THE HEART OF MAN.

I am part of the thing I despise,
Since my life is bound by their common span,
And each idler I meet in square or street
Hath within him what all that's outside him belies—
The miraculous, infinite heart of man,
With its countless capabilities,
The sleekest guest at the general feast
That at every sip as he sips says grace
Hath within him a touch of the untamed beast,
And change of nature is change of place.

HAPPENED DURING A NAP

General Frederick Holliday, my uncle, served his country in the field from the opening of the civil war to its close. Horses were shot under him; comrades fell dead at his side, but neither steel nor lead could touch him. Yet his name was written on a bullet.

It was a drowsy summer afternoon. I lay in a hammock under the trees before my uncle's house, called Sunnyside, on the banks of the Hudson, some miles below West Point. Someone passed along the concrete walk near me, but I was so near to sleep that I had not the energy to turn my head to see who it was. I supposed, however, that it was Captain Charles Marshall, the accepted suitor of my uncle's daughter.

My feeling for Marshall was not cordial. I would have preferred to have seen Margaret engaged to Horace Preble, whom I liked exceedingly.

A few minutes after the steps which I took to be Marshall's passed me, I suddenly remembered that the General had asked me to confer with him upon a matter of business that afternoon. I knew that I should find him at that hour in the "long room," as it was called, an apartment extending the full length of one side of the house.

At one end was the General's desk, where he wrote his letters. There was also an easy chair for reading, and some small, revolving bookcases. The other end had somewhat the appearance of a conservatory, and midway was a couch with cushions, a work basket with colored wools, and other indications that Margaret often kept her father company in the long room.

She lay on the couch fast asleep. The General, at his desk, had not moved at the sound of my coming.

I put my hand on Margaret's forehead and waked her. She did not start, but only opened her brown eyes and looked up at me with instant recognition. Before either of us spoke Mrs. Holliday appeared in a doorway and said:

"Captain Marshall is here."

The girl followed her mother to another part of the house and I walked to the General's side.

I spoke and he did not move. I laid my hand upon his shoulder. My touch disturbed the equipoise of his body. It slowly, heavily slid from the chair, and fell to the floor, where it lay face upward.

"Find Dr. Hilton," I cried, "and send him here instantly. Tell no one else."

Hanley obeyed with alacrity, and in scarcely more than a minute Dr. Hilton came. He was a young physician resident in the family, with which he had a distant relationship, and assured of a competence under the General's will.

General Holliday had been shot through the body. The bullet had shattered the spine and death had resulted instantly from the shock. So much Dr. Hilton was able to say with perfect certainty. He added that the murderer must have stood directly behind his victim, and have aimed well. General Holliday had been dead a very short time—certainly less than an hour.

Mrs. Holliday was utterly prostrated, and I believe that nothing but her mother's dire need saved Margaret.

I have already confessed my prejudice against Captain Marshall, and it is, therefore, with the greater pleasure that I admit him to have proven himself a serviceable man in such an emergency.

It was under his direction that we at last began to make an investigation of the tragedy. We had already telephoned the police of West Point.

Evidently the extraordinary circumstance—the seemingly impossible detail which distinguished the case from all other mysteries—was the presence of Margaret when the shot was fired. She told us that she had come to the long room immediately after luncheon. Her father had come in, very soon afterward, and had gone at once to his desk. She must have fallen asleep immediately, and she remembered nothing more till the moment she saw me standing before her.

"This is beyond belief," said Hilton. "It is utterly incredible that Margaret should not have been awakened by the report of the weapon, but it is even more preposterous to suppose that any human creature could have had the hardihood to commit this crime right before the girl's face, even though she slept."

"He might have felt sure that she wouldn't awake," said Marshall, and I noticed that his cold gray eyes scanned Hilton's face narrowly.

The suggestion seemed to escape the physician, but it came like a blow to me. Margaret's sudden and deep sleep, might furnish the explanation of the entire mystery. Hilton sat next to Margaret at the table. He might have drugged her food.

But Margaret's sleep might have been natural in the beginning. Then some one might have come noiselessly to her side, as I had done, without disturbing her slumbers. He might have caused her to inhale some soporiferous vapor which would have dulled her senses while the murderous deed was done.

"They make powders nowadays," said Marshall, "which develop extraordinary energy but very little noise. I think it possible that a weapon so charged might have been fired in this end of the room and not have been heard by anybody but the murderer. It is extremely improbable, but we must not forget the fact."

"Where were you?" I asked, with unintentional rudeness.

"I was in the parlor with Mrs. Holliday," he said. "And your question reminds me of one that may be pertinent. Dr. Hilton, from your examination of the body, should you think it likely that General Holliday was shot after Margaret left this room?"

"Gentleman," I said, "we waste time with suspicions. Let us confine ourselves to the facts in the case."

There is a police officer in West Point who has a considerable reputation as a detective. His name is Bernard Kelly. Within an hour after the message was sent out from Sunnyside Kelly arrived.

First, we questioned the servants. Three of them believed that they had heard a sound like a pistol shot about the time when the crime must have been committed. The other three were sure they had not.

Hanley, the butler, was nearer to the long room during the critical period than any other person not actually within it. He had heard nothing, but he had seen something of consequence, namely, a man whom he did not know walking away from the house.

My first vague suspicions had entered upon Hanley. They were founded only upon his demeanor at the time when he and I were together in the long room, immediately after my discovery of the crime. Certainly there could not have been a more perfect picture of guilty terror than he furnished then.

But I could not at first supply a motive for him.

The bullet, after passing entirely through my uncle's body, had penetrated the back of the desk, and the wall also. I was amazed at the power of the projectile, but Captain Marshall was not.

It supported his theory that the new explosive for small arms figured in this case. He was an expert upon this point; indeed, he was at that time conducting experiments with a rifle intended for the army.

His knowledge of the subject was undoubtedly great, and the more I thought upon it the more important, in my mind, because the coincidence of the presence of such a man in that house at a time when a mysterious and powerful weapon had been murderously employed.

My interest became horror when I found, soon afterward, that this circumstance impressed itself more strongly than any other upon the mind of Bernard Kelly.

He learned from Mrs. Holliday that she had left Marshall alone in the parlor for fully ten minutes. He seemed not to have moved when she returned, but he had had time to go to the long room and return.

On the afternoon of that day I had seen a pile of bank notes in a drawer of the desk, and the topmost had been of the denomination of $100. How much was in the pile I did not know. My uncle had closed the drawer immediately. When we searched the desk, under Kelly's direction, there was no money at all in it. My uncle had only a few dollars and a gold watch in his pockets.

If robbery was the motive, whom should we suspect? I thought of Hanley instantly; and in private I described to Kelly the demeanor of the man at the first alarm.

About an hour after he had gone away I received a telephone message from him, saying that the case would soon be cleared up. I begged him to name the guilty man, but the only reply was that he would be at Sunnyside early the next morning.

At 8 o'clock I was standing on the veranda in front of the house when the sound of the wheels startled me, and I saw a carriage containing Bernard Kelly and a man who leaned far back with his face in the shadow.

The carriage rapidly approached. In a few seconds it was near enough for me to see the face of the shadow. Kelly's companion was Horace Preble.

"In heaven's name, what is this?" I demanded.

"I am a detective in the pay of the New York police department," he said. "I'm here professionally."

"We wired to New York for a man," said Kelly, "and Byrnes sent up Mr. Preble. Between us I guess we can sift this matter down. Would you like to look at the body, Mr. Preble?"

"Not yet," he replied. "Let us have a look at the room."

Captain Marshall joined us while we were busy there. Preble was examining the bullet hole in the desk and in the wall. He enlarged the latter until he could see through it, and then he looked out, following with his eye as nearly as possible the direction of the ball.

"There's a chance that we can find it," he said, and he led the way to the grounds at the rear of the house.

Fifty yards back we came to a large tree, and in its rough bark near the ground, after the most careful searching, Preble found a bullet hole. Five minutes later he held in his hand the leaden missile that had killed General Holliday.

"Captain Marshall," he said, "you, as an expert, will be able to tell us what sort of a weapon carries such a bullet."

"You know already," replied the Captain, with a sort of gasp. "I can see that in your face. It is the bullet which the rifle I am testing carries. There is no other like it."

I looked anxiously at Preble and saw to my surprise, that he was not regarding Marshall. He was looking over the Captain's head.

I turned and saw a man running through the grounds. He was bent double, and seemed to fancy himself to be shielded by some of the low shrubbery. I recognized Hanley, the butler.

Kelly overtook Hanley before he had reached the road which bounds the estate upon the south; and in a few minutes the trembling servant stood before Preble. The detective nodded to Kelly, who instantly began to search Hanley. In one of his pockets was a package of twelve $100 bills.

"Now, let's have your story without a moment's delay," said Preble, sternly.

"I swear to you, sir," replied the butler, solemnly, "that I had no hand in his death. I robbed him, but I did not kill him. It was this way: I went into the long room to speak to him. Miss Margaret was asleep on the couch. The General also seemed to be asleep with his head on the desk. And right there in plain sight was all that money.

"The General never stirred. He was dead, then, sir, I've no doubt, but I didn't know it. I got away with the money and hid it in my room. So this morning, when I learned that one of the servants had seen me go into that room, and had told on me, I resolved to run for it."

"I believe you, my man," said Preble.

He directed Kelly to keep an eye on Hanley and then we all went into the long room. We found Margaret and Dr. Hilton there. Margaret greeted Preble with great cordiality.

He opened his hand and showed a splinter of wood about an inch and a half long. For my part I had no idea of its bearing upon the case. The others seemed equally at a loss.

"I found this on the floor at that end of the room," he said, pointing away from the General's desk. "It was knocked off the inside of the wall by the bullet which killed your father. It surprises me, gentlemen, that when you had found where the bullet went out you should not have looked for the place where it came in."

"But, Preble," I exclaimed, "you are not going to tell us that the murderer fired through that wall and across the whole length of this room?"

"And a mile of open country besides," said Preble, calmly. "If my theory is true. Captain Marshall, will you tell me whether I am correct in saying that a line drawn from the spot where General Holliday was struck down and extended through the wall one foot to the left of that window would pass close to your laboratory on the other side of the valley?"

Marshall's head was wet with perspiration.

"It is true," he said, in a low voice. "I am afraid that theory is right."

"You have seen the bullet," said Preble, "and I have proved the direction in which it came. The weapon could not have been fired near the house or you would have heard the report. The shot must have been accidental, for the distance and the impossibility of going into this room preclude the possibility of intent. If Captain Marshall will accompany me to the spot we can learn whether there was an accidental discharge of a rifle at the hour named."

He bade us good-by, and went away with Marshall and Kelly. In an hour we received a telephone message from the last named that Preble's theory had been confirmed.

He pined upon his overcoat—
That sneering Johnny Power—
A big chrysanthemum and said:
"That's what I cauliflower."
—Chicago Tribune.

"I wonder if that diamond Mudge has is of the first water?" "I doubt it. It has been soaked so many times that it must be of the tenth or eleventh water by this time."—Indianapolis Journal.

"See here, waiter! Those eggs are not cooked properly." "I know it, sir; but you said they were for your wife, and I knew if the lady was your wife she couldn't be very particular."—Yonkers Statesman.

"All I ask," said the man with the business glint in his eye, "is that they will give me plenty of rope." Then it was that they recognized him as a manufacturer of campaign cigars.—Indianapolis Journal.

"See how clean of snow Brown's sidewalk is and look at Jacobson's, next door." "Yes, but you don't understand." "What?" "I saw Brown borrow Jacobson's snow shovel two hours ago."—Chicago Record.

Mr. Henpect (anxiously)—Can I bring proceedings in court, Mr. Blackstone, to set aside my wife's will? Lawyer—Why, your wife isn't dead, man, is she? Mr. Henpect—No; that's just the trouble.—Somerville Journal.

Mrs. Snaggs (who was a school teacher before her marriage)—The scientific name of the turkey is Meleagris Gallopavo. Mr. Snaggs—We will abbreviate that name to "Dennis" for the time being.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

"Father," said the small boy, "what makes piano players wear their hair long?" "Don't bother me, Johnny." "But, father, I wish to know." "Oh—it's so the public won't be able to see how much their heads have swelled." —Washington Star.

Mrs. Lightly—You used to call me "dear" before marriage, you never do now. Mr. Lightly—Before I married you I thought you dear; now I know you are dear, very, very dear, more dear to my purse than my heart.—To Date.

Youth (with incipient beard)—I want a bottle of face lotion. Druggist—Do you want something to use after shaving? Youth (confidentially)—No! You see I'm raising a beard, and I want the face lotion for my fiancee.—Philadelphia Record.

"What on earth have you been doing, my child?" exclaimed Fannie's mother as the little girl came into the room with her hair all awry and her dress torn in a dozen places. "Playin' shoppin', ma'am!" was the reply.—Yonkers Statesman.

"You are worth your weight in gold to me, darling!" he murmured. "Then do go home early, George, dear," she replied, wearily. "I've lost ten pounds since we became engaged, just sitting up with you. We can't afford such extravagance."—Harper's Bazar.

Lad of 10—I say, pa, what is the meaning of these numbers at the bottom of every picture? Look at this one: Shakspeare, 158. Perplexed Father (who has never been in a gallery before)—O!—ah!—I expect that is his telephone number. — Humoristische Blaetter.

"I love to hear you talk, my dear," said Mr. Bickers to his wife, when she paused to take breath at the end of the second column of a curtain-lecture, "but your volubility is really a reflection on my wisdom." "How so?" "Because a word to the wise is sufficient."—Judge.

First Wife—My man's just gone out wild as a hawk 'cos he can't find any money to spend on beer. Second Wife—Where do you hide it? Do tell! Mine knows everywhere 'bout the house. I can't hide nothin' from him long. First Wife—I always puts it in his own coat pocket, the one as hangs up behind the door, and he don't never look there for money.—Ally Sloper.

Served Him Right.

Brown—I hear that Green's wife is leading him a merry pace.

White—Let's see; she's his third wife isn't she?

Brown—Yes.

White—Well, I've no sympathy for a man who doesn't know when he's got enough.

Carry a Black Cat for Luck.

The workers at Barrow-in-Furness makes it a point of carrying a black cat on every ship that is built there. They consider that this brings luck to the ship.

The man who goes to church because he has nothing else to do is an idle worshiper.

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.

GARRETS AND BOOKS.

Delights of Which the Modern Child Knows Nothing.

I do not believe that the modern child knows anything about an attic. The fin-de-siecle attic is a respectable place, where boxes are solemnly piled and where moth camphor sheds its fragrance abroad, says a writer in Lippincott's. There are hardly any old books to be found, for most people send them to the Hebrew merchants on the side streets. Our attic was a long, low room, with mysterious dark corners, into whose depths we did not penetrate. There was an old hair trunk in one corner that held some of grandmother's muslin dresses. It was opened only on rare occasions and I was allowed but a glimpse of the faded beauty within. There was an old spinning wheel where spiders hung fantastic wreaths and there was a guitar with broken, moldered strings.

But the corner where the books were piled was the spot I liked the best. An old-fashioned, tiny-paned window let an occasional sunbeam stray across the "Ladies' Repositories" and "Saints' Rest." There was a fine old elm tree that tapped against the window and sometimes a robin sent a thrill of song into the dusty corners. Just beneath the window seat I used to sit, a small crouched form, bending over a musty volume.

But when I wished to read under the most blissful conditions I fortified myself with half a dozen russet apples, whose juice would have given flavor to a treatise on Hebrew grammar. Now, I never see a russet apple without seeing also the dim old attic and an utterly contented child, and I am sure the market women misunderstand my wistful glance, for they draw closer to their baskets and look at me in suspicious fashion. An apple, so some tell us, deprived us of our Eden; but apples were an important feature of my childish paradise. So let us leave them in Pomona's care and look at the intellectual part of the feast.

A Beautiful Girl's Affection.

From the Republican, Versailles, Ind.

The Tuckers of Versailles, Ind., like all fond parents, are completely wrapped up in their children. Their daughter Lucy, in particular, has given them much concern. She is fifteen, and from a strong, healthy girl, three years ago, had become weak and kept falling off in flesh, until she became a mere skeleton. She seemed to have no life at all. Her blood became impure and finally she became the victim of nervous prostration. Doctors did not help her. Most of the time she was confined to bed, was very nervous and irritable, and seemed on the verge of St. Vitus' dance.

"One morning," said Mrs. Tucker, "the doctor told us to give her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which he brought with him. He said he was treating a similar case with these pills and they were curing the patient. We began giving the pills and the next day could see a change for the better.

Discussed Their Daughter's Case for Hours.

The doctor came and was surprised to see such an improvement. He told us to keep giving her the medicine. We gave her one pill after each meal until eight boxes had been used when she was well. She has not been sick since, and we have no fear of the old trouble returning. We think the cure almost miraculous."

FRANK TUCKER,
MRS. FRANK TUCKER.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 28th day of April, 1897.
HUGH JOHNSON, *Justice of the Peace.*

These pills are wonderfully effective in the treatment of all diseases arising from impure blood, or shattered nerve force. They are adapted to young or old, and may be had at any drug store.

Their Method.

Edna Lyall's style of hairdressing reminds one of Topsy, inasmuch as it is a frizzy pompadour. Maxwell Gray draws her hair over her ears, almost, but not quite, in the exaggerated fashion of Alice and Phoebe Cary, whose hair hung pouch-fashion around their ears and necks.

The curl was and is in favor with women who write. Elizabeth Barrett Browning's expressive face was framed in a shower of dark curls, which enhanced the look of youthfulness under her dark-fringed eyes. The all-round brown curls of Jane Austen were the admiration of her friends, who regretted her early adoption of the cap which English women still think it decorous to don at middle age.

Amelie Rives (Princess Troubetzhof) is fond of the fluffy bang and the graceful coil low in the neck. Miss Sarah Orne Jewett wears, in place of the bang, a little parted wave.

George Eliot wore her hair simply divided and falling in smooth neck curls. So did Mrs. Anna Jameson.

The bang seemed in part a concession to older and more extravagant styles of hair, and numberless are the women who adopted it and wear it still despite its tendency to die out of fashion's grace. Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has always worn it low over her high forehead. When younger her hair was simply divided behind it to fall over the tips of her ears and coil low in the neck, but now she has adopted the bang and the French roll. Clara Louise Burnham, too, wears the bang and a figure eight at the back of her head. Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood indulges, too, in this bang. So does Jennie June.

There is a certain dignity about the style known as the English bun. It is especially striking when worn on top, but it is not every face that will stand it. Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge adopts it with grace and effect; also Marion Harland and Mrs. Amelia E. Barr.

Constance Fenimore Woolson wore the bang with her curled low in her neck. So did Miss Anne Reeve Aldrich, the promising young poet who died in 1892. Ella Wheeler Wilcox wears it and also the Grecian, or what is better known as the Psyche knot. It becomes her, as most girlish styles do. Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop makes concession to the bang, and so does Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton. Even Maria Edgeworth had to wear a dark frisette when the gray peeped from under her cap behind.

New Danger.

Mother—Johnnie?

Johnnie—Yessum!

Mother—Look out for yourself there in the street; if you don't the first thing you know you'll be bicycled.—Roxbury Gazettee.

His Belief.

Bill—I see a Milwaukee railroad has discharged several Indian conductors for appropriating money.

Jill—Perhaps the Indians believed that none but the braves deserved the fare.—Yonkers Statesman.

A LIVING WITNESS.

Mrs. Hoffman Describes How She Wrote to Mrs. Pinkham for Advice, and Is Now Well.

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Before using your Vegetable Compound I was a great sufferer. I have been sick for months, was troubled with severe pain in both sides of abdomen, sore feeling in lower part of bowels, also suffered with dizziness, headache, and could not sleep. I wrote you a letter describing my case and asking your advice. You replied telling me just what to do. I followed your directions, and cannot praise your medicine enough for what it has done for me. Many thanks to you for your advice. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured me, and I will recommend it to my friends.—Mrs. FLORENCE E. HOFFMAN, 512 Roland St., Canton, O.

The condition described by Mrs. Hoffman will appeal to many women, yet lots of sick women struggle on with their daily tasks disregarding the urgent warnings until overtaken by actual collapse.

The present Mrs. Pinkham's experience in treating female ills is unparalleled, for years she worked side by side with Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, and for sometimes past has had sole charge of the correspondence department of her great business, treating by letter as many as a hundred thousand ailing women during a single year.

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.

Grandma's Party.

My grandmother gave me a party,
'Twas in the old-fashioned blue room;
Each guest wore a long gingham apron,
And carried a dustpan and broom.

She taught us to march just like soldiers;
We had to stand up very straight,
And "present arms" the moment she said so
(Our bullets were cakes, which we ate).

We cooked our own supper together;
It was candy with nut-meats stirred in,
And cookies cut out with a thimble,
All pricked round the top with a pin.

Then sweet Katie Grey cracked the chestnuts
(There were lots of the meats piled up high);
We each had an apple turnover
(I like them much better than pie).

Oh, the games we all played I can't mention!
There were more than a dozen, I guess
And none of us had any mishap,
Except Nellie Brown tore her dress.

My grandma can tell such nice stories
(They're nicer than any you read),
How one day she was lost in the coal pit,
And they found her by seeing her head.

She was naughty once, when she was little,
She cut off her hair just for spite;
And then there was comp'ny at dinner;
Oh, didn't she look like a fright!

She used to lie down by the fireplace,
And once her dress got all on fire;
Then once, when she crossed the swamp pasture,
She sank to her knees in the mire.

Yes, we had a nice time at the party—
At least I know I had, for one,
The others said nothing about it;
I s'pose they went home when 'twas done.

Yes, I s'pose—well, you see, I was sleepy,
I sat in the great corner chair,
I shut my eyes 'cause they were tired,
When I woke there was nobody there.

Jack thought he would tease me next morning,
But grandma just said, "Never mind."
She's a darling to give that party,
And she's always so pleasant and kind.
—Elmira Telegram.

Butter and Eggs for Postage.

It was an expensive undertaking to send a letter to a friend fifty years ago. The rate of postage for a single letter carried a few hundred miles was often equal to a whole day's wages of a laboring man. Especially was this the case in the more unsettled parts of the West.

"To show what these rates then meant to the people of that part of the country," says Postmaster General Wilson, in the Youth's Companion, "the following extract from a letter which I have received from Mr. W. H. Wallace Sr., postmaster at Hammondsville, Ohio—probably the oldest postmaster in point of service, having been connected with it since 1831—may be of interest:

"'On a letter that came 400 miles and over I have taken from the farmer five dozen eggs, or four pounds of butter, or two bushels of oats, or two bushels of potatoes, or two-thirds of a bushel of wheat, and to pay for thirty-two such letters it would cost the price of a good milch cow. * * * I passed over the first thirteen miles of railroad built in the United States—Baltimore and Ohio—capacity of coach, twelve to fifteen persons; motive power, two horses tandem; rate of speed, ten miles an hour.'"

Out of the Mouths of Babes.

Little Edith was repeating the Lord's prayer after her mother one evening, and when she reached that part which relates to our daily bread she paused and said: "Mamma, 'ou might mention to Dod zat I like butter on it, too."

"Mamma," said 3-year-old Mabel, "dive me annozer piece of tandy, please!" "Why," said mamma, "what did you do with the piece I just gave you?" "I losed it," replied the little miss; "I dess put it in my mouf, an' it falled wight down in my 'tomach."

Little Mamie had heard some one use the word "sockdolager," and asked her little 5-year-old brother what it meant. "Why," he replied, with the air of one possessing superior knowledge, "it's when you go to the church and the preacher gets tired of talking, and he says: 'Let us sing the sockdolager.'"

"Father," said the little son of a clergyman, "I think you told a story this morning when you was preaching." "Why, what do you mean?" asked the good man, in surprise. "Well," answered the observing little fellow, "you said 'One word more and I have done,' and then you went right on and talked for nearly ten minutes."

Small 5-year-old Tommy, in company with his mamma and a cousin from Boston, aged 6, was walking through Lincoln Park, when he espied a sign reading "Keep off the grass." "What does that mean, mamma?" he asked. Before she could reply the young Bostonian answered: "It is evidently meant to infer that the sanctity of the lawn should be preserved."

The minister was dining with a family of which little 4-year-old Bessie was a prominent member. When her papa began to carve the turkey he asked the minister which part he preferred, and was told that it was immaterial. After a time it was Bessie's turn to be served, and in reply to a similar query from papa she said: "I dess I'll take a piece of ze im-terial, too."

Topics of the Times

The house fly makes 810 strokes a second with its wing; the bee 190.

The finest shops in a Chinese city are those devoted to the sale of coffins.

It is stated that a third of the population of the United States now live in the Mississippi Valley.

In the number of murders Italy leads Europe. In the number of suicides Russia is ahead.

Instead of an engagement ring, the Japanese lover gives his sweetheart a piece of beautiful silk for her sash.

The smallest bird's egg is that of the tiny Mexican humming bird, which is scarcely larger than a pin's head.

The leathern apron worn by the blacksmith is mentioned by Pliny as in use in his time, two thousand years ago.

The average weight of a man 6 feet high should not exceed 178 pounds; at least that should be taken as a natural proportion.

Among new inventions is a boat with steel fins which is propelled solely by the motion of the sea water. It goes best in rough water.

Smoking is universal in Siam, and children begin to puff the native cigarette, rolled in lotus leaf, at the tender age of three or four.

There are some large landowners in Australia. One of them has 620,000 acres, another 1,200,000, a third 3,600,000, while a big bank owns no fewer than 7,800,000 acres.

Almost all the camphor of commerce is the production of the camphor laurel or camphor tree, which is a native not only of Japan, but of China, Cochin China, and Formosa.

Up to 1826, on the Sabbath, there were chains across the streets of all the churches below the City Hall, in New York, to prevent the passage of carriages during the hours of worship.

The fishermen of Holland take the precaution of killing all fish caught as soon as they are landed, while French fishermen, on the contrary, allow the fish to die from asphyxiation.

The smallest known species of hog are the pigmy swine of Australia. They are exactly like their larger brethren in every particular except size, being no larger than a good-sized house rat.

It is not generally known that the pharmacist has long used the dog-rose for the manufacture of a confection, pratically a jam, which he employs in binding together the ingredients of pills.

The favorite sport of the Siamese is fish-fighting. So popular is it that the King of Siam derives considerable revenue from the license fee exacted for the privilege of keeping fighting fish.

Salzer's Grasses and Clovers.

Are warranted. They produce! We are the largest growers in America. Lowest prices. Seed Potatoes only $1.50 per barrel. Big farm seed catalogue with cover and grain samples (worth $10.00 to get a start) sent you by the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., upon receipt of 10c postage. A. C. 4

The manufacture of steelrails has been so profitable in Russia that rail rolling mills have paid from 60 to 70 per cent dividends.

Conservative Investors

Can largely increase their income by placing their accounts in my hands. Twenty years of Wall Street experience, in addition to reliable INSIDE INFORMATION, enables me to advise you most successfully. Write for particulars, which are interesting to those having money to invest. CHARLES HUGHES, Investment Broker, 63 Wall Street, New York City.

Solomon's temple was 107 feet long, 36 feet broad and 54 feet high, not being larger than many private houses of the present time.

RUPTURE

Cure Guaranteed by DR. J. B. 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 1 P. M.

It has been found in Switzerland that in building a railway laborers could work only one-third as long at a height of 10,000 feet as a mile lower.

Chew Star Tobacco—The Best.
Smoke S'edge Cigarettes.

Cobeza di Vaca explored the Gila river country in 1535, and reported that the natives were dressed in cotton garments.

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

A carrier pigeon club has been formed on the Hawaiian Islands for the rapid conveyance of letters. More than 50 stations have been established already.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

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

Of the total earnings of the railways of the United States last year about 70 per cent came from the freight service and 30 per cent from the passenger service.

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.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure to get the genuine. It is taken internally, and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists, price, 75c. per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Stockings were first used in the eleventh century. Before that cloth bandages were used on the feet.

For Whooping Cough, Piso's Cure is a successful remedy.—M. P. DIETER, 67 Throop Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 14, 1894.

The two little Islands of Zanzibar and Pemba furnish four-fifths of the cloves consumed by the world.

What Else Does It Look Like?

Diggs—Looks like snow, doesn't it?

Biggs—Looks like snew! Why, it is snowing.

Diggs—Well, what did I say?

7 1884

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

Every living thing has
Pains and Aches
Every human body can be CURED of them by using
SAINT JACOBS OIL

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.

CHRIST made service sacred.

Imagination is the artist of thought.

Truth is the goal of human aspiration.

Inquiry unsettles error and establishes truth.

A spiritual mind dwells much on spiritual things.

The past is the schoolmaster of the future.

Some men are long-headed and narrow-hearted.

Love is the spiritual cement which binds us to God.

Noble deeds are steps up the mountain side of character.

It is better to insult a prejudice than to sacrifice a principle.

A live mustard seed is more potent than a mountain of sand.

Understanding is the scale of thought where all ideas are weighed.

Theology has magnified God's justice at the expense of His goodness.

BRAVE BILLY SPEKE.

Heroism of a Little English Boy Who Died in India.

Among the many stories of peril and sacrifice related by Sir William Wilson Hunter in his history of "The Thackerays in India," there is none more pathetic than that of the boyish heroism and filial devotion of a little midshipman, who died in a Calcutta hospital just after English rule was established there. The record of the sad affair was gathered from the disjointed narrative of the ship surgeon, who told the tale with a sob in his voice.

During the capture of Chandernagar, the English flag-ship, the Kent, under Admiral Watson, was riddled with cannot-shot and swept with grape. Captain Speke and his son Billy, a lad of 16 years, were struck at the same moment.

Doctor Ives, the surgeon, dressed the father's wounds, and then hurried to the lad; but the little midshipman would not allow his leg to be touched until he had been assured upon the surgeon's "honor" that his father had been attended to and fared well. After being satisfied upon this point, the noble boy said:

"Then pray, sir, look to and dress this poor man who is groaning so badly beside me."

"I have done what I can for him," replied the doctor, as he bent over the young fellow. "Now it is your turn."

"Sir," said the wounded lad, "I fear you must amputate above the joint."

The old surgeon felt a lump in his throat as he answered, "My dear, I fear I must."

But Billy Speke uttered not a word of fear or dismay. He simply slasped his hands together, and lifting his eyes toward heaven, whispered softly and distinctly, "Good God, do Thou enable me to behave worthy of my father's son!"

The petition was granted, and throughout the long torture of amputation the heroic boy did not speak.

The next morning father and son were taken to Calcutta, the father being placed in a relative's house, while the son was lodged in the hospital under the doctor's eye.

During the thirteen days of agony that followed, the midshipman's whole thought was for his father. In his delirium he fancied that voices told him that his father was dead, and this augmented his disease and increased his suffering. At last he could bear it no longer. He begged for a scrap of paper and a pencil, and by the flickering light of a rush, and with almost the last effort of the boyish brain, he scrawled these incoherent words to the doctor:

"If Mr. Ives will consider the disorder a son must be in when he is told he is dying and is yet in doubt whether his father is in as good health. If Mr. Ives is not too busy to honor this short note, which nothing but the greatest uneasiness could draw from me. The boy awaits an answer."

The boy did not "await an answer" long. The good surgeon hurried to his dying charge.

"And is he dead?" asked the boy.

"No, my dear. He is almost well."

A smile illumined the fast glazing eyes. "Thank God! I am satisfied now, and ready to die!" and then the young martyr begged the doctor's pardon for having disturbed him at so early an hour—and died!

He sleeps in brave company, and among all the graves in India there is none worthier the tribute of a tear than that of the boy hero, brave Billy Speke.

McKinley Has a Double.

There is a clerk in one of the departments who so closely resembles President McKinley as to be frequently mistaken for the chief executive. The President's double rather enjoys the distinction of looking like Mr. McKinley, and to make the likeness more striking he affected the dress of the President until a few days ago, when an incident occurred. Up to that time he was to be seen strolling in the vicinity of his lodging-house on quite a prominent thoroughfare enjoying the attention his likeness to Mr. McKinley produced. He was generally accompanied by a companion, who addressed him as Mr. McKinley when people were close enough to catch the words. They derived considerable amusement from the actions of those who were thus attracted. Thinking it was the President, an effort was generally made to secure another glimpse of the man.

The other evening the President's double was on parade and upon that particular occasion had become the target of numerous eyes. While posing as the ruler of the land and enjoying his fun at the expense of others some familiar acquaintance suddenly approached and greeted him with his true name. This quickly undeceived those who had made some pretext or other to take a position where they could obtain a good view of the supposed President, when the tables were turned upon the double. His discomfiture at being exposed when in the height of his enjoyment furnished fun for the others. It is said that the clerk makes no effort now to appear like the President and is content with the similarity nature has produced.—Washington Post.

Public libraries spend vast sums of money to make their collections complete. In the Boston Public Library is a collection of works relating to Shakespeare which cost $50,000.

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celebrated for more than a century as a delicious, nutritious, and flesh-forming beverage, has our well-known

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10 DOLLARS WORTH FOR 10c.
11 pkgs of rare farm seeds, Hog Pea, Sand Vetch, Alfa Wheat, Sheep Rape, Jerusalem Corn, etc., including our mammoth Seed Catalogue, telling all about the $500 gold prices for best name for our new marvelous corn and oats, "Prodigies," also sample of same, all mailed you upon receipt of but 10c. postage, positively worth $10, to get a start. 100,000 bbls. Seed Potatoes at $1.50 a bbl.
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