RAILROAD THROUGH THE FARM.

There's that black abomenation, that
big locomotive there,
It's smoke-tail like a pirut flag, a-wavin'
through the air;
An' I must set twelve times a day, an'
never raise my arm,
An' see thet gret black monster go a-
snortin' through my farm.

My father's farm, my grandsir's farm—
I come of Pilgrim steck—
My great-great-great-great-grandsir's
farm way back to Plymouth Rock;
Way back in the sixteen hundreds it was
in our family name,
An' no man dared to trespass till that
tootin' railroad came.

I sez, "You can't go through this farm,
you hear it flat an' plain!"
An' then they blabbed about the right of
"eminunt domain."
"Who's Eminunt Domain?" sez I; "I
want you folks to see
Thet on this farm there ain't no man so
eminunt ez me."

An' w'en their gangs begun to dig I went
out with a gun,
An' they rushed me off to prison till their
wretched work wuz done.
"If I can't puritect my farm," sez I, "w'y,
then, it's my idee
You'd better abet off callin' this 'the coun-
try of the free.'"

There, there, ye hear it toot agin an'
break the peaceful calm,
I tell ye, you black monster, you've no
business on my farm!
An' men ride by in stovepipe hats, an'
women loll in silk,
An' lookin' in my barnyard, say, "See
thet old codger milk!"

Git off my farm, you stuck-up doods, who
set in there an' grin,
I own this farm, railroad an' all, an' I
will fence it in!
Ding-ding, toot-toot, you black ol' fiend,
you'll find w'en you come back,
An' ol' rail fence, without no bars, built
straight across the track.

An' then you stuck-up doods inside, you
Pullman upper crust,
Will know this codger'll hold his farm an'
let the railroad bust.
You'll find this railroad all fenced in—
'twon't do no good to talk—
If you want to git to Boston, w'y jest take
yer hoss an' walk.

—Sam Walter Foss.

DANGEROUS WOMAN.

"THAT a splendid figure that lady has; I wish we could get a glimpse of her face. If it matches her form, she must be a superbly beautiful woman," I remarked to Tom Poole, my detective friend.

"She is probably plain enough in features," responded Poole. "Women are not given to hide their faces so completely when they are worth looking at. But, as you say, I should like a look at hers, for special reasons."

"Ah! And pray what are they?"

"Well, knowing that you can be trusted, I will tell you. Complaints of robberies of passengers' luggage from railway platforms have been so frequent of late that I have been detailed for the special duty of capturing the thieves. And from inquiries I have made, I have reason to believe that one of those thieves is a woman."

When we turned back she had disappeared. Poole peeped into the ladies' waiting rooms, but she had evidently left the station.

"I verily believe that woman 'spotted' me, in spite of my get-up," said the detective in a vexed tone. "I must try another role."

Several weeks passed, and Poole had not seen the lady. I had twitted him with his want of success in identifying the handsome lady with the luggage robberies, and he took my banter very coolly.

A few evenings afterward I was at Euston, seeing off a friend who had been staying with me for a few days. The train had just left, and I was going away by the main entrance, when a hansom drove up at full speed, and its occupant, a tall young lady, got quickly out."

"You're too late, miss; the Scotch express has gone," said a porter.

"O, heavens, what shall I do?" And the lady covered her face with her hands and sobbed bitterly.

"Can I be of any service to you?" I asked.

She raised her veil and looked at me with what I thought were the loveliest, most glorious eyes I had ever seen—eyes large, melting and of a beautiful blue.

"I will trust you, sir, for I like your face. I started from Paris last night, sir, en route for Edinburgh. At Dover this evening I discovered that I had lost my purse, but as I was booked through, and had my route ticket in my glove, that would not have mattered much if I had caught the train that has just gone. I am a stranger in London, and I have no money. What am I to do? The cabman took pity on me at Victoria and brought me here."

"Come with me. My landlady will put you up; she is a good soul, and has two daughters of her own. Do not hesitate; I cannot think of your going to a hotel."

I handed her into the hansom, on the top of which were two large leather trunks, and handsomely remunerated the generous cabman on our arrival at my lodgings in Kensington.

My landlady and her daughters received their unexpected guest with every appearance of cordiality. During supper Miss Evelyn Dalrymple, as she styled herself, briefly narrated her history, telling us that she was an orphan, had been companion to a lady living in Paris, but that, not liking that city, she was going to Edinburg in a similar capacity.

No reply came to the telegram we sent, and Miss Dalrymple seemed in no hurry to go away. And Sarah Gribble, the younger of the two girls, would not be friendly to the stranger, notwithstanding her mother's remonstrances.

"Her gentleness is nothing but art," mother; her amiability is assumed. You are blind to her real character; she is a compound of cunning and selfishness," said Sarah.

The rustle of a dress outside the door caught Sarah's sharp ears, and suddenly opening the door, she found Miss Dalrymple standing there. With a flash of withering scorn Sarah confronted her.

"Is it necessary to stand with your ear to the keyhole, listening to our conversation?" she asked.

"Surely you cannot mean it, Miss Sarah? You do not know what cruel things you are saying! But I will leave. I have no wish to create discord between a mother and daughter."

After her departure I learned that she had sold her traveling trunks to Mrs. Gribble, on the excuse that they were far too large for her small wardrobe, which she took away in a gladstone bag. I resolved never again to play the knight errant in such a fashion to strange damsels in distress.

"Would you like to see how the members of the 'swell mob' enjoy themselves?" asked Tom Poole one evening some two months after my adventure with the blue-eyed orphan. "There is a ball and supper to-night to raise funds for the defense of that scoundrel Batson, who nearly killed one of our men when caught committing a burglary, as you will remember."

The janitor at the door demurred at first, and mildly declared that we had no right of entrance, the affair going on upstairs being quite a private one, but Tom Poole declared that if any further delay took place in opening the door he would raid the place. That threat was effectual, for possibly some of the gayly dressed men and women had property in their possession for which they would have found it difficult to account.

"Do you see any one you recognize?" he whispered.

"No," I replied, puzzled.

"The lady whose figure you admired at St. Pancras," he went on; "see, there she is, with her face turned to the girl behind her."

I looked in the direction indicated and was more puzzled than ever. The girl possessed the splendid form of the veiled lady we had seen at St. Pancras, and her hair was of the reddy gold that was so much affected some time ago by the ladies; in all other respects she was exactly like Miss Evelyn Dalrymple, the glorious blue eyes, especially.

But Evelyn's hair was dark brown when I took her home with me to Mrs. Gribble's, hence my bewilderment. But as the girl turned in our direction, and I had a clear view of her face, my doubts vanished. Sarah Gribble had been right; the orphan was a fraud.

Rather more than a year afterward I happened to be at the central station, Manchester, seeing a chum off to South Wales by the 10:30 express. The train had just gone when a cab dashed up, and a lady alighted. It needed only a glance to satisfy me that Evelyn Dalrymple had again turned up, and evidently in her old character, for on the cab were two trunks and a large portmanteau.

Before she could fix upon a train that would enable her to get away with her booty, I had hurriedly told a railway constable what I knew of the lady, and she was arrested.

At the sessions a string of convictions were proved against her, and the appealing glances of her beautiful blue eyes were powerless to induce the recorder to "give her another chance."

"You are a dangerous woman, and society must be rid of you for a considerable period. Ten years' penal servitude."

Black Art at the Dinner Table.

Although the culinary art has in the last twenty years made rapid strides, still there is a certain sameness about dinner parties which, to the habitual diner-out, comes but little short of dull monotony, says the London Sun. Now and again, however, one comes across a hostess whose imagination, or eccentricity, is the means of providing a meal for her guests upon lines other than those upon which the ordinary dinner is given. Such a one was a lady who lived in the neighborhood of Kensington, and who every year gave what she termed a memorial dinner on the anniversary of her husband's death.

The room in which the dinner was given was draped for the occasion in mauve and black, no other colors being visible. The tablecloth was likewise of mauve silk, while the only floral decorations in use were violets. The lady guests arrayed in either black or mauve dresses; the footmen were dressed in black plush breeches, mauve silk stockings and black coats. On dinner being announced the hostess took the head of the table, but on either side of her, seated upon two stools, sat two black poodle dogs, excellently clipped after the approved French fashion, and with mauve-colored ribbon bows on their heads. These two dogs had been great pets of the lady's husband during his lifetime, and it was for this reason that they were allowed a seat among the guests at the dinner-table. The menu was remarkable for the absence of any color in the viands, save mauve, the rest being either black or white. Thus the soup was white, likewise fish and entrees. As regards game, the lady got over the difficulty, or at least met it half way, by providing black-cock. The sweets were mauve-colored or white, while at the end of the dinner black coffee was served.

Catching a Shark.

A thrilling hunt for a man-eating shark took place in the harbor of Key West last week and came very near resulting fatally for those engaged.

The shark was first seen swimming in shallow waters, and three boys started out in a rowboat to capture it. They were armed only with a small harpoon. They managed to get close to the shark without attracting attention, and planted the harpoon securely in its back.

The big fish plunged forward when it felt the iron, and in a moment the boat was spinning through the water like an express train. Several attempts were made to loosen the rope, but in vain. Meanwhile they hesitated to cut the rope, for fear they might lose the shark.

The boat was towed in this fashion more than an hour. At times the shark would turn so suddenly as to greatly endanger the boat, though keeping all the time in comparatively shallow water.

The boys began to shout for help, and a yacht was sent to them. Just as the yacht came alongside the shark made a dive for the boat and tore a big hole in the side. As the boat filled the yacht came up and took off the boys, and the shark was killed with a rifle. It measured 15 feet in length.—New York World.

Saw a Train for the First Time.

A country boy who was brought up in a remote region of Scotland had occasion to accompany his father to a village near which a branch line of railway passes. The morning after his arrival, when sauntering in the garden behind the house in which they were staying, he beheld with wondering eyes a train go by. For a moment he remained staring at it with astonishment, and then running into the house, he cried: "Fayther, fayther, come oot! There's a blacksmiddy shop ran off wi' a row of houses, and it's awa' doon by the back o' the town."

Thrilling.

He—That must be a very interesting book you are reading.

She—Oh, it's awfully exciting! The heroine changes her gown six times in the first chapter.

Sawing wood and carrying up coal are home industries.

SINGULAR STATEMENT.

From Mrs. Rank to Mrs. Pinkham.

The following letter to Mrs. Pinkham from Mrs. M. RANK, No. 2,354 East Susquehanna Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., is a remarkable statement of relief from utter discouragement. She says:

"I never can find words with which to thank you for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me.

"Some years ago I had womb trouble and doctored for a long time, not seeing any improvement. At times I would feel well enough, and other times was miserable. So it went on until last October, I felt something terrible creeping over me, I knew not what, but kept getting worse. I can hardly explain my feelings at that time. I was so depressed in spirits that I did not wish to live, although I had everything to live for. Had hysteria, was very nervous; could not sleep and was not safe to be left alone.

"Indeed, I thought I would lose my mind. No one knows what I endured.

"I continued this way until the last of February, when I saw in a paper a testimonial of a lady whose case was similar to mine, and who had been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I determined to try it, and felt better after the first dose. I continued taking it, and to-day am a well woman, and can say from my heart, 'Thank God for such a medicine.'"

Mrs. Pinkham invites all suffering women to write to her at Lynn, Mass., for advice. All such letters are seen and answered by women only.

FIGHTING BOB EVANS.

How He Disciplined American Bluejackets Who Had Deserted.

"Fighting Bob" Evans is something of a disciplinarian, as the following incident shows:

Once on the Mediterranean Station he was temporarily in command of his ship when French gendarmes brought aboard a large number of American bluejackets who had deserted. It was the custom on such occasions for each bluejacket, as soon as he was released on the deck of the vessel, to turn and hammer the countenance of the gendarme until he was pulled away. This sort of thing had a tendency to make the gendarmes afraid to bring in deserters, and Evans determined to stop it. In the presence of the gendarmes and their captives he announced his decision. The first bluejacket was released, and promptly knocked his gendarme flat. Evans picked up the gendarme's sword and struck down the sailor. Exactly the same performance was gone through with as each of the next six bluejackets was unshackled. The eighth permitted his gendarme to go in peace. The seven men who had been cut down all escaped with their lives. Evans said that they owed their preservation to a merciful Lord, who turned the edge of the French policeman's tin sword. The seven injured men were invited to make charge against Evans, but they said they didn't want to. As they put it themselves:

"They guessed they had run up against something they didn't know anything about."

THE CUBAN WATER MONKEY.

One Must Be an Expert to Drink from It Gracefully.

The Cubans have a domestic utensil called a "water monkey" that is to be found in houses, hotels and offices. The experienced Cuban drinks without touching it to his lips. He holds it two or three inches from his mouth, into

DRINKING FROM A WATER MONKEY.

which a tiny stream of water pours. Gradually and slowly he lifts the money away from him until it is almost at arm's length, the water continuing to flow from the monkey down his throat. When his thirst has been satisfied he returns the monkey toward his mouth, then suddenly tips it up, cutting off the stream.

He Tiptoes Now.

"What a quiet man your husband is, Mrs. Rizley, and it's surprising, too. Before he was married he was one of the noisiest young men I ever knew. How did you break him of it?"

"I didn't break him of it. The baby did it. It didn't take him long to learn the value of silence after little Alfred came."

Expensive Mirth.

"Cheery words cost nothing——"

"That's where you are way off. I said two cheery words yesterday and they cost me $17."

"How did that happen?"

"Well, I slapped a big man on the back, and said, 'Hello, Fatty!'"

"That was all right."

"No, it wasn't; he turned out to be a man I didn't know, so we knocked each other down and got into court."—Boston Journal.

Miller—Which is right, "stop and think" or "stop to think?" Smith—"Stop to think," to be sure. You might easily stop to think while you were talking, but as to stopping and actually thinking, that is another matter.—Indianapolis Journal.

Jones, the tailor, is informed that one of his clients has suddenly gone insane. "Oh, the poor fellow, but he'll pay my bill at least, won't he?" "Oh, he isn't quite insane enough for that!"—Gaulois.

Platonic love is a sort of prologue to the real thing.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A COLUMN OF PARTICULAR INTEREST TO THEM.

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

Boys in the Country.

Country boys read with interest these words of Major General Nelson A. Miles, the famous Indian fighter: "I lived as a farm boy the happiest years of my life. I think such a life laid the foundation for my healthy constitution, its simplicity and purity having a great influence upon my after success, greater than anything else. It taught me habits of industry and economy, and its freedom and independence caused me to acquire the habit of self-reliance."

Where the Old Money Goes.

In the United States Bureau of Engraving and Printing at Washington hundreds of thousands of dollars in torn and soiled bills are destroyed each day. The money comes from banks in all parts of the country, is counted by an expert, is then cut in two, lengthwise, and each half is recounted by different persons. The money is then reduced to a pulp by disintegrating chemicals, the bills being thrown into a large revolving cylinder partially filled with the chemicals. This process is called maceration, and the pulp so obtained is pressed into sheets resembling white cardboard and is then sold for about $40 per ton. In this manner the government pays the expense of maceration. The doors to the maceration rooms are carefully guarded and can be entered only by three officials who have keys.

Where Bait Is Found.

Pretty soon the boys will be digging for bait, and if they are not posted they may find their search fruitless, or, baitless, rather.

Angle worms may be found in any moist, mucky soil, where sod or trees or bushes are growing, but you must dig around the roots, the banks of a river or lake being capital places for the search.

Best to capture frogs, search for them in the marsh grass not far from grassy ponds; but hunt early in the morning or at dusk in the evening, when the dew is heavy.

You can usually find crayfish in clay soil that is moist, where they dig holes resembling snake holes, and can be tempted out by a chunk of raw meat, which you may tie to a long piece of string and drop into the hole. When you feel a tug at the string, slowly pull the meat out and the crab will follow.

Fat white grubs, the best of all spring bait, may be found in quantities in decayed logs and stumps, or in that portion of the barnyard compost pile which lies next to the side of the barn.

Ostrich's Odd Trap.

The oddest predicament in which an ostrich ever found itself lately befell one of the huge birds belonging to a South African farmer. This ostrich stole and bolted while steaming hot a big dumpling. The bird's regret was

SOMEWHAT TWISTED.

immediate and visible. In his struggle to get rid of the fiery thing within him Mr. Ostrich twisted his supple neck around one of his legs and succeeded in tying it in a knot. It required three men and half an hour's time to extricate the bird from its self-made trap.

"Growing Up" in Japan.

In St. Nicholas there is a paper on "The Little Japanese at Home," by Ida Tigner Hodnett. Miss Hodnett says, in describing the "growing up" of a boy:

When he is three years old, he begins to wear the obi, a girdle, three inches wide, which confines the kimono, a loose sort of garment, and the main part of the Japanese national dress, for both children and grown people. The putting on of the obi is the occasion of another family feast; and a very important garment it is, for it corresponds to pockets in an American boy's first trousers. The front part of the kimono, above the obi, is also used as a pocket; and the long, wide sleeves, sewed up at the lower end, make two very big ones.

When fifteen years old, the boy becomes of age, and a third family festival occurs. Another name is given him, and his hair is allowed to grow all over the head, like a man's. Previous to this time the head is shaved so as to allow the hair to grow only in spots or tufts, the place of the tufts varying up to the age of ten, when the crown only is shaved. At this festival celebrating his majority the manner of friends and relatives changes toward him, and while the day before he was still addressed as a child, now he is addressed in the ceremonious forms required by Japanese etiquette. The title of respect, san, is henceforth affixed to his name, even by those nearest and dearest. These titles, san, sama, always follow the name, and are never prefixed as with our "Mr." For example, a boy whose name is Kiyoshi will be called Kiyoshi-san. In his responses to the kind speeches made to him, the boy shows that he understands the new honors that have come upon him, nor that he is now ready to apply himself to the serious business of life.

It used to be a great thing to be born a samurai (sah-moor-ri) boy baby in Japan. The samurai were soldiers and scholars, and were entirely apart from and above the ordinary people. They could not engage in any business, nor could they marry into another class. This has all been changed since the Japanese revolution of 1867-68. The people are now divided into two large classes—the heimin (ha-meen), or commoners, the shizoku (shee-zo-koo), or gentry—and all have equal rights under the law. The average boy's success in life depends upon his own abilities, and the use he makes of the teaching he may have.

The first thing the samurai baby needed after he was put in his nurse's arms was a sword. Rather a queer thing for a baby to have, but then this baby was a samurai! No matter if the tiny hand could not grasp the handle, his nurse carried it for him; and when the obi became a part of his dress, the sword was fastened to it and hung by his side. To be sure, it was a wooden sword, but what of that? It was the badge of his rank, and must go wherever he did all day long, and when he went to bed it was laid close by. "The sword is the soul of the samurai" is an old Japanese saying, and it was thus early fastened to his side that he might become used to grasping it from infancy.

When our young samurai reached the age of seven, it was a day of great rejoicing. At the family festival two real metal swords were fastened to the obi, one on each side. The edges, however, were blunt, and accidents were further guarded against by having the swords so fastened in their sheaths that the young swordsman could not draw them out. These were now his constant companions until, at the age of fifteen, the weapons handed down in his family took place.

Juvenile Jokes.

Little Mamie was trying to write with a dull lead pencil that her mother had given her, but meeting with poor success she exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, the wood has slipped down over the lead and the marks won't come out!"

Eddie's father was a jeweler and sometimes the little fellow got business mixed up with Indian stories and Sunday school lessons. One Sunday morning he surprised his mother by asking: "Say, mamma, what tribe was it that made gold-plated calves—the Israelites or the Choctaws?"

Harry, aged 5, had been to Sunday school, and upon his return home he tried to tell his mamma about the lesson: "And you know, mamma," said he, "Lot's wife was awful meddlesome, and when God told her to mind her own business she got fresh and didn't mind, so God put her in a sack of salt."

Dorothy had heard some one singing that classical production, the "Little Alabama Coon," on the street. Presently she came to her mother and asked: "Mamma, what does 'swat' mean?" "What do you think that it means?" "Well, I don't know, mamma; but I s'pose that 'swat' is colored for spank!"

"Auntie" was writing to her son far away, and wanted to tell him about killing a turkey, but wasn't sure how to spell the word. Bessie (the children were in the kitchen) was mixed up also and couldn't tell her, but Preston, who can't talk plain, came to the rescue by saying: "Auntie, just tell him 'we tilled a dobler,' and that will be all right."

Queer Fishing Customs.

A few years ago the fishermen of Preston, Lancashire, used to go fishing on Sunday, the same as on other days. A clergyman of the town preached against Sabbath desecration, and prayed that they might catch no fish. And they did not! But they found out how to make his prayers of no avail. The fishermen used to make a little effigy of the parson in rags, and put the small "guy" up their chimneys. While his reverence was slowly smoked and consumed, the fish bit—like everything! The fishermen of the Isle of Man always feel safe from storm and disaster if they have a dead wren on board. They have a tradition that at one time an evil spirit haunted the herring pack and was always attended by storms. The spirit assumed many forms, and at last it took the shape of a wren and flew away. Since then if they have a dead wren with them they feel certain that all will be safe and snug.

On the Norfolk coast they think that fleas and fish come together. An old fisherman near Cromer was heard to say: "Times is that you might look in my flannel shirt and see scarce a flea, and then there ain't but a few herrings; but times there are when my shirt's alive with 'em, and then there's sartin to be a sight o' fish." Flannel-shirted anglers, please note!

To Cure Constipation Forever.

Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money

Lions can neither be tamed nor trained say those who know. You may pare their claws and pull their eye-teeth and terrorize them to a certain extent, if you begin when they are cubs, but their innate fierceness and lust for blood remain.

RUPTURE

Cure Guaranteed by DR. J. B. MAYER, 1011 ARCH ST., PHILA., PA. Ease at once; no operation or delay from business. Consultation free. Endorsements of physicians, ladies and prominent citizens. Send for circular. Office hours 9 A. M. to 7 P. M.

Rats have for years been a pest in Paris but never more so than now. They teem everywhere, and are said to issue in thousands from drains, while in outlying districts they scour the streets in hordes, affording fine sport to the policemen, who spit them on sword-bayonets.

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.

In some parts of China the young women wear their hair in a long single plait, with which is intertwined a bright scarlet thread. This style of ornamentation denotes that the young lady is marriageable.

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

An Ancient Custom.

From Republican Traveler, Arkansas City, Kan.

Pilgrimages to some shrine of St. Vitus to cure the disease known as St. Vitus' dance are no longer made. The modern way of treating this affliction is within reach of every household, as is shown by the experience of Karl A. Wagner, the eleven-year-old son of George Wagner, of 515 9th St., Arkansas City, Kan. The father tells the story as follows:

"Over a year ago," he says, "Karl was taken with St. Vitus' dance and continued to grow worse during five months he was under a physician's care. His tongue became paralyzed and we could not understand a word he said. He became very thin, lost the use of his right leg and seemed doomed to become a hopeless invalid. We had about given up hope when Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People were recommended to my wife by a lady whose daughter had been cured of a similar affliction by the pills.

"I bought a box of them at once and soon noticed a change for the better in Karl's condition. I was so well pleased that I bought more of them, and when he had taken five boxes the disease disappeared.

A Hopeless Invalid.

"That was six months ago and there has been no return of the disease. The cure was effectual and permanent, and I feel satisfied that no other medicine could have produced so marvelous a result. We feel rejoiced over the restoration of our son, and cannot help but feel that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are the most remarkable medicine on the market."

No discovery of modern times has proved such a blessing to mankind as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Acting directly on the blood and nerves, invigorating the body, regulating the functions, they restore the strength and health in the exhausted patient when every effort of the physician proves unavailing.

These pills are sold in boxes at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

DEBTS OF THE WORLD.

Total Approximates £5,830,000,000; Interest, £220,000,000

The debts of the world approximate £5,830,000,000. It was estimated just twenty years ago that the eighteen largest national debts amounted in the aggregate to £4,553,000,000. A sum of £197,000,000 was allowed for the numerous minor borrowers; and this brought the total indebtedness to about £4,750,000,000, which means that there has been an increase in the two decades of as much as £1,080,000,000. There have been a few noteworthy decreases—thus, the debt of Great Britain has gone down from £780,000,000 in 1876 to £645,000,000; that on the United States from £440,000,000 to £249,000,000, and that of Germany from £200,000,000 to £85,000,000. But the great majority of the old borrowers have been true to human weakness, and have increased their obligations; while a host of smaller peoples have appeared upon the scene. France, an easy first in regard to the aggregate, is also first in regard to the increase, for whereas its debt in 1876 was the equivalent of £900,000,000, last year it was equal to £1,280,000,000—a rise of £380,000,000. Austria-Hungary is second to France in this particular with an increase of £222,400,000; Russia is third with an increase of £160,000,000; and Italy fourth with an increase of £124,000,000. The fluctuations in the principal debts in the periods under discussion are shown in the following table, from which the millions (000,000) are omitted:

	1876.	1896.	Inc.	Dec.
France	£900	£1,280	£380	£....
Great Britain	780	645	....	135
United States	440	249	....	191
Italy	390	514	124	....
Austria-Hungary	882	605	224	....
Spain	375	353	....	22
Russia	340	500	160	....
Germany	200	85	....	115
Turkey	135	170	35	....
India	130	125	....	5
Brazil	82	121	39	....
Netherlands	80	93	13	....
Egypt	75	97	22	....
Portugal	69	143	79	....
Mexico	63	23	....	40
Australasia	46	215	169	....
Belgium	36	91	55	....
Canada	30	63	33	....
Totals	£4,553	£5,378	£1,333	£508
Net increase			£825,000,000	

The order of importance of twenty years ago has naturally not been maintained. Austria-Hungary (the special debts of each and the common debt of both) has gone up from fifth to third; Italy is still fourth, Russia is fifth instead of seventh and Australasia is eighth instead of sixteenth. Canada, though its indebtedness has increased very materially, now ranks after Argentina, with £74,000,000, and is only just ahead of Japan, with £60,000,000. Mexico, it may be well to observe, would not show creditably, as the mere figures indicate, if we went into details of the way in which the reduction of debt has been effected. Among the minor countries whose debts are interesting are miscellaneous British possessions, with £47,000,000; Roumania, with a similar total; Greece, with £33,000,000; Sweden and Norway, £25,000,000; Uruguay, with £22,000,000; Servia, with £15,000,000, and Denmark, with £11,500,000.

The obligations of the nations which are not included in the above list amount approximately to £452,000,000, which, added to the sum stated in the table, brings the world's total to £5,830,000,000. On this enormous amount of money something like £220,000,000 is paid annually in the way of interest. Twenty years ago the estimated payment in this direction was £200,000,000 and the increase of over £1,000,000,000 is attributable to the growing cheapness of money, whereby all nations of good credit may secure loans on far more favorable terms than in 1876. As may readily be imagined, France pays out the largest sum annually in interest, and the average runs to about £1 per head of the population, against 12s. in Great Britain, 15s. in Italy, 15s. in Austria-Hungary, 13s. in Spain, 1s. 9d. in the United States and 1s. 4d. in Germany.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, nervous, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. *Try it today.* Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N.Y.

Owing to the prejudice of the Chinese against railroads, great difficulty has been experienced in the laying out of the line between Peking and Hankow.

Beauty is Blood Deep

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfactioon guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

In old times card playing was regarded as essentially a Christian pastime, and a statute of Henry VII. forbids card playing save during the Christian holidays.

ST. VITUS' DANCE, SPASMS and all nervous diseases permanently cured by the use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $1.00 trial bottle and treatise to Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch Street, Phila., Pa.

During the siege of Paris no fewer than 22,000,000 letters sailed out of the city in the 54 balloons dispatched between the 19th of September, 1870, and the 28th of January, 1871.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or $1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

A pair of scales, much like those of the modern pharmacists, is among the objects discovered this year in excavations about 30 miles from Thebes, and recently exhibited in London.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

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

The term "infantry" soldiers originated with the Spanish, and was first applied to the military force employed by an infante, or young Prince of Spain, to rescue his father from the Moors.

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

Wales is the richest part of Great Britain in mineral wealth. England produces annually, about £2 to each acre, Scotland a little less than £2, but the product of Wales amounts to over £4 per acre.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money

A shepherd at Chambery, Savoy, employs a horse instead of a dog to keep the herd together. The horse understands the orders given him and carries them out as intelligently as the best-trained dog.

Sent free, Klondike Map from Gold Commission's official survey. Address Gardner & Co., Colorado Springs, Colo.

It is said that every thread of spider's web is made up of about 5,000 separate fibers. If a pound of this thread were required it would occupy 28,000 spiders a full year to furnish it.

Every man thinks he is strictly first class.

No amount of argument can convince the experienced, honest grocer that any other soap will give his customers such general satisfaction as Ivory Soap. He knows that they prefer Ivory Soap to new kinds, of unknown quality.

Ivory Soap will sell because the people want it, the other soaps may look like Ivory, but his customers want the real thing—they may buy a new soap once to try it, but they come back again and again for Ivory Soap, and they insist on having it.

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THE HOECAKE.

Why Does the Wheat Bread Crowd Out the Corn?

Most middle-aged persons remember well when cornbread was served upon nearly all tables in the South and West at least twice a day. Sometimes it appeared in the form of "hoecake" or "batter bread," and again in "pones." It was par excellence the bread of the negro, and every man who served in the Confederate army was also full graduate in the use of it. Now the darkies eschew it where wheat bread is to be obtained, and upon the tables of thousands of Southern and Western whites it never appears at all, while others continue to use it only for dinner.

Now, why is this? Surely corn meal is as it ever was. Those who sincerely, but probably mistakenly, believe that "water-ground" meal is better than the product of mills turned by steam can always find a supply of that in most cities, and it is common enough in the country. There is no trouble about the meal; but we doubt whether the art of cooking it has been preserved. The high-toned colored damsels who are turned out by our public schools are not the adepts that our old Aunt Dinahs and Aunt Peggys were. No self-respecting pan of dough would be conjured into shape by such unskilled hands. And then we may seriously doubt whether cornbread can be cooked in a stove as well as in an open fireplace.

The Indians laid their dough cakes between layers of forest leaves, or upon the hard ground, and cooked them in the hot ashes. Hence "ashcake," a very luscious product, indeed, when one has whetted his appetite for it by a long day's hunting.

The hoecake was so called because it was originally baked upon a hoe—that ever-ready and useful instrument of agriculture, which is to be found upon every plantation. But later on, cooking utensils were manufactured which took the place of the humble hoe. So, too, shingles were used whereupon to place the dough while it went through the process of becoming a well-done ashcake.—Richmond Dispatch.

Eager to Oblige.

"No, madam," said Meandering Mike, "I'm sorry, but it's ag'in my principles I can't split no wood."

"Well," she answered, "there will be a load of coal here this afternoon, and——"

"I'm sorry ag'in, but I can't carry no coal. But I'll tell you what I will do. I'll compromise. Ef you've got a gas stove I'll turn on the gas fur ye."—Washington Star.

No-To-Bac For Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c, $1. All druggists.

In New Orleans practically the whole of the street railway system has been converted during the past three years from mule haulage to electric traction. Out of 170 miles of road 163 miles are now operated electrically.

J. C. Simpson, Marquess, W. Va., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me of a very bad case of catarrh." Druggists sell it, 75c.

In Nagasaki, Japan, there is a fireworks maker who manufactures pyrotechnic birds of great size that, when exploded, sail in a lifelike manner through the air, and perform movements exactly like those of living birds.

Piso's Cure is a wonderful Cough medicine.—Mrs. W. Pickhr, Van Siclen and Blake Aves., Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 20, 1894.

From the famous Florence district in Idaho comes the news of one of the most stupendous mining undertakings ever conceived in the Northwest. It is the construction of an immense tunnel, four miles in length, to tap the entire Florence deposit.

TRUMPET CALLS.

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

INIQUITY builds its own jail.

Atheism is the zero of hope.

Truth is the weapon of honesty.

When money is king, misery is queen.

We cannot trust in a God that's unjust. God's cause is not benefited by telling lies.

A man without principle never becomes a martyr.

Loss of first love is the first mark of apostasy.

Prayer meeting talk is not a sure criterion of piety.

Prejudice is the chain of error holding its deluded devotee fast.

Camp meeting religion is too often scamp meeting religion.

Preaching for oratorical fame is not the kind of preaching God blesses.

Daniel was in training for his lion's den experience, a good many years.

Boston has a society of direct descendants of passengers on the memorable trip of the Mayflower to Plymouth. It has already 118 members, and nearly 100 other persons have been authorized to file their proofs of eligibility to membership.

INSOMNIA

"I have been using CASCARETS for Insomnia, with which I have been afflicted for over twenty years, and I can say that Cascarets have given me more relief than any other remedy I have ever tried. I shall certainly recommend them to my friends as being all they are represented." THOS. GILLARD, Elgin, Ill.

CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets TRADE MARK REGISTERED REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant. Palatable. Potent. Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c. 25c. 50c.

... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...

Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 318

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

20 1097

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

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