## "PA NEVER DOES."

"I don' know why I has to tote
In wood 'n' help ma 'round,
'N' fix ther gate, 'n' gear ther horse,
'N' sweep leaves off ther ground.
I don't get any time ter play;
It's getting wuss and wuss;
I wonder why I has ter work?
Pa never does!

"He jes' sets 'round 'n' smokes 'n' reads
'N' kicks about ther noise,
'N' I don't get ter holler none
Like other people's boys.
Ma says she'll make a man of me;
Geel don't I wisht I wuz!
I guess men don't have much ter do,
Pa never does!

"But ma says I'm her chum 'n' when
We get our work all done
She reads ter me, 'n' tells me tales,
'N' we have lots er fun.
Las' night I hugged 'n' kissed her good-
Nobody knowed but us;
'N' then ma cried, 'n' I bet 'twas cause
Pa never does!"
—Free Press.

## A TANGLED UP.

Though the temptation to be coquettish with her lover they had parted, and it was a question which was the more miserable, Mary Derwentwater, who had trifled with his love, or Henry Ashton, now wandering abroad in search of forgetfulness.

Ashton went forth upon the world an alienated, almost a misanthropic man. His hopes were withered, his first dream of love had vanished, he felt as if there was nothing for him to live for in this world. His mind became almost disordered. He loathed society, then he veered to the other extreme and craved after excitement. He sought relief in travel. Like the fabled vicuna in the olden legend, he spent years in the vain search after that Lethe whose waters are reserved for death alone. He found it not.

And Mary, too, was changed. She rose from that bed of sickness an altered being. Never had she known the full depth of her affection until the moment when she found herself deserted. The shock almost killed her, and though she recovered after a long and weary sickness, it was to discard all her old habits and to assume a quieter, yet, oh! how far more beautiful demeanor than in her days of unmitigated joy. She felt that Henry was lost to her forever, yet she derived a melancholy pleasure in living as if the eye of her absent lover was upon her. She discussed her whole conduct so as to meet his approbation. Alas! he was far away, she had not heard from him for years; perhaps, too, he might be in ignorance why this constant reference of all she did to his standard of excellence. It was her deep abiding love that did it all.

Four years had passed when Ashton found himself again in America, and, sitting after dinner, with one of his most intimate friends at the table of the —— hotel. For some time the bottle passed in silence. At length his companion spoke.

"You have not seen Mary Derwentwater yet, have you, Harry?"

Ashton answered calmly, with a forced effort, in the negative.

"You must not positively delay it. Do you know how beautiful she has grown?—far more beautiful than when you went away, although you thought her surpassingly lovely." He paused.

"I have not heard from the family for years," said Ashton at length, feeling that his companion expected some reply.

"Then you know nothing of her—pash! in name of the almonds—why, dear fellow, she is irresistible. But she is different from what she used to be; her beauty is softer, though not so showy, and whereas she once would flirt a little—mind, only a little, for she is a great favorite of mine—she now goes by the name of the cold beauty. A married man, like myself, can speak a little warmly, you know, without fear of having his heart called in as the bribe of his head. And do you know that my wife suspects you of having worked the reformation?"—Ashton started, and was almost thrown off his guard—"for it began immediately after a long illness that happened a few weeks after you sailed."

Ashton was completely bewildered. He had now for the first time heard of Mary's sickness. His eye wandered from that of his companion, and he felt his cheek flushing in spite of himself. He covered his embarrassment, however, by rising. His companion continued:

"And now, Harry, let us stroll down Broadway, for, to tell the truth, I promised my wife to bring you home with me. Besides, Mary is there, and I've no doubt," he continued, no doubt," he continued, jocularly, "you are dying to meet her."

Ashton could not answer, but he followed his friend into the street, conscious that Mary and he must meet, and feeling that the sooner it was done the better. His companion, during their walk, ran on his usual gay style, but Harry scarcely heard a word that was said. His thoughts were full of his cousin. Had she, indeed, become cold to all other men from love of himself? Strange and yet delicious thoughts whirled through his mind, and he woke only from his abstraction on finding himself in the presence of his cousin, in Seacourt's drawing-room.

Mary was on a visit to Mrs. Seacourt, and did not know of Ashton's intended coming until a few minutes before he made his appearance. Devotedly as she loved her cousin, she would have given worlds to escape the interview; but retreat was impossible without exposing the long-treasured secret of her heart. She nerved herself accordingly for the meeting, and succeeded in assuming a sufficiently composed demeanor to greet her cousin without betraying her agitation. He exchanged the commonplace compliments of the occasion with her, and then took a seat by Mrs. Seacourt, who had been one of his old friends. Mary felt the neglect; she saw he did not love her. That night she wept bitter tears of anguish.

Ashton did come daily, and although his conversation was chiefly devoted to Mrs. Seacourt, he seemed neither to seek nor avoid his cousin. Now and then he found himself in a conversation with her, and he thought of old times. But the memory of their last interview came across him at such moments like a blight.

"How wonderfully Ashton has improved since his travels," said Mrs. Seacourt one morning as she and Mary sat tete-a-tete, sewing; "and do you know," continued she, looking archly at her companion, "that I deem myself indebted to you for his charming visits?"

Mary felt the blood mounting to her brow, and she stooped to pick up a stitch.

"Oh! you are always jesting, Anne; you know it is not so."

"We shall see. I prophesy that this afternoon, when we go to the exhibition, he will escort you and leave Miss Thornbury to Seacourt's nephew."

Mary's heart beat so she could scarcely answer, but she managed to reply:

"Don't, my dear Mrs. Seacourt! don't tease one this way! You know, indeed you know, Ashton cares nothing for me," and she felt how great a relief would have been a flood of tears could she have indulged in them.

Mrs. Seacourt smiled archly and said no more.

The afternoon came. The little company were assembled in the drawing-room. Ashton entered just at the last moment had come, and when the ladies were rising to go. Mary was almost hidden in one corner, so fearful was she of attracting the gallantry of Mrs. Seacourt by placing herself near the entrance and in Ashton's way. Her very sensitiveness produced the effect she wished to avoid. The gentlemen naturally sought partners near them, and for a moment she was left almost alone. She thought she would have fainted when she saw her cousin cross the room and offer to be her escort.

They proceeded to the exhibition. For the first time for years Ashton's arm upheld that of Mary. At first both were embarrassed; but each made an effort, and they soon glided into conversation on different subjects. What a relief it was to Mary that night to think she had been alone, as it were, with her cousin without being treated with neglect.

From that day the visits of Ashton to Mrs. Seacourt's increased in frequency, yet there was nothing marked in his attentions to Mary. Indeed, he still continued to converse chiefly with his friend's wife, though he did not openly avoid her guest. Mary grew more and more tremblingly alive to his presence, and at times, when she would detect his eye bent on her, half sadly, half abstractedly, her heart would flutter wildly and a delicious hope would momentarily shoot across her mind; but soon to fade as quickly.

One morning Ashton entered the drawing-room and found her alone. She was untangling a skein of silk. She arose and said, with some embarrassment:

"Mrs. Seacourt is upstairs; I will ring for her."

"Not for the world, if she is in any way engaged. I can await her pleasure."

There was silence of some minutes. Mary could scarcely breathe, and knew not what to say. Her fingers refused to perform their duty, and the skein of her silk became more and more entangled.

"Shall I help you?" said Ashton, approaching her. "My patience used to be a proverb with you."

Mary could not trust herself to answer, for her fingers were actually trembling with agitation. She felt she could have sunk into the floor. She proffered the silk without looking up. Ashton took hold of one end while she retained the other. Neither spoke; but Mary's bosom heaved tumultuously, while Ashton felt his heart in his throat.

"Mary!" he said.

She looked half-doubtingly, half-timidly, up.

"Mary, we love each other—do we not?"

There was no answer, but as he pressed the fingers lying passively in his grasp, the pressure was gently returned, and, bursting into tears, his cousin fell upon his bosom.

### A Taste for the Beautiful.

Beauty is an all-pervading presence. It unfolds in the numberless flowers of the spring; it waves in the branches of the trees and the green blades of grass; it haunts the depths of the earth and sea, and gleams out in the hue of the shell and the precious stone; and not only these minute objects, but the ocean, the mountain, the clouds, the heavens, the stars, the rising and setting sun, all overflow with beauty. The universe is its temple; and those men who are alive to it cannot lift their eyes without feeling themselves encompassed with it on every side. Now this beauty is so precious, the enjoyments it gives are so refined and pure, so congenial to our tenderest and noblest feelings, and so akin to worship, that it is painful to think of the multitude of men living in the midst of it, and living almost as blind to it as if, instead of this fair earth and glorious sky, they were tenants of a dungeon. Suppose I were to visit a cottage and see its walls lined with the choicest pictures of Raphael, and every spare nook filled with statues of the most exquisite workmanship, and that I were to learn that no man, woman, or child, ever cast an eye at these miracles of art, how should I feel their privation—how should I want to open their eyes, and to help them to comprehend and feel the lovelliness and grandeur which in vain courted their notice! But every man is living in sight of the works of a Divine Artist; and how much would his existence be elevated could he see the glory which shines forth in their forms, hues, proportions, and moral expression!

### Selecting Pictures.

"The value of a picture depends upon what there is in it for its possessor," writes William Martin Johnson in the Ladies' Home Journal, on the "Selection and Framing of Pictures." "A painting by an amateur may be more precious in your eyes than one of Raphael's cartoons. Therefore, sell your cartoon to the highest bidder, and when you outgrow the little painting buy back the cartoon if you have learned to see its beauty.

"No one can tell you how to understand art without your seeing it, studying it, living with it, any more than any one can tell you how to tell good cloth from bad; you must first have had experience with cloth. Learn a language before you try to converse. But do not go so far as to imagine that you must learn drawing and painting before you can appreciate pictures. The less you know about technique the more capable you will be of looking at a painting with an unprejudiced eye. Get at the artist's intention. Does he express an idea to you? Is he interesting in the way he tells his story? Does he convince you of a truth? If the picture is that of a head does it impress you as having the characteristics of an individual? Does it look like a human being? Suppose a landscape is under discussion—do the trees sway, the clouds float? Is there any atmosphere in the painting? These are the tests of a painter's facility with language. But more than this is required—it is the intellectuality behind the brush. Herein lies the difference between sublime art and the commonplace."

## "MASTER SKYLARK."

### A Little Lad Who Could Imitate the Carrolling of the Birds.

There was a wild bird singing in a bush there, and as he trotted down the slope it hushed its wandering tune. Nick took the sound up softly, and stood by the wet stones a little while, imitating the bird's trilling note, and laughing to hear it answer timidly, as if it took him for some great new bird without wings. Cocking its shy head, and watching him shrewdly with its beady eye, it sat almost persuaded that it was only size which made them different, until Nick clapped his cap upon his head and strolled back, singing as he went.

It was only the thread of an old-fashioned madrigal which he had often heard his mother sing, with quaint words long since gone out of style and hardly to be understood, and between the staves a warbling, wordless refrain which he had learned out on the hills and in the fields, picked up from a bird's glad-throated morning song.

He had always sung the plain-tunes in church without taking any particular thought about it; and sang easily, with a clear, young voice which had a full, flute-like note in it like the high, sweet song of a thrush singing in deep woods.

Gason Carew, the master-player, was sitting with his back against an oak, placidly munching the last of the cheese, when Nick began to sing. He started, straightening up as if some one had called him suddenly out of a sound sleep, and turning his head, listened eagerly.

Nick mocked the wild bird, called again with a mellow, warbling trill, and then struck up the quaint old madrigal with the bird's song running through it. Carew leaped to his feet, with a flash in his dark eyes. "My soul! My soul!" he exclaimed in an excited undertone. "It is not—nay, it cannot be—why, 'tis—it is the boy! Upon my heart, he hath a skylark prisoned in his throat! Well sung, well sung, Master Skylark!" he cried, clapping his hands in real delight, as Nick came singing up the bank. "Why, lad, I vow I thought thou went up in the sky somewhere, with wings to thy back! Where didst thou learn that wonder-song?"

Nick colored up, quite taken aback. "I do na know, sir," said he; "mother learned me part, and the rest just came, I think, sir."

The master-player, his whole face alive and eager, now stared at Nicholas Atwood as fixedly as Nick had stared at him.

It was a hearty little English lad he saw, about 11 years of age, tall, slender, trimly built, and fair. A gray cloth cap clung to the side of his curly yellow head, and he wore a sleeveless jerkin of dark-blue serge, gray homespun hose, and heelless shoes of russet leather. The white sleeves of his linen shirt were open to the elbow, and his arms were lithe and brown. His eye were frankly clear and blue, and his red mouth had a trick of smiling that went straight to a body's heart.

"Why, lad, lad," cried Carew breathlessly, "thou hast a very fortune in thy throat!"—St. Nicholas.

### Washington's Camp Dinner.

The following pleasant letter was written by General Washington to Dr. Cochrane, a surgeon general in the Continental army. It is dated West Point, Aug. 16, 1779, and is printed in the Philadelphia Saturday Review:

Dear Doctor—I have asked Mrs. Cochrane and Mrs. Livingstone to dine with me to-morrow, but I am not in honor bound to apprise them of their fare. As I hate deception, even where the imagination only is concerned, I will. It is needless to promise that my table is large enough to hold the ladies; of this they had ocular proof yesterday. To say how it is covered is rather more essential, and this shall be the purport of my letter.

Since our arrival at this happy spot we have had a ham, sometimes a shoulder of bacon, to grace the head of the table; a piece of roast beef adorns the foot; and a dish of beans or greens almost imperceptibly decorates the center.

When the cook has a mind to cut a figure, which I presume will be the case to-morrow, we have two beefsteak pies or a dish of crabs in addition, one on each side of center dish, dividing the space, reducing the distance between dishes about six feet, which without them would be nearly twelve feet apart.

Of late he has had the surprising sagacity to discover that apples will make pies, and it is a question if, in the violence of his efforts, we do not get one of apple, instead of both of beefsteaks.

If the ladies can put up with such entertainment, and will submit to partake of it on plates, once tin, but now iron (not become so by the labor of scouring), I shall be happy to see them, and am, dear doctor, yours,

G. WASHINGTON.

### His Good Luck.

The chief difference between a so called lucky and an unlucky person seems to be, as a general thing, that one is quick to see and take advantage of circumstances and the other is not. In a volume entitled "Suwanee River Tales," by Sherwood Bonner, a certain Frenchman thus tells the story of his "luck:"

In the year 1830 I was a hatter, but the large concerns absorbed all the custom, and I was on the brink of ruin. For many months the sole display in my show window had been a huge white felt hat, which I had made in what it pleased me to call a freak of genius, but which no one had noticed except to laugh at.

One day my apprentice came running in with the tidings that the king was coming. I hastened to the door. The horses of the royal equipage, then almost opposite the shop entrance, had become frightened, and the coach was in imminent danger of being upset. The king attempted to jump out—a dangerous thing, considering his corpulency. I rushed forward and lifted him to the sidewalk without injury. His hat, however, was pitched into the gutter.

"Allow me, your majesty!" I cried, and running into the shop, seized the white felt, and with a low bow presented it to the king.

It fitted him nicely. With a gracious word of thanks Louis Philippe re-entered his coach, leaving me to rejoice over the sudden promise of fortune. Nor did my heart deceive me. That afternoon the king's adjutant called to settle for the morning's purchase, and to inform me that I was appointed "hatter to the king."

The tide had turned. Enough to say that all Paris had gone mad over the bell-crown felt. Huge orders poured in from the provinces. I could not make hats fast enough. When at last I could catch my breath, I found myself a rich man.

## 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.**

### Baby's Logic.

To-day I ask my mamma if I could whittle—
Yes I did.
"Oh, no, my girl," said she; "you're too little"—
So she did.
But Tom stepped so hard right on my toe
I cried, I did.
She said, "Oh, you're too big a girl to cry out so"—
That's what she did.
Why can't I cry if I am little?
Or if I'm big why can't I whittle?
—St. Louis Republic.

### Just So.

A teacher was taking a class in the infant Sunday school room and was having her scholars finish each sentence to show that they understood her.

"The idol had eyes," the teacher said, "but it couldn't——"

"See!" cried the children.

"It had ears, but it couldn't——"

"Hear," was the answer.

"It had lips," she said, but it couldn't——"

"Speak," once more replied the children.

"It had a nose, but it couldn't——"

"Wipe it," shouted the children.

And then the lesson had to stop a moment for the teacher to recover her composure.—Scottish Leader.

### A Small Boy's Devotions.

There is a small boy in Kenwood who is very fond of tag and I spy. He is also a religious youngster and never goes to sleep without a plea that his dear little soul may be kept throughout the long watches of the night. The other evening, however, he became a little mixed about bed time. He is only 4 years old, and, of course, the hope and pride of his fond mamma. After a day devoted to play when being put to bed he was so tired he could hardly wait until his clothes were off before falling asleep. When in his snowy night gown he made a move toward his little cot, but was reminded by his mother that he had forgotten to say his prayer. He quickly knelt at her side and laying his small head upon his folded hands began:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.

But here his drowsiness became too much for him. His curly head went down with a bump against his mother's knee, and she, hoping to help him out, softly suggested:

"If," she said as she smoothed his golden head.

He made another effort, yawned and, as his mother prompted him the second time, he brightened up and finished:

If he hollers let him go,
Ene, meni, mine mo.

## A Tumbleweed Tale

Two of our boys, who live far up in the northern part of North Dakota, have written a letter telling about a thrilling adventure which they had last month.

They were out with their father about ten miles from home watching a herd of cattle, which was grazing on the prairie. In the daytime they rode their mustang ponies and helped to keep the herd from separating, and at night they slept in a little tent sheltered by the edge of a shallow ravine.

They greatly enjoyed the first two days of their stay, the weather being clear and cool, with very little wind, but late in the afternoon a dark cloud grew out of the western horizon and little gusts of wind bent the long brown grass of the prairie.

The boys' father said he thought a

COVERING UP THE TENT.

storm was coming up, and so every thing was made safe and snug around the tent before the party went to bed.

Sometime in the night both the boys woke up quite suddenly.

"Neither of us knew just what the matter was," said the letter, "but we were certain that something had gone wrong. We heard a curious swishing noise outside and we knew it must be very dark because the top and sides of the tent were black."

The wind was roaring, too, and the boys grew so alarmed that they awakened their father. The three went to the doorway and opened the canvas flap. As they did so a huge prickly mass of something rolled inside, followed by a gust of wind. Both of the boys jumped back much frightened and their father hurriedly lighted the lantern. There on the ground, just inside the door, lay several huge tumble weeds which had rolled in when the flap was opened.

"Father tried to go out," continues the letter, "but he found that the tumble weeds were heaped clear to the top of the tent, covering it all over like a snow drift. They were not closely packed, but they were so rough and prickly that it was hard to get through them."

In the morning the two boys and their father succeeded in forcing their way out. On reaching the edge of the prairie they found the whole ravine in which their tent was pitched level full of the tumble weeds and the tent entirely covered up, so that the cowboys who were helping with the herd could not find it.

The wind was still blowing and the tumble weeds kept rolling across the prairie, looking like great herds of buffalo on the run. On reaching the ravine they would drift into it and stay for a time, and then with the next hard gust they leaped out and continued their mad chase across the country.

This was certainly a remarkable adventure. Probably it never happened to any one before. For only within the last few years has the terrible tumble weed grown in great quantities on the prairies.

The plant grows about the shape of a bushel basket, and sometimes reaches a height of four feet. It dies in September after all its seeds are ripe, and then the stem shrivels down, and the first hard wind that comes along breaks it off. Once free it goes bounding lightly off over the prairie, scattering its seeds for the next year's growth. It is the way that nature has provided for its wide distribution, and the farmers of the Northwest are beginning to be fearful lest it cover all the land. For a single plant will sometimes bear 12,500 seed pods containing more than 1,500,000 seeds, and that's enough to plant a good many acres of ground.

### He Forgot the Diamond.

The earliest authentic mention of the matchless Kohinoor, the "mountain of light," is by an Eastern monarch, who refers to a "jewel valued at one-half of the daily expenses of the whole world." A century or two later, the Persian conqueror of India, seeing the diamond glitter in the turban of the unfortunate Rajah, exclaimed with rough and somewhat costly humor, "Come, let us change our turbans in pledge of friendship!" and the exchange was promptly made.

The Kohinoor fell into the hands of the English, and pending its delivery to the crown Sir John Lawrence, afterward Lord Lawrence, was made its guardian. His biographer, Mr. Bosworth Smith, relates a curious incident of this custody.

Half-unconsciously, Sir John thrust it, wrapped up in numerous folds of cloth, into his waistcoat pocket, the whole being contained in an insignificant little box. He went on working hard, as usual, and thought no more of his precious treasure. He changed his clothes for dinner, and threw his waistcoat aside, still forgetting all about the box contained in it.

About six weeks afterward a message came from the viceroy, saying that the queen had ordered the jewel to be immediately transmitted to her. The subject was mentioned by Sir Henry Lawrence at the board, when Sir John said, quietly:

"Send for it at once."

"Why, you've got it!" said Sir Henry.

In a moment the fact of his carelessness flashed across Sir John. He was horror-stricken, but with no external sign of trepidation he said:

"Oh, yes, of course, I forgot about it," and went on with the business of the meeting. He soon made an opportunity of slipping away to his private room, and with his heart in his mouth sent for his old bearer, and said:

"Have you a small box which was in my waistcoat pocket some time ago?"

"Yes, sahib," the man replied, "I found it and put it in one of your boxes."

"Bring it here," said the sahib. "Open it," he ordered, when the little box had been produced, "and see what is inside."

He watched the man with intense anxiety as fold after fold of the rags was taken off.

"There is nothing here, sahib," said the old man at last, in a disappointed tone, "but a bit of glass!"

### A Bicycle for Twenty-five.

The bicycle "built for two" was the first departure from the single-seated wheel. Bicycles for four or six riders are comparatively common. Now it is announced that a bicycle for twenty-five, a duodeciplet, so to speak, is under construction for the Nynuke Club, of Brooklyn.

Naturally the club had difficulty in finding any one willing to undertake such a wheel. Some said that it could not be made; others were willing to attempt it for two thousand dollars. Finally a New York firm agreed to build it at a cost of six hundred dollars.

The twenty-five-seated wheel will be guaranteed for two years, barring punctures and injuries due to accidents. The length will be twenty-five feet. No. 2 seamless tubing will be used. The wheels will be thirty inches in diameter, with three-and-one-half-inch hose-pipe tires. The front gear will be one hundred and the rear gear sixty-eight.

On the rear wheel the indirect gear will be used, the same as that adopted for modern fire-trucks. Thus the twenty-fifth man, who will occupy the rear seat, will be the steersman, and will control the big flyer in the same fashion as the steersman on a hook-and-ladder truck.

The machine will be but two feet wide, and rigged in the double tandem style; that is, two riders side by side. The total weight will be eighty pounds. Enthusiastic members of the Nynuke Club prophesy that fifty stout legs at the pedals will ensure a speed of eighty miles an hour.

Make the little sense you have common sense.

He who thinks his place below him will certainly be below his place.

### A Missing Dish.

The story is told that a certain speculator, exceedingly unlearned, took a fancy to the entertainment of literary people, when he had made his fortune and set up a house; and of course he wished to have and do all the fine things that other rich men had and did. After dinner one day one of his "literary" guests chanced to remark:

"I dined at X.'s, the poet's, the other night, and he gave us a capital epigram at dessert."

The speculator was humiliated. He had no epigrams. After his guests were gone he called his cook.

"Didn't I give you carty blanchy for this dinner?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir, you did, sir," said the cook.

"And didn't I tell you to have everything that anybody had?"

"Yes, sir; you did, sir."

"Yes. Well, now, it seems that at X.'s they have epigrams for dessert, and good ones, too, and folks miss 'em when they come here. Now I want to know if you don't know how to cook epigrams?"

The unfortunate cook was compelled to acknowledge that he could not cook epigrams, and was discharged on the spot.


A Thumbscrew Torture to the BIGGEST NERVE is

SCIATICA. USE St. Jacobs Oil

It turns back the screw.—It unwinds the twist.—IT SOOTHES.—IT CURES. NO FURTHER PAIN.



HOW TO FIND OUT.

Fill a bottle with urine and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates a diseased condition of the kidneys. When your urine stains your linen it is evident you have kidney trouble. Too frequent desire to urinate is convincing proof that your kidneys and bladder are out of order.

WHAT TO DO.

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, fulfills every wish in relieving pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passages. It corrects inability to hold urine and scalding pain in passing it, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to get up during the night to urinate. The mild and extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. Sold by druggists at fifty cents and one dollar. For a sample bottle and book free mention this paper and send to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., six cents in stamps to cover cost of postage.


It is said that tortoise shell combs, chains and other objects when broken, can be repaired by heating the opposing surfaces, and pressing them together.


How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.


A cane worth $3000, a gift from some friends, is carried by Dr. H. H. Hale, of Detroit, Mich. It is ornamented with gold and jewels, and in the head is a fine watch


RUPTURE

Cure Guaranteed by DR. J. E. MAYER 1013 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.


The Rev. Father Peter Adair, of St. Louis, Mo., called upon all the young men in his congregation one morning recently, who were wearing motto buttons to hand them to him.


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.


For two hours some boys in New York kicked a small bundle about the size of a baseball around the streets and played catch with it. Finally the bundle was opened and $780 in notes was found within.


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


Teapots were the invention of either the Chinese or the Indians, and are of uncertain antiquity. They came to Europe with tea in 1610.


Piso's Cure is a wonderful Cough medicine.—Mrs. W. PICKERT, Van Sicien and Blake Aves., Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 26, 1894.


### A Frontier Judge.

"One of the best 'classics' I ever knew, James Reilly, was through many years dependent on his muscles, not his brains," writes the author of "Here and There Memories." When he graduated from Dublin University he found himself a pauper—his guardian having robbed him. He went to the United States and served as trapper, navvy, farm-hand and frontier judge.

He could break a leg, make a piano, set a limb, grind an axe, splice a rope, mend shoes, plait a sieve, quote from the Greek poets, classify a bug, explain the binomial theorem, or fix the relation of two fossil fragments. His most cherished accomplishment was being able to lift a blacksmith's anvil by his little finger hooked in the "eye" of the iron; his proudest recollection that he had been an effective judge. Of his judgeship he told this story:

"I had just been elected judge there. A fellow up for horse-stealing, consented to be tried by six jurors, as most of the men were off to a new gold-digging. Well, I summed up; the jury retired. I waited outside a long time, but the jury waited inside a long time, too.

"The sheriff could not get in. I did when I had lost patience. Five of them for conviction, were balled up by the sixth for the acquittal of his friend. He would not let the five jurors out. He was a desperate chap, and they were mean white dirt. Well, I had to tackle him. When we commenced he was 'the bully of Little Elk Creek;' when we ended, I was. He volunteered to bring in a verdict of guilty before I let him up, but I lost these two fingers of my left hand by a bowie-knife amputation.

"Oh, I was very popular there! My calm, firm administration of the law touched them."

When sound can go but in only one direction it travels far. An old well at Carisbrook castle, Isle of Wight, is 182 feet deep. On a still day a pin can be heard to strike the water.

Not for thirty years has the Birmingham tinplate trade been in so prosperous a state.

## RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

### Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.

YOUNG lions are often very lean.

Getting the big head, shrinks the heart.

There is no suffering like the crucifixion of love.

Nothing is so destructible as the peace of Christ.

The fears we borrow are the hardest to drive away.

Whenever the flesh is on the throne, the devil is king.

Unless you want to be poor, don't try to keep all you get.

The man will always be busy who truly follows Christ.

The devil has no better helper than a harmless looking lie.

It is harder to dine with some men than it is to fast alone.

We are rich, not in what we have, but in what we cannot lose.

Is there anything the devil can't make out of an envious man?

Live to do good, and you will never tire of your employment.

When you pray for a revival, don't go to church with a long face.

The more men disappoint us, the more we should have faith in God.

When a little man is lifted up, everybody finds out that he is little.

The man who thinks he knows others, is a great stranger to himself.

The man who would be considered wise often turns out to be otherwise.

Do away with a personal devil, and there is no need of a personal Christ.

It is a mistake to call anything success that is not according to God's plan.

If you knew that to-morrow would be your last day, how would you spend this?

There are some very important lessons which can only be learned from a mistake.

It is doubtful if there is any man who has not at some time in his life been a hypocrite.

The man who has lived only for himself has wasted his time and robbed the world.

There can be no true and abiding comfort and peace that is not rooted and grounded in faith.

The man who has never used his eyes to consider the mercies of God, has used them to small purpose.

Turning a mad dog loose is a trifling thing, compared to what the devil can do with a gossiping tongue.

In the very same breath with which Jesus said, "Let not your heart be troubled," he also said, "Believe."

The man who refuses to walk in the light as God gives it, has only himself to blame for what happens in the dark.

Do good as often as you have opportunity, and the Lord will see to it that your time and talents are well employed.

There was weeping at the grave of Lazarus, but everybody threw a stone at the place where Absalom was buried.

The business of fault-finding would soon come to an end, if every fault-finder could only be well introduced to himself.

Money is one of the levers that moves the world, and it always moves it in the right direction when a godly man controls it.

The devil has a good grip on the man or woman who never thinks of attending church, no matter whether they live in Fifth avenue or the slums.

While the devil's messengers were telling Job everything had been lost, the Lord's messengers were on the way to say that his gain had been a hundred per cent.

### Jules Simon's Modesty.

By his power of intellect and nobility of soul the late Jules Simon, the French statesman and philanthropist, raised himself to a high station, yet he remained to the close of his life a simple, modest man. This is what his friend, Baron Pierre de Coubertin, writes of him in the Review of Reviews:

Jules Simon was as modest as he was able. He had often expressed a wish that there might not be too much laudation around his tomb. He had oftenmentioned a desire to be told when death was approaching. A friend fulfilled this sad duty. The philosopher showed no signs of emotion or fright on hearing the terrible news.

As he could speak no longer, he motioned for a pencil and a sheet of paper, and with a steady hand wrote his own epitaph:

JULES SIMON. 1814-1896.
Dieu, Patrie, Liberte.

His name, the year of his birth and the year of his death and the beautiful motto that had commanded and ruled his whole life: God, Country, Liberty!

### Too Awful to Contemplate.

French Milliner—Oh, par blue! ze papers are telling ze exact cost of making a bicycle!

Assistant—But, why your alarm, madam?

Milliner (tragically)—Why! Why?—why, suppose zey next tell ze actual cost of making a $40 bonnet!—New York Journal.

The odd thing about marriage is that a fool is just as likely to make a desirable one as the wise people.

### The Sure Cure.

Dear boy, I will give you a tip
About a sure way to cure grippe!
Buy some grease at a dollar apiece,
And then bury your nose in the grease!
Melt some butter in streaming hot rum;
And drink till you hear your ears hum;
Mix some mustard and salt piping hot,
And sit with your feet in the pot;
Snugly under three coverlets creep,
And indulge in a long, dreamless sleep!
If all this the grippe's grip doesn't shake,
Then for Florida's brakes make a break!
—The Doctor.

### Slow of Comprehension.

Fog—Henderson is a good enough fellow, but he is terribly slow at seeing a joke.

Bass—H'm, h'm?

Fog—He slipped on a banana peel the other day and had a fall. Everybody laughed but Fenderson could not see the point of the joke.

Bass—Not surprising.

Fog—He saw it about twenty-four hours later, however, when another fellow did the same thing.—Boston Transcript.

### True to His Vow.

She—Come, dear, here are some nice fresh biscuits I cooked myself. Put on your slippers and come to the table.

He—Excuse me, dear; I don't think I'll put on my slippers. I've always made the boast that I'd die with my boots on!—Yonkers Statesman.

There are lots of men who hate ministers for no other reason than that a minister at one time married them.

Nobody who is in love knows anything.


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THE CHANGE OF LIFE.

INTELLIGENT WOMEN PREPARE FOR THE TRYING ORDEAL.

A Time When Women Are Susceptible to Many Dread Diseases.

The anxiety felt by women as the "change of life" draws near, is not without reason.

When her system is in a deranged condition, or she is predisposed to apoplexy, or congestion of any organ, it is at this period likely to become active and with a host of nervous irritations, make life a burden. Cancer often shows itself, and does its destructive work.

Such warning symptoms as sense of suffocation, headache, dread of impending evil, timidity, sounds in the ears, palpitation of the heart, sparks before the eyes, irregularities, constipation, variable appetite, weakness and inquietude, dizziness, etc., are promptly heeded by intelligent women who are approaching the period in life where woman's great change may be expected. Thousands at this critical time consult Mrs. Pinkham, and conduct their habits according to her advice, and with the Vegetable Compound go through that distressing time with perfect safety and comfort. Mrs. W. L. Day of Bettsville, Ohio, says:—

"When all else failed, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saved my life. It carried me through the change of life all right, and I am now in good health. It also cured my husband of kidney trouble."



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MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
has been used by millions of mothers for their children while Teething for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.
Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.



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OPIUM HABIT AND DRUNKENNESS Cured in 10 to 20 Days. No Pay till Cured. DR. J. L. STEPHENS, LEBANON, OHIO.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.



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.



CCC HEAD Ache this Morning.

Shows you did not take a tablet of Cascarets Candy Cathartic last evening. Cascarets prevent sour stomach, tone up the intestines, stimulate the liver, leave no chance for sick headaches in the morning. You eat