and depression are unhealthful, are destructive of all worthy work, are corrosive in their effect upon character. The religious significance of gladness is shown all through the scriptures. "Be glad in the Lord," we are told. "Rejoice greatly," "Lift up your hearts." These are but familiar examples of a multude of similar expressions. Depression is such an enervating and negative state as to be almost immoral. One has trials to meet, difficulties, hardships, even; obstacles to overcome. What of them? Is there not the triumph in overcoming? Is it not they who overcome whose names are marked by a white stone? What am I, what are you, what is our neighbor, than any or all of us should be exempt from the discipline of life? If the suffering burns out the sin; if the difficulties we encounter create new energy to surmount them; if the consequences of our faults and follies teach us to live above such follies and faults in future—shall we not rejoice? Surely, one is not in love with one's sins, negligences, or ignorances, and the sooner they are starved out, and driven out, and purified, the better. Sorrow, too—the loss of friends; the sorrow we feel, and sometimes the most keenly, through sympathy with the sorrows of others; disaster and misfortune—all these come more or less into every life with their varied discipline, their varied aid. What then? Lift up your hearts. Rejoice in the Lord. Let it all tend to the spiritualization of life. Not because one is safely housed and sheltered from the storm, but because he has achieved the power of living above the storm, may he say, in the refrain of Buddha and of the cowherd, in the beautiful legend, "Rain on, O, cloud, rain on!"

The Trail of a Moose.

The trail of a moose, leading some times for miles together through a network of fallen debris, the labor of following him, and to do so climbing over and under the innumerable fallen logs and interlacing branches, may be more easily imagined than described. However weary the hunter may be, he must never for one instant relax his caution, and in those large silent woods never, if possible, break a stick.

The moose has an intensely acute sense of hearing and smelling, and as, of course, despite all his caution, when hunting before the snow has come, the hunter, although moccasin-clad, must break sticks sometimes, he finds frequently, after working his way on the trail through one of these horrible woods, that on reaching the other side the quarry has started off across a mile of open prairie to seek the shelter of a similar cover on the other side.

As the moose, even when undisturbed, is a tremendous walker, browsing on the low willows as he goes, there is no knowing when or where he will stop again. Things being thus, it follows that the days when there is a high wind are the best by far for hunting. Then in the crashing of the falling branches and the rattling of the limbs of the trees the wary brute gets careless, and in easier of approach.—Blackwood's Magazine.

A FARMER'S AFFIDAVIT.

DECLARES HE WAS CURED IN A MARVELOUS MANNER.

Covered With Sores and Strange Spots—Itched All Over—How He Was Cured.

From the Times, Owego, N. Y.

Having been informed that Mr. Harlin Scott, of the town of Candor, Tioga Co., N. Y., had received great benefit from the use of Pink Pills, a reporter of the *Owego Times* drove out to Mr. Scott's farm and found that gentleman hard at work and apparently in the best of health. On making inquiry as to the truth of report, Mr. Scott was very enthusiastic and cheerfully furnished the following affidavit:

Harlin J. Scott, being duly sworn, says that he is a farmer living in the town of Candor, Tioga County, State of New York. Had formerly lived in Caroline, Tompkins County, N. Y. For several years was afflicted with a disease of the skin, in which brown spots and sores appeared upon his face, neck and body. At times suffered a burning, prickling or itching sensation that was terribly annoying and disagreeable, especially so when perspiring, and was unable to work. Consulted the local physician, who said my liver and blood were diseased. His prescriptions did not benefit me. I took blood remedies recommended by druggists, with no help. A friend called my attention to Pink Pills for Pale People. I purchased a box of a druggist in Ithaca in February, 1894. The first box had a beneficial effect. Have continued to take them, and there is scarcely any spots or pimples on my body. I can now work hard—perspiration causes no annoyance. I sleep well, and am confident that my recovery is due to the Pink Pills.

HARLIN J. SCOTT.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th of May, 1895.

CLARENCE I. NIXON, Notary Public, Tioga County, N. Y.

The foregoing is but one of many wonderful cures that have been credited to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Diseases which heretofore have been supposed to be incurable, such as locomotor ataxia and paralysis, succumb to this wonderful medicine as readily as the most trifling ailments. In most cases the reported cures have been investigated by the leading newspapers and verified in every possible manner. Their fame has spread to the far ends of civilization, and there is hardly a drug store in this country or abroad where they cannot be found.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills 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 effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, (50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50—they are never sold in bulk or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y

The Cheek of This.

Says the St. Louis Star-Saying: "The letters brought out by the death of Blaine and published over the signature of "Mack," in the late issues of the St. Louis "Globe-Democrat," are the choicest contributions to the higher grade of political literature that the newspapers have seen for many a day. They combine a style that is hard to surpass with a mass of information, much of which is the result of the writer's intimate and confidential relations with the men about whom he speaks. They are from the pen of Mr. J. B. McCullagh, the editor of the "Globe-Democrat," and they show conclusively that he has not lost one iota of his oldtime vigor. All we regret about them is that they were not published in "The Star-Sayings," where they could have that wide circulation to which their merits entitles them."

Little Sister.

Elderly Maiden (out rowing with a possible suitor and a little sister who is frightened by the wave)—Theodora! If you are so nervous now what will you be at my age? Little Sister (meekly)—Thirty-seven, I suppose.—Kate Field.

I Can't Sleep

Is the complaint of many at this season. The reason is found in the fact that the nerves are weak and the body in a feverish and unhealthy condition. The nerves may be restored by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which feeds them upon pure blood, and this medicine will also create an appetite, and tone up the system and thus give sweet refreshing sleep.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye to-day. $1; six for $5.

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25c

SLIPS OF THE TONGUE.

Some Amusing Mistakes Made by Speakers.

That is a queer and most embarrassing faculty which we all possess at some time in our lives, of meaning one thing and saying another.

When a rather dapper young man was introduced to a very distinguished lady, he bowed low, and said: "I think, madam, you have had the pleasure of meeting me before."

Such mistakes are very frequent on the platform of the amateur performance. A regular attendant at these places noted the following absurd mistakes, some of which were either unobserved by the audience, or supposed to be the proper thing in the proper place. A charming young lady thus rendered a climax in a celebrated poem:

"Go, your liver loves," said Cromwell, "Curfew shall not ring to night."

In another recitation the reader "Clasped to her heart the throbbing boy."

An orator made an unexpected effect by thus reversing matters: "He rests at wounds who never felt a scar."

The pet of the family having been duly instructed in his part, goes on the platform and begins boldly:

"I wish I had a little pat
To dog him on the head."

This is equaled by a recent small hero who, with all the confidence in the world, approached the audience and began:

"Under the spreading blacksmith tree
The village chestnut stands."

A confusion of memory caused an elocutionist to change a line of Barbara Frietchie rather surprisingly.

"When Lee marched over the garden wall."

The little aberrations are very amusing to everybody, but those who are the cause of them. It is never pleasant to be the one who takes that figurative step from the sublime to the ridiculous.

Skunks.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune says that the hop-growers of Otsego County have discovered—what naturalists have long been trying to make farmers understand — that skunks, instead of being their enemies, as they formerly supposed, are among their most useful friends. As one hop-grower expressed it, "Nowadays we protect skunks as carefully as we do song-birds."

Hop-yards, it appears, are infested by a certain kind of grub which gnaws off the tender vines at the root, and this grub is the favorite food of the skunk.

As a general thing the skunks sally forth at nightfall, but now and then they are to be seen at work in broad daylight. The proceeding is an interesting one to watch.

The skunk begins his quest on the edge of the yard, where he cocks his head over a hill of hops and listens. If a grub is at work upon one of the four trailing vines, his quick ear is sure to hear it. At once he begins to paw up the earth, and presently he is seen to uncover the grub and swallow it with unmistakable relish.

Then he listens again, and if he hears nothing, proceeds to the next hill. And so he goes on till he has had his fill.

Now that the skunks are no longer molested, they have become comparatively fearless. Sometimes, we are told, they keep up their operations even while the cultivator is driven between the rows.

One man rejoiced in the presence of a skunk family—two old ones and their five kittens. The young one followed their father and mother about the yard in broad day light, while people stood looking on. They were both ornamental and useful; but one day two strange dogs came along and killed them. The farmer actually shed tears when he saw his seven pets lying dead on the ground.

Old Visiting Cards.

Some fifty years ago, when a house in Dean street, Soho, was being repaired, on removing a marble chimney piece in the front drawing room, four or five "visiting" cards were found, one with the name of Isaac Newton on it. The names were all written on the backs of common playing cards. The house in Dean street was the residence of Hogarth, or his father-in-law.

In "Marriage a la Mode," (Plate 4,) his celebrated picture by Hogarth supplies an additional proof of playing cards having done duty as visiting cards and cards of invitations during the middle of the last century. There are several lying on the floor in the righthand corner of the picture. One is inscribed: 'Count Bassett begs to no how Lade Squader slept last nite." Soon after this period some particularly ingenious individual hit upon the idea of supplying fantastically-hand-written cards to the "nobility and gentry," and very elaborate and gorgeous specimens of stationery and calligraphy these same cards were.

Then the inevitable evolution set in, and cards soon developed into respectable specimens of the engraver's art, and, though various changes took place in the shapes and sizes, eventually the sensible cards, as used at the present day, soon took a hold on the public, and the neatest and plainest have remained the fashion. But the fantastic and absurb reigned for some considerable time, and stationers vied with each other as to who could produce the most elaborate. The present writer has seen some of the earlier cards quite ten inches long by six inches broad, with lace bordering.—Notes and Queries.

Unruly Member.

What an experience it was, learning to write! And how many of us amiably and unconsciously made faces over it! For after we had learned where to place each finger, and how to move the pen, and how to hold the wrist, there was an unruly member that insisted upon helping us shape each letter.

Little Girl—Please ma'am, Johnny Smart is makin' mistakes in his writing lesson.

Teacher—How do you know?

Little Girl—There's three capital S's in the copy to-day, and he's makin' L's.

Teacher—You can't see his pen.

Little Girl—No'm, but I can see his tongue.—Good News.

THE ERUPTIVE FEVERS.

Symptoms That Every Mother Should Be Able to Recognize.

The most important members of the group of eruptive fevers are small-pox, measles, and scarlet fever. Others of minor importance are chicken-pox, cow-pox or vaccine disease and German measles. All are characterized by an eruption upon the skin as a prominent feature of the disease. All are contagious in a high degree and run a definite course, which cannot be stopped by any known means. The ability to distinguish between the different members of the group, at as early a date as possible, is often of the utmost importance, in order to prevent the spread of the disease.

The time from the date of exposure until the first appearance of the fever varies in small-pox from five to twenty days, with an average of twelve days; in measles it is usually from six to ten days, sometimes extending fourteen or fifteen; in scarlet fever the average is from four to six days, with an extreme variation of from one to fourteen days.

The initial fever in each case presents the features common to all fevers, with certain differences which are not always well marked. The beginning of small-pox is especially characterized by a severe headache and pain in the back. In measles there are the usual features of a cold in the head with a bronchial cough. In scarletina vomiting and convulsions are especially common in children. The best medical authorities declare that, while a probable opinion may often be formed from the attendant circumstances, such as the prevalence of the disease and known exposure, it is often impossible to determine the disease with certainty until the appearance of the characteristic eruption. The eruption in small-pox appears first around the mouth and chin, on the third day of the fever; in measles, it appears first on the forehead and temples, on the fourth day; and in scarlet fever, on the face, neck, and chest simultaneously, on the second day of the fever.

In small-pox the eruption consists of small, red pimples, becoming vesicles, and then pustules, with a minute depression in the center; in measles, of small red dots like flea bites; and in scarletina, of a bright scarlet rash evenly diffused.

The fever lessens on the first appearance of the rash in small-pox, but increases again in its later stages. In measles, the fever increases as the rash makes its appearance and declines gradually as it disappears. In scarlet fever, it continues unabated until the fading of the rash, when it falls rapidly.

The usual duration of favorable cases of small-pox, from the initial fever to convalescence, is from two to three weeks; of measles, from six to ten days; and of scarlet fever, from eight to nine days.

Boreas, the Safe Blower.

A case of safe-blowing that has not been reported to the police occurred in a San Francisco business house one day last week. It was blown open by the wind, and valuable evidence of debt were carried away.

The business concern employes a large number of messengers, and carfare is advanced to each as he needs it. As a memorandum a small tag is made out and deposited in a child's bank. The receptacle will hold nickels or 10-cent pieces, but small pieces of paper will go through the interstices like water through a sieve.

For several weeks the cashier found it impossible to make the tags in the safe balance the accounts of the messengers, and he suspected that the boys were padding their expense bills. Finally the trouble was explained. A door and window were left open. A gust of wind blew in through the safe and away went half a dozen of the little tags. A new system was immediately devised.

PURE AND WHOLESOME QUALITY

Commends to public approval the California liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs. It is pleasant to the taste and by acting gently on the kidneys, liver and bowels to cleanse the system effectually, it promotes the health and comfort of all who use it, and with millions it is the best and only remedy.

A Chinese proverb says: "A hundred men may make an encampment, but it takes a woman to make a home."

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

A hundred thousand right whales would be required to supply as much oil as Baku exports yearly.

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

Ramie is now being extensively cultivated in the West Indies as a substitute for silk.

Do You Know Its Cause.

Indigestion: Do you know when you have it? Do you know its cause and cure? Ask your druggist for Ripans Tabules. One gives relief.

Telegraph lines reach 1,069,123 miles.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S Medical Discovery,

DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS.,

Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Livor or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

Observation.

"Gentlemen, you do not use your faculties of observation," said an old professor, addressing his class. Here he pushed forward a gallipot containing a chemical of exceedingly offensive smell. "When I was a student," he continued, "I used my sense of taste," and with that he dipped his finger in the gallipot and then put his finger in his mouth.

"Taste it, gentlemen, taste it," said the professor, "and exercise your perceptive faculties."

The gallipot was pushed toward the reluctant class one by one. The students resolutely dipped their fingers into the concoction, and with many a wry face sucked the abomination from their fingers.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," said the professor, "I must repeat that you do not use your faculties of observation, for had you looked more closely at what I was doing, you would have seen that the finger which I put in my mouth was not the finger I dipped in the gallipot."

Makes Pure Blood. These three words tell the whole story of the wonderful cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is the best blood purifier and spring medicine.

Hood's Pills have won high praise for their prompt and efficient yet easy action.

The Atlantic Ocean takes its name from Mount Atlas.

Rev. H. P. Carson, Scotland, Dak., says, "Two bottles of Hall's Catarrh Cure completely cured my little girl." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The water in the Strait of Gibraltar is 150 fathoms deep.

I use Piso's Cure for Consumption both in my family and practice.—DR. G. W. PATTERSON, Inspector, Mich., Nov. 5, 1894.

Hungary has sent to our shores 62,000 descendents of