THE DAYS THAT USED TO BE.

Let me sing you a song of the rollicking days,
The days that used to be,
When the years were veiled in a misty haze
To which we would gladly flee.
When all was bright to our youthful gaze,
No intricate windings, no doubtful maze,
And on each lip a song of praise
That you were alive—and me.

No cross to sustain and no sorrow to bear,
In the days that used to be,
No deed too great for us to dare
When we rode our grandpa's knee.
No harrowing doubt, no chilling care,
No soul bowed down beneath despair;
Then life was happy and life was fair,
'Twas happy for you—and me.

Those gladsome days we live over again,
Those days that used to be,
When life was all pleasure without any pain,
A joyful mystery.
We hailed with delight each shower of rain,
For we knew that the sunlight would come again,
No grave in our hearts where lost hope was lain;
Then you were content—and me.

Press on, brave heart, through all your woes
And think of the used to be,
For there'll come a time when you'll conquer all foes,
And all life's misery.
When the soul is done with its earthly throes,
And into the haven it gladly goes
Then once again, as every one knows,
You'll surely be happy—and me.
—Boston Post.

BOUGHT AND SOLD.

"Can it be possible?" The words were spoken in an undertone, with a quick gasp for breath, and then the lady stood very still, looking down on the disordered drawer and the letters that lay on the top.

Little bundles of muslin and dimity, alternating with knots of faded ribbon and old lace, were scattered all around, for their owner had been searching among them for an old embroidery pattern; and so she had come suddenly upon the packet of old letters she had stowed away there more than two years before.

The letters were written by Mrs. Fleming's old schoolmate, Amy Norris, and the soft girlish handwriting spoke to her heart a whisper faint and tender from the olden time.

Dear Amy! She had been married three years before, and her station in life was far below that of Mrs. Fleming's; but the lady's eyes grew dim, as she unfastened the ribbon which, for two years, had held together those half-dozen epistles.

Amy's sweet face seemed leaning up close to hers once more, and she saw the old brick houses, with their sloping roofs, where they had lived in the days that would never come back again.

But, as the packet fell from the loosened ribbon, it disclosed two other letters, and these called forth the exclamation, and brought the sudden paleness to Mrs. Fleming's face.

She thought those letters were all turned to ashes long ago—that she had burned them on that terrible night when she buried away all the past. But now she saw how it was; in her haste and anguish she had mistaken the letters, and burned two of Amy's instead.

There was no one of all Mrs. Fleming's admirers to see her as she stood by the open drawer, her little fingers moving caressingly over those two letters; and it seemed almost a pity, for hardly ever had she looked more beautiful.

There was so much unstudied grace in her attitude, so much mournful pathos in her young face; and yet it was not best the world should read the story that until that hour had been written and rolled up and laid away in her own heart.

She had not seen his writing for two years; and yet how natural it looked! The bold, graceful capitals, the free, running hand, all had a language for her!

She knew, too, by the post-mark which letters these were, and when they were written—the first, so tender and loving, before he learned that she was about to be married to another—the last, wild and reproachful, afterward!

How she had loved that man! How the past came back to tell her of it! The old red brick house—how it loomed up in the distant perspective, amid the cool summer nights, when she sat under the old portico all grown over with sweet brier, and he sat there too!

But clearest and brightest and dearest of all stood up, in that world of old memories, the new home which they were to have.

It was to be a little white cottage, with green window blinds and a small [illegible] in front. How she had dreamed [illegible]—and of the flower border running up to the steps!

[illegible] a happy loving wife she expected to be in that dear little cottage [illegible] going every morning through a round of delicious household duties; for Harry could only afford to keep one domestic.

And in the late afternoons, when the table was all laid, with its snowy cloth, when she would put on a white muslin dress (Harry liked white muslin), and a few rosebuds in her curls, and she would go out and wait for him at the garden gate.

How his handsome face would light up as he came round the corner and caught a glimpse of her, and a moment later his strong arm would be around her waist and his low, deep, "My darling Laura!" would be the sweetest sound earth held for her. And, as that little domestic picture came up to con[illegible], the proud, elegant Mrs. Fleming bowed her head on her hands and sobbed like a child.

Then she laid her fingers on the letters with a nervous, timid glance around the room, for the lady's heart whispered that she was doing wrong—that now she had no right to read them; and it was better to lay them in the grate yonder, where the fire was leaping up to fold them in its long, red arms.

"There can't be any harm in reading them over," she whispered, for her conscience needed a narcotic; "it is so long ago, and we shall never meet again."

So Mrs. Fleming opened the letters and read them. I cannot tell how they wrung her heart, particularly the last one, with its wild, frantic reproaches, and the love and the suffering so apparent through all.

"I was not so much to blame as you thought me, Harry," she murmured, as she laid the letter in her lap. "Our property was all melting away, and they told me that you had grown cold and [illegible], and I thought I must, too. If the letter had only come the week before, I should not have been—what I am now."

And then she looked around that elegant chamber, and thought what she was now—a wife, bought and sold and paid for, in gold and lands and earthly grandeur. How the thought burned and festered in her proud soul as she sat there!

A wife, loved by her husband as he loved his horses, his dogs, and his houses; loved, but only because her beauty and her grace were the crowning glory, the chiefest ornament, of that magnificent home which was his soul's delight.

The lady looked around her luxurious chamber that morning with a sinking heart. The marble wash stands, the damask curtains, the handsome carpets, looking like a world of Damascus roses, scattered over a bed of snow, were worthy the wife of a millionaire.

And yet the mistress of all this wealth, sitting in her chamber, murmured to herself, "I wish he had never found me in the old red brick house where I was so happy! I wish I stood this very morning in the kitchen of the little cottage we were to have, and that, in a plain cotton dress, I was preparing your dinner, my Harry!"

"Please, ma'am," and the entrance of her maid was a harsh interruption to the lady's monolgue; "Mr. Fleming has just sent home the new drab and pink satin for the party next Tuesday night."

Ah me! those old letters! If she had never read them! That party!—if she had never gone to it!

• • • • • •

"You have not forgotten me, Laura! I read it in your blue eyes to-night."

Harry Atwood's voice had lost none of its old depth, as he leaned down his handsome head to Mrs. Fleming's as they stood together in an alcove of the conservatory.

Most of the company had left, for it was late, and they were quite secure from observation. Mr. Fleming was not a jealous husband, and he was quite content that others should admire his wife, so that he possessed her.

It was understood that Mr. Atwood and Mrs. Fleming were old friends, so they had nothing to fear from a prolonged tete-a-tete. They had suddenly, unexepectedly, met at the party, and the heart of either was not changed.

Harry Atwood had become a successful lawyer now, and the world honored him. He had forgiven Laura long ago, for he had heard she was more "sinned against than sinning."

"Harry—Mr. Atwood, I mean—I am very glad to meet you and find you looking so well."

The lady's voice was courteous and calm; but her fingers trembled as they played with the carved points of her ivory fan.

"Call me Harry, Laura, for the sake of old times," said he, "and look up to me once, and say you have not forgotten them. Oh, Laura, I have thought how the bright star of this evening's festival once rose over my heart, and then went down for ever. We cannot stay here much longer. Will you not grant me an interview to-morrow night—a private one—in your own house?"

"I cannot, Harry," she replied; "do not ask me. I am the wife of another now."

"And what harm could there be in our walking together for half an hour in your garden?" said Harry. "Your husband would not object to this, for I have watched the man narrowly to-night, and know him well. You could not refuse so simple a request to the veriest acquaintance. We have had many walks together, Laura, down by the old mill and past the meadow pond. Will you refuse me one now?"

He looked down on the fair face, and he saw that tears were on it, and he knew what the answer would be before it was given.

"You may come, Harry," she said.

• • • • • • •

That walk in the dim moonlight upon Mr. Fleming's beautiful grounds was followed by many another, for the first steps in the forbidden way are usually pleasant ones.

Poor Mrs Fleming! She meant no wrong; and then she loved Harry, although she tried to conceal this from him; but when he talked of the past, in those low, tender tones of his, her tears would come; she could not help it.

One evening—it must have been more than a week after their first meeting—Harry told Mrs. Fleming that his heart was unchanged; that the old love still lived there—a sweet but mourning memory.

"Oh, Harry! don't, don't! You forget; I am his wife!" murmured the young creature, as she bowed her pale face on her hands.

Then the lawyer drew his arm around her waist, just as he had done in the days that were gone, and said, "You belonged to me first, Laura! Our souls were married before you ever took that false oath at the altar!"

He whispered to her of a flight to softer skies—of a home fairer than the one they had dreamed of in their youth—of a life that should be one long poem of love. That time she fled from him with a wild shriek of fear and horror.

They did not meet again for many nights. If during that time she had only remembered the prayer of her childhood, "Lead us not into temptation!" But she was so young; and then that affection was the one blossom her life had cherished in the midst of its sterile grandeur.

One night she was standing on the steps of her mansion, for she had just taken leave of some guests, when Harry Atwood suddenly sprang before her.

I do not know what was said by either party, but there were frantic gestures and wild appeals on one side, and a little later Mrs. Fleming was walking among her garden shadows with Harry Atwood.

This was repeated for several evenings, until one midnight a closed carriage rolled hastily away from the private entrance of Mr. Fleming's grounds. The next day his wife was gone!

What an electrical thrill it sent through the fashionable world—for her beauty and her rank had made Mrs. Fleming its especial idol.

She knew little of the censure and scorn that were heaped on her head in the quiet of that Italian home to which she was borne by the man who loved her only too well.

The world said Mrs. Fleming was happy there, but it was false. No woman can ever be happy who makes memory a remorse and love a crime.

But, dear me, how I used to smile when everybody made a parenthesis of pity in their anathemas on Mrs. Fleming—"Her poor husband and parents! My heart aches for them." And, sitting very quiet and listening, I thought, always, "Well, the one bought and the others sold her; and so they had their reward."—Saturday Evening Post.

The Largest Spiders.

In the jungles of Sumatra the largest spiders are found. Some of the larger specimens measure eight inches across the back, and have seventeen inches of leg-spread.

When a boy gets his first watch he is never satisfied until he can prove that some of the parts are missing.

There are 22,000 publications in North America which print advertisements.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THIS IS THEIR DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER.

Quaint Sayings and Cute Doings of the Little Folks Everywhere, Gathered and Printed Here for All Other Little Ones to Read.

A Brave Little Girl.

Just one more kiss for good-night, mamma,
Just one more kiss for good-night,
And then you may go to my dear papa,
And—yes—you may put out the light,
For I'll promise you truly I won't be afraid
As I was last night; you'll see,
Cause I'm going to be papa's brave little maid,
As he told me I ought to be.
But the shadows won't seem so dark, mamma,
If you'll kiss me a little bit more;
And, you know, I can listen and hear where you are
If you only won't shut the door.
For if I can hear you talking, I think
It will make me so sleepy, maybe,
That I'll go to sleep just as quick as a wink,
And forget—to—to cry like a baby.
You needn't be laughing, my mamma dear,
While you're hugging me up so tight;
You think I am crying to keep you here,
You, and—I guess—the light.
Please kiss me good-night once more, mamma;
I could scarcely my promise keep.
If you'd only stay with me just as you are,
And kiss me till—I go to sleep.
—Harper's Round Table.

Dr. Junker's Escape.

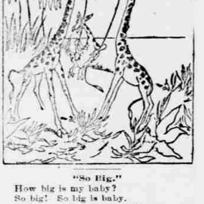
Dr. Junker, the Russian explorer, who did not see a white person for years while he was studying the natives and natural history of the Upper Mobangi-Makua River, made use of an ingenious expedient to get to the coast on his way home in 1889. He could not descend the Nile, for the Mahdists blocked the way. He could not follow the beaten road by way of Victoria Nyanza, for the Waganda and other tribes had been killing whites, and if they did not murder Junker they would at least detain him as a prisoner. Arab traders would not take him in their caravans for fear they would lose the friendship of the native chiefs along the road. At last the doctor went to one of the traders with this proposal:

"You cannot take me with you as a friend," he said, "but you can take me as a slave. Look at this." And Dr. Junker showed the trader an order written in Arabic and signed by a well-known firm in Zanzibar, authorizing the doctor to make any arrangements he desired with the Arabs of Central Africa, and the firm would honor his drafts.

"Now," continued Dr. Junker, "I have written out a contract, and if you will sign it with me I shall reach the coast. It provides that when you deliver me alive at Zanzibar the sum of $1,500 (Austrian thalers) will be paid to you by this firm. You cannot take me with you as a traveler or a friend, and you must, therefore, take me as a slave."

The bargain was made on this basis. In passing through the hostile tribes the white man was represented to be a slave who had been purchased from a negro tribe further north. As a slave he passed muster even at the court of cruel King Mwanga, and was allowed to pass on in peace with his supposed master.—Harper's Round Table.

"Rock-a-Bye-Baby" in Africa.



"So Big."

How big is my baby?
So big! So big is baby.
Lift your little arms to show,
O my baby, how you grow!
So big! So big is baby.
How big is my baby?

So big! So big is baby.
Stretching up his rosy hands,
Tall and straight my baby stands.
So big! So big is baby.
—Kindergarten Review.

Wrong Time for Dust.

Bobby had been to church and was very much impressed by the minister saying that man was made of dust. "Mamma," he exclaimed, after a thoughtful silence, "was I made of dust, too?" "Yes, Bobby," she replied. "Well," said the youngster, "I don't see how it happened. My birthday comes in January ,and there ain't no dust then."—Chicago News.

One Use for Rats.

One day not long ago a San Francisco hardware company received an order from a great wine-owning company worded like this:

"Send without delay fifty rats to the Utica mine."

There was consternation at once. What could it mean? Was it a joke? If it wasn't, how was a hardware company to get fifty rats?

But it was a serious order, and that night a dozen or more men went into the basement of the store and prepared a rat banquet of cheese and bacon in one of the rooms. When the rats, big and little, came inside the door was quietly closed and the rats were trapped. Then they were boxed up and sent away.

Rats are needed in the mines to eat up refuse food or other matter that would decompose, and the great Utica mine's previous colony was suffocated at a recent fire. That is why the San Francisco firm received its queer order and promptly filled it.

Impatient.

"Tommy," said a mother to her six-year-old hopeful, "you must not interrupt me when I am talking to the ladies; it isn't good manners. You must wait till we get through and then you can talk." "But, mamma," retorted the youthful observer, "you never get through, and my talk won't keep."

The Mugwumps.

Little four-year-old Maggie's father had the mumps, when one of her little playmates came in to visit her. "Why, Maggie!" exclaimed the little miss, "what's the matter with your papa's face?" "'Tain't jist no matter 'tall," replied Maggie. "He's only dot the mugwumps in his jawses."

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.

The head is more a skeptic than the heart.

Salvation is more than a moral reformation.

Our pastor is an angel; we so rarely see him.

He insults his nobler self, who mocks at prayer.

Only the boor thinks it unmanly to say "thank you."

Utilize even the thorns in your path, but not for a pillow.

That man has built on the sand whose religion is all in his head.

Monopoly throws gold dust in the eyes of politicians, to blind them.

The man who can learn from his own blunders may always be in school.

Any demagogue can talk patriotism, but it takes a man to live it and vote it.

The way to the pit is filled with people who are going to turn back at the next corner.

BONES OF GIANT INDIANS.

Prehistoric Men Seven Feet Tall Who Once Lived in What Is Maryland.

There has been received at the Maryland Academy of Sciences the skeleton of an Indian seven feet tall. It was discovered near Antietam ten days ago. There are now skeletons of three powerful Indians at the academy, who at one time in their wildness roamed over the State of Maryland armed with such instruments as nature gave them, or their limited skill taught them to make. Two of these skeletons belonged to individuals evidently of gigantic size. The vertebrae and bones of the legs are nearly as thick as those of a horse, and the length of the long bones exceptional. The skulls are of fine proportions, ample, and with walls of moderate thickness, but of great strength, and stiffened behind by a powerful occipital ridge. The curves of the forehead are moderate and not retreating, suggesting intelligence, and connected with jaws of moderate development.

The locality from which these skeletons came is in Frederick County, near Antietam Creek. It was formerly supposed to have been the battleground of two tribes of Indians, the Catawbas and the Delawares. Tradition has handed down the statement that between the years 1730 and 1736 the Catawbas overtook a band of Delawares at the mouth of the Antietam, and in the battle that ensued the Delawares were completely annihilated. So the tradition goes, but according to Dr. Philip R. Uhler, president of the Maryland Academy of Sciences and provost of the Peabody Institute, a careful examination of this locality has failed to establish evidences of a battle at that point, although numerous spear and arrow heads have been taken from the soil there.

It is of great interest, however, to notice that the locality was, at an earlier date—before the coming of the white man—occupied as a village site by Indians of great stature, some of them six and a half to seven feet in height. The bones of these were buried like those of prehistoric tribes in other parts of the State. The manner of burial was like this: The flesh was cleaned from the bones, some of which were then charred. The small bones of the face and neck were packed with clay. In the grave was also placed pottery, a tomahawk and the other weapons belonging to the Indians. No stone marked the grave, and no beads or wampum were buried with the skeleton. But over all the earth was heaped up into a small oblong mound, along which other similar mounds extended for many feet. The overflow of a neighboring river at this point had almost destroyed the burial area, so that only three of these small elevations were recognizable at the time of excavation.
—Baltimore American.

Strange Things Pneumatic.

This is the age of things pneumatic. A St. Louis man has invented a rubber cloak which can be transformed into a mattress by blowing it up. Everything is blown up nowadays. A patent has been granted for a kind of cap which, being blown up, may be made to serve as a pillow at night or as a life preserver in case of shipwreck. This is a most convenient thing to travel with on the ocean. There is also a life preserver corset. Better than any of these, however, is a peculiar buoyant fabric devised by a German. It is interwoven with the quills of geese or other birds and is intended for wearing apparel or for linings. So light is it that a person on a voyage, if clad in a suit or dress of it, may be sure of floating in case of disaster or falling overboard.

Interesting Mexican Ruin.

An American who has recently visited the ancient deserted City of Uxmal, Mexico, says the Governor's palace is the most interesting ruin in America. It rises on a broad triple terrace, and embraces court upon court, rows of mighty pillars, and long stretches of empty halls. One of the pyramids is surmounted by a temple, and another is 300 feet long, 200 feet wide and 70 feet high, with a platform 75 feet square on top. The whole city is pronounced a majestic picture of desolation.

The Question

"And," continued the physician, as he was about to leave, "eat only what agrees with you."

"But, doctor, how am I to know whether it agrees with me until after I eat it?"—Yonkers Statesman.

A man's idea of tough luck is to play cards with a woman and win every time, when there is nothing at stake.

"Did you tell that young man not to call here any more?" asked Mabel's father, severely. "N—no." "Why not?" "I didn't think that it was necessary. I don't see how he could call any more now. He calls seven times a week."—Washington Star.

"I am told," remarked Miss Cayenne, "that you said some very clever things last evening." "Yes," replied Willie Wishington; "it is very discouraging." "What is?" "The surprised manner in which everybody is talking about it."—Washington Star.

"How can I get an article in your paper?" asked a correspondent of a Western journal. "It all depends on the article you want to get into our paper," replied the editor; "if the article is small in bulk, like a hair brush or a teacaddy, spread the paper out upon the floor, and placing the article in the center, wrap it up by carefully folding the edges over it, and tie with a string. This will keep the article from slipping out of the paper. If, on the other hand, the article is an English bath-tub or a clothes-horse, you would better not try it at all."—Bazar.

Immigration from Europe.

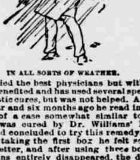
That we live in an age of wonder is proved by the bare statement of figures with regard to the immigration from Europe to this country during the present century. Statistics previous to 1820 were not kept, but it is estimated that between 1789 and the last named year the immigration from Europe to the United States did not exceed 250,000. In 1820 the Government began a systematic collection of data with regard to immigration, and from that time to the close of 1896 17,544,692 people came from Europe and were welcomed on our shores. These figures do not include the immigration to British America, to Mexico, Central or South America, but solely to the United States. The smallest number of immigrants during recent years was 177,820 in 1879, the largest 623,084 in 1892; in 1896 the immigration was 343,267. No such movement of population has ever been known in history. The migration of the German nations over the territory of the Roman empire did not comprise more than 4,000,000 of people and covered 400 years; the exodus of the Jews from Egypt was with 600,000 able-bodied men, or counting five to each family, about 3,000,000 of people. Compared with the exodus from Europe the depopulation of Goshen was a trifle.

Chronic Rheumatism.

From the Industrial News, Jackson, Mich.

The subject of this sketch is fifty-six years of age, and actively engaged in farming. When seventeen years old he hurt his shoulder and a few years after commenced to have rheumatic pains in it. On taking a slight cold or the least strain, sometimes without any apparent cause whatever, the trouble would start and he would suffer the most excruciating pains.

He suffered for over thirty years, and the last decade has suffered so much that he was unable to do any work. To this the frequent occurrences of dizzy spells were added, making him almost a helpless invalid.



IN ALL SORTS OF WEATHER.

He tried the best physicians but without being benefited and has used several specific rheumatic cures, but was not helped. About one year and six months ago he read in this paper of a case somewhat similar to his which was cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and concluded to try this remedy.

After taking the first box he felt somewhat better, and after using three boxes, the pains entirely disappeared, the dizziness left him and he has now for over a year been entirely free from all his former trouble and enjoys better health than he has had since his boyhood.

He is loud in his praises of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and will gladly corroborate the above statements. His post-office address is Lorenzo Nesley, Horton, Jackson County, Michigan.

All the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves are contained, in a condensed form, in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. All druggists sell them.

The Drying Process for Vegetables.

Among the new and important industries which have been developed in California may now be numbered the drying of vegetables. Vegetables, like potatoes and carrots, are poured into the hopper of the cutting machine, where rotating knife blades cut them up into slices a quarter of an inch thick. After being sliced the tubers are slightly sulphured in a wooden chamber. Here great discrimination must be used. If they are sulphured too much the potatoes will taste of the fumes; if too little they will not contain enough antiseptic property, and bacteria attracted by the starch will develop. A little sulphuring is absolutely necessary to preserve the color of the vegetables to some extent, and to prevent decay. The next transition of the fruit is to the evaporator, a sort of small Ferris wheel, consisting of a brick oven with glass windows. This is revolved close to hot pipes for a few hours. When this stage is passed the potatoes resemble dry chips, and it takes 6 or 7 pounds of the fresh to make one pound of the dried. Onions are so pungent that bacteria do not take kindly to them. They are, therefore, only slightly sulphured before drying. The drying process shrivels them so much that it takes twenty parts of fresh onions to make one of the dried. The sight of the tears of the employes whose eyes are smarting from the fumes of the onions under preparation is almost pathetic. Carrots dry in the ratio of one part of dried to nine parts of fresh vegetable. The industry has proved very profitable, as the dried fruit is in demand all over the country, and especially in the mining districts. It is not unlikely that further improvements may soon be made in the drying process. It has been suggested that steam be employed. In such case, the starch in the potatoes would be partly cooked and sterilized, and after this the tubers could be evaporated as before. In this way the potatoes could be rid of sulphur, well dried, and yet be capable of being quickly soaked, and there would be no chance for bacteria to develop.

Let us be thankful when we eat—
Though skies be sad and murky—
That though we still love turkey meat,
We do not live in Turkey.
—Atlanta Constitution.

Codger—Funny that such a quiet, domestic sort of a chap as you should remain a bachelor. Didn't you ever think of marrying? Solus—Yes; perhaps that is the reason I never married.—Boston Transcript.

Strawber—"Dr. Probe has been treating my rheumatism for the past six months." Singerly—"Are you any better?" Strawber—"I should say so. When he came with his bill yesterday, I was able to run like a deer."—Harper's Bazar.

Mrs. Prattle (to her visitor)—Have you heard of the splendid catch Miss Swiftly has made? She is engaged to a nobleman, the baron of—of—(to her husband)—What is he baron of, my dear? Mr. Prattle (who has met him)—Ideas.—Brooklyn Life.

Success is a toboggan slide;
It's mighty slippery, brother,
You scarcely reach one end before
You're hustling for the other.
-Washington Star.

"If I give your friend a place," said the banker, "he will have to give a bond. I suppose you will go on?" "Bond?" exclaimed the other man. "Why, he can be trusted with uncounted millions." "Yes; but all the money we have is counted."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Have you anything to say before sentence is pronounced against you?" asked the judge. "The only thing I'm kickin' about," answered the convicted burglar, "is bein' identified by a man that kept his head under the bed clothes the whole time. That's wrong."—Judge.

NO MISTAKE. Thousands have been cured promptly of
NEURALGIA BY
SAINT JACOBS OIL
TRY OIL IT

BICYCLES AND SAVINGS.

How Bank Deposits Have Been Affected by the Purchase of Wheels.

I met the president of a prosperous savings bank in one of the minor cities of the Middle West on a railroad train yesterday, and we fell to talking about the ever-increasing popularity of the bicycle.

"Every one understands, of course," he said, "that the use of the wheel has come to be well nigh universal, and that millions on the back of millions of dollars must be invested in the silent steeds, but you can hardly realize to what an extent they are used unless you are placed in a position somewhat like mine. In a small town, like the one in which I live, the savings bank men may easily become personally acquainted with practically every depositor, and I make it a point to take full advantage of that circumstance. Consequently I am often advised concerning the financial affairs of our depositors, which, though intrinsically small, are of vast importance to them. This makes it all right for me to question depositors now and then about their savings.

"Early last spring I noticed that a number of mechanics who had long been in the habit of making regular deposits and who I supposed had steady employment became decidedly irregular in their visits to be bank. Others stopped depositing altogether, and still others, who continued to deposit regularly, put in less each time than formerly. Naturally, I began to make inquiries, and more than three-quarters of those I spoke to confessed that their surplus money was being used to meet installment payments on bicycles, instead of finding its way to the savings banks. I suppose our bank's deposits must have fallen off some thousands of dollars from this couse, though I haven't taken the trouble to make a careful estimate. In the whole country installment payments for bicycles must have decreased the total savings banks' receipts by very large amounts, though, of course, there have probably been compensatory deposits from workmen in bicycle shops in towns where such establishments are located."—Detroit Correspondence of the Boston Commercial.

Value of Cuban Coins.

The silver peso of Cuba is equal to 92½ cents of United States money and the gold doubloon is equal to $5.017.

We see no reason why the spirit of mortal should be proud, unless he owns a coal mine.

"Has your Shakspeare society started in yet, Miss Jones?" "Yes. We met at Mrs. Wiggles' yesterday. Miss Matilda Robinson read a most delightful paper on the the 'Influence of Rosalind on Dress Reform.'"—Bazar.

Bass—I suppose you think I'm a fool? Cass—That's what troubles me. If your supposition is correct, then you are a mind reader, and therefore you can not be a fool; and yet—well, you understand.—Boston Transcript.

"She is a very business-like woman," remarked one young man. [illegible] replied the other; "but I admire a clinging nature." "Then you ought to see her some time when she is trying to hold on to a dollar."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Hashleigh—My husband used to say that I made the best coffee in the world. The dyspeptic boarder—Oh! I wouldn't dream of questioning that, madam; but there's a vast difference between making and creating coffee.—Puck.

"You will be sorry for the way you have neglected me when I am silent in the tomb," said Mrs. Peck; "think of that." "My dear," said Mr. Peck, as innocently as he could, "I can not imagine such a thing."—Indianapolis Journal.

Pres. McKinley Vs. Free Silver.

A battle of giants is going to take plac this summer on 30,000 farms in America, not in talk or votes, but in yields. Salzer's new potato marvels are named as above, and he offers a price for the biggest potato yield, also $100 in gold for suitable name for his corn (17 inches long) and oat prodigies. Only seedsmen in America growing grasses, clovers and farm seeds and selling potatoes at $1.50 a barrel. The editor urges you to try Salzer's seeds, and to

Send This Notice with 10 Cts. in Stamps to John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., for 11 new farm seed samples, worth $10.00 to get a start, and their big catalogue. A.C.4

Kansas spends $5,000,000 annually for education, has 12,000 trained teachers in service, and has endowed the work with $20,000,000.

The grand total circulation of the public lications which print advertisements in

I could not get along without Piso's Cure for Consumption. It always cures.—Mrs. E. C. Moulton, Needham, Mass., October 22, 1894.

There are 60 different kinds of wood grown in Arkansas.

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Smoke Sledge Cigarettes.

The bonded debt of Nebraska is less than 24 cents per capita.

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

There are 9,000,000 acres of original forests in West Virginia.

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.

Omaha claims to be the third largest packing centre in the world.

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

The supply of granite in Missouri is believed to be without limit.

FREE! Inventor's Patent Guide. Any Drug Store or O'Mara Co-op. Pat. Office Wash., D. C.

The coal output of West Virginia for 1897 amounted to 13,500,000 tons.

The agricultural products of Kansas for 1897 amounted to $230,410,143.

Over 60,000 oil wells have been sunk in the United States.

The progress in steam engineering commenced in 1859.

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

OLDEST RAILWAY MAN.

He Is a Character and Possesses a Wonderful Memory.

The oldest railway man in New England if not in the country is Waterman Brown, who, though 80 years old, is still employed at Woburn, Mass., as gate tender, having been employed by the Lowell road sixty-six years. He lost an arm in an accident while firing on the road in 1850. He is eccentric and is so renowned as a collector of curiosities that people all over New England send him presents of queer things. Among the curiosities he has is a bit of the first rail laid on the Lowell road in 1834. He has a model of the Stephenson, the first locomotive, and he owns the first engine bell ever made. He has 400 circus tickets in a trunk. They were given to him in the last thirty years and he never used them.

It was only a few weeks ago that Mr. Brown received a small box containing a solid silver elephant, arranged with a pin to fasten it to his lapel. In the box was a note, unmistakably written by a woman.

He was told the other day that there would be an assistant to help him soon and that then whoever was in charge must be there every minute right at the gate. "Railroading is getting too nice for me," he said. "I have to be here from 5 in the morning to 11 at night and Sundays. I can eat my dinner in just seven minutes. I have my cap right by the chair where I can get it and the house is right over there side of the track."

His memory, especially concerning the history of the road, is wonderful. He said:

"I guess people don't know that the Boston and Lowell railroad was built more to carry freight than for passengers. You see it was this way: In 1834, I guess it was, two men were driving around in a buggy. They were looking over the ground with an idea to build a fifty-foot macadam road from Boston to Lowell, to team cotton over. The old canal wouldn't accommodate all of it even then. Well, just about that time they got wind of the engine Stephenson had made and they turned to that instead of their macadam road. But I ran the first gravel train, yes (laughing), you can say that I ran the first gravel train on the road with oxen."—Chicago Chronicle.

NAPOLEON'S LAST WORDS.

Dying Thoughts of the Man Whom Europe Feared.

On his death bed Napoleon expressed his conviction that England would end like the proud republic of Venice.

With perfect composure, he gave his last directions "I desire that you will take my heart, put it in spirits of wine and carry it to Parma to my dear Maria Louise; you will tell her that I never caused to love her, and relate to her every particular respecting my death upon this miserable and dreary rock. You will tell my mother and family that the great Napoleon expired in the most deplorable state, depriv [illegible] thing, a [illegible] to himse [illegible] his glory, and that he [illegible] hed with his dying breath to all the reigning families of Europe, the horror and opprobrium of his death."

The second codicil of his will contained the direction which was afterward complied with: "It is my wish that my ashes may repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people whom I love so well."

On the 5th of May, 1821, he who had for years kept all Europe in a state of feverish excitement, terminated his earthly career.

After lying in state two days, the body was deposited in a coffin composed first of tin lined with white satin, which having been soldered, was inclosed in another of mahogany, a third of lead, and the whole in a fourth of mahogany secured with iron screws. After the ceremony, an enormous stone was lowered over the body, resting on a stone wall so as to escape the coffin.

On the 12th of May, Louis-Phillippe commanded that the ashes of Napoleon be conveyed to France. In his communication he said: "Henceforth France, alone, will possess all that remains of Napoleon; his tomb, like his fame, will belong to none but his country."

At 11 o'clock Dec. 15 the first cannon was heard announcing that the remains of the Emperor had reached French ground. Amid the vast assemblage the body was borne by twenty-four seamen to its last resting-place in the Hotel des Invalides.

So closed the eventful career of the great Napoleon, whose memory can only perish with the records of the world.

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

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Hall's Family Pills are the best.

There are 5,583.46 miles of railroad in Nebraska.

Nebraska has 398 State banks and 113 national banks.

SHEAR NONSENSE

Elderly coquette (sentimentally)—Yes, my dear Mr. Assessor, love is eternal. Assessor (frightened)—So I perceive.—Fliegende Blatter.

Friend—You are so dreadfully cross-eyed, I don't see how you can shoot straight. Cross-eyed sportsman—I fire both barrels at once.—Boston Traveler.

"In London," said the returned tourist, boastfully, "I appeared at court." "How much was the fine?" queried his cynical friend.—Philadelphia North American.

Latest from the intelligence office: "Oh, Bridget! I told you to notice when the apples boiled over." "Sure I did, mum. It was a quarter past eleven."—Brooklyn Life.

"Why has Splasher named his picture 'British Deer?'" "He was afraid some one would say that American deer don't have legs like those of his deer."—Chicago Record.

Inquisitive tourist (in Oklahoma)—Pardon me, sir, but are you a married man? Baldy Scrodd (the stage driver)—Nope; I had my hair scoured off in a sandstorm.—Puck.

"Next time I'm going out to Beverly's I'm going to take a camp stool with me." "What for?" "Last time I went I sat down on a little thing that turned out to be a tea-table."—Puck.

"What did you think of the great horse show, Miss Gotham?" "I think that the presence of the horses detracted very materially from the chief attractions of the entertainment."

"It seems strange that he could plunder a great corporation like that for years without being found out." "Well, you see, the corporation was pretty busy itself."—Chicago Journal.

John Doe—I wonder what caused Gobang to collapse? I am told he is suffering from nervous prostration. Richard Roe—Yes. He sat down in a game of poker with a man who stuttered.—Puck.

"Golf," remarked the young man who is wearisomely blase, "is one of the very few games that do not fatigue me." "What is the reason for that?" "I never learned to play it."—Washington Star.

Bostonian—Is this friend that you wish to bring to dinner much of a raconteur? Chicago man—Blamed if I know; but say, you'll die laughin' if we can get him to tellin' stories.—Cleveland Leader.

"I am afraid that actors sometimes deceive us about the salaries they get," remarked the mild-mannered citizen. "No," replied the keen observer; "they may think they do, but they don't."—Washington Star.

"Won't you play something, Mullins?" asked Kilduff, motioning toward the piano. "I hardly like to while Col. Gore is here." "Is he severe in his criticisms?" "Yes; and he carries a pistol."—Harlem Life.

Brother Sontext—Well, Brother Stiremup, will they raise your salary another year? Brother Stiremup—Well, I [illegible] know about another year; they haven't finished raising it for this year yet.—Richmond Times.

Ten Weeks For Ten Cents!

Strange as it may appear, that big family paper, the ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY SENTINEL, of Denver, Colorado, (founded 1890) will be sent ten weeks on trial for 10c; clubs of six 50c; 12 for $1. Special offer solely to introduce the paper. Gold rings set with Rocky Mountain gems are given free as premiums. Latest mining news and illustrations of grand scenery each week, also true stories of love and adventure. Address as above and mention this paper. Write to-day, postage stamps taken.

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1 " Queen Victoria Lettuce, 15c
1 " Klondyke Melon, 15c
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3 " Brilliant Flower Seeds, 15c
Worth $1.00, for 14 cents.
Above 10 pkgs. worth $1.00, we will mail you free, together with our great Plant and Seed Catalogue upon receipt of this notice and 14c. postage. We invite your trade and know when you once try Salzer's seeds you will never get along without them. Potatoes at $1.50 a Bbl. Catalog alone 5c. No. AC 4
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