WITH THEE.

If I could know that after all
These heavy bonds have ceased to thrall
We, whom in life the Fates divide,
Should sweetly slumber side by side—
That one green spray would drop its dew
Softly alike above us two,
All would be well, for I should be
At last, dear loving heart, with thee.

How sweet to know this dust of ours,
Mingling, would feel the selfsame flowers—
The scent of leaves, the song-bird's tone
At once across our rest be blown—
One breadth of sun, one sheet of rain
Make green the earth above us twain.
Ah, sweet and strange, for I should be
At last, dear tender heart, with thee.

But half the earth may intervene
Thy place of rest and mine between,
And leagues of land and wastes of waves
May stretch and toss between our graves;
Thy bed with summer light be warm,
While snowdrifts heap with wind and storm
My pillow, whose one thorn will be,
Beloved, that I am not with thee.

But if there be a blissful sphere
Where homesick souls, divided here
And wandering in useless quest,
Shall find their longed-for haven of rest;
If in that higher, happier birth
We meet the joy we missed on earth,
All will be well, for I shall be
At last, dear loving heart, with thee.

MRS. VAN KLEVER'S CLUB.

"Nancy," said Mrs. Van Klevver to her particular friend, Miss De Korus, "did you ever go to a stuffed club?"

"What's that, a dining club?"

"Nancy, you are improving."

"Really?"

"Yes. You are like a good translation. You're so literal that you're almost original."

"I don't understand you."

"I know you don't. That's one reason I like to be with you. One gets so tired of the people who think they always exactly understand your inmost soul. No one does that."

"Really?"

"Oh, Nancy; why do you always say 'Really?' People will think you are English. An English girl, Nancy. Think of that and try to reform."

"But what shall I say?"

"Say anything. Just any old thing. Say what Maud does."

"Maud?"

"Our Irish princess."

"Why, Katherine!"

"Well, it would be a change at least."

"What does she say?"

"She comes in and asks me what we shall have for dinner, and when I assume a world weary air and tell her humming birds' wings and rose leaves she says:

"Oh, get out, now, Miss Van!"

"Katherine, you wouldn't have me say that?"

"Yes, I would. Anything but one continual round of reallys. I suppose you do it because you're so realistic."

"Do you think so?"

"You are in one of your teasing moods to-day," remarked Miss De Korus, with some stiffness.

"Am I, dear? There, I beg your pardon. It's the after effects of that stuffed club."

"What was it, anyway?"

"Oh, it was great fun at least, for those who were inside. Part of the stuffing, so to speak."

"Will you explain yourself, Katherine?"

"Well, I'll try to. I'm not quite sure that I can make it clear to you, but I'll try. You see, I am almost the only woman of my acquaintance who has not belonged to a club, and sometimes I have felt that maybe I was missing some fun, which would be dreadful. Even you belong to a club."

"Not exactly. Mine is a guild."

"Oh! Well, that's different, I suppose. At any rate, this was a club—that is, it became one yesterday, when it was organized, had its officers elected and a habitation and a name provided for it. The name was the Tuesday Club for Parliamentary Practice. Isn't that great?"

"But why did you join a club for parliamentary practice?"

"That's just what Jack asked me last night, and I told him that he wouldn't go to church on Sundays, so I had made up my mind to work out my salvation on week days."

"But what about parliamentary practice?"

"Jack again! Did you ever hear of heaven's first law—namely, order?"

"Of course."

"Well, when Mrs. Van Klubber told me that the text book of the club would be Roberts' 'Rules of Order' wasn't it natural for me to think it the first step toward a halo?"

"I don't understand," said Miss De Korus.

"Of course you don't. I don't think I really expected it. Never mind, I'll be liberal, too. Did you ever hear of a packed convention?"

"Yes, I think so."

"That's what they did to the club yesterday, and that's why I call it a stuffed club, which may or may not be the right name for it, but which has a familiar sound. The Parlie Prack—one really has to call it something for short—was the pet project of Mrs. Van Klubber. She and half a dozen of her friends have been working it up for some time, and they had everything beautifully planned. They got up a constitution and by-laws, made out a list of officers they meant to have elected, and then they invited a whole lot of women to come and help organize. I went among the rest; though, to tell you the truth, Nancy, I had about as much idea of joining as—as you have of what I am going to tell you. Still, I don't know why Mrs. Van and those women—you know the set, Mrs. Federated Jones and Mrs. Organized Smith and Mrs. Amalgamated Brown, and all those women—should have seemed as surprised to see me as they did.

"'Why, Mrs. Van Klevver! You here,' and all that sort of thing, you know.

"They patronized me as if I were a child. I thought Mrs. Amalgamated Brown would take me under my arms, lift me into a chair and offer me a picture book to play with."

"Not really?" exclaimed Miss De Korus.

Mrs. Van Klevver made a gesture of despair.

"You're a hopeless case, Nancy. Never mind. If you don't say something besides 'Really' when I finish my story I'll declare our friendship adjourned sine die. Now, listen! I didn't care about being patronized, so I sat down in one of the middle seats and let them alone. I don't know who all the women that came were. They seemed to know Mrs. Van and her crowd, at least by sight, and I found out from what I overheard that most of them were club fiends. I suppose that was the reason I didn't know any of them. The first thing I knew Mrs. Federated Jones was on the platform asking some one to nominate a temporary chairman. She hadn't the words out of her mouth when Mrs. Smith piped up Mrs. Brown's name, and Mrs. Van seconded it, and the women in front said 'aye,' and Mrs. Brown got up in the chair before you could wink.

"'Humph,' said a woman back of me 'they've got things fixed all right. Trust Mrs. Amalgamated for that.'

"'Wonder who they'll put in for president?' the woman with her whispered.

"'That Mrs. Van, I'll bet anything,' said the first one. 'You see, they won't have Mrs. Brown, 'cause they've made her temporary chairman, and the other two want to be secretary and treasurer. You can see that.'

"I began to be interested. I listened to the reading of the constitution and all that sort of thing, and when they asked those who would like to join to come up and sign their names I went, and put mine down with the rest. Mrs. Organizer Smith had charge of the book, and when it came my turn to sign she pretended to be immensely astonished.

"'What,' she exclaimed, 'not Mrs. Van Klevver! Well, what next?'

Mrs. Van Klevver paused and smiled.

"I flatter myself, Nancy," she resumed, "that I astonished her even more by what did come next. When we had all taken our seats again they counted the names and announced that there were thirty-nine signers to the constitution, and that they would proceed to the election of officers, twenty votes being necessary to a choice. Mrs. Brown said that if there was no objection the election would be by a—well, by your saying yes or no. I don't know what they call it. At any rate, that was where they struck the first rock. A woman back of me objected. She wanted the vote to be by ballot. That's where you write a name—oh, you know what it is, do you? Well, first they said they would elect a president, so some one got up and nominated Mrs. Van Klubber, and it was seconded.

"'I told you so,' said the woman back of me.

"Someone else got up and nominated that frimpy Mrs. Caucus and that was seconded, too. In the meantime the head women had been tearing paper into slips, which they sent around through the audience, with bits of pencils, which you passed to your neighbor. I was waiting for a pencil to get to me, when I heard the woman back of me saying:

"'How do you spell her name, anyway?'

"'I don't know,' said the woman beside her.

"Some one touched me on the shoulder.

"'How do you spell that Mrs. Van's name?' the woman whispered.

"'Mrs. Van's?' I said.

"'Yes.'

"'K-l-e-v-r-e-r,' I whispered.

"'Oh, I thought it was Klubber!'

"'No, Klevver.'

"Why, Katherine, how dared you?"

"I dare do anything that becomes a Van, and I guess I've just as much right to the name as she has! But wait! I heard a great whispering all along the line behind me.

"'That isn't right! It's spelled K-l-e-v.'

"After a while someone came around and collected the ballots and took them up to the platform. I looked as innocent as the babe they seemed to consider me, but I kept a sharp eye on Mrs. Federated Jones and Mrs. Organized Smith. They were the tellers. Oh, my dear! If you could only have seen them!" and Mrs. Van Klevver threw back her head and laughed. "Mrs. Smith picked up a slip and looked at it. She puckered up her forehead and squinted a little closer. Then she unhooked her glasses and took another look at it. Gradually a smile stole into the corners of her mouth and she passed the slip over to Mrs. Jones. Mrs. Jones took a long look at it through her spectacles and then they put their handkerchiefs to their mouths and I could see their shoulders shaking.

"'Never mind!' I said to myself. 'They'll find it a larger joke than they think.'

"And, oh, Nancy! they did. I wish I could have taken a dozen or two photographs of their faces as they counted those ballots. It was funny at first. Then it was queer. Then it was very strange. Then it was incredible. They went over and over and over the thirty-nine slips of paper, and then they whispered together for a while. Finally, Mrs. Smith went up to the chairman on the platform and said something in her ear.

"'What!' said Mrs. Amalgamated Brown right out loud, and she went down to the table and took a look at the ballots. Then she went over and whispered to Mrs. Van Klubber, who was sitting at a little distance trying to look unconscious, and succeeding about as well as a man who knows that he will be called on for the next 'extemporaneous' speech at a banquet, and is afraid he hasn't learned it thoroughly. It was a very unparliamentary proceeding all around, anyway. I read up about it last night, and I think I could have them all impeached if it were worth while."

"Really?"

"Nancy," in a warning tone from Mrs. Van Klevver, "you remember what I said about adjourning our friendship."

"I'll try, dear, but I was so interested."

"So was I. People began whispering and wondering what was the matter. The woman back of me snickered.

"'I'll bet that Mrs. Caucus is elected,' she said. 'Well, I don't like her, but I wouldn't mind seeing the machine defeated.'"

"The machine?" inquired Miss De Korus.

"Yes."

"What's that?"

"Why, that's—well, in this case it was Mrs. Van. That'll do for the present. I haven't looked up its general application yet. I know it was Mrs. Van because she really was beaten."

"You don't say so!"

"Bravo, Nancy! You'll work up to Maud's eloquence before I'm through. Yes, she was."

"And that frumpy Mrs. Caucus elected?"

"Why, no. Mrs. Caucus wasn't really in it. She had only five votes. But let me tell you. After a lot of whispering and excitement Mrs. Brown went back to the chair and banged the table with a little wooden hammer and asked the meeting to come to order. There was a dead silence.

"'The tellers have counted the votes and will announce the result,' said Mrs. Brown in a sort of stunned, bewildered way.

"Then Mrs. Smith got up.

"'The result of the vote for president is as follows (you know how she always pipes up): Mrs. Van Klevver, 20 votes; Mrs. Van Klubber, 14, and Mrs. Caucus, 5.'

"Well, there was a funny murmur through the room and Mrs. Brown hit the table till she was red in the face.

"'This meeting will please come to order,' she said. And then, when they had quieted down she went on: 'Mrs. Katherine Van Klevver has been duly elected president of the club. Of course, if Mrs. Van Klevver wishes to withdraw, not having been consulted, as I believe, in advance—why—er—a how is that Mrs. Van Klevver?' she has located me and was leaning over the table in my direction.

"There was nothing to be done but face the music, because, I tell you, Nancy, I wasn't going to be railroaded—that's what Jack said—out of office by that crowd. So I got up and as I did I turned around and gave a sort of a confidential and appealing wink to the women back of me, the ones who had elected me without knowing it."

"What could you—what did you say?" demanded Miss De Korus.

"Well, in the first place, I said 'Ahem!' All public speakers do that. Didn't you ever notice that? Yes, I said: 'Ahem! Mrs. Chairman'—I'd caught on to that much!—'while this honor is, as you know'—emphasis on the 'know'—entirely unexpected and undeserved'—I gave the women back of me another look over my shoulder—where was I? Oh, yes!—'undeserved, I would not be guilty of such a lack of appreciation as to decline it.'

"Somehow, the audience began to see that it was a joke, and they liked it. You know those women who are always at the head of things get to be so overbearing that people get tired of it, and the audience was simply tickled to death to have the leaders beaten at their own game. The women clapped and said 'Bravo!' and 'Hear! hear!'"

"And what did you do?" asked Miss De Korus rapturously.

"Oh, I bowed to the right and the left as if I were a presidential candidate—United States president, I mean—and said 'Ahem!' again. Mrs. Brown banged the table some more. She thought I was going to get out of it some way."

"And how did you?"

"How did I? I didn't. I'm in it, and I mean to stay in it as long as I want to. I'll show them how to run a club as they've never seen one run before."

"But you don't know anything about parliamentary practice."

"What if I don't? They don't know much themselves. And I'm their president, anyway! They can't get around that. Why, Jack said last night that I don't even have to recognize them if I don't want to, and they won't dare say a word."

"What does Jack think about it?"

"Oh, he says I'm great, simply great! He laughed until Maud came in from the kitchen to see whether he was crazy. I tell you, Nancy, I'm going to create an epoch. If you want to see it, come to the meeting of the Parlie Pracks next Tuesday. Mrs. Van Klubber alone will be worth the price of admission."

"Really?"

"Nancy! What did I tell you I'd do if you said that again? You are adjourned sine die, or at any rate until next week."—New York Sun.

MONARCH OF ALL HE SURVEYS

The Office Boy Who Has His Own Ideas and Follows Them Out.

Everybody knows what the New York office boy is. He always comes from the East Side, and he always owns the office within a week after he has entered it. He has his own ideas about dignity, and it is difficult to change or even to modify them. His manifestations of "cussedness" are various. The writer was in the law office of a friend the other day, when an elderly gentleman entered and addressed himself to the black-eyed office boy guarding the rail before the inner rooms.

"Is Mr. C—— in?" asked the white-haired and venerable citizen.

"What's your name?" asked the boy coolly.

"I asked you if Mr. C—— were in," said he of the old school reprovingly.

"What's your name?" repeated the autocratic youth, looking the other in the eye.

"That isn't what I came to tell you," answered the venerable caller. "I came to see if Mr. C—— were in. That is what I asked you. That is what I want to know."

"Well, what's your name, then?" asked the boy placidly.

"Is he in?" demanded the old man, sternly.

"What's your name?" repeated the boy calmly.

The venerable citizen looked around and then gave a gesture of despair.

"I'm Mr. Brown," he said in a subdued voice.

"Well, you can't see him," said the czar of that office in a voice in which there was decision, but no trace of triumph.

"Why?" asked the conquered New Yorker.

"Because he's engaged."

"Well, take my name in and see if he won't see me."

"He's engaged."

"I don't care if he is. Take my name to him."

"I can't."

"Why not?"

"He's engaged."

"Well, young man, you can go into his private office and leave my card, can't you?"

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

"Can't."

"Why not?" with great sterness

"Because he's engaged on a case in Boston and won't be in town till tomorrow," and the boy began to question another visitor in the coolest of cool manners.—New York Tribune.

Payment is Necessary.

Callow—Lend me $50, dear boy. Gurley—What do you want it for? Callow—I want to pay me tailaw. Gurley—Oh, there's no hurry about that! Callow—But I want toordah anothaw suit.

Patent Postage Stamp.

About the last thing that one would think of patenting seems to be a postage stamp, but a bright Virginian has thought of that and patented a device for one, too. The idea is simple enough. It is merely this: Discontinue the manufacture of stamps of an odd denomination, and let the even denominations—two cent stamps, for instance—be composed of two small one-cent stamps, perforated down the middle, with the figure 2 over the perforated line. Then you buy only two-cent stamps and when you want a one-cent separate a two. The two stamps as a unit are not so large as one of the Columbian stamps now in use. With these stamps it is an easy matter to make the proper change. It will also prove much more economical to the Government, for it will reduce the contracts one-half. There are many other advantages which will present themselves to the public.

It is cheaper to go with the girls than with the boys, and a heap nicer.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A COLUMN OF PARTICULAR INTEREST TO THEM.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cunning Children.

A Sweet Monopoly.

If all the world was candy,
And all the stars were cake
Oh, wouldn't it be dandy
Our daily choice to take?

They Forgot the Cat.

Two baby mice, the world to see
Went forth one day abrim with glee
Said Number One to Number Two:
"We're clever youngsters, me and you,
And just to prove that this is true
We'll scorn all traps as old mice do."

With puffing chests and flaunting tail,
Said Number Two: "We cannot fail
If we but follow our good sense,
To capture cheese and then go hence—"
But just then the family cat came
Along and grabbed up both of the conceited little mice, who saw only the trap. The moral is—but you're clever enough to see the moral for yourself.

The Mouse and the Rabbit.

A mouse endeavored to convince a rabbit of the advantage of wearing a long tail.

"You," said he, "are not admitted to the best society, like myself, and I do not doubt this is the sole reason. Certainly a long tail does give one an air."

While the two friends were arguing a kite swooped down upon them, and each betook himself to his hiding place. The rabbit was fairly hidden, but the mouse was easily discovered and drawn from his place of refuge, into which he had not time to draw his boasted badge of society. As the kite bore off his prey, the rabbit remarked quietly: "My friend, the mouse, would have been better off had he not been quite so distinguished."

After the Peach Is Gone.

What do you suppose becomes of all the peachstones that are discarded by the hundreds of thousands in the great peach-canning factories, to say nothing of the many that are left from the peaches we are all eating every day while the delicious fruit lasts? Have you ever thought anything about them, except that they were not good to eat? They are not; that is so; but they have a use, however—several, indeed. Bushels and bushels of them are sold to fruit growers, who plant them to grow young peach trees, that are in turn set out for peach orchards. From the oil of the kernel that is found in the inside of the stone a powerful drug, prussic acid, is distilled. It is a poison if taken in a very small quantity, but it is a valuable and useful drug for various laboratory purposes. A third use of the peachpits is to dry them and use for fuel, for which purpose they are excellent.

It Grew in the Garden.

Last week one of your friends brought in an odd little bust, the head of a laughing boy. It was beautifully carved and colored a rich brown.

"I don't believe there's a boy or girl in Chicago," he said, "who can tell what this bust is made of. And, what is more, there aren't many grown people who could guess."

It wasn't wood—the bust was too heavy—nor ivory, nor bronze, nor putty, nor clay, nor plaster of paris, nor marble. What was it, then?

Why, nothing but potato, although one would hardly believe that so beautiful an object could be made from a homely, every-day Irish potato.

Some of our boys and girls who are clever with their jack-knives would like to know, perhaps, how to prepare potatoes for carving. No doubt some of you could do some very pretty work with them.

Choose a potato which is perfectly sound and not at all bruised or withered. Do not peel it, but wash it in a weak solution of sulphuric acid until quite clean. A druggist will prepare the mixture for you. Boil the potato in the solution until dense and solid. Take it out, wash it in tepid water, removing all traces of the acid. Then dry it in a warm place. When free from all moisture it will be found to resemble ivory in appearance, and can be carved as desired, or it will take any dye.

Why not try potato ivory?

Who Discovered America?

"O, Elsie, do you know Mr. Marshall doesn't know anything, hardly? He's just as ignorant!" said Paul to his cousin.

"Why, Paul Durant! and he's a minister!" said Elsie, with a shocked face. "Papa says he writes fine sermons."

"Yes, but maybe he reads them out of a book," said Paul. "Anyway, I guess he never went to school, for just now when I came out he was lying in the hammock and he asked me, 'Who discovered America?' and I said, 'Christopher Columbus did, of course,' and he said, 'Did he?'"

"O my!" said Elsie, "I guess the Stone Church people wouldn't have him if they knew it. Do you think we ought to tell Deacon Baxter?"

"Perhaps we'd better wait a while," said Paul, "'cause he's only just got his things moved, and mamma says he's the nicest man to board she ever knew. Let's go and sit down near him, and maybe he'll ask us something about it and we'll tell him all we know, 'cause I feel so sorry for him."

The cousins seated themselves near the minister, with the kindest intentions, and he greeted them with a pleasant smile.

"Do you believe Columbus discovered America, Elsie?" he asked. "Paul says he did."

"Why, yes, sir. I s'posed everybody knew that," said Elsie. "Queen Isabella sold all her jewels to build him three ships, and when he got here he was so happy he kissed the ground."

"Did he find any one here before him?" asked the minister.

"O, yes," said Paul, "Indians—lots of em."

"Well, then it looks as if America was discovered before Columbus arrived," said the minister. "Then there were those other strange people who lived, perhaps, hundreds of years before and left high mounds and fortifications, beautiful vases, ornaments and weapons. They died and left no history. I have thought sometimes that they may have discovered America. I've puzzled over it a good deal, so I'm glad to know."

The minister, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, took up his book, while Paul and Elsie went silently away. When they were out of hearing, Paul said:

"I guess we won't have to tell Deacon Baxter about it. He knows enough."

"It's we that don't know everything," said Elsie.—Youth's Companion.

The common silver dollar is almost exactly one and one-half inches in diameter.

Did Not Know His Daughter.

A few days ago I was waiting in the Grand Central station when I was unconsciously made a witness of quite a romantic meeting. As the passengers from the train came filing along the platform I spied among them General Sickles, who was returning home from a speechmaking tour. As he neared the waiting room a young girl of Spanish type, of beautiful face and figure, brownish-black hair and deep black eyes, fringed with long, curly eyelashes, stepped forward and exclaimed in a sweet, well-modulated voice: "Is this not General Sickles?" He bowed and answered, "It is." Thereupon the young woman, looking him straight in the eyes, exclaimed with a merry laugh, which revealed two rows of perfect teeth: "Don't you know me?" The general, again bowing and this time also smiling, said: "Pardon, but I must confess and also regret that you have the advantage." The young girl, not a bit "fussed," looked at the general affectionately and replied: "Look at me. Don't you know your daughter Eda?" It was Miss Eda Sickles, who, with her brother Stanton, had but a few days previous arrived from Spain. They had come to visit their father and arrived while he was away. Ascertaining the day and the hour when he was expected, they had gone to the station to meet and surprise him. As Miss Sickles is now about 19 years of age, and as her father had not seen her since she was 6 years old, it is not strange that at first meeting he did not recognize her. She is his daughter by his second wife, who resides permanently in Spain, as she does not care for this country. General Sickles is the happiest man in town, and almost daily can be seen with his daughter making the round of the big stores.—Town Topics.

ONE WOMAN'S CASE.

A Common Malady and a Remarkable Cure.

From the Herald, Boston, Mass.

When a great, popular remedy rises to such remarkable success as to be a worthy theme of comment in a whole section it may fairly be treated as a matter of news rather than mere business, because it is in a sense a public benefactor. In view of this fact a lady reporter was deputed to investigate personally the remarkable tonic and curative effects which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had shown, particularly in cases of nervous weakness and general debility, numerous instances of its efficacy in this class having been noted, especially in the vicinity of Boston.

A typical case was readily found in the experience of Mrs. Mary A. Conway, living on Erie street, Dorcester, Mass., who had been, according to her own testimony, suffering for a long time with physical and nervous weakness, accompanied by palpitation of the heart and irregularity of function.

"It is true," she said, "that I have met with a remarkable restoration through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. For some time I was completely run down, and the care of a family was a great strain upon me. My lips were white and my heart palpitated so severely that I could not go up and down stairs without great distress. My digestion, too, was weak, and I can truly say that I was suffering from a general lack of vitality.

"I took Pink Pills with misgivings, but after taking only a small quantity I was agreeably surprised to find that they were all and more than they had been described to be.

"From the very first time of taking the pills I began to notice their beneficial effect, and I found myself gradually and rapidly overcoming the varied physical weaknesses that seemed to have fastened upon me; my white lips were restored to their normal tinge, I regained color in my face, and as for the heart trouble I may say that it has completely vanished, and I can now go up and down stairs without any palpitation whatever. Heretofore I had black specks before my eyes and a tendency to dizziness, but now my head is clear and my vision is unimpaired.

"I shall continue to use the Pink Pills," said Mrs. Conway, "and to recommend them to my friends. I have found them to do great benefit, and I find that their use not only relieved me of the particular trouble which I had, but acted as a general tonic for my whole system. It seems to me that the more they are known the more they will come into general use, for people have been so often deceived as to remedies that claim to cure everything that they are glad to find one that does exactly what is claimed for it."

Inquiries of physicians and apothecaries in this section also indicate that such cases as that of Mrs. Conway are proving to be the prototypes of many others.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are now given to the public as an unfailing blood builder and nerve restorer, curing all forms of weakness arising from a watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves. The 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' Med. Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

Filters.

Prof. Tyndall's idea, expressed many years ago, that filtration through a plug of cotton wool was a most efficient method of freeing air from microbic germs, led to attempts being made to sterilize water in the same way. Little success has hitherto been attained, but quite recently M. Henri Potevin claims that he has evolved a method of so constructing such filters that he can completely sterilize water in large quantities. The fibers of the cotton are finely powdered and sifted, and then suspended in water and allowed to settle. This they do in compact mass, forming a paste, which, allowed to dry slowly, gives filter plates quite impervious to germs, etc. The best results are gained by placing the plates between two plates of sandstone or perforated metal, and if they are arranged in a battery, like the filter presses so commonly used in Europe for sewage, sludge, etc., very large quantities of water can be rapidly sterilized. Periodical cleanings are necessary, as no matter what care is taken, the rule which holds good in all other filters serving the same end, that the microbes are able to get through the filtering material eventually by a process of growth, obtains. There is, however, no great difficulty in this, as the cells of the material are easily purified by a fresh pulping in boiling water.

Woman's Reason.

Surprised Dame—What? And you have refused Mr. De Goode? I thought you liked him.

Lovely Daughter—I did, but to tell you the truth, none of the other girls seemed to care a snap for him.—New York Recorder.

A Sure Way.

An agricultural exchange asks: "How can we prevent cider from working?" You might get it a government position.—Texas Sifter.

Apology for the Horse.

Millie—It looks as though the bicycle would drive the horse out of existence.

Leavitt—Not a bit of it. The more bicycles there are the more they will need horses.

Millie—What for?

Leavitt—Ambulances.—New York Herald.

Be Changed.

"Greymair's wife brought him home a suit of clothes, but I understand he mustered up the courage to tell her that he had made up his mind to change it."

"Did he change it?"

"Oh, yes; he changed his mind."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

House Cleaning
is such a task, but its soon over if you use
Sunlight Soap
which takes off the dirt (not the paint), and does it quickly without hard scrubbing.
Home brightener Labor lightener
Lever Bros., Ltd., New York.

67 1019

A Use For Them.

Greene—What is the sense in putting up all those grotesque statues in Central Park? White—We owe something to posterity. Greene—What have they to do with posterity? White—Well, won't they want something to swear at?—Judge.

A Slight Hint.

Mrs. McFudd—Phwat's become of O'Reilley's goat? Mrs. O'Mud—I dunno; but I bought a shouldher o' mutton at the butcher's yestherday, an' it was the toughest bit o' mate I iver tasted in all me born days.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Better Reason.

Hobbs—Do you believe Gallup burned his home to get the insurance money? Dobbs—No; I visited him at the jail and he confessed to me he did it to git rid of the box of cigars his wife bought him for his birthday.—Life.

Much Worse.

"By Jove," said Lighter, as he stepped off the scales, "I've lost five pounds!" "You oughtn't to kick about that," remarked Brightside; "suppose you had been an Englishman."—Life.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.
{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The crows of Ceylon are protected by the people, because they purify the atmosphere by acting as scavengers.

RUPTURE
Cure Guaranteed by DR. J. B. MAYER, 1011 Arch St., PHILA., PA. Ease at once; no operation or delay from business. Consultation free. Endorsements of physicians, ladies and prominent citizens. Send for circular. Office hours 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.

Five gallons of buttermilk against a haircut is a bet registered at Portland between a milkman and a barber.

CASCARETS stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe. 10c.

Glycerine is derived from the lye left after making soap, which for ages was considered of no use.

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

Dropping or striking a steel magnet, or causing it to vibrate by any other means, diminishes its magnetism.

FITS stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. Free $2 trial bottle and treatise. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

He Knew Maurice.

The other day Maurice Thompson, the writer, visited Calhoun, Ga., his old boyhood home.

"Who's that yander?" asked an old countryman, indicating Thompson, who was standing before a grocery store, whittling a pine box.

"The tall fellow?"

"Yes."

"That's Thompson—Maurice Thompson."

"What! The feller what use ter play eroun' here?"

"The very same."

"You don't tell me?"

"Fact. But he's the great man now—one of the most successful of literary men."

"Onpossible."

"Fact, I tell you. He's a great man now."

"Well," said the old man, doubtfully, "hit may be so, but hit don't look reasonable."

"Not reasonable?"

"No! Why"—and he drew closer and lowered his voice a little—"he used ter go fishin' with me."—New York Tribune.

Africans at a Camp Fire.

The African strikes a happy medium with regard to the benefits derived from a fire. He lies so close as to get the utmost heat and just escape the roasting-point; his thick hide will stand a lot of toasting—a degree of heat which would blister the skin of a white man. On the coldest night, provided he has plenty of dry wood, he can keep himself comfortable outdoors with the thermometer down to the freezing-point. He builds a big fire, which he keeps going all night, the attention apparently costing no sacrifice of his rest; during the night he shifts his position to adapt himself to the fire. Sleeping in flannels, with an overcoat and three blankets, I have failed to keep warm; have had a chilled spot in the small of my back, as if a block of ice were there. My men by their fires have been more comfortable; but it has been very miserable for them marching in the early morning, with frost on the grass, in bare feet and loin-cloth.—Century.

Wheel News.

"It is queer how you inexperienced riders always take such long rides."

"No, it isn't a bit queer; we are afraid to stop and get off for fear we can't get on again."—Detroit Free Press.

A man without enthusiasm is a very poor friend, but he takes good care of himself.

This is the season when those persons who have never tried 'possum long for it.

Warm bilious or costive, eat a Cascaret candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c., 25c.

A low barometer almost invariably betokens a coming storm.

Cormorant Fishing Boats.

The birds sit on the sides of the boat, on sticks projecting over the water. They perch in pairs. They are dirty birds with ragged wings, plucked to keep them from flying. In color they are a metallic black, with mottled or creamy and even white bosoms. They have long, narrow, curved bills of the flesh-tearing character. Their perches are wrapped with straw, to give the birds a good foothold. When fishing is done their master tightens the noose that each wears around its neck, and, putting a stick before each one, lifts it down to the water. When they have caught fish enough, or more likely, have become so soaked that they must be taken on board to dry, he rows among them and lifts them back on their perches. Their skill lies in their greed, and their greed has doomed them to servile labor. They are caught on the sea coast when young, and are trained by their purchasers until they are worth ten dollars, Mexican, apiece. When they are in the water they not only dive for fish, but are said to swim swiftly under the water after their prey. When a fish is caught, the bird rises to the surface and gasps and chokes to get the fish down. The other birds rush at him to wrest his prey from him. The fisherman hurries to the spot, beats the other greedy birds away, and lifting the successful cormorant into the boat, takes his fish from him, loosens his throttling string and pokes some food into his ravenous beak as a reward of merit. When the birds are returned to their perches he prepares for them a fairly good dinner of rice and small fish, scolding or beating those that are quarrelsome.

The Ball Before Waterloo.

Wellington's conduct is a riddle. About the middle of the afternoon he was informed, through the Prince of Orange, as to his enemy's movements. With perfect calm, he commanded that his troops should be ready in their cantonments; at five he issued orders for the divisions to march with a view to concentration at Nivelles, the easternmost point that he intended to occupy; at ten, just as he was setting out for the Duchess of Richmond's ball, he gave definite instructions for the concentration to begin. About twenty minutes after the Prince of Orange had reached the ballroom Wellington sent him quietly away, and then, summoning the Duke of Richmond, who was to have command of the reserve when formed, he asked for a map. The two withdrew to an adjoining room. Wellington closed the door, and said, with an oath, "Napoleon has humbugged me." He then explained that he had ordered his army to concentrate at Quatre Bras, adding, "But we shall not stop him there; and if so, I must fight him here," marking Waterloo with his thumb-nail on the map as he spoke.—Century.

We wish girls were politicians; polite plans always squeeze a man's hand.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, regain lost manhood, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac from your own druggist. Under absolute guarantee to cure. Book and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Five new asteroids were discovered on photographs of the heavens one evening recently by Dr. Max Wolf, of Heidelberg. This brings the number of minor planets up to 423.

JUST try a 10c. box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.

Every Chinese implement has its deity; there is a god of knives, another of spades, another of hatchets, another of swords; every kind of animal has its deity.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Kansas editors excel in the selection of eccentric names for their papers. The Prarie Dog, the Astonisher, the Paralyzer and the Thomast Cat are conspicuous among others.

Cartridges tested by Roentgen rays to show that they have been carefully loaded are offered for sale by a London gunsmith.

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

It is said that a New South Wales man has patented a diving-bell with which work can be done under water at a depth of 6,000 feet.

HYSTERICS.

WOMEN SHOULD UNDERSTAND THIS NERVOUS DERANGEMENT.

A Symptom of Something Far More Serious—Mrs. Barris, of Beaver Springs, Relates Her Experience.

The spasm at top of wind-pipe, or in bronchial tubes, the "ball rising in the throat," violent beating of the heart; laughing and crying by turns; muscular spasms; throwing the arms about, etc., tell of a derangement of the female system.

Any female complaint may produce hysterics, which must be regarded as a symptom only. The cause, whatever it may be, yields quickly to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It acts at once upon the organ affected, and the nerve centers; removes the cause, and dispels effectually the symptoms.

Mrs. Barris relates her experience for the benefit of others.

"I had been sick with ulceration of the womb, causing all kinds of disagreeable experiences, such as irritability, sleeplessness, faintness, and at times hysterics. My physician said it was the worst case he ever had. My back ached, leucorrhœa very profuse, and I had a severe bearing-down pain. The physicians thought I should never recover, and as the last remedy, they procured your Vegetable Compound. I had not taken more than one-fourth of a bottle, before I was more comfortable. I continued its use, also the Sanative Wash, and Liver Pills. After using four bottles, I was able to be out, and do almost all my work. I think the Vegetable Compound is the only medicine that will cure female complaints, and it will reach the worst cases in a very short time. I know it saved my life."—MRS. M. BARRIS, Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania. All druggists.

RIPANS TABULES

August 8, 1895. In an interview with Mr. Chas. E. Johnson, manager gents' furnishing goods department, "The Fair," Seventh and Franklin avenues, St. Louis, he said: "Several years ago