NELLIE'S EYES.

Sweet Nellie's eyes are twilight born,
The eyes I love to greet;
They never opened first at morn,
Or mid the noontide heat;
But when the sun was sinking low,
Before the stars began to glow,
Where southern jesamines sway and blow
They caught their shadows sweet.

O Nellie's eyes, sweet Nellie's eyes
Illumined with celestial dyes,
They haunt my dreams
With gentle gleams
Wistful,
Tristful,
Twilight eyes.

Sweet Nellie's mouth is summer-kissed
To grace beyond eclipse;
One eve a ruby rose was missed
And blossomed on her lips,
And softer than the coo of dove
Of southern winds that flit above
Are all her words, and naught but love
From out her rose mouth slips.

O Nellie's lips, sweet Nellie's lips,
Their dulcet tone like honey drips
Upon the ear
Serenely clear—
Slender,
Tender,
Summer lips.

Sweet Nellie's locks are sunset crowned
O'er ears of sea-shells mold,
And mid their lissome loops are found
The gleaming tints of gold.
No locks more fair in trancing lure
Were ever clasped by fillet pure
To wake the lay of troubadour
Or fire a bard of old.

O Nellie's hair, sweet Nellie's hair
My heart lies in its silken share.
Nor time nor art
The bond shall part—
Twining,
Shining,
Sunset hair!

—Samuel M. Peck, in Atlanta Constitution.

THE TALE OF A COMET.

BY ROMAN L. ZUROP.

H, mamma! mamma! Come out quick; it's on! look at it, papa isn't it beautiful?' and in the exuberance of excitement Milly Patterson squeezed John's arm tightly while she leaned against him and looked eagerly into the sky.

Old man Patterson, who stood near the young people, also had his face turned upward; but there was no indication of glee in his voice when, after gazing for a few minutes, he remarked:

"And to think that them things, with such beautiful tails, could do us any harm!"

There was no response to this remark, save a loud sigh from Mrs. Patterson, who turned round abruptly and walked into the house, where Mr. Patterson soon followed her.

Milly and John were still standing and gazing at the heavens. They had not said a word to each other; they were happy in the consciousness of their proximity.

"I don't believe a word of it—do you?" asked Milly some minutes afterwards.

"What?"

"Oh, what Schoolmaster Marten says about this—er—comet—that's going to break up the earth and kill all the people on it and annihilate everything. I don't believe it—do you?"

"Bosh!" remarked John emphatically. "I think Marten is a slick fraud, that's what he is!" he added, holding his arm tightly round Milly's waist.

"It's awful!" said Milly concernedly. "He's been coming here every day for the last couple of weeks talking about that comet, and he's dinned into papa and mamma's heads that the whole world is comin' to an end, and that we are nigh the day of judgment!"

"Rubbish!" commented John.

"And he's been talking at me, too, the hypocrite, telling me to mend my ways and not to be so giddy. As if I am ever giddy, John!" she added in an injured tone.

John did not reply for a second or two. He seemed to be thinking.

"'Pears to me," he said, after a while, "that your father ought to know by this time what kind of a customer he's got to deal with. Has Marten paid him back the fifty dollars he borrowed last Christmas?"

"No, not he."

"Why don't you tell your father not to take any stock in Marten?"

"It's no use, John. He's wheedled them round completely to his side. It's perfectly awful how he's talked them into things about this comet. They've been glum and mopin', and packin' away things; and mother's been buryin' a lot of silver in the garden—"

"What!" interrupted John. "The old folks haven't been hidin' things in the ground and let Marten know of it?"

"Yes. He's shown them the very place where he says the comet won't strike, and mother's put a lot of silver spoons in it."

"The fox! He's been stealin' them!" exclaimed John.

Millie sprang to her feet and ran into the garden, John following her. She stopped near a slight mound of fresh clay in which two sticks were firmly stuck and which she began to probe gently.

"Thank goodness, it's not touched!" she said with a sigh of relief, evidently satisfied with her examination. "You nearly took my breath away with fright, John. Mamma would go crazy if she were so fooled."

"I tell you what I'll do, Milly," he said. "You keep a sharp watch on this place, and if Marten turns up tomorrow keep him till I get through work. I'll come over here, and we'll see whether we can't fix him somehow."

In truth it was terrible as Milly expressed it, if half the things were going to happen which Marten predicted. The whole village of Stockborough was terribly excited over the event. Everybody recollected that wars, pestilence, famine, and other calamities followed the previous appearance of a comet like this—with almost the identical tail. Schoolmaster Marten talked about such uncanny things as the "stellary system," the cosmic law," and so on. On the day on which Milly and John had conspired to rout him, Marten was at the Patterson farm holding forth as usual. He had brought a newspaper with him, and read out from it impressively the announcement that on the coming Thursday, precisely at 5:34 p. m., there would be an entire eclipse of the sun, and the inference he left to be gathered from it was that the general break-up was to begin at that very second.

The old people sat listening and blinking solemnly. Milly was somewhat awed herself, and she was mighty glad when John came into the room looking ready for action.

John contented himself at first by simply denying the arguments. But Marten's superior loquaciousness was rapidly getting the best of him and he was gradually drawn into the meshes of reason. That was all the schoolmaster wanted. He could reason a bull into a frog any day, if the animal only followed the process of logical deductions; so by and by John found himself listening with his hands folded, his reason silenced, and more than half convinced of the probability of the whole thing.

"And ye say it'll all take place on Thursday at 5:34 p. m.?" asked the old man. Marten had not said it, but he answered:

"Precisely. The unerring calculation of science."

"Maybe it'll only strike one corner of the earth and leave out Stockborough and the farm?" he asked timidly again.

"That is difficult to say," replied Marten, thoughtfully. "Our whole planet is sure to sustain a terrible shock, and it will be felt all the world over. There is a chance—a small chance—that we might escape with our lives here; but everything else is doomed."

That night John and Milly were locked in a long embrace before they took leave of each other. They were both heavily oppressed, and though John entertained a sneaking scepticism of the whole thing, he really believed that before the end of the week the earth might be a broken waste, with nobody and nothing alive on it.

"You will come over on Thursday, John, won't you?" asked Milly in a trembling voice. "We can die together, if we can't live together, can't we, John?"

"I'll be here, Milly, by 4 o'clock, and God may prove him yet a liar—you see if He don't!" said John as he went off.

About a quarter past five on the following Thursday they all left the old Patterson farmhouse. They were going to give up their souls to heaven, and they walked on in solemn silence. It was preternaturally quiet all around them. The gloaming was rapidly falling, and it seemed to the old folks as if it were the precursor of eternal darkness.

The group halted near a cluster of trees. Marten held out his watch; there was ten minutes more left them. The old people stood there glum and motionless. John and Milly had locked hands and looked pale. Marten told them to lie down flat on their stomachs and hide their faces in the ground till the thing was over.

Tremblingly, fearfully, they obeyed, and lay flat on the ground, dreading to stir, awaiting the sounds of the awful crash. Marten retired to another spot, whence he said he would signal them to rise if they were destined to survive.

Ten minutes passed; a quarter of an hour followed, and still they lay there. It was growing darker; they were getting chilled to the bones; their teeth began to chatter, and still no signal from the schoolmaster, no sound of the crashing doom. Half an hour passed, and then fearfully, cautiously, old man Patterson began to move his head. Gradually he raised it and looked round. Everything was still, deathly still. It was dark, but he could see the farmhouse clearly. Then he suddenly thought that he alone had survived the general destruction—he and the farmhouse. A terror crept over him that he would have to end his days alone and in darkness.

"Wish I had died with 'em!" he groaned aloud.

But he looked round and saw his wife's head rising, and suddenly her terrified face looked at him. The next moment he saw in her eye a glance of recognition. So they were both alive!

"Milly! Milly!" called the old man timidly.

"Yes, father?" came a trembling reply.

"Are ye living?" he asked again.

"I am, father. Is John alive?"

"Yes, Milly," came the emphatic reply from John, who sat up on the ground.

They were all sitting up now.

"The farmhouse is there, too," said Mrs. Patterson in a wondering voice, "and I hear the short-horn blowing in the yard."

"Guess we'd better get up," remarked the old man, rising and assisting his wife.

Inside the house, when they got a light, they all burst out laughing, they felt so foolish; and the more they laughed the more foolish they felt. Milly laughed until the tears streamed down her cheeks, and John, in trying to restrain her, felt his sides fairly ache. The old couple rocked themselves in their chairs with laughter, and amid those peals the old man would gasp out: "And I thought I's the only one alive—ho—ho—ho!"

They found the silver where they buried it. The old man discovered everything he had sequestered but a bundle and a couple of gold rings; an old brooch, twenty-six dollars in money, and the schoolmaster's own note for fifty dollars were missing. So was the schoolmaster himself. On the following day John came in and announced that the schoolmaster had skipped—"Hung on to the tail of the comet, they say!"—New York Storiettes.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A Jack of all trades—The Western burro.

About the most trying loop-hole of the law is the noose.—Puck.

The well-bred man who works in a bakery is a loafer.—Troy Telegram.

It is the thunder of the man in need that everlastingly sours the milk of human kindness.—Puck.

When a man sees that he is being driven to despair he ought to get out and walk.—Yonkers Gazette.

By all odds the finest attraction at the World's Fair will be the American girl.—Baltimore American.

Knowledge is power, except in the case of the man who knows he is whipped.—Indianapolis Journal.

Pluck will tell. Many a man not able to write his own name has made his mark in the world.—New Orleans Picayune.

Hicks—"Blitson, they tell me, is quite an athlete." Wicks—"Yes; his last feat, I hear was to run up a boarding bill."—Boston Transcript.

"That Smith girl has cast an awful spell over Charlie, He—" "I suppose so; she was a typewriter for several years."—Inter-Ocean.

It seems easy enough to name a baby, unless by some extraordinary chance the baby happens to be your own.—Somerville Journal.

It is impossible that there are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught, if the kodack pictures that fishermen bring home are true to life.—Puck.

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.

A NEW LEASE OF LIFE.

IN GOOD HEALTH AT SEVENTY-THREE YEARS OF AGE.

Miss Cornwall's Wonderful Recovery of Health—Became Well in Two Months After an Illness of Six Years.

From the Register, New Haven, Conn.

In this rapid age of ours when so many men and women are old at fifty, one who has lived three-quarters of a century, and then, after debility and suffering, regains health and vigor, must be regarded with a feeling akin to wonder. A New England lady has been found who has had this remarkable experience.

In the family of Clarence Williams, a Cheshire farmer on the Meriden road, Cheshire, Ct., lives Miss Cornelia Cornwall, a lady seventy-three years of age. For several years Miss Cornwall's health has been declining very rapidly, caused by a general debility. Her friends feared that the respected lady had not long to live; but a kind Providence directed the aged lady, and in a newspaper advertisement Miss Cornwall read about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—a few boxes of which she procured at once, and with the result that is best told in her own words.

"About six years ago," Miss Cornwall began, "my health commenced to fail. I suffered from loss of appetite and pains in different parts of my body. My condition gradually grew worse until my limbs were apparently unable to bear my weight, and I could no longer go up stairs without the assistance of some one.

"I consulted physicians who prescribed medicines for my blood. These I continued to take for several months, but without any effect. The sense of feeling in my lower limbs seemed to be leaving me, and I began to fear that it was hopeless to look for a cure. I was still suffering terribly from the pains through my body, when I chanced to read the story of a cure that had been effected with the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I discovered that the town druggist here had none on sale, so I sent immediately to the headquarters in Schenectady, N. Y., and secure I two of the boxes of the pills.

"Last December I commenced using the pills regularly, and a month after I had been taking them, I felt greatly benefited by their use. The feeling in my limbs came back again, and in two months I was able to go about the house as I had been accustomed to a year before. Now, as you can see, I am enjoying good health. The pallor in my face was removed by the pills. A number of my friends in the neighborhood were complaining of symptoms somewhat similar to my own, and I recommended that they take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They did so, and they tell me that they have been very much benefited by their use. I still continue to take the pills, though there is not so much necessity for them at present. As a purifier of the blood, I consider the Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a wonderful medicine."

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 Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

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 something usually fruit, every night of my life."—New York Times.

Economy of a Milk Diet.

Aside from the physiological considerations the economy of a milk diet is not the least among its advantages, as compared with beef. In the former there is no bone, as in meat, nor waste in trimmings, and, though the amount of bone in meat varies it is rarely less than eight per cent.—in the neck and brisket of beef, for instance, it is about ten per cent., while in the shins and legs it amounts to one-third or even one-half the total weight. Again, milk requires no cooking, hence is always ready for consumption at a moment's notice, and without being subjected to waste and shrinkage. The ordinary percentage of loss in boiling beef is twenty per cent.; in baking, twenty-nine per cent., and the roasting process involves fully thirty-one per cent.; true, this loss arises partly from the evaporation of water, as well as the melting down and escape of fat, and the destructive action of heat—whatever loss, however, is thus occasioned, has no counterpart in milk.—Boston Cultivator.

CURIOUS FACTS.

Lawn is fine linen bleached on the lawn instead of the ordinary drying ground.

As a leaper the kangaroo is ahead of all. It readily jumps from sixty to seventy feet.

The first finger is sacred to Jupiter, and is supposed to indicate the nobler elements of character.

Five hundred thousand men are estimated to ride in the elevators of New York City every day.

The public executioner of Austria wears a pair of new white gloves every time he carries out a capital sentence.

In Chinese the letter "i" has 145 ways of being pronounced, and each pronunciation has a different meaning.

The London and Northwestern Railroad passes through more than half of the fifty-three counties of England and Wales.

Most of the school slates come from Pennsylvania, where there are large slate quarries. Some come from Vermont and Ohio.

An odd collection is that of one of the county officials of Maine, who has gathered feathers from almost every kind of bird that flies.

Only one-fourth of the American shipping is engaged on the high seas, seventy-seven per cent. being river, lake and coasting trade.

The Chautauqua salute, waving a white handkerchief, was first given at the request of Chancellor Vincent, as a greeting to a deaf mute.

A man who died a short time ago at Berlin, N. Y., left a dairy which he began when eighteen years old and continued for fifty-two years.

A French priest stationed at Jerusalem has been the fortunate finder of "a talent of the time of King David." It was unearthed in his dooryard.

A French fisherman who threw his line into the Seine Canal, near St. Dennis, on December 20, got hold of a package containing 178 railway bonds worth $22,000.

Growing blackberries and mushrooms, by law, are not private property in England. One may be prosecuted for trespass on land where they grow, but not for theft in taking them.

During the Franco-Prussian war the Germans fired 30,000,000 rifle cartridges and 363,000 charges of artillery, killing or mortally wounding 77,000 Frenchmen, showing that 400 shots are required to kill or mortally wound one man.

The statue on the dome of the Capitol at Washington represents Freedom. It is nineteen feet six inches high and weighs 14,985 pounds. It was modelled by Thomas Crawford, an American sculptor, who died in 1857. It was put in position in 1865.

Accommodating Landlord.

A correspondent assures us that he never knew that it was possible for an innkeeper to be too accommodating to his guests until he went down to Nova Scotia recently, and put up at a pleasant little hotel in the country. The landlord of this hotel laid it down as one of his principles of action to give people a little more than they asked for—to be "extra accommodating," as he termed it.

The landlord brilliantly illustrated his adherence to this principle the very morning after our correspondent's arrival at the hotel. The guests had to go away on the seven o'clock train that morning, and asked the proprietor to call him at six. The guest went to sleep in the calm assurance that he should be aroused at the proper hour.

He seemed hardly to have fallen into a sound sleep when he heard a terrific pounding at his door. He sprang up, wide awake.

"What's the matter?" he called out.

"Four o'clock! Four o'clock!" came the landlord's voice the other side of the door; "two hours more to sleep!"

It is needless to say that the guest slept no more that morning. The landlord's anxiety to be "extra accommodating" failed of its mark that time.

Drusilla—"I hear you are poor. I think we will have to break our relations." Ten Broke—"I have broken all of mine already."—New York Herald.

Milkman (apologetically)—"The milk is a little blue this morning." Mrs. Housekeeper—"It must be thinking how everlastingly poor it is getting."—Troy Press.

Jinks—"Don't you think that the intentions of French duellists are more honorable than is generally conceded?" Filkins—"Oh, yes; as a rule they aim high."—Brooklyn Life.

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 Liver 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.

$3 A DAY SURE. SEND us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day; absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free you work in the locality where you live; send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work; absolutely sure; write at once. E. T. BORGAN, Manager, Box LF, DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

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Fall Medicine

Is fully as important and as beneficial as Spring Medicine, for at this season there is great danger to health in the varying temperature, cold storms, malarial germs, prevalence of fevers and other diseases. All these may be avoided if the blood is kept pure, the digestion good, bodily health vigorous by taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, headaches. 25c.

Reasonable Dress.

It has been said that a woman's dress not only typifies her subject condition, but characterizes her individualism as well. Allowing this to be true and accepting it from the philosophical standpoint, we are forced to believe that individualism must oftimes blush at her own caprice—at her own fickle, frivolous and imperfect portrayals, as she drags herself from one extreme to another, offering at each evolution some absurd and contradictory pretense. 'Tis an age of progression; 'tis an age when intelligence should precede and prevail over vanity, when women should possess the outward appearance of at least reasonable beings. But clad in the manner which extremists of fashion decree that we should be clad, with sleeves like the wings of angels and trains like the tail of a kite, with hats bedecked with the stuffed bodies and wings of slaughtered song birds, and No. 5 feet jammed into No. 3 needle-toed shoes, is it a wonder that individualism would feel at least a little cramped, and at times blush at her own caprices?—Womankind.

Unripened Tomatoes.

Professor Massey, of the North Carolina Experiment station, writes that when frost is imminent he gathers the green tomatoes, wraps them separately in paper (old newspapers will answer), and packs them in boxes, which are stored in a place just warm enough to be secure from frost, the object being to keep them and not to ripen them. Then as the fruits are wanted a few are brought out at a time and placed in a warm position where they will ripen in a few days. In this way he has kept his table supplied with sliced tomatoes to midwinter.

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 Syruy Co.

It was stated some time ago by one of the heads of departments of the London & Northwestern railway that that company issues yearly five tons of railway tickets.

Deafness Cannot be Cured by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

A snake fourteen feet long has, according to report, been stealing ducks geese, chickens, peacocks and other delicacies from a farm at Cold Spring Harbor, L. I.

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

In 1630 no gentleman, either in England, France or Germany, thought for a moment of going abroad without his cloak, even in the hottest days of summer.

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

A Chinese custom is the throwing into the ocean of thousands of pieces of paper when friends are about to sail. Each piece bears written on it a prayer.

FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Myrrh has been known from the earliest times, but only from the present century has the tree from which it comes been identified in Arabia and Persia.

At the Office

you may have a sudden bilious attack or headache when it is impossible for you to leave your work. If you have a box of Ripans Tabules in your desk a tabule taken at the first symptom will relieve you.

A rapid milking machine has been invented by a man over at Toronto, Canada, which can clean out twenty-five cows in twenty minutes.

Delays are dangerous. A dollar spent for Hood's Sarsaparilla now may prevent illness which will be expensive and hard to bear. Now is the time to take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills cure jaundice, biliousness, sick headache, constipation and liver ills.

Unless a Chinese father happens to be a schoolmaster, at home with nothing to do, he never thinks of teaching his daughter to read.

The best way to know whether Floating-Borax is the best Soap for laundry and bath is to try it. It don't turn yellow like other floating soaps, as it is pure. "Dobbins Soap Mf'g. Co. Phila," on every wrapper and cake.

Captain Jonathan Norton, of Lee, Mass., was ninety-nine the other day, but he looks as chipper as a man of seventy.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has no equal as a Cough medicine.—F. M. ABBOTT, 383 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y., May 9, 1894.

An Aroostook (Me.) man, during a recent visit to Big Fish Lake, counted two caribou, five moose, and 100 deer.

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

Maine has one solitary old soldier of the war of 1812, but 200 widows of veterans are drawing pensions.

A French railroad company has ordered clocks placed on the outside of every locomotive.

There is an inquiry for an electric-light plant and for an ice factory, to go to the south coast of Hayti.

The native dog of Australia the Egyptian dog and the Persian desert dog never barks.

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 processional 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 parishioner 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 also 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.

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 settees 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.

Making Cloth Water-Proof.

A correspondent asks for a recipe for making cloth water-proof. There is surely no better method than putting half a pound of sugar of lead and half a pound of alum in a pail of soft water, stirring it often until it becomes clear, pouring it off into another pail, and putting the cloth or garment into it, to remain there for twenty-four hours. The material should then be hung up to dry without wringing. It is said that garments thus treated will keep the wearer absolutely dry in the heaviest rainstorm; the rain simply hangs in globules upon the cloth. Waterproof cloth is more healthy to wear than rubber goods.—Chicago Record.

He Was Forgiven.

She—Have you ever loved another?

He—Yes, of course. Did you think I'd practice on a nice girl like you?—Life

Naturally Unnatural.

American Tourist—But who is the dreadfully deformed young man with Lord Chepe?

British Guide—Ho, sur, that 'ere's Lord Billin'sgate's natural son, sur.—Judge.

KNOCK THE SPOTS OUT. A sore spot, green, black, or blue, is a BRUISE. Use ST. JACOBS OIL and watch the color fade, the soreness disappear. IT IS MAGICAL.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

The man who knows the least shows it the most.

The man who leans on his blessings cannot walk straight.

The easiest thing for a fool to do is to tell how little he knows.

A mistake is apt to attract more attention to us than a virtue.

A watch and a man to be any good must have some "go" to them.

Good fortune sometimes comes to us in a very shabby-looking carriage.

The man goes to bed tired who spends the day looking for an easy place.

Who knows how to measure the size of a lie and to tell whether it is big or little?

It is a singular fact that the blunt man is apt to make the most cutting remarks.

Only those whose sense of duty is abnormally developed love all their relatives.

The fellow who makes the most trouble for the average man is inside his own coat.

The best and cheapest thing the world has ever known is charity, and yet how few possess it.

The man who has no confidence in womanhood is utterly unworthy of the confidence of womankind.

Hatred always injures the one who harbors it far more than it does the one against whom it is directed.

If the world owes you a living it will never pay you the debt unless you hustle around and collect it.

If you will honestly try to mend your own faults you will have little time to find fault with other people.

The hornet, like the gossip, would not be such a bad thing to have about if it wasn't for the sting in its tail.

Drying Damp Shoes.

One of the most fertile resources of colds and serious incidental ailments is the wearing of damp shoes. When shoes have been saturated with water the attempt to dry them by exposing them before a stove or fire is obviously damaging to the leather, while it does not insure the expulsion of moisture from the inside. For accomplishing this a new invention has been brought out, consisting of a hollow stoneware last, which can be filled with hot water like a bottle and which is made in a variety of shapes and sizes to correspond to the inside of ordinary shoes. The hole at the top of the last is corked as soon as the hot water has been poured in. The last is kept in position until the inside of the shoe is thoroughly dry, and the hot water can be renewed if necessary.—Chicago Record.

It is curious how much faster a street car hump along when you are running after it than when you are riding on it.—Richmond Recorder.

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

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