THE WOMEN WHO WAIT.

He went to the war in the morning—
The roll of the drums could be heard,
But he paused at the gate with his mother,
For a kiss and a comforting word.
He was full of the dreams and ambitions
That youth is so ready to weave,
And proud of the clank of his sabre
And the chevrons of gold on his sleeve.

He came from the war in the evening—
The meadows were sprinkled with snow,
The drums and the bugles were silent,
And the steps of the soldiers were slow.
He was wrapped in the flag of his country
When they laid him away in the mold,
With the glittering stars of a captain
Replacing the chevrons of gold.

With the heroes who sleep on the hillside
He lies with a flag at his head,
But, blind with the years of her weeping,
His mother yet mourns for her dead.
The soldiers who fall in the battle
May feel but a moment of pain,
But the women who wait in the homesteads
Must dwell with the ghosts of the slain.
—The Criterion.

SIR BRIAN'S FANCY.

IT was a boy who awoke her. He rushed into the room and shouted at her in the abrupt manner common to small brothers:

"Molly, what do you think? Sir Brian Rosymore is coming to dinner on Saturday."

"You're joking."

"No—honor bright!"

"We'll go and look at him through the window, Bobby."

"I shall, but you're to have a new frock, made long, and go down to dinner, because the Baronet saw you in church last Sunday and told father you were very pretty. What are you getting so red for?"

"Did he really say he thought I was pretty?" said the girl in a tone of breathless delight. "O, Bobby!"

For several months past Molly had been agitating to have her dresses lengthened, but as there were six girls, and she was only the fourth, her mother had firmly refused to allow her to become grown up till some of her sisters were disposed of by marriage.

Nature had not intended Mrs. Thorne for a worldly woman, but necessity was fast making her one. As the mother of nine children and the wife of a struggling doctor she often found it difficult to make both ends meet.

Molly donned her gown on the important Saturday, and was escorted to the door by her faithful ally, Bob. She stopped short on the mat.

"He has come," she whispered. "I shall never be able to go in."

"Nonsense!" said the boy, valiantly.

But Molly refused to make an entry, till her brother, whose patience was soon exhausted, softly turned the handle and gave her a gentle push, which had the effect of lurching her into the middle of the room in a most undignified way.

Her face flamed scarlet, she could feel all eyes fixed upon her in the greatest astonishment, then her mother's voice, faintly reproachful, said:

"Sir Brian, this is my daughter, Margaret."

Perhaps the Baronet saw that the girl was unaccustomed to society and pitied her. He rarely spoke to her during the evening, although his eyes rested on her face with evident admiration.

But when they met by chance the next morning in the village street he turned and walked beside her.

She was not so shy now that no watchful eyes were there to note her solecisms, and it was astonishing how easy she found it to talk to this good-looking young fellow with the kindly eyes.

The Thornes saw a great deal of Sir Brian after that. Almost every day he found some excuse to call, and the girl grew to look forward to his coming, and to feel absurdly disappointed if he failed to put in an appearance.

"He must care for the child, else why is he here so often?" Mrs. Thorne said in confidence to her husband.

"My dear," he answered, "I shouldn't build too much on it if I were you. It's too good to be true."

But Molly was allowed to go to the dance given by Lady Conyers.

Brian met them at the head of the stairs on the eventful evening, and introduced them to his aunt.

The night passed all too quickly, and it was already late when, feeling rather tired, she seated herself beside her mother.

"Ready to go home, dear?" Mrs. Thorne inquired.

"After this next dance, mother," she said, looking at the Baronet's illegible scrawl on her program.

Suddenly Lady Conyers' voice in conversation with some one became audible from the other side of a clump of palms.

"Preposterous, my dear Mrs. Craig," she said. "Brian is engaged—at least he will be when we return to town shortly—to Lucie Maddox. He's simply amusing himself, as usual. He is such a dreadful flirt."

Mrs. Thorne turned to the girl. She had whitened to the lips; her brow was burning, her hands were icy cold.

"O, mother!" she murmured, "take me home."

* * * * * * *

"Molly, what have I done?"

"Hush!" she cried. "You have no right to call me that!"

"Then give me the right; there is nothing I desire more."

"How dare you tell me so when you are engaged to another woman? Let me pass, sir, at once!"

"Not till you have explained your words. Another woman? What on earth do you mean?"

"You pretend you don't know," she cried, her childish voice trembling with indignation, "and I heard your aunt say last night that you were going to marry Miss Maddox."

"My aunt must have been temporarily forgetful of the fact that her pet dream was not a reality when she made such a ridiculous assertion. You believe me, don't you?"

Apparently she did, for half an hour later they walked in together, radiant with happiness, and a ring was flashing on her left hand.

Bobby's lack of surprise at the news was explained during the day by a piece of advice he gave them, which, although it proved useful in the future, covered the girl with confusion and sent Brian into fits of laughter.

"I say, Molly," the boy said gravely, "I shouldn't make love in the orchard if I were you, because any one can see you from the schoolroom window."—Chicago Tribune.

Man's Smallest Bone.

The smallest bone in the human body is situated within the drum of the ear.

In union there is strength, but the unknown husband of a prominent woman doesn't believe it equally distributed.

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.

The Village Express.

Oh, what is this noise and clatter—
This racket outside on the street?
I hear the rush of a wagon,
The running of two little feet.

And above all a gay voice shouting—
It's a voice that I love, I confess—
"Look out, look out, I am coming;
Look out for the village express!"

And then round the corner comes bumping
A wheelbarrow pushed by a boy,
Who cries, as he dashes onward—
"Here's the village express, ahoy!"

His face is all heated and dirty,
As to looks he is not a success,
But what fun he has when he's playing
That he is the village express!

Queer Boys of Zululand.

At the same time that our boys are started for the school, often feeling very much injured because the day is bright and they would rather play foot-ball, the Zulu boy, without any breakfast, is sent out into his father's field, where the crops are growing.

The work assigned to him there does not in the least resemble any chores that a boy might find to do here, for it consists in chasing away the monkeys and baboons which come out of the forest and prowl about with designs on the ripening pumpkins and other fruits. This is lively work, for monkeys are notably quick in their movements, and unless the youngsters are on the alert the monkeys pounce upon their booty and carry it away under the boys' noses.

At other times of the year it is not the baboons but the birds that must be kept from the ripening grain. After a morning of such lively exercise the boys are ravenous for their noon meal, the first food that is given them during the day, for they only eat twice in twenty-four hours and not so much as an afternoon tea between times.

The whole aim of a Zulu boy's training is to make him a dauntless and victorious warrior. This being the case, the most important of their games is one in which they learn to throw sharpened sticks with skill. It is played as follows: One of their number ascends a small hill while the others, with their sticks in their hands, range themselves in a row down the side. The lad at the top then throws past the boys with all his force the huge, soft bulb of a large African lily. This bulb is a foot in diameter, and as it goes by the first boy he flings his stick at it. If he fails to pierce it the next boy, quick as lightning, throws, too, and if he fails, the next one tries it, and so on until one of them sends his stick into the heart of the bulb, and as a reward he is allowed to go higher in the line, displacing the boy above him.

Though they consider it a great hardship to be obliged to chase the birds from their father's crops, the boys will pursue them from bush to bush and from tree to tree, until they actually tire their game out, when they knock the birds on the head and kill them. If a Zulu boy were told to put salt on a bird's tail he would not find it such a very difficult feat.

When the young Zulu has become tired or heated from other sports he runs to the nearest river, into which he dives. It is not necessary for him to stop to take off his clothes, because he never wears any, and at such a time he must find it very convenient. Zulu boys have been in the water so much from their very infancy that they seem almost as much at home in it as the fish themselves. Many of their strokes in swimming differ greatly from ours, and they are able to make headway against the swiftest and strongest river currents. This is very necessary, because the South African rivers all flow swiftly and there are few opportunities for still-water bathing.

They are especially proud of the length of time that they are able to remain underneath the water, and they learn to swim with the shoulders. They do not use their arms at all, but simply call into play the powerful muscles of their little backs.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Cured the Cough.

A Devonshire woman of mature age went into a chemist's shop and said to the assistant:

"I've got a cruel bad cough, surely. I've heerd that the bronchial troches are good things. Hav'ee got any?"

The assistant pointed to a small box on the table, and said:

"Yes, there they are."

"How much is it?" was the inquiry.

The price was paid, and the old woman took her departure. At night the assistant missed a box of glycerine soap (three cakes). A couple of days afterwards she returned to the shop, and said:

"I want'ee to take back two of them things I had t'other day. I took one of 'em. It was mortal hard to swallow, but it cured the cough."—Spare Moments.

More than He Could Stand.

"They tell me that Drinkhorn has quit."

"I guess he has for awhile. The last time he had 'em he saw nothing but Spaniards."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Rip-Up Explained.

"Gee! What's the matter here? Are you preparing to move?"

"Oh, no; our little boy has been having a birthday party."

End of His Labors.

"Hampsley worked hard for three years trying to get a public office."

"Indeed? What's he doing now?"

"Not a thing."

"Why, how can he afford that?"

"He got the office."

"LUCKY" BALDWIN.

Was Once Worth Millions, but Is Now Land Poor.

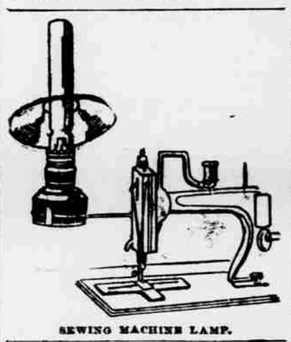
"Lucky" Baldwin is no longer lucky He can't raise ready cash. He has plenty of real estate—whole square miles of as fine land as exists anywhere, but nobody wants to buy, and so he remains poor. At one time, what with his mines, his ranches and other interests, he was worth $30,000,000. That was long ago, but even twelve or thirteen years ago he was very rich and was lord of the vast and beautiful estate in the San Gabriel Valley, near Los Angeles. Along in 1894 it became known that Mr. Baldwin was in need of money, and presently he began to sell pieces here and there of his grand estates in California. "Lucky" was not living up to his name. To-day, the owner of land enough for a small principality, he finds trouble in laying his hands on a $100 bill. Mr. Baldwin has been living in San Francisco pretty regularly for the last three years. He is now 70 years old and is showing his age. He is by no means the picturesque man he was when his Volante was king of the turf. But "Lucky" is a pretty good man yet, even if he is losing his millions. Among all the shrewd, wise men who became bonanza kings and millionaires in the brisk days of California there was none shrewder or wiser than Baldwin. He has played many parts in his time and played all well. He has been a canal boatman, grocery man, hotelkeeper, brickmaker, liveryman, theatrical manager, turfman, mining operator, farmer, and always a speculator. He has been able to manage and direct five or six big businesses, from a magnificent stable of race horses to a gold mine, hotel, ranch, winery, vineyards and a brickyard. He may not leave as many millions behind him as he might once have left, but there is hardly any danger of his going to the poorhouse.

E. J. BALDWIN.

SOMETHING NEW IN LAMPS.

This Will Be a Great Aid to Those Who Burn Midnight Oil.

A handy little lamp for the seamstress or housewife who has to use her machine in poorly lighted rooms or at night has recently been brought out by a large hardware firm. The lamp, fitted with a powerful reflector, is attached to a movable swing bracket which is fastened to the arm of the sewing machine. This permits of the light being directed on the work where it is wanted. The bracket is so arranged that the lamp can be removed and used as an ordinary reading lamp.



SEWING MACHINE LAMP.

CHINESE SPANIELS POPULAR.

Quaint Little Creatures that Bring Big Prices from Dog Fanciers.

The quaint little Chinese spaniel is the latest fad of the dog fancier. There was once a statute making it a crime punishable by death for a common person to be found with one of these dogs in his possession, and even now their price makes them a luxury for the rich. They have been bred in their present purity of blood for more than two thousand years, and there is a legend that a tiny black and white spaniel was the trusted companion of the wise Confucius and sat at table with him.

The great round wall eyes, the short upturned nose, the bushy tail and the silky hair are the distinguishing points of the Chinese spaniel. The more wall-eyed a dog is the higher price he can command. The colors are white, black and white, brown, and brown and white. The dogs are extremely small, and are hardy, affectionate and very intelligent. The Blenheim spaniel of to-day is a far different animal from the dog of the time of Marlborough, for about a hundred years ago they were crossed with the Chinese spaniel. This cross added to their beauty, but marred their health, for it is now almost impossible to get a Blenheim that is not rickety, while the Chinese spaniel loves the snow and can endure great privation. The few Chinese spaniels that have been imported to the United States are in New York and Chicago, and they bring large prices on account of their rarity and the oddity of their faces.

A CHINESE SPANIEL.

Literary Note From the Century Co.

Prof. Dean C. Worcester, of the University of Michigan, will contribute to the September "Century" a paper based on personal experience, entitled "The Malay Pirates of the Philippines," and illustrated from photographs taken by the writer. The adventurous trip of Mr. Edwin Emerson, Jr., "Alone in Porto Rico," will be narrated by him in the same number, which will also contain the first of several articles on "Life and Society in Old Cuba," from the journals of the late Jonathan S. Jenkins, written in 1859, but dealing with many topics now in the public consideration, such as yellow fever, coffee-planting, etc.

Is the immediate jewel of the soul.

The rapture of pursuing is the prize the vanquished gain.

STORIES OF RELIEF.

Two Letters to Mrs. Pinkham.

Mrs. JOHN WILLIAMS, Englishtown, N. J., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I cannot begin to tell you how I suffered before taking your remedies. I was so weak that I could hardly walk across the floor without falling. I had womb trouble and such a bearing-down feeling; also suffered with my back and limbs, pain in womb, inflammation of the bladder, piles and indigestion. Before I had taken one bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I felt a great deal better, and after taking two and one-half bottles and half a box of your Liver Pills I was cured. If more would take your medicine they would not have to suffer so much."

Mrs. JOSEPH PETERSON, 513 East St., Warren, Pa., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have suffered with womb trouble over fifteen years. I had inflammation, enlargement and displacement of the womb. I had the backache constantly, also headache, and was so dizzy. I had heart trouble, it seemed as though my heart was in my throat at times choking me. I could not walk around and I could not lie down, for then my heart would beat so fast I would feel as though I was smothering. I had to sit up in bed nights in order to breathe. I was so weak I could not do anything.

"I have now taken several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and used three packages of Sanative Wash, and can say I am perfectly cured. I do not think I could have lived long if Mrs. Pinkham's medicine had not helped me."

DID MUCH FOR 'FRISCO.

The Late Ex-Mayor Sutro Made Many Gifts to the Pacific Metropolis.

San Francisco lost one of her best known and most philanthropic citizens in the death of ex-Mayor Adolph Sutro. He was a man of many peculiar characteristics, but withal a most generous giver, and his name will long be held in remembrance by the people of San Francisco for the many splendid gifts he made to the city.

Adolph Sutro was born sixty-eight years ago in Prussia of Jewish parents. He came to the United States in 1850, when the gold fever was at its height, and was lured with countless others to the shores of the Pacific. It was not long after that the great Comstock lode began to turn out its millions and attracted the attention of the world. The mines soon got down so deep that there appeared to be no way to drain them, and the heat was so intense from lack of ventilation that the miners could not work. Sutro, who had studied engineering, conceived the scheme of constructing an enormous tunnel under the lode which should connect the shafts and relieve them. He got capitalists to back him up, and in October, 1878, a tunnel twelve feet wide, ten feet high, and with its branches over five miles long had been completed. It proved a success. The mining companies, however, refused to share revenues with the tunnel company. Sutro therefore closed the tunnel and brought everybody to terms, as the lode could not be worked without using it.

When the tunnel was in full operation Sutro unloaded it at a handsome profit, wandered about Europe for a time, picked up a wondrous library and much statuary and drifted back to San Francisco to buy so much of the "outside lands" of the city that he owned one twelfth of the entire acreage of the city proper.

EX-MAYOR ADOLPH SUTRO.

In 1894 Sutro ran for Mayor of San Francisco and was elected, in spite of the fact that the newspapers and all the big corporations and politicians were against him. After his term as Mayor his mind began to fail and for months had been a blank. The last years of his life had been embittered by family quarrels, and it is possible that the settlement of his estate, which amounts to about $5,000,000, will cause a bitter fight in the courts.

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, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

The greatest moments of life are but moments like the others. Your doom is spoken in a word or two. A single look from the eyes, a mere pressure of the hand may decide it, or of the lips, though they cannot speak.

Five Cents.

Everybody knows that Dobbins' Electric Soap is the best in the world, and for 30 years it has sold at the highest price. Its price is now 5 cents, same as common brown soap. Bars full size and quality. Order of grocer. Adv

Blessed be the hand that prepares a pleasure for a child, for there is no saying when and where it may bloom forth.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

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

The know-nothing, the do-nothing and the be-nothing scheme of life can only end in outer darkness and ineffable distress.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886. (SEAL) A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The Judge—And for the levity with which you have conducted yourself during your trial I shall give you an additional fine of $10. How does that suit you? The Villain—That is what I would call extra fine.—Indianapolis Journal.

WHAT THE LAW DECIDES.

The remedy for failure of a servant or agent to pay over money on demand for collecting it for his principal is held in Royce, Allen & Co. vs. Oakes (R. I.), 39 L. R. A. 845, to be by assumpsit or debt, and not by trespass on the case.

An action against what purports to be a corporation, to recover a tax which it is required to pay as a condition precedent to corporate existence, is held, in Maryland Tube and Iron Works vs. West End Imp. Company (Md.), 39 L. R. A. 810, insufficient to give it a legal existence for all purposes, or to estop the city from denying its corporate existence.

An agreement by the owners of race horses entered at certain stake races to divide equally the premiums and stake moneys awarded to any of their horses, is held, in Hawkins vs. Ottinger (Cal.), 40 L. R. A. 79, to be valid, and not a wagering contract.

A partnership for horse racing on a bet with a person whom the partners regard as a "sucker" and a "big snap," into which they induce him to enter by making him think he has a sure thing and by deceiving him into the supposition that their horse is untrained and undeveloped, while they think they have a "dead mortal cinch," is held, in Morrison vs. Bennett (Mont.), 40 L. R. A. 158, to be such a conspiracy to defraud that the court will not aid either one of the partners to obtain an accounting of the profits.

A note to pay a bet on a horse race run in another State where such notes are presumed valid, and where a note of which this is a renewal was given, is denied enforcement in North Carolina, in the case of Gooch vs. Faucette, 39 L. R. A. 835, on the ground that its enforcement is contrary to the public policy of the State, even if the note is to be deemed a contract of the other State, in which it would be valid.

A Deadly Grudge.

"You and Briggins don't seem to be very good friends any more."

"No, he is a wolf in sheep's clothing."

"Why, what did he ever do to make you conceive such an opinion of him?"

"Made me believe I ought to take my bicycle apart for the purpose of cleaning it."

The constant duty of every man to his fellows is to ascertain his own powers and special gifts, and to strengthen for the help of others.

Three things are known only in the following way—a hero in war, a friend in necessity, and a wise man in anger.

After all, the kind of world one carries about in one's self is the important thing and the world outside takes all its grace, color and value from that.

Perseverance is more prevailing than violence, and many things which can not be overcome when they are together yield themselves up when taken little by little.

Do not wait for extraordinary opportunities for good actions, but make use of common situations.

In all eras and all climes a woman of great genius or beauty has done what she chose.

Hypocrisy is folly. It is much easier, safer and pleasanter to be the thing which a man aims to appear than to keep up the appearance of what he is not.

If a man has any brains at all let him hold on to his calling, and in the grand sweep of things his turn will come at last.

TRADE IN FARM IMPLEMENTS.

No Other Country in This Line Comparable with the United States.

At the close of the civil war a reaper now selling for $75 cost $120; a steel plow, now costing $12, sold for $26; a potato digger, now costing $7, sold for $25; grain scythes, now costing $9 a dozen, cost $26; shovels, now costing $9 a dozen, cost $20; binders, now costing $130, cost $400; and mowing machines, now costing $50, cost $110. As this process of reduction has been going on, the product of American factories in the line of agricultural implements has been generally extended and vastly improved, so that the United States is now not only at the head of all other countries, but so far at the head of other countries that there has practically ceased to be any serious competition except in respect to the supplies sold by certain European countries to their colonies. Through the free markets of the world, without restrictions established by governments, the United States is the great source of supply.

The importance of the business carried on both at home and abroad by the United States manufacture of farming implements is shown by the figures of the last Federal census of 1890. There were at that time, approximately, 1,000 manufactories of agricultural implements in the United States, the amount invested in this line of manufacture being nearly $150,000,000, the average number of persons employed in it being 45,000, the materials used averaging in value $30,000,000 and the output $80,000,000. Since the summer of 1893 the American trade in agricultural implements has been subjected to a marked prostration. The export trade of the country in agricultural implements has continued large and has even increased:

1893 (fiscal year)	$4,657,000
1894 (fiscal year)	5,027,000
1895 (fiscal year)	5,410,000
1896 (fiscal year)	5,176,000
1897 (fiscal year)	5,240,000

The Argentine Republic has been the chief customer of the United States in this item of manufacture, and the South American countries and West Indies have been customers to a smaller extent. But while the foreign market has continued, the home market for American agricultural products has been curtailed greatly, in consequence of the failure of some crops, the diminished prices for cereals, the accumulation, West and South, of mortgages, and the contraction of credit to farmers, who, as a rule, buy their agricultural machinery on credit, payments being predicated on the success of the crops and of paying prices for them. As a result of the agricultural depression in the West in 1893, 1894, 1895 and 1896, it is hardly too much to say that the farming implements used during the past five years in the United States have been literally wearing out. The large concerns have been carrying their customers on credit, and with large debts outstanding, the farmers, generally speaking, have been awaiting the return of better times and better prices. The favorable conditions of a year ago were not without their effect on this branch of business, and those of this year are being reflected in the enlarged market for farming machinery, reapers, threshers, plows, rakes, binders, scythes and harrows.

At the head of the States of the country in the volume of its manufacture of agricultural implements is Illinois, with an invested capital of nearly $60,000,000. Ohio follows, then New York and then Wisconsin. Ohio supplies most of the Southern market of demand and New York the Middle and Eastern States. Of recent years California has developed its manufacture of farming implements largely.—New York Sun.

CUBAN DANDIES.

Fond of Finery and Leisure and with Delicate Features.

At first sight a Cuban of the well-to-do class seems to be nothing but hair, eyes and shirt collar, says the Westminster Gazette. But on nearer view you discover him to possess exceedingly refined features, often of great beauty and regularity. A coarse-featured Cuban endowed with a superfluity of flesh is unknown. The Cuban's figure emulates the skeleton dude's, it is so slender. He has spindle legs, arms like sticks and a torso like a crane's. His chest is narrow, his shoulders are angular, and he stoops, which in his case is no sign of lung delicacy or studious habits. His complexion is a clear olive. You never meet a Cuban who looks fatuous, or who has eyes that are not brimful of intelligence.

They are as fond of jewelry and finery as women. They squeeze their naturally small feet into smaller boots. They wear extravagantly high or low collars and gorgeous neckties. Lately they have been wearing trousers of such roomy dimensions that they flap about their thin legs like sails; whereas a year or two ago they wore them as tight as eelskins. But the piece de resistance—the crowning glory of a Cuban male toilet—is the hat. In spite of the tropical climate, it is invariably black, shiny, hard and narrow, like a chimney-pot turned upside down.

A Cuban flaneur is capable of sporting a grass-green shirt, with a black frock coat and white cravat. Born in a land of slavery, generally, with the expectation of coming in for a sugar plantation, or, at any rate, relying on support from wealthy relations, the average gilded youth of Cuba regards it as his metier to ornament the tropics and gracefully to kill time. He covers his soft, thin hands with rings sparkling with precious stones. His nails are long and cut in points, after the fashion of Chinese aristocrats. When you meet a Cuban going to the station there is always a negro boy behind, carrying his bag. A Cuban would be ashamed to be seen in the street carrying anything but a stick.

The Sun Cholera Cure.

Take equal parts of
Tincture of opium,
Tincture of rhubarb,
Tincture of cayenne,
Spirits of camphor,
Essence of peppermint.

Mix well together. Dose: Fifteen to thirty drops in water; to be repeated in fifteen or twenty minutes if necessary.

This is the original formula for the Sun cholera cure. It was given to the Sun in the "cholera year," 1849, by George W. Busteed, then and now a practicing pharmacist in this city. It was published daily in the Sun during the summer of that year; it was published at intervals for several years, and again daily during the "cholera years," 1855 and 1866, and has been printed in the Sun probably 1,000 times since it first appeared.

The Sun cholera cure has been adopted into the United States Pharmacopoeia, and is a medicine approved and valued by every medical man in the country.—New York Sun.

THE GARDEN OF SPAIN.

Tropical Shores and Wind-swept Interior of the Land of the Don.

Along the Mediterranean shore Spain presents a narrow ribbon of fertile, delightful country, says a writer in the North American Review. The region is often called the garden of Spain, and its inhabitants are active and industrious. In the province of Valencia, from the city of the same name to Alicante, garden follows close upon garden. Here are grown wheat, wine grapes, raisins, oranges, dates and olives. In these regions irrigation is successfully practiced. The greater part of the water of the short coast streams is thus employed. Little rain falls, and what does come is dreaded because of the violence of the storms and the damage done by floods to the irrigation reservoirs.

It is a great contrast to pass from these tropical shores to the wind-swept plains of interior Spain. The level country, inclosed by the Guadarrama and the Cantabrian mountains, forms in the west an extensive wheat growing region. Toward the east, as the rainfall decreases, pasturage encroaches upon arable culture. In New Castile, on the south of the Guadarrama and in about the center of Spain, the political capital has been placed. The level country in which it has been dropped, as if by accident, is for the most part, a waterless plain, swept in winter by the piercing winds from the naked mountains of the north, sweltering in summer from the effect of the sun's rays on bare rock and soil. The climate of Madrid has been tersely described by its inhabitants as "three months of winter and nine months of hell."

Declined the Invitation.

The Strand Magazine tells an amusing anecdote of a well-known Edinburgh professor, who is both methodical and absent-minded.

Professor W. is accustomed to take a daily walk with another old professor, when they discuss matters quite beyond the comprehension of ordinary mortals.

One day, when the walking was exceedingly bad, Professor W. was on his way to the corner at which he and his friend always met, when he encountered a young student whose face he recognized dimly, having seen it every day for several weeks in the class-room. He accordingly hailed his pupil, who was wading through the mud to get across the street.

"Have you seen Professor S.?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," replied the student, pausing respectfully in the midst of a mud puddle to remove his cap. "He is at the corner below, waiting for you."

"Good, very good!" responded the professor, looking over his spectacles with his class-room air when well pleased with a student. "I thank you. You may be seated."

Great Strides.

"Do not attempt to deny that we have been making great strides in civilization?" inquired the Spanish officeholder.

"Not at all," replied the disgusted citizen. "Not at all. The only difficulty is that we have been walking backward."—Washington Star.

More women would be interested in the female suffrage movement if it was something that could be decorated with ribbons and hung up over the mantel.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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