IS BETTER.

It is better to whistle than whine;
It is better to laugh than to cry,
For though it is cloudy, the sun will soon shine,
Across the blue, beautiful sky.

It is better to whistle than whine,
O man, with the sorrowful brow,
Let the words of the child scatter murmurs of thine,
And gather his cheerfulness now.

It is better to whistle than whine,
Poor mother! so weary with care,
Thank God for the love and the peace that are thine,
And the joy of thy little ones share.

It is better to whistle than whine,
Though troubles you find in your way,
Remember that wise little fellow of mine,
And whistle your whining away.

God bless that brave boy for the cheer
He brought to this and heart of mine;
When tempted to murmur, that young voice I hear,
"It is better to whistle than whine!"
—Waverley Magazine.

FINALE.

PHILOSOPHER once observed that a man's character could be better judged by the books and room he keeps than his company.

Cyril Graves, early in life, had devoted himself to the study of politics, and all his hopes and fears were centered in that engrossing pursuit. One Wednesday evening he was sitting smoking in his chambers, deeply engrossed in a blue book, when he heard a gentle knock on his door.

"Come in!" he shouted, thinking it was his man, and again buried himself in his book.

The door opened and shut quietly and he still read on, and then suddenly looked up. There, standing in a dejected attitude, was the wreck of what had been a lovely woman. Graves sprang to his feet, his face pale and stern, for, in front of him, was his justly divorced wife.

"You!—Bertha!—Here in my rooms!" He moved over to the bell.

"Don't ring it!" she wailed; "I watched your servant go out, and wanted to speak to you, ah, so badly!"

"Now look here, Bertha—you dragged my name in the dust—you nearly ruined my career, and now, when you have been justly punished, you come back. What do you want?—money?"

His tones were icy in their coldness, and the weak, degraded creature before him shivered as she heard the last words.

"Cyril—I've no right to come to you, I know, but the world is so cold and wretched to a woman, and God alone knows how low I've fallen. Cannot you take me back?" She sank into a chair, and began to cry silently.

"Take you back!" he cried, his eyes glittering with fury, whilst, with uneven strides, he paced the room; "take you back and become the laughing stock of London! What! Go and vegetate in some dreary hole until you left me again? You forget what you are."

The insult lashed fresh life and spirit into the cowering woman.

"And who made me what I am?" she said, with her color rising, and her breath coming and going rapidly.

"Not I," he replied, with a sneer.

"If not you, who did? When you first met me at my father's rectory I was as simple-minded a girl as any in the land. You made me marry you, did you not?" Her tone was in[illegible]

"Well—suppose I did?" he [illegible]swered, [illegible]

"You took me to a dull house in this London town, and there you left me. Night after night you went to your political meetings and to your House of Commons, and gave me what was left of your time. You fed me and clothed me, it's true, and there it ended. You encouraged me to mix in society, and never troubled to protect me as you should have done; and then, when I left you, more from heart sickness and from a desire to be loved and petted by some one than from any other cause, you divorced me, and received the condolence of your friends. Bah!—you are the man who is responsible for my ruin, and you only. Money! I scorn your money, and never until I die will I trouble you again."

She left the room abruptly, leaving Graves a prey to the most conflicting emotions. Her indictment was, he felt only too true, and a feeling of shame came over him.

He unlocked his safe and took out his will, and read it slowly through, then took a sheet of paper and wrote rapidly, and replaced both in the safe.

"There!" he said. "I shall never marry again, and if I die before her, who knows, it may make a difference if she has the control of money. If I could [illegible] time over again!"

[illegible] debate was over, and Cyril [illegible] his hero. Secure in the self [illegible] a thorough knowledge of [illegible] gives its possessor, he had [illegible] House spellbound for over an [illegible] sat down amidst a chorus of [illegible] cheers. In the lobby his [illegible] crowded around him with [illegible] congratulations, and, already [illegible] mind's eye, he saw that his days [illegible] obscure private member were [illegible] The larger life of a leader of [illegible] with all its brilliant possibilities [illegible] to lie open before him, and he [illegible] in it.

[illegible] down his overstrained nerves he took his hat and coat, and, although it was long past midnight, made his way to the Embankment, a favorite walk of his when [illegible] in deep thought. There was a full moon, and the night was very still, and, lost in reverie, he leant over the balustrade and gazed idly upon the glistening, silver below him.

The utter peace and and quietude of the scene soothed him, and he was just about to leave when a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder.

"Don't do it, sir—think over it," was muttered in his ear.

He turned sharply, and found a policeman looking at him with commiseration.

"Good God! constable, you don't think I'm going to jump in the river, do you? Man alive! Can't any one walk on the Embankment without doing that?"

"Aren't you Mr. Graves, the member for East Bucks, sir?" said the man.

"Yes, I am; we had a hot debate at the House, and I strolled here to cool down before turning in. How did you know me?" queried Graves.

"Lord bless you, sir, I'm a Bucks man myself, and a stanch supporter of yours. But don't ee, sir, come here again like this; it ain't safe, for we call it one of the most risky beats in London. We get down here men as are desperate for want of food and shelter. I believe half the bodies they fish out of the river come from along here."

There was such a feeling in the man's tone that Graves was touched, and felt in his pocket for some money.

Suddenly, eighty yards up, he saw a figure outlined against the sky, and then disappear with a loud shriek and a splash.

An awful cry of "Help!" echoed through the still night air.

"Good God, sir, a woman's gone in and I can't swim a stroke," groaned the policeman. "What shall we do?"

"Do?" said Graves, "I'll go in myself. Get on the pier below here, for the tide will bring us down, and you may be able to lend a hand."

Whilst he spoke he tore off his boots, slipped off his coat and trousers, and stood for an instant on the balustrade looking for the suicide.

"Help! help!" she shrieked, coming once more to the surface. With a muttered prayer Graves dived into the water. Coming up, he shook the water from his head and eyes, and with a long, graceful side-stroke made for the sinking woman.

All his faculties were keenly awake; he felt that power, life, and reputation itself were nothing to the delight of saving some despairing creature from a terrible death. The policeman cheered him on with hearty shouts, and he spurted just in time to clutch the woman by the hair. To his horror he say that it was his cast-off wife.

"Let me sink!" she gasped.

"Never!" he said, between his teeth. "You said I was responsible for your fall. I'll not be so for your death. Put your hands on my hips and I'll do all I can; don't struggle, but kick out when I do. Come, Bee," an old, old diminutive of fond days, "try and live."

The woman did as she was told, and, perhaps, loved and reverenced him more in those few minutes than ever she had before.

With dogged pluck Graves put forth all his strength, but he knew he was failing. His breath came and went in great gasps, and his arms felt like lead; an awful desire to rest came over him, which the woman seemed to guess.

"Let me drown, Cyril; save yourself," she said.

"It's all right, sir," shouted the constable, "a few more strokes and I can help you."

It was too late, however, for even as the man's friendly hand closed on the woman's dress Graves fell back exhausted and sank like a log.

* * * * *

A woman, whom all the night policemen know and respect, haunts the foul places of London, night after night, relieving and comforting the lost of both sexes.

There is an unknown benefactor who gives royally to the homes and shelters of outcast London, and who never tires of giving.

And one day a woman, whose good deeds will never be chronicled by man, will enter the workhouse utterly destitute, and will await in meekness and quietude the call that will terminate her chequered career forever.—St. Paul.

Big Voice, Heap Bad.

"That winter," said the man who lets boats and does general utility work about a summer resort during the season, "I decided to do something easier than to go into the woods and do heavy work in the lumber camps. So I got hold of a graphophone, a magic lantern, and a mixed lot of views about which I fixed up a running lecture that I thought would make a hit. I was doing first-rate in the little towns in the upper part of the State and refused a couple of good offers to sell out.

"About the middle of the winter I went to the Indian village at the head of Burt Lake, and when the time for exhibiting in the house. I was the only white to please. The pictures seemed [illegible] some [illegible] audience, but I never got a hand or a laugh. Just to see if I couldn't warm them into some show of enthusiasm, I turned on a comic song from the graphophone.

"It stirred them, but not in the way I had hoped. By the time the end of the first verse was reached half a dozen of the old men of the village were holding a council in the middle aisle. They jabbered away in a language I could not understand, and nothing could be read from their faces. That something was wrong, however, appeared in the fact that the eyes of the youngsters seemed popping out of their heads and the squaws held their ears as they watched the old men.

"The latter advanced solemnly to the little stage, saying nothi[illegible] but emitting significant grunts. [illegible]hey were bent on seeing where that voice came from, and no protest of mine received the slightest attention. They looked in every possible hiding place, ripped up the floor, and finally took all my machinery apart. They became angry because mystified, led me down to the little boat on which I had come, threw my traps in, and ordered me to leave.

"The lake was boiling; it was pitch dark; I was nervous, and before I reached the east shore I had lost everything but the boat, to which I clung. I quit the stage and took to the woods."
—Detroit Free Press.

Newspapers' Stability.

A question that was frequently asked was: "What will become of the Sun now that Dana is dead?" The inquiry is based on a mistaken idea. A great newspaper is far more than an individuality, no matter how eminent its editor may be. It is an accretion of years and of effort in many departments, and when it reaches the first rank has passed far beyond the limits of a single personality.

The great newspaper is in some degree the creation of the public itself, who, appreciating its firm principle and intelligent championship of the right make it their forum. A journal of this high order and broad influence is interwoven with current history, and has a perpetuity like the tide of human life. When it loses a laborer of exceptional ability the event is deplored, but the paper goes forward without missing a step.

One day's issue of a newspaper is the work of many brains and hands. Like an army, it needs a general. Like an army, it survives a general, and, as the chain of human affairs is unbroken, so the continuity of a leading journal is preserved.—Globe-Democrat.

Her Intuition.

Helen—What do you think, dear? Harry Benedict proposed to me last evening!

Louise—I could have guessed it.

Helen—Why?

Louise—I refused him the evening before, and when he left me I knew by his look that he intended to do something desperate.

If you will be perfectly frank with yourself, you will discover that you are patient only at times when nothing occurs to make you impatient.

Biggest of Recreation Grounds.

Epping forest is the largest public recreation ground in the world.

CHOCOLATE OR CACAO.

How It Grows and the Methods of Preparing It for Use.

The Mexicans call the beverage composed of the pounded seeds of the cacao tree chocolate.

The tree is a handsome one, twelve to sixteen feet high; the trunk upright, and about five feet long; the wood, light in weight and white in color; the bark, brownish.

The leaves are lanceolate, oblong, bright green, quite entire; the flowers are small, reddish and inodorous. The fruit is smooth, of a yellow or red tinge, and about three inches in diameter; the rind is fleshy, about half an inch in thickness, flesh-colored; within the pulp is white, of the consistency of butter, separating from the rind when ripe, and adhering only to it by filaments, which pentrate it and reach to the seeds. Hence it is known when the seeds are ripe by the rattling of the capsule when it is shaken. The pulp has a sweet and not unpleasant taste, with a slight acidity. It is sucked and eaten raw by the natives. The seeds are about twenty-five in number; when fresh they are of a flesh color; gathered before they are quite ripe, they preserve them in sugar, and thus they are very grateful to the palate. They quickly lose their vegetation if taken out of the capsule, but kept in it they preserve that power for a long time. The tree bears leaves, flowers and fruit all the year through; but the usual seasons for gathering the fruit are June and December. In two years it is about three feet high, and spreads its branches, not more than five of which are suffered to remain; in three years it begins to bear fruit. A tree yields from two to three pounds of seeds annually. The seeds are nourishing and agreeable to most people, and are generally used in South America and in the West India Islands.

The seeds of the cacao were made use of as money in Mexico, in the time of the Aztec kings, and this use of them is still partially continued, the smaller seeds being employed for the purpose. The lowest denomination of coin money current in Mexico is of the value of about twelve cents; and as there must arise many pretty transactions of business to a lower amount the convenience of these seeds, six of which are reckoned as the value of one cent, must needs be very great.

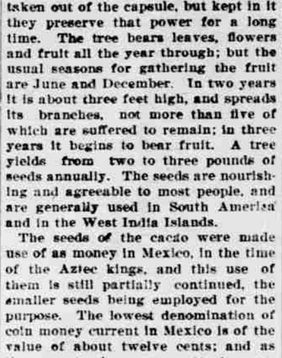
Cacao is principally used after having been made into cakes, to which the name of chocolate is given. The method anciently employed by the Indians in making these cakes was simply to roast the seeds in earthen pots, and after clearing them from the husks, which by reason of the heat employed could be easily removed, the naked seeds were bruised between two stones and made up with the hands into cakes. The process at present used by Europeans does not differ greatly from that just described; more care is taken in grinding the seeds after they are roasted, so as to convert them into a paste which is perfectly smooth, and some flavoring ingredients are added, according to the taste of the people who are to consume the chocolate. Cloves and cinamon are much used for this purpose by the Spaniards; other aromatics, and even perfumes, such as musk and ambergris, have sometimes been added; but the principal flavoring ingredient used with cacao is vanilla.

Was Their Meaning the Same?

"If," said the druggist, "you will give this new preparation a trial I'm sure you will never use any other."

"No," replied the invalid, "probably not."

One on Him.



"That's the time I got the joke on you," exclaimed the lead pencil to the paper, as the humorist completed the pun.—St. Louis Republic.

Hard Cash.

"Are you going to use bricks in the construction of your house?" asked a friend.

"No," replied the owner of the property, as he glanced over the estimate furnished by the contractor, "rocks."

The Female Book Agent.

Timkins—There goes a woman with a history.

Simkins—Yes, I know; she was in my office yesterday trying to sell me a copy on the installment plan.

Then She Took Him In.

He (looking out at the window)—It's so bright and cheerful outside [illegible] cold and gloomy without.

She—Without what?

He—Why, without you, dearest.

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

More Weddings in the Country.

"It is a very noticeable fact," said Maj. Lusk, who is authority on the question with reference to Hymen, "that there are not as many city chaps getting married nowadays as there are country boys. In some instances the country boy marries a city girl, but not very often. The city boy seldom, if ever, marries a country girl. Of course, the city boy does not like to marry where there is a disparity of minds, for, as Dickens says, 'those people can never live happy.' What do I think is the cause of it? Why, I think the country boy is more economical with the money he earns than the boy of the city. He can do better on $25 a month than a boy reared in the city can with $50. Then again, when the country boy marries he goes on a tract of land given him by his father or bought with hard-earned money."—Jefferson City Courier.

Gained Forty-Eight Pounds.

"I had a strong appetite for liquor, which was the beginning of the breaking down of my health. I was also a slave to tea and coffee drinking. I took the gold cure, but it did not help me."

This is a portion of an interview clipped from the *Daily Herald*, of Clinton, Iowa. It might well be taken for the subject of a temperance lecture, but that is not our object in publishing it. It is to show how a system, run down by drink and disease, may be restored. We cannot do better than quote further from the same:

"For years I was unable to do my work. I could not sleep nights or rest days on account of continuous pains in my stomach and back. I was unable to digest my food. Headaches and painful urination were frequent, and my heart's action became increased. I left my farm and retired to city life, for I was a confirmed invalid, and the doctors said I would never be well again.

"Soon after I happened to use four boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and since then I have been free from all pain, headache and dyspepsia. I eat heartily and have no appetite for strong drink or tea or coffee, and feel twenty years younger.

I RETIRED TO CITY LIFE.

"*My weight has increased 48 pounds.* I cannot say too much for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and claim that they have cured me.
"JOHN B. COOK."

Subscribed and sworn to before me this sixteenth day of February, 1897.
A. P. BARKER, *Notary Public.*

To people run down in health, from whatever cause—drink or disease—the above interview will be of interest. The truth of it is undoubted, as the statement is sworn to, and we reproduce the oath here. For any further facts concerning this medicine write to Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

The name and address of the subject of above interview is John B. Cook, of 208 South 5th Street, Lyon, Iowa.

KING OF PICKPOCKETS.

Police So Dub Fred II., Who Has Just Died in London.

Fred II., king of pickpockets, has just passed away in London, says the New York Sun. Like his predecessor, Fred II. was well known on the turf both in England and in France, and whenever a turfman's pocketbook was captured by any of his majesty's outposts an audience with the monarch was all that was necessary to secure its prompt return to the lawful owner. People not connected with the turf were less fortunate.

One day Fred made a bet that he would pick the pocket of the Prince of Wales. The thing seemed to be absolutely impossible, because many of the Prince's friends knew Fred very well and the difficulty of getting close enough to him to capture his pocketbook was insurmountable.

But it was a simple matter for the king. He picked the Prince's pocket and won his bet. The ties of royalty are great and strong. The king returned the pocketbook to the Prince, and the latter, of course, could not think of prosecuting a king. He laughed at the joke and complimented Fred on his skill as a pickpocket.

It was ambition that ruined Fred. He wanted to perform an exploit in the pocket-picking line that would eclipse all his previous performances. He determined to relieve Baron Hirsch of the burden of his heavily loaded purse. He approached the philanthropist in his usual courtly way, but unfortunately for the king the baron recognized him immediately.

"My dear Fred," said he, "you have come too late. I have just lost all my money on the favorite. Be good enough to honor me with your attention another day, and be sure to come before the race."

Fred saluted with great dignity and departed, and after that began to go down hill. He soon after abdicated and lived a retired life in a little house in one of the suburbs of London. His star had set.

Many curiosity-seekers attended the funeral of Fred, and upon feeling for their money and jewelry after returning home discovered that they had in fact been at a pickpocket's funeral. Professional fingers had been set working in honor of the dead.

A modern Dick Turpin. Fred was good-natured, fond of children, and generous with the money of other people. His bank account was never overdrawn, and he never had any hesitation about helping a poor fellow out. A few shillings or a few pounds to him amounted to nothing. There were always plenty of available pocketbooks to call upon whenever he was short.

Sewed His Lips Together.

One of the queerest freaks, even for an insane person, was discovered at the State insane asylum at Columbus, Ohio. Alex. Myatt, a middle-aged patient in the institution, has always complained of the food furnished by the State, and has threatened to starve himself to death rather than eat it, but as the food was all right the attendants considered Myatt's complainings as the workings of an affected brain. One morning last week, however, when he was called to breakfast, he shook his head to indicate to the attendant that he desired nothing to eat, and that functionary, supposing he had lost his appetite through sickness, sent one of the hospital physicians to him. The doctor was astonished on his arrival to find that Myatt had sewed his lips together so that he could not open them in the least. The work had been done with a needle and thread stolen from an attendant, and had been done very thoroughly, many stitches having been taken. The physicians removed the stitches and Myatt is being fed on milk and brandy for a while, his lips being too sore from their laceration to permit of his eating solid food. If blood poisoning does not set in, he will probably recover from the effects of his crazy freak.

A Very Good Man.

Allington—Is Pierson, the millionaire, a good church member?

Deacon Wadhams—I thould think he was. Why, the rest of us don't have to subscribe hardly anything to keep affairs going.

VERY MANY KNOW CURES....
ST. JACOBS OIL SCIATICA
Then all must know how easily and surely it CURES ALL PAINS, RHEUMATIC, NEURALGIC, OR LUMBAGIC.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A DEPARTMENT FOR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

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

Where the Sun Lives.

The sun lives down behind the wood,
Behind the wood at night he goes;
All by myself I found it out—
There's no one else that knows!

All by myself I watched and watched,
When nurse danced baby on her knees;
I watched the sun slip down and down,
Laughing behind the trees.

My father says that when I'm big
I'll find the sun's house in the sky;
My mother says the sun lives up
Higher than the clouds is high!

So, I'm the only one that knows
What place the sun takes all the light;
When he is tired he pops to bed
Behind the wood at night!
—From "Red Apples and Silver Bells."

Little Japs as Athletes.

Athletics and gymnastics form an important part in school life in Japan. In the large playgrounds attached to every school the children are drilled, boys and girls forming squares, marching and countermarching. The attention given by the Japanese to providing the children proper accommodation for out-door exercise, both in wet and dry weather, is worthy of imitation. It is a pretty picture to see between 100 and 200 little Japs pouring from one of the large city schools in their quaint costumes. The contrast between the school buildings, which are two stories high and painted, and the native houses is very great.

Canary Ate the Cat.

Grandma's Candy Story.

"There you are with another bag of candy, I declare! What with chocolate and kisses, caramels and lemon-balls, and I don't know what all, you children nowadays can hardly know where to begin eating candy, nor when to stop."

"Didn't folks always have candy, same as they do now, grandma?"

"Why, no, indeed! I can remember the first candy I ever saw; I didn't know what it was."

"Oh! oh! how funny! Do tell us about it."

"Well, it was as much as seventy years ago, for I wasn't more than 5 or 6 years old. It was way down in New Hampshire, in the winter, and I went to school.

"One night when we were going home from school, a whole roadful of us, the stage-coach came along.

"That was before cars or depots were ever thought of. Folks traveled by stage in those days. We children all turned out in the snow on the sides of the road, the boys in a row on one side, and the girls on the other, for we were always taught to turn out and 'make our manners' when teams passed us; and if a scholar went to school and told the teacher that Moses or Hannah did not make their manners when the gentlemen passed the night before, the teacher would call them up and punish them.

"We all stood there in two rows, and as the stage passed us the boys made their bows, and we girls our courtesies. The load of passengers smiled and bowed to us, and one very pretty lady tossed out a paper of something.

"Someone picked it up, and inside were perhaps half a dozen long, round, white things.

"'Candles!' we said. They did look like that.

"There was a house close by, and we all trooped in there with our treasure.

"'I know what that is,' said the woman, as soon as she unrolled the paper. 'It's candy. I saw lots of it in the stores when I was to Boston last summer.'

"'What's it good for?' we asked.

"'Good to eat,' she said. 'It's sweet and nice, but they do say it hurts the teeth. Let me divide it among you all.' That's what the lady meant to have done, I s'pose.

"So she broke up the sticks of candy, and gave us each a little piece. I don't suppose mine was more than an inch or two long, but I thought it was the nicest thing I ever tasted."

"I'm glad I didn't live in those days grandma."

"I dare say you are. One thing's sure. We had less candy and more manners, and may be it was just as well for us, after all."—Youth's Companion.

Nothing Remarkable.

Smith—Hear about the fire over on the west side this morning? Nine persons barely escaped with their lives. Remarkable, wasn't it?

Brown—I fail to see anything ver remarkable about it.

Smith—Why not?

Brown—Well, suppose they had escaped without their lives—then it would have been truly remarkable.

It is said that nations move by cycles. A great many people also move bicycles nowadays.

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

An Excellent Reason.

Mrs. Beyers—I wonder how the grocer happened to put these small potatoes on top of the measure?

Mr. Beyers—Oh, I guess he must have run out of large ones.

The One Exception.

Tom—Did you ever know a girl to return a present that she had received from a man?

Jack—No, I can't say that I ever did, but I presented a girl with a diary once and she didn't keep it.

Annoying.

"Everything seems to go contrariwise," said the shipbuilder, gloomily.

"What's the matter?"

"When we build a man-of-war it goes straight to the bottom, and when we turn out a submarine torpedo boat it sticks to the surface like a life preserver."—Washington Star.

Degenerate State of Things.

Mrs. Philathause—There seems to be no end of invention. Just think; there has been a piano invented that can be played in bed.

Philathause—That settles it. After this it will be no use to stop at merely crippling piano players; they'll have to be killed.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Bright Action.

Willum—That was a brilliant action of Dumley's at the party last night.

Billum—What was that?

Willum—He lit the gas.

The Wrong Turn for Him.

Barton—I'd like to get you to prescribe for my baby. It's two months old now and I've stood it just as long as I can.

The Doctor—What seems to be the trouble? Doesn't it sleep nights?

Barton—That's just where the rub is. It sleeps too well nights. You see, I work on a morning newspaper and have to sleep during the day. What I want you to do is to give it something to keep it awake nights.

Her Unfortunate Knowledge.

After he had kissed her and pressed her rosy cheek against his and patted her soft round chin she drew back and asked:

"George, do you shave yourself?"

"Yes," he replied.

"I thought so," she said. "Your face is the roughest I ever——"

Then she stopped, but it was too late, and he went away with a cold, heavy lump in his breast.

$1 00 for 14 Cents!

Salzer's seeds never fail. They sprout, grow and produce every time. We wish to get 200,000 new customers this year, hence this trial offer of

1 pkg. Earliest Red Beet.....10c
1 pkg. Early Spring Turnip.....10c
1 pkg. 12-Day Radish.....10c
1 pkg. Bismarck Cucumber.....15c
1 pkg. Queen Victoria Lettuce.....15c
1 pkg. Klondike Melon.....15c
1 pkg. Jumbo Onion.....10c
3 pkgs. brilliant flower seeds.....15c

Now, John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., will mail you free all of above 10 splendid novelties and their great plant and seed catalogue, upon receipt of this notice and 14 cents postage.
A. C. 4

Of 28 cities in the United States containing over 100,000 inhabitants the death rate of Omaha is lowest.

Attention is called to the advertisement of the Pacific Mining and Trading Co. It will appear but once.

There are 17,000 square miles of coal lands in West Virginia, which is regarded as an inexhaustible supply.

I believe Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my boy's life last summer.—Mrs. ALLIE DOUGLASS, Le Roy, Mich., Oct. 20, 1894.

There are more than a dozen concerns manufacturing horseless carriages in the United States.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. $2 trial bottle and treatise free. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila. Pa.

During last year 53 1-2 per cent. of all the commodities Mexico brought abroad were taken from the United States.

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

There are eight oil-producing sands in West Virginia, varying in thickness from 30 to 2,700 feet.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

With local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surface. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O
Sold by Druggists, price, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The aggregate annual circulation of the world's periodicals is 12,006,000,000, and consumes 760,000 tons of paper.

Chew Star Tobacco—The Best.
Smoke Sledge Cigarettes.

It is estimated that there is $150,000,000 spent annually in North America for newspaper and magazine advertisements.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

During 1897 the furnaces of Alabama have sent 200,000 tons of iron to Europe.

RUPTURE
Cure Guaranteed by DR. J. B. MAYER, 1015 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 A. M. to 1 P. M.

The value of the natural gas produced in Kansas in 1896 amounted to $124,750.

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES

The skin of the kangaroo, when properly tanned, never breaks.

The word "boycott" has now got into most of the foreign languages.

Ninety-seven out of every hundred Arctic explorers have returned alive.

Americans are said to have the poorest teeth of any people in the world

Plants grow faster between 4 and 6 a. m. than at any time during the day.

The thinnest, and at the same time one of the toughest, leathers tanned is frog's skin.

An apparatus has been perfected that will spin a kind of silk from the fibrous stalks of nettles.

Switzerland has the unenviable distinction of having a larger percentage of lunatics than any other country.

Hospital statistics prove that amputation is four times as dangerous after the age of 50 as before.

Property is said to be so safe in Finland that packages left unguarded anywhere are hardly ever touched.

German locomotive engineers receive a gold medal and $500 for every ten years of service without accident.

Eating matches are common among the villages of Alaska. He who eats the most is considered the man of greatest distinction.

In Asia the average number of inhabitants per square mile is forty-eight; in Africa, fifteen; in America, eight; in Australia, one.

Thirteen crimes were punishable by death when Queen Victoria ascended the throne. To-day there are but two—treason and murder.

Bleeding at the nose, a doctor has discovered, can be quickly stopped by plunging the feet and hands in water as hot as can be endured.

Statistics prove that nearly two-thirds of the letters carried by the world's postal services are written, sent to, and read by English-speaking people.

In Hindostan, when the parents of a baby cannot agree upon a name, two lamps are placed over the names. The one over which the lamp is brighter is that which is chosen.

The arrangement of the trees in Blenheim Park, the seat of the Duke of Marlborough, is said to represent the position of the troops in the great battle which gave the estate its name.

A man who is well up in dog lore advises intending purchasers of a puppy to let its mother choose for them. In carrying them back to their bed the first that the mother picks up will always be her best.

At a wedding recently celebrated the bride, bridegroom, best man and bridesmaid were all deaf and dumb. The bridal pair nodded their "I will," and pledged their troth by pointing to the words in their prayer books.

Some Chinese phrases read very queerly; thus cheese is known as "cow milk cake;" slippers are termed "drag shoes;" a cigar, "stick of smoke-leaf;" a match, "self-come fire;" and black tea, it appears, is called "thunder tea."

It is a strange fact that, while the teeth of the negro slaves on the old plantations were remarkable for their whiteness, those of the freed negro of the present day are in an infinitely worse condition than those of his white brothers. This is owing entirely to the change of diet, and the colored man's weakness for sweetmeats.

The whole of a recent sitting of the Japanese Parliament was devoted to considering whether a member had not violated parliamentary etiquette by attending the opening in a frock coat instead of the regulation dress suit. Finally the offending member was solemnly warned of his "indiscretion," just escaping being handed over to the disciplinary committee.

Delicate Hint.

Deal Hole, in his "Little Tour in Ireland," says that when one of his party went a-fishing, it was to come home in triumph, bearing a glorious salmon, its silver scales glittering in the sun. Naturally he was in good humor, and well disposed to pay the fisherman who had accompanied him. This was the dialogue as the two men stepped on shore:

"Boatman," said the happy tourist, "how much is the boat?"

"Sure, your honor, the boat'll be in the bill. Your honor'll give the boatman what you please."

"But what is generally given?"

"Well, your honor, some'll give two shillings, and some eighteen pince. A tailor'd be for giving eighteen pince."

How much the passenger gave is not known, but surely he was not inclined to be classed with stay-at-home tailors not accustomed to "sport."

The Local Flavor.

An American, who had left his native country to travel in Europe, with the maxim, "When in Rome do as the Romans do," well in mind, found himself in Marseilles. He wanted some ice cream and went into a restaurant and ordered it.

"What flavor will you have?" asked the waiter.

The American hesitated a moment and then remembered his maxim.

"Oh, garlic, I suppose," he answered.

A Real African A. B.

So-Mayou, who has received his diploma from Cobb University school at Lewiston, Maine, is probably the first heir to an African throne who ever graduated from an American college.

The average girl knows enough about photography to retouch her negative when she says "no."

Tragos, a Goat, an Ode.

The word tragedy, derived from the Greek tragos, a goat, an ode, a song, originally denoted the song or chorus that accompanied the sacrifice of a goat to the gods. Comedy, the Anglicized form of the Latin comaedia, comes from the Kreek komos, a festive procession, and aeidein, to sing, referring to the ode sung during the procession. Farce is a modern term, founded upon the Latin verb facire, to stuff. This was an allusion to the ancient buffoons padding out their clothing to abnormal dimensions. Later the padding was dispensed with, but the wide garments retained.—Detroit Free Press.

The Original Side-Splitter.

Smiles—I heard a side-splitting joke the other day.

Giles—What was it?

Smiles—I can't recall it just now, but it was something about Adam losing his rib.

There is coal in 20 of the counties of Kansas.

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celebrated for more than a century as a delicious, nutritious, and flesh-forming beverage, has our well-known Yellow Label on the front of every package, and our trade-mark, "La Belle Chocolatiere," on the back.

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50 pkgs. earliest vegetable seeds, $1.00.
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