MY LOVE.

My love for thee is like the rose
That blushes in the morning sun
And turns its inmost heart to thee
When night has come and day is done

My love for thee is like the breeze
That kisses every fragrant flower
And bears away the sweet perfume
That breathes for love from hour to hour.

My love for thee is like the sea
That sings and sounds on every shore,
And when the storms of passion rise
'Tis then I'm thine forevermore.

My love is like the sunny beams
That slumber on the bounding wave,
Immortal as ecstatic dreams
That thrill the soul beyond the grave,

My love is like the twilight stars
Reflected on a summer sea—
Still shining o'er the bays and bars
That kiss the shores of memory.

My love is like the mystic moon
That rules the ebb and flowing tide,
That in its beaming, nightly noon
Enwraps the ocean as a bride.

My love for thee is like the fires
That burn within volcanic isles—
Undying, surging higher and higher—
Supreme in your celestial smiles!
—Washington Star.

TWICE WOUNDED.

IT was during the summer of 1855 that I resided for a time in the City of Mexico, and at this period occurred the incident which, with regard to myself, came near terminating fatally.

A day or two after my arrival in Mexico I strolled out one evening and, half unconsciously, took my way toward one of those cool, shady walks occasionally to be met with on the outskirts of the city.

As I paced slowly on toward a part of the walk where the trees grew closer, forming a little grove, I suddenly became conscious of the presence of two persons a few steps in advance of me.

The persons I had just discovered were a gentleman and lady. On observing this fact I was relieved of a momentary fear of being set upon by desperadoes; I presently found my couple to be a pair of lovers, enjoying a stolen interview in the little grove, which I had nearly reached, but checked myself in time to prevent a discovery just then, though I did not long avert it.

The first words I heard were spoken by the gentleman.

"Fly with me to-night, dearest, I entreat; give me the right to protect you from the wiles of Don Pedro. Only as my wife can I save you from the persecutions of him and his cowardly son."

"I know it, dear Manuel," replied the maiden, whose soft, sweet voice quivered as if in deadly terror. "It was only this morning I overheard a conversation which fully apprised me of the great power placed in the hands of my uncle and guardian, Don Pedro de Salitillo, a power over me which now he proposes to share with his treacherous son, Garcia."

"How?" abruptly inquired the cavalier.

"Dearest Manuel, my guardian has tried every means short of personal violence to invegle me into a marriage with Garcia. I have heard them plotting to secure me at night and carry me to a deserted ranch at a distance from the city and there, by the help of a vicious priest, unite me to Garcia.

"If I marry without Don Pedro's consent my estates revert to him. I succeeded in escaping to-night, and came here knowing that I should meet you, who would rescue me from my peril, but you will take to your heart a dowerless bride, dear Manuel."

"Fear not, Isabelle," said her lover. "There is but one course to take—come with me to my kind old tutor priest. Our marriage shall be performed at once, and then Don Pedro and Garcia cannot molest you unless they pass over my lifeless body."

"Hist!" whispered the lady, as in my blundering I broke a dry twig, causing a slight rustling among the shrubbery.

The next moment I felt myself grasped tightly by the throat, while a sharp, stinging sensation told me that I had been stabbed. I made an ineffectual struggle, but soon sank into unconscious ness.

When I awoke to consciousness I was lying in a bed in a luxuriously furnished apartment, while beside me sat a venerable looking old man in the garb of a priest.

"Where am I?" was my first question, as I motioned feebly toward a pitcher of water on the stand near by.

He pressed a goblet brimming with the pure, icy liquid to my lips.

The old man's face inspired me with confidence, and I told him the whole story.

He started and looked at me keenly as I mentioned the names of the lovers and Donna Isabelle's unworthy guardian.

"And, now, holy father, tell me where I am," I asked again, as I finished my story.

The old priest looked at me steadily a few minutes and then asked:

"Canst thou keep a secret, my son? One of importance to those young lovers? Then art now in the house of Don Manuel de Monza, who, in his rashness, nearly slew thee as an emissary of Don Pedro de Salitillo. Donna Isabelle entreated that some one should look after the body as soon as possible, for she dreaded lest it should be discovered in the grove and her flight become known before she could make good her escape.

"I committed thee to the care of Donna Julia, my dear Manuel's only sister. Since thou has acquitted thyself of all complicity with Don Pedro thy treatment shall be that of an honored guest."

The priest told me of the union and flight of the lovers, imploring me to keep secret my adventure in the walk and grove, as my story might afford the means wherewith to trace out their hiding place.

Late in the day I sank into a profound slumber, which lasted until the next morning. Father Ingatius soon came to me, and, after bathing and dressing my wound—he was an expert surgeon—he told me that Donna Julia would call on me to apologize for her brother's mistake, and to ascertain if I was carefully nursed.

Donna Julia soon entered, accompanied by her duenna. I started with surprise and delight as a beautiful girl of about 17 years entered the room and greeted me as "Senor Americano" in the softest and sweetest of tones.

Donna Julia made many apologies for the brother's almost fatal mistake. Don Manuel de Monza had fled to his ranch with Isabelle, who dared not remain with Julia lest she should be kidnaped by Don Pedro during her husband's absence. Don Manuel was collecting a sufficient number of servants to resist any attack on the part of Don Pedro.

On discovering Isabelle's flight Don Pedro started in pursuit. But not having force enough he hired a number of Indians, who murdered him for refusing to pay a sum of money they required before joining the expedition.

On hearing of the death of his father, cowardly Garcia fled, dreading Don Monza's anger; and when Isabelle returned she found herself in possession of her fortune, as by Don Pedro's death it reverted to her.

Long before my wound was healed Don Manuel and his bride returned to Mexico, and I soon became intimate with the cavalier whose first meeting ended so unpleasantly. Our congenial tastes made us the best of friends, and now we are like brothers.

Another tie has drawn us together. By the time my first wound had healed I had received a more dangerous one from Donna Julia. But when informed of my love for her she undertook to heal the wound by marrying me.—New York Daily News.

WORKING A GRAFT.

How a Reformed Faker Earned an Honest Living.

"I've earned an honest living in many ways," said the reformed faker, when he was raking over the dead leaves of his past the other night, "but I never struck such a graft as I was up against the year I wintered in the state capital. A friend got me a little job there that paid me a couple of dollars a day. I might have starved if I had been so exclusive as to try to live on this alone. So I set my wits to ferreting.

"I hadn't been there long before all the pretty girls in town were after me. No, as I don't pose as a handsome man, I didn't take it to heart. They didn't want me, but they wanted the autographs of the statesmen. I'd sing 'em a song like this:

"'Why, cert, I'd be delighted to oblige you. Nothing would give me greater pleasure. But you know I can't get on the floor. My friend the doorkeeper, however, can get just what you want, but it would be some trouble to him, and he may charge you 10 or 15 cents, and——'"

"'Oh, that's all right,' the girls would say, and nearly every one would put down a quarter a sig. And every quarter went into my pocket, for that guff about not being allowed to go on the floor was all a blind. So's they wouldn't see me, I'd just tackle the statesmen somewhere else.

"Then I got onto the money to be made in strikes. Every time a bill was introduced that would hurt some one or some big interest, I learned all I could about the matter there, and wrote to a friend in the city who looked up the other end. Then I would write to the parties something like this:

"'A bill detrimental to your interest has been introduced here. Better come up and see about it.'

"When they reached Albany I never failed to get my reward for putting them on.

"There was another way of coining an honest plunk. I worked all the boys I could for passes. Those who didn't go home over Sunday were willing to give up, and those who could get more than one I jollied into turning the extras over to me. Then I sold them to fellows who couldn't get even one pass, or who wanted two or three.

"By these grafts I managed to live pretty well and saved every cent of my salary."—New Orleans Picayune.

Indian Eyesight.

During the progress of an exploration in Central Brazil, Dr. Hans Meyer paid particular attention to the senses of the Indians, especially their sight. He noticed, as others before him had done, that an Indian can see many things that a white man cannot; he can follow the course of a fish in turbulent waters and hit it with an arrow; he can spy an animal in the thicket that to our eyes seem impenetrable; he can see in the ground and the grass, and follow tracks of man and animals that to us are invisible. The popular explanation of these phenomena has hitherto been simply that savages have sharper senses than we have. But Dr. Carl Ranke, who joined Dr. Meyer in the expedition, went deeper into the question. He examined the eyes of some of the Indians, and found, to his surprise, that there was hardly any difference between their direct powers of sight and ours. What so greatly increased their keen sightedness was their superior practice and familiarity in accommodating their vision to different distances. Besides this focusing facility, which is of immense importance, the Indian has another hardly less valuable advantage in that he accustoms himself not to look at a landscape as a whole, but to give his undivided attention to a single detail. Ranke also declares that the shortsightedness so prevalent in civilized countries is not a disease or a failing, but a salutary adaptation of the eyes to conditions of life that require constant work at close range.

Woman as Measured.

The question has often been asked, "What is the correct measurement of the woman as idealized in art?" An authority upon this matter says: Measuring the woman's height by the celebrated Venus de Milo, a perfect woman should be 5 feet 5 inches. A woman of 5 feet 5 inches should be 138 pounds in weight, or even 140 if she is otherwise well formed and in good proportion. With extended arms she should measure 5 feet 5 inches from tip to tip of middle fingers. That is exactly the same measurement across the arms as is found in her height.

Her hand should measure one-tenth of her height, and her foot one-seventh of the same. The distance from the elbow to the middle of the chest should be identical with that from the elbow to her middle finger.

Their Resources.

African honey birds, though wild, watch for opportunities to accompany the natives when they go to hunt for honey. This bird flies in advance, attracting the hunters to the place where the bees' nest is. The bird always gets a part of the honey thus obtained, and its understanding of the nature of the implied contract seems to be perfect. There are "weaver birds" that build extensive platforms, under which their nests are protected from the rain; and "tailor birds," that enclose their nests in big leaves, which they stitch together with plant fibres, as one would sew pieces of cloth. Some kinds of birds build their nests over water, so that no enemy can get at them. The Baltimore oriole seeks safety by hanging its nest from the end of a limb. In the southwest certain humming birds make their nests inside the thorny cacti, and the common yucca, or Spanish bayonet, affords similar protection to a species of shrike. The shrike's nest is so placed in the midst of the projecting bayonets that it cannot be reached.

TO MRS. PINKHAM

From Mrs. Walter B. Budd, of Patchogue, New York.

MRS. BUDD, in the following letter, tells a familiar story of weakness and suffering, and thanks Mrs. Pinkham for complete relief:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I think it is my duty to write to you and tell you what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I feel like another woman. I had such dreadful headaches through my temples and on top of my head, that I nearly went crazy; was also troubled with chills, was very weak; my left side from my shoulders to my waist pained me terribly. I could not sleep for the pain. Plasters would help for a while, but as soon as taken off, the pain would be just as bad as ever. Doctors prescribed medicine, but it gave me no relief.

"Now I feel so well and strong, have no more headaches, and no pain in side, and it is all owing to your Compound. I cannot praise it enough. It is a wonderful medicine. I recommend it to every woman I know."

ANECDOTE OF BOOTH.

Lawrence Hutton Tells How He Fell Under Richelieu's Spell.

Booth chanced to be in a particularly happy frame of mind—and he was often cheerful and happy, tradition to the contrary notwithstanding. He was smoking the inevitable pipe, and he was arrayed in the costume of Richelieu, with his feet upon the table, submitting patiently to the manipulations of his wardrobe man or "dresser." After a few words of greeting the call boy knocked at the door and said that Mr. Booth was wanted at a certain "left lower entrance." The protagonist jumped up quickly, and asked if I would stay where I was and keep his pipe alight, or go along with him and see him "lunch the cuss of Rum," quoting the words of George L. Fox, who had been producing recently a ludicrously clever burlesque of Booth in the same part. I followed him to the wings, and stood by his side while he waited for his cue. It was the fourth act of the drama, I remember, and the stage was set as a garden, nothing of which was visible from our position but the flies and the back of the wings; and we might have been placed in a great bare barn, so far as any scenic effect was apparent. Adrian, Baradas, and the conspirators were speaking, and at an opposite entrance, waiting for her cue, was the Julie of the evening. She was a good woman and an excellent actress, but unfortunately not a personal favorite with the star, who called my attention to the bismuth with which she was covered, and said that if she got any of it on to his new scarlet cloak he would pinch her black and blue, puffing volumes of smoke into my face as he spoke. When the proper time came he rushed upon the stage, with a parting injunction not to let his pipe go out; and with the great meerschaum in my own mouth I saw the heroine of the play cast herself into his arms, and noticed, to my great amusement, that she did smear the robes of my Lord Cardinal with the greasy white stuff he so much disliked. I winked back at the half-comic, half-angry glance he shot towards me over Julie's snowy shoulders. I half expected to hear the real scream he had threatened to cause her to utter. I thought of nothing but the humorous, absurd side of the situation; I was eager to keep the pipe going. And lo! he raised his hand and spoke those familiar lines: "Around her form I draw the awful circle of our solemn church. Place but a foot within that hallowed ground, and on thy head, yea, though it wear a crown, I'll launch the curse of Rome!" Every head upon the stage was uncovered, and I found my own hat in my hand! I forgot all the tomfoolery we had been indulging in; I forgot his pipe, and my promise regarding it; I forgot that I had been a habitual theater-goer all my life; I forgot that I was a Protestant heretic, and that it was nothing but stage play; I forgot everything, except the fact that I was standing in the presence of the great, visible head of the Catholic religion in France, and that I was ready to drop upon my knees with the rest of them at his invocation. —Harper's Magazine.

HAS WASHINGTON A GHOST?

Mysterious Midnight Sounds in the Mansion at Mount Vernon.

It was the custom in the family of George Washington to shut up unused for two years a room in which death had occurred. So, after the death of the first President in the stately chamber with the great four-poster bed which is still shown to visitors, Martha Washington, with her lonely heart, nightly climbed the attic stairs to lie in a low-ceiled, sloping-roofed room with one window—a room intolerably hot in the summer, with little or no means of securing a draught except by a triangular opening where the lower corner of the door had been cut off to make room for the passage of the cat. Martha Washington died before the two-year period had ended.

If she had occupied the death chamber would she have seen the ghost of her dead husband? They say that the stalwart, stately figure of the brave general stalks through the passage with martial tread and clank of astral sword in spectral scabbard.

It is a good ghost. No one fears it. Perhaps there are not many who really believe in its existence, but of the few are those who know most about the old house. Again and again it has happened that people detained at Mount Vernon on the business of the Mount Vernon Association have declared, on "waking from a sleepless night," that they had heard the ghost's sword and stride and seen its tall, commanding figure, dressed in the old uniform that in life it wore.

No lights are permitted in the old house, for fear of fire, except during the meeting of the regents, and then only candles. Ghosts are said to love dark or ill-lighted houses.—New York World.

Italy's Oranges.

Italy is now exporting oranges from trees grown from seeds obtained in California some years ago.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THIS IS THEIR DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER.

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

A naturalist, describing the curious arrangement for breathing furnished insects, says: "If we take any moderately large insect, say wasp or hornet, we can see even with the naked eye that a series of small, spot-like marks run along either side of the body. These apparent spots, which are generally eighteen or twenty in number, are, in fact, the apertures through which air is admitted into the system, and are generally formed in such a manner that no extraneous matter can by any possibility find entrance. Sometimes they are furnished with a pair of horny lips, which can be opened and closed at the will of the insect; in other cases they are densely fringed with stiff interlacing bristles, forming a filter, which allows air, and air alone, to pass. But the apparatus, of whatever character it may be, is always so wonderfully perfect in its action, that it has been found impossible to inject the body of a dead insect with even so subtile a medium as spirits of wine, although the subject was first immersed in the fluid and then placed beneath the receiver of an air pump.

If I Were You, My Boy.

I would learn to be polite to everybody.

I wouldn't let any other boy get ahead of me in my studies.

I wouldn't go in the company of bad boys who use bad language.

I would see if I couldn't get people to like me, by being civil to everybody.

I would never make fun of children because they were not dressed nicely.

I wouldn't abuse little boys who had no big brother to be afraid of.

I would keep my hands and face clean, and hair brushed without being told to do so.

I wouldn't get sulky and pout whenever I couldn't have my way about everything.

I wouldn't conclude that I knew more than my father, before I had been sixty miles away from home.

I wouldn't be ashamed to do right anywhere. I wouldn't do anything that I would not be willing for everybody to know.

I would try to learn something useful every day, and whenever I saw anything made I would watch and see how it was done.

Seeing and Believing.

"Seeing is believing"—not always, as I shall try to prove to you in a moment or two, says Somerville Gibney in the Boys' Own Paper. This old saying, like a good many more, though it has the ring of truth about, yet contains an average amount of falsehood as well; and instead of taking it as an infallible assertion it would be better to look upon it as a caution, since the sense of sight can quite as easily be deceived as any other of the five senses, if you only know how to go to work

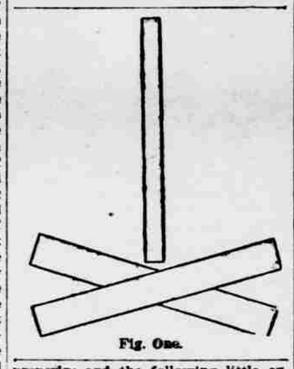

Fig. One.

properly; and the following little experiment may give you some idea how simple the matter really is.

Get an old post-card, or, better still, an unused one, that is white and clean (though bits of paper will do as well if they will lie flat) and cut from the bottom of it two parallel strips each half an inch, and one a quarter of an inch in width. Place these strips on a dark tablecloth, in the position shown in fig. 1, and ask any onlooker to say which is the longest of them. The answer will invariably be "The upright one." Before exposing his error, place

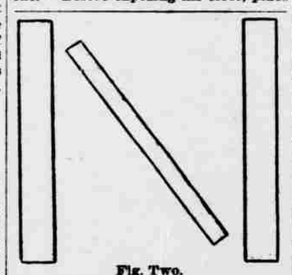

Fig. Two.

the pieces as in fig. 2, allowing the edges of the uprights to be about the length of the narrower slip apart. Now inquire of a second onlooker which is the shortest of the three, and the answer will be the thinnest piece. You can now, by laying the three one on top of each other prove that all three are the same length.

Boys Who Made Great Men.

A Swedish boy fell out of a window and was badly hurt, but, with clenched fists, he kept back the cry of pain. The king, Gustavus Adolphus, who saw the boy fall, prophesied that the boy would make a man for an emergency. And so he did, for he became the famous General Bauer.

A boy used to crush the flowers to get their color, and painted the white side of his father's cottage in Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gazed at as wonderful. He was the great artist, Titian.

An old painter watched a little fellow who amused himself making drawings of his pot and brushes, easel and stool, and said: "That boy will beat me one day." And he did, for he was Michael Angelo.

A German boy was reading a blood-and-thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself, "Now, this will never do. I get too much excited over it. I can't study so well after it. So here it goes!" and he flung the book out into the river. He was Fichte, the great German philosopher.

Turns White When Snow Flies.

Its beautiful fur is not the only peculiar thing about the little animal called the ermine. It is a full-fledged hypnotist. Trappers and travelers relate many interesting tales of the power the ermine has of attracting other animals. It has a strong fascination over rabbits, in particular. The rabbit seems to realize this instinctively, but once the ermine catches his eye he begins to whirl rapidly round and round in an ever-narrowing circle, the ermine meanwhile turning as on a pivot and holding him and drawing him as with an invisible chain. To see the ermine in the summer time you would never think it the same animal that furnishes such rich, beautiful fur for my lady's collar and the judge's robe. During the warm months it is brown, and not an especially beautiful shade of brown at that, but when winter comes, then witness the transformation! The creature sports around then in a coat of white, the only bit of color it deigns to retain being a dash of black on the tip of its tail. In making furs from the skin of the ermine these black tips are made to accentuate the whiteness by arranging them through the fur to a becoming and artistic pattern.

A Soldier's Escape.

From the Democrat-Message, Mt. Sterling, Ill.

When Richmond had fallen and the great commanders had met beneath the historic apple tree at Appomattox, the 83d Pennsylvania Volunteers, prematurely aged, clad in tatters and rags, broken in body but of dauntless spirit, sprung into line for the last "grand review" and then quietly marched away to begin life's fray anew amid the hills and valleys of the Keystone State. Among the number Asa Robinson came back to the old home in Mt. Sterling, Ill., back to the fireside that he had left at the call to arms four years previous. He went away a happy, healthy farmer boy in the first flush of vigorous manhood; he came back a ghost of the self that answered to President Lincoln's call for "300,000 more."

The Soldier's Return.

To-day he is an alert, active man and tells the story of his recovery as follows:

"I was a great sufferer from sciatic rheumatism almost from the time of my discharge from the army. Most of the time I was unfitted for manual labor of any kind, and my sufferings were at all times intense. At times I was bent almost double, and got around only with the greatest difficulty. Nothing seemed to give me permanent relief until three years ago, when my attention was called to some of the wonderful cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I had not taken more than half a box when I noticed an improvement in my condition, and I kept on improving steadily. I took three boxes of the pills, and at the end of that time was in better condition than at any time since the close of my army service. Since then I have never been bothered with rheumatism. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is the only remedy that ever did me any good, and to them I owe my restoration to comparative health. They are a grand remedy."

TRUMPET CALLS.

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

TO boast of sinlessness is to sin.

Character is organized truth.

To cease to make excuses is to pray.

The flower of forgiveness blooms in the garden of love.

No mule can kick and draw a load at the same time.

Too many aim at righteousness with a telescopic sight.

It must be a deed, not a loan, that we execute with God.

The Cross and the Crucifix are as far apart as the poles.

People always notice the spots on the raimenet of pride.

To know the will of God, we must search the Word of God.

The bell of the fashionable church awakens many sluggards.

The man who lives for self, has a very small object to live for.

Eternal life is the only thing worth striving for in which there is no competition.

A wrong is not right because it is gray-headed, nor clean because it has been baptized.

If Christ be only man, they who have been led to Him are not very far on their journey.

"Accident" is a convenient abstraction behind which stands either God nor the lunatic asylum.

There are three places where Jesus walks the earth—in the God-man, the Bible and the Christian.

How's This?

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

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

To the indolent, poverty is a blessing in disguise. Want is a most formidable enemy in idleness.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

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

Whiskey is responsible for some patriotism, much poetry and more pauperism.

Educate Your Bowels with Cascarets.

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

He who helps another enriches himself whether that other succeeds or not.

I cannot speak too highly of Piso's Cure for Consumption.—Mrs. FRANK MOORE, 215 W. 23d St., New York, Oct. 20, 1894.

Be careful of your days, for every day is a little life, and we know not when it may end, and every life is but a day repented.

No To-Bac For Fifty Cents.

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

There is nothing makes a person angrier than to know they have made a fool of themself after having had their own way about a thing.

THE CENTURY'S NEW WAR SERIES.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE makes the most important announcement for the coming year that it has put forth for fifteen years. It is that length of time ago that the magazine announced its "War Series," which grew into the most notable history of the Civil War that has appeared. A New War Series is now promised, dealing with the recent war in the same remarkable way that gave distinction to the former series.

"Leisure," says the busy man, "is spare time in which one can do some other kind of work.

BATTLE OF DIVER AND SHARK.

Combat of the Sea Resulting in a Dead Fish and Bruised Man.

Andrew Cameron, a solid Scotch lad with red face and red hair, reached port the other day on the Ward line steamer Yucatan from Vera Cruz, Mexico, bringing with him the story of a fight with a shark, says the New York Sun. Cameron is a deep water diver, and says he has gone to greater depths than any other diver in the business. His story is corroborated by J. W. Field, an engineer in the service of Pearson & Son, the contractors, who are rebuilding the basin where Cameron was employed.

Three months ago Cameron was sent to Vera Cruz to work in the basin, built out from the main entrance to the port. He had three men to assist him, one of them a Mexican named King. The men worked on a float, with a ladder running down from it into the water. Cameron was clad in the regulation suit of armor worn by deep water divers. He had been working for two months and a half without any accident. During his frequent descents he had discerned at times the outlines of dogfish or young sharks, but these never bothered him.

At about 6:30 o'clock on the morning of Oct. 16 he went eighty feet below the surface. Besides his tools he had a dirk eighteen inches long and two and one-half inches wide in the belt of his rubber suit.

"I had located a loose pile and had started in to tighten up the bolts, which had worked out," he remarked, "when I was conscious of something passing over me and obscuring the light. I leaned back and saw a shark fully ten feet long, apparently about to attack me. He was moving around not more than a foot above my helmet. I dropped the wrench which I was working with and snatched out the dirk. I moved my head to one side, and reaching up slit the shark's throat twice. He sank down around my feet, and I tried to get behind a pile. I pushed myself as quickly as I could, but the heavy lead clogs on my feet would not let me move as fast as I wanted to. Before I could draw in my left leg behind the pile the shark turned over on his back and made a rush at me. His jaws closed on my left leg, and his teeth went clean through the quarter-inch rubber cloth. The force with which he pushed against me confused me so much that I did not feel the bite. After this he let go and floated upward toward my head, with his belly exposed. I drove the dirk into his belly and I ripped it up towards his mouth, cutting his stomach through. He then floated up to the surface.

"When I first stabbed him I had signaled to King to be hauled to the surface, but he misunderstood my signal, fortunately. If he had started to haul me up I feel sure that the shark would have bitten one or both my legs off, as he would then have had a clean chance at them. The holes which his teeth made in the rubber cloth let the water into my suit, and it rose to my chest, where it was held by the air pressure. I signaled to King immediately after plunging the dirk into the shark's belly, but his carcass had reached the top before King got the signal, and guessing what had occurred he had started to haul me up in a hurry. When I reached the ladder hanging from the float I was too much exhausted to seize it, and they had to lift me on the float by main force.

"My left knee was dislocated and the flesh below it lacerated. I remained under the surgeon's care for several days, until the Yucatan arrived. My left leg is partly paralyzed."

Cameron says he has made the deepest dive on record, having descended 200 feet into Loch Craig in Scotland on April 16 last, to recover the bodies of an engineer and fireman in a locomotive that had fallen into the loch.

Rolling Tea Leaves.

In China the rolling of tea leaves is done by hand, but in India and Ceylon European planters prefer to employ machinery for the purpose.

Five Cents.

Everybody knows that Dobbins' Electric Soap is the best in the world, and for 35 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*

He who comes of a poultry breed will scrape his foot, even though Nature has given him an eagle's beak by mistake.

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 man who is always willing to let well enough alone seldom secures quarters in that much-talked-of room at the top.

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

Men are often wits in jest and clowns in earnest; but when wise men play the fool, they do it with a vengeance.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

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

Man is a creature of habits, and his glory is, that he controls them; and his disgrace is, that they control him.

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.

A quiet conscience sleeps to the music of thunder, while an evil one hears a shadow glide past in the night.

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The firm of Vowles & Burns, Patent Attorneys, No. 297 Broadway, N. Y., whose advertisement will appear in our next issue, procure patents either on cash or easy installments. Write for terms. Sales negotiated.

Don't put on airs, my friend; you can't cheat anybody with them but the vulgar, and that don't pay.

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.

Jack McAuliff's Superstition.

Jack McAuliff was superstitious to a marked degree when on the race-track, and firmly believed in the wonderful winning powers of an old blue serge coat, which was quite out of keeping with the rest of his tasteful outfit. Whenever he had lost heavily and felt something must be done, the old coat would be taken from the wardrobe, brushed, and donned. This coat enveloped the pugilist's bunches of muscles the day Reclare won the Sapphire Stakes at Sheepshead Bay, McAuliffe laying $16,000 to win $8,000 on the race.

40 1117

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

The many uses to which Ivory Soap is applicable, make it an economical as well as a valuable soap. Spots on clothing are quickly and easily removed by an application of the foamy lather of Ivory Soap with a dampened cloth and a brisk rubbing. Ivory Soap cuts the grease and leaves the surface rubbed perfectly clean. Be sure you use Ivory Soap, or the remedy may be worse than the grease spot.

IVORY SOAP IS 99 44/100 PER CENT. PURE.

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LAW AS INTERPRETED.

An ordinance prohibiting awnings over sidewalks, except when on a "suitable frame," is held, in state vs. Clarke (Conn.), 39 L. R. A. 670, to be void for uncertainty.

A condition authorizing the dismissal of a school superintendent is held, in Freeman vs. Bourne (Mass.), 39 L. R. A. 510, to be implied in case circumstances arise which render him no longer able or fit to perform the duties of his position.

An extension of the business of a corporation into another state is held, in Lewis vs. American Savings and Loan Association (Wis.), 39 L. R. A. 559, to be within the power of the directors and a deposit of securities made by them in order to comply with the law of such state is held not to be ultra vires.

The right of women to vote at a school meeting for a director of a district is held, in Harris vs. Burr (Or.), 39 L. R. A. 768, to be allowed by a constitutional provision limiting to male citizens the right to vote "at all elections authorized by law," where another provision gives the legislature power to provide a system of common schools.

The killing of a deaf and dumb boy by an electric car which had defective brakes, preventing the motorman from stopping it with proper readiness, is held, in Thompson vs. Salt Lake Rapid Transit company (Utah), 40 L. R. A. 172, to make the street car company liable for damages even if the boy was negligent.

The children and heirs of a life tenant, to whom a remainder is given by statute under a deed to a person and his "bodily heirs," are held, in Clarkson vs. Hatton (Me.), 39 L. R. A. 748, not to include an adopted child of the life tenant, where at the enactment of the statute there was no law authorizing the adoption of children. The life tenant cannot destroy the vested right of the statutory heirs by an adoption.

The retaking by a vendor, as owner, of property sold by conditional sale with a reservation of title, and his giving a credit to the vendee for a part of the price of the propety, retaining the installments of purchase price paid, as the contract allowed, for the use of the property, is held, in Perkins vs. Grobben (Mich.), 39 L. R. A. 815, to preclude an action for the balance of the purchase price on a note therefor, which provides that the property may be retaken, and also that a suit on the note shall not waive title to the property.

Webs Woven Into a Net.

According to the Paris Temps' correspondent at Antananarivo, a special fine net, made entirely of spiders' webs, is being manufactured in the professional school at Antananarivo. The process is a very simple one. The thread of several dozen spiders is wound on winders, the quantity produced by each spider ranging from fifteen to forty yards. The covering of the web is removed by repeated washings, and the web made into a thread of eight strands. When the thread is spun, it is easily woven into a gauze, which is very fine but very strong. It is to be used for an experimental covering of a navigable balloon by M. Renard, the head of the French military balloon school at Chalais, near Paris, who has been engaged for many years in experimenting in aerial navigation. It is believed that the difference in the weight of an ordinary spider's web will make a great improvement.—Philadelphia Record.

A pessimist is one who is always expecting bad luck and is surprised when it comes.

Nearly every person believes he gets all the blame.

He Deserves One.

"Did you hear about the poet who committed suicide because one of his poems was rejected?"

"No. Are they going to build a monument to him?"

"What, to a fellow who committed suicide?"

"No, to the editor who declined the poem."

Found Wanting.

Rev. Saintly—Ah, sir! When that new planet breaks away from the sun the temperature on earth will rise to 1,000 degrees Fahrenheit! Are you prepared for that?

Summer hotel proprietor (aghast)—Great Scott! No. I've closed up my hotel and let the help go!—Puck.

Few Crimes in Sweden.

In Sweden a crime is an event. Theft particularly is very rare. Honesty is the fundamental quality of the race, is naturally recognized and officially counted upon. In this respect the Stockholmers show a confident carelessness which is always a surprise to strangers and causes them some uneasiness. In the theaters and concert halls there are large cloakrooms, where hats and furs are left without the smallest safeguard. The performance over, each one again takes possession of his effects, nor does an "accident" ever occur. The inhabitants are accustomed to expect a reciprocal probity in the transactions of everyday life. Upon most of the tramways in Stockholm conductors have been dispensed with. The passenger himself deposits 10 ore in a till placed at the end of the vehicle, behind the driver.

In Greenland.

Greenlanders get their growth when about twenty-five years old. The oldest persons known are about sixty years of age. Every person has a sack for telling his age, and each sunrise (once a year) a bone is put into this sack.

The happier some men are the more money they possess.

When a prima donna gets a note too high she drops her voice. That probably accounts for many of the cracked voices we hear.

PILES

"I suffered the tortures of the damned with protruding piles brought on by constipation with which I was afflicted for twenty years. I ran across your CASCARETS in the town of Newell, Ia., and never found anything to equal them. To-day I am entirely free from piles and feel like a new man."

C. H. KEITZ, 1411 Jones St., Sioux City, Ia.

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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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