STRENGTH IN WEAKNESS.

Last night there toiled till late a little spinner;
From leaf to leaf her silken threads she swung--
Now, dew-ensilvered in the morning sunshine,
The finished lace is hung.

And one who hath been wont to storm and conquer,
And strongest bars to break with dauntless pride,
To spare the filmy web across his pathway,
Pauses, and turns aside.

—Clara W. Bronson, in Youth's Companion.

THE FOURTH AT KA BOB

BY FORREST CRISSEY.

THE Jayhawk family was in a state of intense excitement, which increased as the Fourth of July approached. Nothing had occurred since the birth of Jehial, the only scion of that rural house, that had so stirred the tranquility of the household as had his meek request for the use of the old mare and the buggy, with which to take Phœbe Jones to "the Fourth" at Ka Bob.

Jehial understood the lay of the land well enough to know that his startling petition should be put in along with the first seeds of spring, in order to ripen definite decision by the time the smoke and tumult of Independence Day began to ascend from the Ka Bob public square, which was, to him, the grand theatre of all truly metropolitan events.

Jehial had conceived this daring desire to distinguish himself as a man among men while casting "sheep's eyes" at the back of Phœbe's bowed head during the long prayers that constituted the bone and sinew of the weekly "conference meeting" at Zion's Church.

It must be confessed that there was little courage about his first conscious wish to celebrate the glorious Fourth by so bold a stroke of gallantry. It was simply a wish. But as each warm spring day spread its seductive influences about him, and he strode across the steaming field in the wake of plow or drag, his longing grew stronger, and he nursed it into a sturdy resolution.

But, somehow, his courage was stronger when alone in the field than when face to face with his father, at home.

It seemed as though the right opportunity for approaching his father with the proposition never would present itself, and he delayed the dread ordeal from day to day.

At last the handbills announcing the order of exercises for the great celebration at Ka Bob appeared. It was to eclipse all former celebrations in magnificence, and each special attraction was discussed with as much zest and relish as though it was not a precise repetition of the programme that had been advertised year after year, until every adult knew just which features would be presented and which omitted.

"Ma, I wuz jest a-thinkin' I'd like t' go t' that Fourth of July down t' Ka Bob," said Jehial, to his mother, as she came out to the old well sweep for a bucket of water, where he was washing the plowed ground from gaunt feet.

"Why, of course! I s'pose we're all going," she repled.

"But I don't mean that. I wuz thinkin' I'd like to go alone and—and take some one," he stammered.

"'Go alone and take some one!' Why, child, who ever heard of such a thing? What on 'arth do you mean?"

"S-c-h! here comes pa!" exclaimed the timid Jehial, in an undertone, as his father emerged from the barn, looking like a rural conception of stern justice, with the exacting balances, as he lifted an old-fashioned blueneck yoke to his shoulders and stooped to hook pendant arm into the bail of a froth-flecked pail of milk.

When they were again alone, Jehial, without looking up from his labor of ablution, resumed the conversation.

"Yes, ma; I'd like t' take Phœbe t' the Fourth; but I ain't said nothin' t' pa 'bout it. I kinder hate to, somehow. Can't you have a little talk with him 'bout it?"

"Well, I s'pose I can," replied the mother, "but I'm sure I don't know what he'll think 'bout it."

Accordingly, after Jehial had retired, she laid the proposition before her husband.

"Lord-a-massy, Mary! What 'n idee! That boy abowin' Square Jones's little gal round on a Fourth of July! Why, he's nothin' but a colt, an' the whole town would be apokin' fun at the little fools. An', what's more, no Jayhawk's got any call to be mixin' with the Jones after all the trouble that we've had with the old Square over that line fence. It's all poppy-cot. I'm willin' that Jehial should go t' the Fourth, but I don't want any gal business 'bout it. Why, Mary, jest think of that youngster's takin' a horse an' buggy an' a gal round there where they'd be a-shootin' firecrackers an' anvils, and a-snappin' them pesky little torpedoes! 'Taint no place for a horse, let alone trustin' it with a boy that's got a gal aboard. He'll break his neck an' the gal's too!"

"But you remember the time when you took me to the Fourth at Busti, and you weren't any older than Jehial, and hadn't had any more experience with horses than he has."

This was an argument ad hominem that the father had not counted on. He gave it several moments of silent consideration and then took refuge in his last platitude.

"Well, it ain't safe!"

The mother of Jehial was quick to see this sign of weakening, and followed up her successful attack, at discreet intervals, until the matter finally came to a head.

After a protracted night session of the domestic executive committee, it was determined that Jehial should attend the glorious Fourth, with full power to act.

Jehial cheerfully accepted fifty cents from his mother, and made his way to Squire Jones's to obtain the consent of the Jones family.

As he entered the Squire's gate and passed up the narrow gravel walk between the balsam trees, vainly laboring to formulate his request in graceful words, and commit them to memory before reaching the door, he would have gladly exchanged his task for that of breaking a Canada pair of steers, plowing a ten-acre field, or teaching a trio of calves to drink. How his heart thumped as the soles of his cowhide boots grated on the coarse gravel of the walk. He imagined that it would not seem so hard were it not for the fact that he was on hostile ground—for a Jayhawk had not set foot upon the Jones premises since the immortal battle of the line fence. But those who can vividly recall the trepidation with which they preferred their first request for a young lady's company will doubt if any collateral circumstances could materially enhance the terrors of the moment.

His footfalls upon the front porch sounded, to his own ears, like falling planks, and the raps of his knuckles upon the panel of the front door like heavy artillery. But the calm that settled down upon the house and all nature, after his knock, seemed still louder. Could it be that they were not going to respond to his rappings? Or was she laughing at him from behind the shutters before admitting him?

Before he had decided which of these theories to accept he heard footsteps approaching along the hallway, then a hand upon the door-knob. One moment more and he would stand in the presence of his fate! He drew a full breath and braced himself for the unknown. But the door did not open. It had not been open since the minister called, in the winter, and seemed averse to establishing a precedent. In vain the person on the inside struggled with the key and clicked it backward and forward. At last, when the suspense had become intolerable, a voice from within called forth:

"Go to the side door, please."

To the side door he went and again screwed up his courage, which had reached ebb-tide during the period of suspense, and found himself admitted by Mrs. Jones to the kitchen. A glance revealed the fact that the lord of the house of Jones was fast asleep in his arm-chair, his boots off, and his calves laid across a kitchen chair.

"Is Miss Jones in?" timidly inquired Jehial, fearful that his voice might arouse the sleeper.

"Y-e-s," doubtfully replied Mrs. Jones. "Do you want to see her in particular?"

"Yessum—I—I—"

"Well, she's gone to bed; but if you'll wait I'll call her," interrupted Mrs. Jones, going to the stairs door and shouting:

"Ph'eb! Phœbe Jones. Git right up an' come down. You've got company!"

The sleeping father evidently recognized the peremptory tone and awakened with a snort—the fragments of an exploded snore. He rubbed his eyes and inquired:

"What's up?"

"You are, an' you'd better go on to bed," responded his wife in the same convincing tone.

He evidently shared her opinion, for he immediately groped and stumbled along to an adjoining room, without ever discovering Jehial in the unlighted room.

It seemed to Jehial that hours passed before Phoebe descended the stairs and entered the room, and in response to Mrs. Jones's questions he had told all that he ever knew and considerable that he only guessed at, regarding the history of the Jayhawks and their antecedents and "circumstances."

Phœbe, clad in a simple white dress, that seemed to him a marvel of elegance, advanced and gave him her hand, saying:

"Good evening Mr. Jayhawk; will you excuse me while I get a light?"

She went into the parlor and lit the center-table lamp—a ponderous affair with an elaborately decorated globe of ground glass.

"Walk right in this way, Mr. Jayhawk," she called from the parlor in her best parlor voice.

It was the first time he had ever heard himself called Mr., and it seemed so ridiculously out of shape that the ghost of a grin bagan to twitch the corners of his mouth.

Fortunately for Jehial, Phœbe divined both his timidity and his intentions and at once brought matters to a successful issue by asking him if he had seen the announcement for the Fourth and if he purposed to attend.

"Yes; I was thinkin' I'd like to go if-if-if I might—"

"Certainly; I should think you might just as well as not. It would be too bad to miss such a Fourth as this is to be, I'm sure," prompted Phœbe.

"I-I-I mean I'd like the pleasure of your company to the Fourth, Miss Jones," he stammered, recollecting his formula and pronouncing it at a single breath, as though fearful that it might escape him before he could pronounce it.

"Certainly; with pleasure, Mr. Jayhawk," replied Miss Jones in the affected tone prescribed by the "Ladies' Guide to Etiquette or the Manual of Good Manners." Then came a dead calm broken only by the echoes of the parental snores whose outer ripples penetrated to the most distant portion of the house. Finally Jehial grinned at the variations in the nasal serenade and crossed his legs. Phœbe also grinned and shifted her position. Then they grinned in concert and shifted in concert. Phœbe a-hemmed and Jehial a-hemmed.

Jehial remarked that he must be going, and Phœbe remarked that he must not be in a hurry. He took her at her word and allowad another dead calm to settle. Even the parental snores failed to start the conversational circulation. The frogs in the deep hole—dignified in common parlance by the name of Daddy Jones's "music box"—did their best to rasp the silence into speech and failed.

Then a screech-owl lit on the well-sweep and fetched a screech that faily lifted the speechless couple from their feet.

Jehial again remarked that he must be going. Phœbe did not dispute it.

As he passed out into the moonlight and heard Phœbe shut the door behind him and struggle with the rebellious look it seemed to him that he was walking upon thin air instead of gravel. There was something in the moonlight that he had never known before. Even the frogs in the old "music box" croaked with a rhythm and cadence almost divine—he wondered that he had never noticed it before. He wondered at the pangs of doubt and timidity that he had suffered a few moments before when going up that walk. It seemed a new world to him. All things had become new. Every star twinkled with a seven-fold brilliancy—all because his star of hope had risen!

* * *

The Fourth was over, almost. They had gazed in unconcealed astonishment at the long procession of masked and painted "Fantastics," and laughed till they ached at the broad burlesques and crude impersonations; they had convulsed at the falls of the bag races, and roared at the antics of the pursuers of the greased pig; they had experienced the patriotic shocks which result from the discharge of an anvil; they had drained to the dregs the pleasures of pink lemonade and feasted on the sweets of sticky popcorn balls.

As they rode home the sun slowly sank behind the hills—gray and grizzled with the sheen of dry, wiry poverty grass that fringed their sterile summits, like the scanty bristles on the back of a lean herd of swine. They had reached the period of silence that always falls about the last half hour of a long homeward journey.

At the top of the last hill straggled the line fence over which their parents had contended. When they had finished the ascent and came opposite this Jehial pulled the mare to halt, presumably for the purpose of allowing her to rest, and then cast his eyes about for some object of conversation to render the interval less embarrassing. The first and only thing in view which afforded a possible topic of conversation was the historic line fence, and that was well-nigh as embarrassing as the silence.

"I must go an' fix up that line fence the first thing I do," he ventured; "pa no business to let it run so long without patchin'."

"Well, it will be a shame if you have to, for 'taint your business to keep up the part this side of the old burned stuff; pa ought to do that, but he won't, he'd rather quarrel about it," said Phœbe, "an' that's just what's kept them that ought to be good neighbors apart."

"Well, I never saw a line fence that was worth hard feelings between neighbors—and—and a thousand line fences can't keep us apart, can they, Phœbe?" Jehial exclaimed, as the mare gave a sudden pull that indicated a desire to continue the homeward journey. Although she had heard the answer to Jehial's question, she wisely said nothing—only frisked her tail knowingly and hurried on.

The line fence that day did penance for the strife that it had once provoked, and in due time it entirely disappeared, for the Jones and Jayhawk farms were consolidated, and the Fourth of July is celebrated with more than patriotic sentiment by Phœbe and Jehial.—Arkansas Traveler.

Dangerously Bright.

Sunday School Teacher—What are we to understand by this passage: "Ye ask and receive not because ye ask amiss?"

Precocious Boy—Ought to ask a widow.—St. Louis Republic.

Time for Reflection.

Kitty—Jack says he will stop drinking if I will marry him.

Janet—Well, be careful, my dear. It's easier for him to begin again than it is for you to get unmarried.—Detroit Free Press.

Something New.

"What we want of you," said the editor to the poet, "is something new."

"But what do you call new?"

"Something worked over and smashed till you can't recognize it."—Atlanta Constitution.

Nobody Knew.

Wilkins—Who is that man?

Bilkins—That's Prof. Littlewitt, the famous weather prophet. He makes predictions three months ahead and publishes them in all the daily papers.

"Do they come true?"

"No one knows. Nobody keeps daily papers that long."—New York Weekly.

Withdrawing It.

"I will withdraw my suit," remarked young Jobson, as he counted up his cash and found that it corresponded with the sum on his pawn ticket.—Boston Home Journal.

Near Training Quarters.

Mott—Is it true that pugilists are so liberal with their money that they are proverbially poor?

Stott—Nonsense; they are the most close-fisted men in the world.—New York World.

Time Flies with the Butterflies.

Miss Giddy—You don't recognize that letter? Why, Algy, that's one you wrote me last summer proposing marriage.

Algy—Lawst summer! Ah, that's ancient history in our set. But isn't it a jolly good thing you refused me, so now we're good chums instead of man and wife!—New York World.

He Lost Caste.

Haverly—That policeman seems to be shunned by the rest of his brother officers.

Austin—Yes. When he was charged with violently clubbing an inoffensive citizen he proved himself quite innocent of the charge.—New York World.

Of Course She Took It.

Lady—What is the price of this crepe?

Clerk—That is 50 cents a yard, madam.

Lady—Oh, that's outrageously high.

Clerk—But it's reduced from $1.

Lady—Is that so? You can give me ten yards, then.—To Date.

Bathing Suits Down Below.

Satan—Tell that young lady she need not bring her bathing suit with her; it's too suggestive of water.

Shade—She says bathing suits are not worn in the water now.—New York World.

Too Bad.

"Why don't you try to be more original?" asked the publisher.

"I do my best," replied the dejected author, "but it's of no use. Whenever I get a good idea I find that these classical old-timers have gone ahead and plagiarized it before I get a chance at it."—Washington Star.

At Their 5 O'Clock Tea.

The Daughter of the Revolution—At our last meeting Mrs. Oldfield told how her great grandmother sacrificed the family plate for the cause.

The Colonial Dame—Yes; I've heard that the continentals were often hard pushed to find lead for their bullets.—Truth.

Expensive.

Rounder—This has been a very expensive summer for me.

Sounder—I thought you sent your family away on a farm somewhere?

Rounder—So I did. But I stayed in town.—Philadelphia Record.

It Would Make Us All Happy.

Masher—Ah! my dear lady, speak the word that will make me the happiest of mortals.

Wealthy Heiress—Money!—Sonntags Plauderer.

Gave Himself Away.

May—I know he has never loved before.

Clara—Why?

May—He can't kiss without making a smack.—Truth.

Not Do.

"You wouldn't do for a cable car conductor," said the water pipe to the gas meter.

"Why?" asked the gas meter.

"You register too much."—Harlem Life.

The Modern Poet.

Friend—Do you know that I am at last beginning to understand your poetry?

Great Magazine Poet—Heavens! is it then true that I am losing my cunning?—Syracuse Post.

Mrs. Plume—"Don't you think my new bonnet is a perfect dream." Plume—"Yes; and a mighty bad one."—Puck.

Discovered by Accident.

It is curious the way that some of our most useful appliances were invented or discovered. We are told that some Venetian mariners built a fire on a beach where there was sand mixed with soda, and that they were surprised to find that the sand melted and formed a transformed composition. Some reflecting man was in the party, and by this accidental melting of the sand discovered how to make glass.

Years after this the children belonging to a Dutch spectacle maker were playing with the glasses which their father used, and they made the discovery that by putting one glass in front of the other they could make the steeple of a neighboring church appear nearer. Their father had sharpness enough to use this accidental discovery in making the first telescope.

Most engineers are familiar with the story of how the steam engine was first made automatic. In the early rude forms of the Newcomen engine a boy was employed to open and shut the cocks which admitted steam and the condensing water. A boy named Humphrey Potter, who was engaged on this work, was anxious to play, and the movement of the engine gave him very little opportunity. To increase his leisure he devised an arrangement of strings connected with the walking-beam, which opened and shut the cocks. This was the first move toward making the engine's mechanism to perform the operations of admitting and releasing steam.

The moving of a distant signal by means of a wire seems a very simple operation, and one which called for little ingenuity to invent. Still the earlier railroad engineers could not devise satisfactory means of operating a distant signal until a working signal man showed them the way. It is told that in 1846 an English signal man had to attend to two signals, placed some distance apart at a station.

To save himself the trouble of walking to and fro between them he procured some wire and pulleys and made a crude arrangement by which he was able while in his box to operate both signals. An official who had been trying to devise some means of protecting trains standing at stations happened to see this primitive arrangement and applied it to the working of distant signals.--Locomotive Engineering.

JEWEL UP-TO-DATE TO ROSA BOMBAST.

NEW YORK, Oct. 19, 1895.

DEAR ROSA:—

I am visiting Sue Spendthrift. Sue has got a new dress and a new baby. It is charming—the baby I mean—and the dress is very swell.

Sue's husband is a great foot ball fiend, and he told me confidentially that that dress made Sue tally one for fibre chamois, because she wore it out in a rain storm and the water did not go through either her skirt or her sleeves, both being interlined with the real fibre chamois.

I was astonished, for actually the dress seemed as fresh and new as it was the first day she wore it—not a bit drawn up in the skirt as mine which is interlined with hair cloth, was the day it got wet. So I asked Sue how she managed to keep it so nice.

Sue said all she did was to shake the water off as well as she could, and when she got home she hung the skirt up to dry by the loops on the waist band and the waist by the sleeve loops and let the dress alone till she got ready to put it on again.

Sue's husband says she ought to have tried the same trick on the baby, for the poor little darling got terribly wet and has been drawn up with cold ever since.

Yours lovingly,
JEWEL UP-TO-DATE.

How the Patent Office Was Saved.

When, in the War of 1812—the office having been removed to a building of its own two years before—the British, who had taken the city, trained their guns upon the Patent Office, Dr. Thornton, throwing himself directly before the guns, cried:

"Are you Englishmen or Goths and Vandals? This is the Patent Office—a depository of the ingenuity and inventions of the American Nation, in which the whole civilized world is interested. Would you destroy it? Then let the charge pass through my body."

And the building was spared. Twenty-four years afterward, however, it was destroyed by fire, together with everything in it. And with this came the beginning of the present building, added to from time to time, till at last the noble pile stands complete as it is to-day, holding a model or a drawing of every invention known in the whole world, and having paid something more than two millions of dollars over and above its own expenses, a sum which represents only a trifle of the great amount it has added to the wealth of the Nation.—Harper's Young People.

Rotation of Crops in Egypt.

The rotation of crops now most commonly practiced in Egypt includes wheat, generally followed by barley, dhoura, beans, or lentils; clover followed by wheat, safflower by lupins or peas, sugar cane by dhoura, the latter by flax, and they again by indigo, which lasts for three years. In the Fayoum district, the rose crop is a great industry, 50,000 ounces of rose essence being exported yearly.

"Where are you staying? I'll call and see you." "Don't. You'll only think the worse of me when you see my surroundings." "Oh, my dear fellow that's impossible, you know."—Punch

A conflict is approaching, it comes nearer
every day;
The foe no longer seeks the aid of stealth,
And we wonder which will conquer in the
world-important fray,
The bacillus or the officer of health.
—Washington Star.

Mr. Grigson—"I wonder what old General Bulledogge can see in that odiously made-up Blanche Dupuis?" Miss Golightly—"Oh, the old war horse likes the smell of powder, I guess."—Judy.

Herbert—"If she loves him, why doesn't she marry him in spite of her father's objection?" Stella—"Mercy! isn't it a good deal easier to give him up than to admit she is of age?"—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"I consider," said the new man on the staff, deeply hurt, "that I have been snubbed. I am chockful of unwritten editorials and they've sent me out to write up the home-made pie industry.' —Chicago Tribune.

"Yer look bad, Jim. Been campin' out?" "Sorter. To-day's the fust time I've been out er doors in three months." "Whot was the matter with yer?" "Nothin'; but the Judge wouldn't believe it."—Comic Cuts.

Health

Built on the solid foundation of pure, healthy blood is real and lasting. As long as you have rich red blood you will have no sickness.

When you allow your blood to become thin, depleted, robbed of the little red corpuscles which indicate its quality, you will become tired, worn out, lose your appetite and strength and disease will soon have you in its grasp.

Purify, vitalize and enrich your blood, and keep it pure by taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation. Price 25c. per box.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

TO PREPARE SALT MACKEREL.

Cut off the head and soak over night in a stone jar of cold water. In the morning wash and scrape clean, rinse in fresh water, then place it in a pan of water over the fire until the water comes to a boil, take out and lay on a baking tin in oven until it dries off, then remove to a platter, pour over it a few spoonfuls of melted butter and one-fourth cupful of hot cream: garnish with parsley.—New York Observer.

BAKED TOMATOES.

To prepare baked tomatoes select those which are smooth and medium sized. Make a small aperture at the stalk end, remove the pulp and seeds with a spoon and put into a sieve to drain. Chop equal parts of cold chicken and veal and one green pepper; add a well beaten egg, half a cup of grated bread crumbs, a piece of butter, pepper, salt, sage and a suspicion of onion; mix well together, moisten with some of the juice and stuff into the tomatoes. Bake half an hour in a moderate oven. Serve each tomato on a lettuce leaf. This makes a pretty as well as a savory entree.—New York World.

RECIPE FOR PEACH SHORTCAKE.

Use canned peaches and prepared flour for this dish. Chop quarter of a pound of butter into a quart of prepared flour; quickly stir into it enough sweet milk to make a soft dough; pat this into two round cakes upon buttered tin pie-plates and bake them in a hot oven. Meantime open a can of peaches; reserve the finest for the two top layers and cut the rest in small quarters. When the shortcakes in the oven are done and cool enough to handle tear them open with the aid of a fork, butter the inside, divide the cut peaches upon the two bottom layers and arrange the fine ones on the others, thickly dust all with sifted powdered sugar, lay the tops upon both under pieces and serve the shortcakes with more sifted sugar and sweet cream. The juice of the canned peaches, well sweetened with powered sugar, can be used instead of cream.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

CINNAMON BUNS.

Put a pint of milk in double kettle and scald; remove from the fire and add two heaping tablespoonfuls of butter, cut in two small pieces, two cups of sugar and when cool enough add half a yeast cake dissolved in warm water, or half cup of soft yeast, then add two well-beaten eggs, flour enough for a thin batter, mix well and beat three minutes; set in a warm place over night. In the morning add more flour to make a soft dough; knead a little in the bowl; it should be soft, sticky and elastic; now set it to rise again, until it is very light, or twice the quantity you had, then put it on the board and roll thin; spread with butter and sprinkle sugar over it, about three-fourths of a cup; sprinkle with cinnamon; roll the sheet tightly into a roll, then cut off pieces about two inches long; stand them with one end down in a well-greased tin closely together; when light bake in a quick oven half an hour; turn them out bottom side up.—Household.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Always broil beefsteak over a charcoal fire.

Never roll a glove. Smooth out the fingers and lay them straight in a box or drawer.

Canned fruit that has been left over should be carefully watched at this season of the year.

Silk handkerchiefs and ribbons should be washed in salt and water and ironed wet to obtain the best results.

All traces of mud can easily be removed from black clothing by rubbing the spots with a raw potato cut in half.

There is nothing like hot water and the rubber bandage for a sprain. The hot water soothes lacerated ligaments; the bandage prevents swelling. Liniments are worse than useless.

For polishing furniture, stained floors and picture frames, melt beeswax, turpentine and sweet oil together and rub it on with a piece of soft cloth.

To make boots waterproof, boil one quart of linseed oil with half a pound of Venice turpentine. While the mixture is still warm, but not hot, paint the leather until it will absorb no more.

A blotter can be made that will remove ink spots from paper. Take a thick blotting paper and steep it several times in a solution of oxalic acid. While the ink is moist apply the blotter, and the ink will be entirely removed.

To clean ostrich plumes dissolve four ounces of white soap in four pints of hot water. Make a lather and plunge the feathers into it, rubbing them well with the hands for five or six minutes. Wash out in clear, hot water and shake until dry.

Buttermilk has several summer uses. It is a cooling beverage. It is an excellent wash for sunburned hands and faces. And it will bleach clothes. Soak them for several days in buttermilk, then wash, boil and blue in the usual way. After the boiling the clothes will be of the traditional snowy whiteness.

The Nile's Annual Overflow.

The Nile has a fall of but six inches to the 1000 miles. The overflow commences in June every year and continues until August, attaining an elevation of from twenty-four to twenty-six feet above low water mark, and flowing through the "Valley of Egypt" in a turbulent body twelve miles wide. During the last 1000 years there has been but one sudden rise of the Nile, that of 1829, when 30,000 were people drowned.

Caught in the Quicksands.

A negro at Luverne, Ala., went down a well to clean it, and as soon as he got there the sand closed around his feet and he could not move. He told those at the top that he was fastened in sucking sand, and for them to pull him up. They pulled and pulled, but could not move the man. The suction was so great that, try as they would, they could not move him. For forty-eight hours he remained at the bottom of the well, and all the time those above him were doing their best to pull him out. He had been pulled at with rope and windlass until his joints were so sore that this had to be abandoned. Finally a box was sunk around him and the sand and mud were dipped out of the box. After several hours more the man was released and was pulled to the surface. He was more dead than alive when he reached the top.—New Orleans Picayune.

A Witty Tutor.

From a French journal comes this little anecdote of a tutor and his royal pupil:

The lesson was in Roman history, and the prince was unprepared.

"We come now to the Emperor Caligula. What do you know about him, prince?"

The question was followed by a silence that was becoming awkward when it was broken by the diplomatic tutor.

"Your highness is right," he said "perfectly right. The less said about this emperor the better."

The Czar's Mother Reigns.

Vienna papers state that Czar Nicholas II. is a mere puppet in the hands of his mother. The reign of the dowager Empress is, however, confined to politics. In court society the young Empress—a Hessian princess, with an English education—rules supreme. She has already succeeded in making English the dominant language in court circles, and is endeavoring to supplant Russian with English etiquette and habits.

Scrofula, salt rheum, and all disease of the blood, dyspepsia, headache, kidney and liver complaints, and catarrh, are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier.

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

When a snake has gorged itself with a large meal, its skin is so stretched that the scales are some distance apart.

Keeps Men Poor.

The clerk might be "boss" if he had the head for it. The brains are there, but they don't seem to work. The trouble usually begins in the stomach. Indigestion keeps men poor because they don't know they have it, but imagine something else. Ripans Tabules insure sound digestion and a clear head. They regulate the entire system. Ask the druggist for a box.

A French medical authority asserts that death caused by a fall from a great height is absolutely painless. The mind acts very rapidly for a time then unconsciousness ensues.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an No. 1, Asthma medicine.—W. R. WILLIAMS, Antioch, Ills., April 11, 1894.

Goggles are now supplied by the British admiralty to the officers and sailors serving on fast torpedo boats, as the high speed has been found to be injurious to the eyes.

If you are *doubtful* as to the use of Dobbins' Electric Soap, and cannot accept the experience of *millions* who use it, after the 28 years it has been on the market, *one trial* will convince you. Ask your grocer for it. Take no imitation.

Lake superior is in danger of losing its distinction of being the largest fresh water lake in the world African explorers begin to think Lake Victoria Nyanza is larger.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, }
LUCAS COUNTY. } ss.
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,
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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.
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☞ Sold by Druggists, 75c.

A Canadian experimenter preserves wood from the boring beetle by soaking it two or three months in a saturated solution of lime.

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Paris has established a municipal laboratary for bacteriology in the old Loban barracks, where analysis of suspected cases of diphtheria are made within twenty-four hours after the materials have been handed in.

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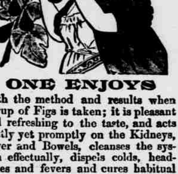

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A WATERMELON SONG.

O, the Georgia watermelon—it's a-growin'
cool an' green,
An'll soon be pullin' heavy at the stem ;
An' the knife—it needs a whettin', an' the
blade is gittin' keen,
O, the Georgia watermelon is a gem!

Melons cool an' green—
Jes' the best you ever seen!
See the sweet juice drippin'
From them melons cool an' green!

O, the Georgia watermelon—with the purtiest
sort o' stripe!
It ain't a streak o' fat an' streak o' lean ;
You thump her with yer fingers, an' you hear
her answer · "Ripe"
O, the Georgia watermelon cool an' green'

Melons cool an' green—
Jes' the best you ever seen!
See the red juice drippin'
From them melons cool an' green!

—Atlanta Constitution.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Time flies—Seventeen-year locusts.

Barking dogs sometimes bite the dust.

It is the man who beats that is willing to let by-gones be by-gones.

The camel is a lucky brute. It never has to hump itself.—Troy Press.

A law-suit wears out sooner at the pockets than at the knees.—Puck.

A skeptic is a man who doubts the accuracy of his own watch.—Puck.

Talk about women being flighty! Look at bank cashiers.—Texas Siftings.

It is probably called pin money because the husband is stuck for it.—Troy Press.

Our uncle, the pawnbroker, may not have pleasant ways, but we have to put up with him.—Puck.

Nearly all the men who have invented flying machines are residing in our cemeteries.—Statesman.

That many men have many minds
Proverbial law astutely finds,
To me it oftener seems to fall
That many have no mind at all.
—Life.

The mite that the Anarchist is willing to contribute for the promotion of his cause is dynamite.—Detroit Free Press.

"I didn't know it was so late," said the volcano, awaking from its long slumber; "I must start my fire."—Chicago Tribune.

When Fogg has run upstairs and arrives at the top out of breath, he very properly refers to his pneumatic tire. —Boston Transcript.

Mrs. Slimdiet—"Don't you find it a little lonesome sitting down to luncheon all alone?" Bordaire—"Oh, no; the cheese is here."—Truth.

"I've got it in for you, my friend," soliloquized the mosquito, sinking it a little deeper in the sleeping victim's nose.—Chicago Tribune.

We are all willing to acknowledge that we have our faults; but mighty few of us are willing to acknowledge the faults our friends see in us.—Puck.

Wealth does not bring contentment,
And none gets what he axes :
For if he did, he'd want the earth,
And growl about the taxes.
—Judge.

"From what I've been reading I suppose boarding-houses must have been found first in Turkey." "Will you explain why?" "The best variety of prunes grows there."

"Which of us would you rather have?" asked one of the two men running across the field. "I don't care," replied the bull; "it's a toss up between you."—Washington Star.

"Don't you think Mrs. Stanton's opinions are very much biased?" Mrs. Latestyle — "Mercy, I am not surprised, for she hasn't any more idea of style than a heathen."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"They amputated his leg after all, eh? What made the doctors wait so long?" "Judgin' from their bills, it must have been to give 'em a chance to pull it before they took it off."—Buffalo Courier.

Jack—"I don't believe all that stuff about women always wanting the last word." Dick—"Why don't you?" Jack—"Well, last night I told Miss Checkbook that I knew that I was not worthy of her, and she did not say a word in reply."—Inter-Ocean.

An Ancient Alligator.

An alligator has just been killed in Louisiana that is known to have been 120 years old. In 1773 the great-great-grandfather of the present owner of the plantation on which this alligator was killed purchased the plantation. His first work was to rid it of alligators. He raided a family of alligators and killed all but one, who escaped, leaving a portion of his tail. This alligator was seen from time to time and recognized because part of his tail was gone. The alligator was never tamed, but in a general way received the care and protection of each member of the family through the four generations. A visitor to the plantation saw a great alligator lying on the bank. He raised his gun, but it required several shots before the animal was killed. He was delighted with the success, when his host came up and showed his sorrow at what his guest had done. The alligator was buried on the banks of the stream, the entire family attending the obsequies.—New York Observer.

Noble Womanhood.

I believe the time has come when a woman should be a woman, and not a mere goudy appendage to man, when her soul should wake up from its long lethargy and put on the habiliments of wisdom and usefulness when she should live to a grander purpose than she has done and should make her power felt. I do not disregard the beauties of dress, on the contrary I admire appropriate dress, it speaks out the man or woman. But I would have everybody feel that the man makes the dress. Almost anything looks well on a noble woman. Noble womanhood is always beautiful. The world will always adhere true nobility of character. Above almost everything else do I desire woman's elevation in the moral and intellectual scale of life, for then will they be fitted to be man's companion and helpmate.—Rev. G. S. Weaver.

An Age of Wonders.

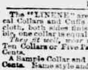
This is a wonderful age we are living in—a wonderful age, and this is a wonderful country. It is doubtful if any of the effete Old World dynasties can produce such things, bordering on the miraculous, as are becoming almost everyday occurrences in this land of the free, says the Erie Herald.

A few days ago the press dispatches announced that some fellow out in Missouri had discovered coal. There was nothing so remarkable about the fact that coal had been discovered. The remarkable feature of the case is that this particular quality of coal emits no smoke when burned. According to the report, you could build a fire of this coal in the centre of your parlor floor and be unable to find a particle of smoke in the room. In the words of Colonel Mulberry Sellers, "there's millions in it."

But this truly strange case is perhaps outdone by one which is alleged to have recently occurred in the salubrious climate of California. The veracious chronicle states that some thirty years ago one John Bahler, then residing in Wisconsin, lost his eyesight and subsequently had both eyeballs taken out, the end of the optic nerve being left as a stub in each case. Right here is where the wonder comes in. Don't miss it. About a year ago, at his home in Fresno, Mr. Bahler suddenly saw the light of a lamp placed opposite to him on the other side of room, and the examination showed that new eyeballs were growing on the ends of the optic nerves.

Since that time his sight has gradually improved, until now he can shoot a rifle with considerable accuracy.

Indeed, this is a great country, and isn't anywhere near developed yet. Carp milk cows and steal chickens and green corn right here in Pennsylvania, but the boundless West contains still greater possibilities than the East, and if old Europe can produce any such wonders or special newspaper correspondents let her trot 'em out.



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