IRRATIONALITIES.

Ain't any reason in bein' proud,
Too fine to go with the rest of the crowd;

Ain't any reason in bein' shy,
World ain't waitin' for you to pass by;

Ain't any reason for bein' a shirk,
Clappin' for somebody else to work;

Ain't any reason for not bein' glad,
Ain't this life the best you have had?

Ain't any reason in bein' afraid,
Something'll happen, t'ain't all down
grade;

Ain't any reason in talkin' fast,
The little you've got to say won't last;

Ain't any reason in not lookin' up,
Soon as you've got to the dregs in your
cup;

Ain't any reason in not forgivin',
You must keep on lovin' to keep on livin';

Ain't any reason in not bein' true,
Make a beginning and carry it through;

Ain't any reason, or joy or beauty,
In doin' anything less than your duty.
—Boston Traveler.

EFFIE'S MARRIAGE.

WHEN is he coming, my charming bridegroom, mamma?" asked Effie Palgrave one day, much as if she had consented to the engagement all along.

"Whenever you like, dear."

"I hope he won't expect me to be sentimental? I suppose not, though. An old fogy like him will be too rheumatic to trouble me with demonstrative affection."

"He is only 45, my dear child."

"Very likely, but he is as stiff as a poker, and when he dances he lifts one off one's feet and shakes the room."

"Married men don't often trouble themselves to dance with their wives, Effie, therefore you can banish that grief from you at all events."

* * * * * * * * *

The ceremony was over; tender youth tied to middle age for life; for better, for worse, Effie had swallowed that much-gilded pill.

Even to think of Laurence Leicester was now a sin, she told herself; yet she met him everywhere, her eyes would stray to the door until he entered, and she allowed him to talk to her and put on her wraps as he had been wont to do.

Had he and she not been so basely handled she would have behaved differently, she also told herself; for her husband, she was forced to own, was a good man.

Too late she had learnt that Laurence's coming marriage to Miss Falsey had been contradicted. She had been duped into a hateful union, and it gave her almost a right to permit her old lover to hover around her.

Ah, almost—not quite—the right. Not a great deal of difference in the phrase, yet enough to torment her conscience at moments, such as when her husband took the wrap from Laurence's hands with firmness and dignity—by the way, how dignified he could look at times, considering that he could not dance—when he framed her small ar[illegible] in his hands and turned it toward him, looking at it with a patient mournfulness which hurt her more than if he had struck her.

It was not long after this that Laurence Leicester went home from his club with a white face and a dizzy brain. He had been playing higher even than usual, fortune had made a dead set against him, and he was a disgraced man unless he could have the command of several thousands. He reviewed his position, but knew that he could not lay his hands on as many hundreds.

Yes! there was one way, but——

The blood mounted to his brain as he took a scented, prettily tinted letter from his desk in Effie's beloved handwriting. Hitherto he had never held it without putting it to his lips, but now he could only hold it stiffly while he struggled for power to act a chivalrous man's part and destroy it.

Twice he put it away, a third time he took it out again, thrust it into his pocket, rushed out, and made his way to Grosvenor square.

What were a few thousands to her? Her millionaire husband was so lavish he would never know for what purpose they had been used.

Naturally, he would not threaten her; in fact, he would not, except as a last resource, show her the letter. She was so good that she loved his fair name better than he did.

* * * * * * * * *

"Let me see whether I take in your meaning, Laurence. I am to rob my husband in order to——"

"Effie! What a word! He gives you untold thousands to do what you like with."

"In fact, I might construe your words into a threat. If I like I may buy back my letter; that is, if I fear my husband's anger should you feel disposed to show it to him?"

"For heaven's sake don't look like that, Effie," he cried, "and forget all I have said. I am a cur. There, see," and he tore the letter into fragments. "I am a disgraced man, and desperation led me to this dastardly conduct."

Effie staid his hand as he was about to throw away the pieces, then she composedly gathered them up in her handkerchief. "Effie!" he repeated, in unfeigned anguish. "Forgive me, and forget this wretched business. Let me fling away those bits of paper." Forgive him! Yes, perhaps in time she could do that, but forget it, never, and she loved this man, loved him instead of the husband who was waiting for the day when her heart would cease to go astray, and turn toward its rightful place!

"Laurence, don't press me for an answer to-night. Come to-morrow morning."

"But I want no answer," he said vehemently. "I tell you my madness is over, and I humbly beg your pardon. Of course I'll come to-morrow just to see you, if you don't hate the sight of me, that is."

He gave her a long look as he left her; she was so still, and if she said goodby the words were inaudible. And there she remained, half stunned, yet mechanically thinking.

"It was best so. I will never see him again, but I might have broken down if I had attempted the final farewell. He shall not be disgraced, but the assistance shall come through my husband. He will help him. I know, and he is so good and so patient that he will not expect too much from me—just—at first."

* * * * * * * * *

"I say," said one club acquaintance of Laurence's to another, "Leicester is in luck. I wish I had his appointment Uncommon good sort."

"In India, is it not?"

"Yes."

* * * * * * * * *

Effie did not make quite a full confession at that time; not until later when they had drawn nearer together. The exact words of his reply not even to her mother did she repeat, but they caused tears of repentance and of gladness to flow in abandonment from her heart.

As time wore on, when they took their daily drives, the spectacle of the quiet-faced man and the now blooming, happy young wife caused much talk, and much wonderment that for once the meddling of "The Fate" had not wrecked two or more lives.—London Argosy.

LATE NEW INVENTIONS.

To lock communicating doors between two rooms so that neither room can be opened in the absence of the occupant a new lock has a double bolt, one-half of which is drawn from each side of the door by means of a key.

For use in fishing a new boat has an open well cut out in the center of the boat, in which is mounted a wire cage, which can be raised and lowered, the interior being divided into compartments for live bait and the fish caught.

To asist in cutting hair a new clipper has a stationary comb plate attached to the lower handle of the clipper, with a spiral-bladed cylinder mounted on it just back of the comb teeth, to be revolved by contracting the handles of the clipper.

A new hitching post is formed of iron to be set in the ground with a slotted top in which a number of clamping jaws are set to grip the rein or hitching strap after it is passed through one of the slots, a lever being provided to close each jaw tightly.

A new can opener is made with a curved pointed blade, with a projection on the lower side of the blade to be used as a fulcrum in opening the can, the point of the knife being forced into the tin and pried along by bearing down on the handle.

Hunters will find a new gun case very useful, the case being formed of canvas with pockets and cartridge holders on one side for use when the case is removed from the gun and doubled to form a belt to be fastened around the body by straps near the center.

To assist a farmer in planting corn and like seed in hills a new device is attached to the back of the hoe and consists of a reservoir for the seed, with an opening in the bottom, which is fitted with a propper to be operated by a rod running up the handle of the hoe.

In a new blotter just placed on the market a spring steel clip is made of such shape as to slip over the back of the hand, the blotting paper being fastened to a wheel set in the clip, to be revolved by turning the hand over and drawing it across the paper.

To assist in loading railway freight cars the floor in front of the doors is mounted on an elevator set in the side of the car so it can be lowered to an equal height with the platform to load the freight, after which it is raised to the level of the car floor and unloaded.

TRUMPET CALLS.

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

A WASTED life will prove to have been a selfish life.

Pandering to popularity palsies the arm of the church.

The greatness of God is not dependent on our litleness.

The lost man can never be saved by the power of his lost will.

The love that wastes itself in giving has always plenty in store.

The white light of truth may be born of the many rays of opinion.

The mistakes of love are better than the perfections of selfishness.

The wise preacher looks for most trouble where he finds most taffy.

God's providence never places you where His grace cannot keep you.

There is an advantage in every disadvantage, if we take it to the Lord.

Being good is God's requirement—feeling good is what most men desire.

Beauty is the visible part of Divinity, Truth the logical part, Love the social part.

Some preachers forget where to put the punctuation mark in their sermons.

Science is playing a game of blind man's buff with the great truths of the Bible.

The man who talks because he has something to say always interests his hearers.

It is quite possible to be a very correct guide-post, and yet never go to the road yourself.

"Freely ye have received, freely give." True, logical, commanding, yet obeyed only in part.

The reason some people do not believe in foreign missions is that they are heathen themselves; they worship other gods.

The Supply of Oxygen.

Persons who happen to be inconvenienced by dearth of anxieties are invited to agitate their spirits by contemplation of the prospect of a shortage of oxygen in the atmosphere. It seems that there are well-informed persons, Lord Kelvin among them, who find reason to believe that this calamity is impending. The figures (estimated) in the case are that the world uses annually six and a half billion tons of oxygen for breathing purposes, and nearly half as much for fires. This is a big consumption. To repair it we rely on vegetation, which we are pretty constantly restricting. So we use more and more oxygen all the time, and make less and less.

No wonder Lord Kelvin says the earth is undergoing "a steady loss of oxygen." As yet, though, the atmosphere does not show it, and it may be a few thousand years yet before the difference will be measureable. To the short-sighted the prospect may not seem distressing, but folks who need anxieties should not neglect this one, since, after all, in anxieties and ancestry and such things a little remoteness does no harm.—Harper's Weekly.

Bamboo Grown in California.

Bamboo grows very thriftily in California bottom lands and is found to be a very useful plant. The seed of many species resembles rice and is almost as valuable for food. The stock may be used in the building of bridges, fences, barns and in the manufacture of water pipes, furniture and boxes.

British and German Methods.

An arsenal in Japan required a crane with the lifting machinery of a certain description not now considered as the most serviceable. Application was made to an English maker, who refused to supply the out of date article. A German house accepted the order and thus obtained an opening which it will probably turn to good advantage. Again, the sewing machines of a well-known English maker were in possession of the field, and might have remained there had the makers thought it worth their while to humor the fancy of their Japanese customers. For some reason of their own the Japanese wished to have a machine with the arm somewhat higher than it is usually made. The English makers thought that the change would be a disadvantage in working the machine, or at any rate that it was unnecessary. Some German makers did not mind that; they saw that in consulting the Japanese preference there would be an advantage to themselves, and now the German-made sewing machine is seen everywhere.—Board of Trade Journal.

RELIEF FROM PAIN.

Women Everywhere Express their Gratitude to Mrs. Pinkham.

Mrs. T. A. WALDEN, Gibson, Ga., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Before taking your medicine, life was a burden to me. I never saw a well day. At my monthly period I suffered untold misery, and a great deal of the time I was troubled with a severe pain in my side. Before finishing the first bottle of your Vegetable Compound I could tell it was doing me good. I continued its use, also used the Liver Pills and Sanative Wash, and have been greatly helped. I would like to have you use my letter for the benefit of others."

Mrs. FLORENCE A. WOLFE, 515 Mulberry St., Lancaster, Ohio, writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—For two years I was troubled with what the local physicians told me was inflammation of the womb. Every month I suffered terribly. I had taken enough medicine from the doctors to cure anyone, but obtained relief for a short time only. At last I concluded to write to you in regard to my case, and can say that by following your advice I am now pefectly well."

Mrs. W. R. BATES, Mansfield, La., writes:

"Before writing to you I suffered dreadfully from painful menstruation, leucorrhœa and sore feeling in the lower part of the bowels. Now my friends want to know what makes me look so well. I do not hesitate one minute in telling them what has brought about this great change. I cannot praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound enough. It is the greatest remedy of the age."

LASSOED.

A Thief Is Neatly Caught by His Intended Victim.

Robert Crawford, in describing certain experiences among the outlaws and desperadoes of South America, tells one story so original that its central incident might serve as motive for a fictitious sketch.

One night a farmer was roused from sleep by hearing unusual and stealthy noises about the place. He got quietly out of bed, and after listening attentively, discovered that some people outside were cutting a hole through the door, close to the bolt, by which it was held.

It did not require any great amount of detective talent to guess the object of the operation, and the best way to foil it was suggested by a thong of rawhide with a loop on it, which hung from a hook on the inside of the door. Noiselessly removing the thong, he slipped the end of it through the loop, and there he stood, armed with an impromptu lasso, ready for action.

It was an anxious time while the farmer stood watching the hole in the door grow larger and larger, until, at last, it was of sufficient size to effect the purpose for which it was made.

The supreme moment arrived, and a hand was stealthily inserted, not only through the hole, but also through the loop of the little lasso which hung skillfully around it. With a sudden jerk, the loop was tightened round the wrist, and the hand dragged in as far as the aperture would allow, while the thong was securely fastened to the hook on the back of the door.

The robber was perfectly helpless. His companions came to his aid, and having ineffectually dragged at the imprisoned arm till they were tired, gave up the struggle, and prepared to depart.

But they were prudent men, and it occurred to them that, to save himself, their comrade might betray them. Dead men, they thought, tell no tales; so they killed him, and then ran away.

How a Story Rolls Up and Travels.

Mrs. A. to Mrs B.—That Mrs. Newcomer is so fond of her children. The other day when I called she was blowing soap bubbles for them through a common clay pipe.

Mrs. B. to Mrs. C.—That Mrs. Newcomes is so funny. Mrs. A. saw her amusing her children with a common clay pipe.

Mrs. C. to Mrs. D.—That Mrs. Newcomer smokes a common clay pipe.

Mrs. D. to Mrs. E.—That Mrs. Newcomer smokes a horrid pipe. I don't see how any woman in her sober senses could do that.

Mrs. E. to Mrs. F.—That Mrs. Newcomer smokes a pipe and drinks awfully.—Roxbury Gazette.

Beauties of Ancient Art.

"The Coming Storm."—From a recently discovered Pompeian painting. —New York Journal.

The Fool and His Money.

"Optimism," said the sorry fool, "is seeing the green side of a $5 bill."

"And what is pessimism?" asked his friend.

"Seeing neither side of a $5 bill."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Starting Him Right.

"Ah!" sighed the sentimental youth, "would that I might install a sentiment in your loyal heart——"

"Sir," interrupted the practical maid, "I'd have you understand that my heart is no installment concern."

FIGHTING BOB of Schley's fleet says: "An American gunner can hit a spot the size of a beer keg's head 3 out of 5 times.

ST. JACOBS OIL

can strike the pain s ot of **SCIATICA** every time. It Penetrates and Cures.

THE STEAMER'S CHIMNEY.

Some Details of Interest Regarding Its Construction and Use.

The stroller along the wharves who should see rising from the smokestack of a big steamer a small, and at the start perfectly defined, column of smoke, which seemed to come from a small smokepipe within the big one, might wonder if the great smokestack was filled with smaller stacks, one for each boiler. As a matter of fact it is not so filled; but there is within it one smaller smoke pipe, called the donkey stack, which is the chimney for the boiler of the donkel engine, which is used when the vessel is in port in hoisting cargo in and out. It is from this pipe that the small column of smoke is seen to issue.

The donkey stack is placed sometimes against the forward inner side of the big stack, sometimes against the after inner side. It may be a complete pipe, or it may be formed of iron in the shape of half a pipe, with flanges riveted to the main pipe.

If a single one of the larger boilers were used, as it might be when the ship is in port, it might be connected with the donkey stack, but in their regular and common arrangement and use the uptakes of all these boilers run into the great chimney, whose whole interior is open, except for the braces running across it to strengthen and support it.

The chimneys of all large steamships, however, and of many other steam vessels as well, are built double, with an inner and an outer shell, with a space between varying according to the size of the vessel; it may be from five to ten inches. The primary purpose of this chamber around the smokestack is to afford ventilation for the engine room and the stoke hole. In at least one modern passenger ship ventilating pipes from the passenger quarters have been carried to these chambers. Incidentally, the space between the shells helps to keep the stack sightly, for, thus constructed, the chimney is cooler on the outside than it would otherwise be, and so it holds paint the better.—New York Sun.

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

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., 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. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The labor of him who toils solely from necessity is not honorable. That labor alone has virtue in it which is the result of free choice and love of the work done.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

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

Scientific truth is marvelous, but moral truth is divine, and whoever breathes its air and works by its light has found the lost paradise.

RUPTURE

Cure Guaranteed by **DR. J. B. MAYER, 1015 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.

Patience cannot remove, but it can always dignify and alleviate misfortune.

Educate Your Bowels with Cascarets.

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

The blossoms of spring are the prophets of autumn. So a joyful service in youth promisis a rich fruitage in after years.

I believe Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my boy's life last summer.—Mrs. ALLIE DOUGLASS, Le Roy, Mich., Oct. 20, 1894.

It is not our failures that ruin us, but our fear and tardiness in making new beginnings after failure.

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.

Obstinacy and vehemency in opinion are the surest proofs of stupidity.

No man doth safely rule, but he that hath learned gladly to obey.

Men and Women Who Work

Need not give up when attacked with a severe congestive cold, if Hoxsie's Disks are used They check any cold. 25 cents.

Deep streams move with silent majesty, shallow brooks babble over every tiny stone.

No To-Bac For Fifty Cents.

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

He who receives a good turn should never forget it; he who does one should never remember it.

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.

No heritage can a father bequeath to his children than a good name; nor is there any richer heirloom than the memory of a noble ancestor.

To Cure A Cold in One Day.

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

There is a vast difference in one's respect for the man who has made himself and the man who has only made his money.

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

To know how to grow old is the masterwork of wisdom and one of the most difficult chapters in the great art of living.

The true grandeur of humanity is in moral elevation, sustained, enlightened and decorated by the intellect of man.

H. H. GREEN'S SONS, of Atlanta, Ga., are the only successful Dropsy Specialists in the world. See their liberal offer in advertisement in another column of this paper.

If there be aught surpassing human deed or word or thought it is a mother's love.

Dr. Seth Arnold's Cough Killer knocks Colds.—JOHN DARGANELL, 444 Fargo Ave., Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 17, 1896. 25c. a bottle.

Time may be a success as a wound healer, but it seldom removes the scars.

It sometimes happens that when a man is really known by the company he keeps she prefers to [illegible] to him.

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.

You who keep a tabby cat as an ornament and as a plaything, have no idea of the immense assistance which the government finds the tabby cat in caring for the government's stores.

A few years ago everything in the government storehouses was destroyed by rats and mice, and it looked as though not even the steel shells would be secure from their ravages. A gentleman who had a useful cat at home suggested that the storehouses be supplied with a corporal's guard of cats, to protect the government's goods.

His suggestion was adopted, and now the army storehouses of the United States are officially supplied with cats to protect the property.

The storehouses of the United States Army Building of New York have four handsome cats, which were recently christened with Spanish names. The chief of the guard is Queen Isabella. She is a splendid mouser and an admirable mother. At present she has six children, but as yet the government has not appointed them to the army storehouse positions, and it is probable that Her Majesty's offspring will be dropped into a pail of water in a few days.

Queen Isabella's assistants are Weyler and Blanco. Weyler is 15 years old and has a fierce growth of whiskers.

APPOINTED BY THE GOVERNMENT.

He is the fighter of the storehouse and stands outside to prevent strangers from entering.

Of the four cats, for Uncle Sam appoints only four to the New York storehouses, the youngest is Alphonso, a maltese kitten. Alphonso was recently run over by a truck, but except for a pronounced limp he is in as good shape as ever.

When the cats were first placed in the important post of guarding the storehouses they were compelled to forage for themselves. Sometimes the keeper brought them a little food and a friendly milkman supplied the milk; but the cats got thin and cross. They wanted their food regularly, so the government acted upon the subject and an annual appropriation of $18 was set aside for the maintenance of each tabby.

Blanco is a peaceful old maltese, with gentle manners, but at the sight of a rat he becomes warlike and bristling. Little Alphonso has caught only one mouse since his appointment to the storehouse, but this, his friends think is doing very well, considering his accident.

Can You Answer Them?

Here is a list of questions for the wideawakes. Can you answer them?

You can any day see a white horse, why can you never see a white colt?

How many kinds of trees grow in your neighborhood and what are they good for?

Why does a horse eat grass backward and a cow eat it forward?

Why does a hop vine wind one way and a bean vine another?

Where should the inside of a chimney be bigger—at top or bottom, and why?

Can you tell why a horse tethered with a rope always unravels it, while a cow twists it?

Why do the leaves turn upside down just before a rain?

What animals have no front teeth and why?—Exchange.

The Dangers of Contagion.

It is one of the school laws in Boston, as in other cities, that no pupil may come from a family any member of which is ill with a contagious disease. One day recently Willie K—— appeared before his teacher and said: "My sister's got the measles, sir." "Well, what are you doing here, then?" replied the teacher severely. "Don't you know any better than to come to school when your sister has the measles? Now you go home, and stay there until she is well." The boy, who is a veritable little rogue, went to the door, where he turned with a twinkle in his eye and said: "If you please, sir, my sister lives in Philadelphia."

"Can't God Count?"

Two children were carrying a basket of cakes to their grandmother. As often happens with children—and with grown people, too—they were curious to know what was in the basket, and so they carefully raised the corner and looked in. When their greedy eyes saw the tempting cake, their mouths fairly watered to take them. After counting them over several times they almost made up their minds to eat just one of them. Nobody would know it, and it would taste so good!

While they were gazing at the cakes and just ready to take one, the little girl looked up into her brother's face and thoughtfully asked the matter-of-fact question, "Can't God count?"

This settled the matter immediately, and all the cakes were carried to their grandmother.—Ram's Horn.

Doing the Next Best Thing.

In a car a small boy was observed to be suddenly agitated, but regained his self-control after a few moments. Son after the conductor appeared and asked for fares. When he stood before the small boy there was a slight pause, and the passengers were surprised to hear the following: "Pleathe charge it to my papa; I've thwallowed the money."

ONE LESSON FROM MEXICO.

Destruction of the Forests Brings Drought and Desolation.

The early conquerors of this country and their followers of to-day have been very wasteful and careless in the disposition of their forests, with the result of accelerating the date when they will be compelled to face a problem of forest preservation at considerable cost to themselves. Denizens of the Northwest are familiar with the rapidity with which the valuable timber areas have been denuded, until now there is scarcely a merchantable tree between Arkansas and the Canadian line. Many notes of warning accompanied this destruction of the Northern softwood forests, but they fell upon unwilling ears. Only after it was too late to stop the mischief did the country begin to recognize the indirect value of forests to agriculture, and that no high degree of civilization can exist permanently without some systematic and adequate forest management. In India the destruction of the forests commenced 1,000 years ago, and that country, having at last seen the folly of such waste, is now engaged in the expensive undertaking of reforesting large areas. The effect upon rainfall and the productiveness of the cultivated tracts has already been acknowledged by investigators. When Cortes first saw the valley of Mexico it was covered with woods, not dense, but abundant, from the timber line on the volcanoes down to the water's edge. The reckless cutting down of the forests by the Spaniards in the first century following the conquest in 1521 increased evaporation, caused the lakes to dry up, led to frequent drouths, followed by occasional floods, and changed the climate of Anahuac.

Any old rancher will tell stories of streams that flowed when he was a boy and will show the dry arroyo now. They all claim that the table lands had timber in considerable quantities where now there are barren deserts.

This government has taken some steps in the matter, but it is also necessary for the land owners to assist in this work by planting trees and irrigating them for a few years until they have taken good root. By using good judgment in selecting the trees and in planting in a few years the complaints which are now so frequent of years of drouth will soon become fewer and fewer until they finally cease.—Monterey Globe.

THE ENSIGN'S EMBARRASSMENT

An Apparently Simple Order Mixed Him Up Badly.

Clothing the immature in a little brief authority and responsibility is frequently attended with results the reverse of impressive, as in the case of one of Uncle Sam's youthful naval officers, concerning whom the Boston Globe furnishes the following:

While the Philadelphia was lying at the Brooklyn navy yard a young ensign was placed in command of the deck. It happened that only one item remained on the list of the morning's duties, and that was to sweep decks at seven bells.

It was not a very martial command to give, but as the time approached, the officer of the deck waxed nervous. He imagined that the eyes of all hands were on him, and that the safety of the ship depended upon his giving the order in the proper voice. At three minutes of seven bells he again scanned the order book. It read, "Seven bells: Pipe sweepers."

It was plain enough, and the young officer took his stand near the mainmast, and called out in a very weak voice, "Bo's'n's mate!"

The man addressed sprang to his feet with finger touching cap. "Ay, ay, sir," he replied.

Glancing hastily around, the scared officer muttered hoarsely, "Swipe peepers!"

It was an entirely new order to the boatswain's mate. He touched his cap inquiringly. The ensign, more confused than ever, stammered desperately:

"Peep swipers, my man."

The words were overheard, and the laugh which followed proved the last straw. The ensign drew himself up, and with withering scorn exclaimed:

"Sweep pipers, and be quick about it, too!"

This time his order was obeyed, the grinning boatswain's mate having fathomed his meaning.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

What does it do?

It causes the oil glands in the skin to become more active, making the hair soft and glossy, precisely as nature intended.

It cleanses the scalp from dandruff and thus removes one of the great causes of baldness.

It makes a better circulation in the scalp and stops the hair from coming out.

It Prevents and It Cures Baldness

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Ivory Soap Paste will take spots from clothing; and will clean carpets, rugs, kid gloves, slippers, patent, enamel, russet leather and canvas shoes, leather belts, painted wood-work and furniture. The special value of Ivory Soap in this form arises from the fact that it can be used with a damp sponge or cloth to cleanse many articles that cannot be washed because they will not stand the free application of water.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING.—To one pint of boiling water add one and one-half ounces of Ivory Soap cut into shavings, boil five minutes after the Soap is thoroughly dissolved. Remove from the fire, and cool in convenient dishes (not tin.) It will keep well in an air-tight glass jar.

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CANDY EATING.

Some Important Truths About This All-Important Subject.

To the average child there are two delights so great that the sophisticated man or woman of the world can hardly comprehend the bliss they cause. One is to eat ice cream; the other, to eat candy. One woman confesses that when she was a small girl, and was told that heaven was a place of absolute bliss, she instantly decided in her own mind that in that place there would be gallon freezers of ice cream always standing open, and that the trees would bear on their branches, and drop upon the ground below, thousands of candies.

It is a pity that an article whose wise use gives so much pleasure and works so little harm as does good candy should have been abused until it has become an evil. Some parents feel that to keep their children in health they must forbid them to eat candy at any time, while other parents permit it to be devoured in such quantities that their ignorance can be their only excuse for the sin of allowing such indulgence. Dentists and physicians unite in the opinion that pure candy, eaten in proper quantities and at proper times, can do a well child no harm. Good candy may be now procured from many dealers, the purity of whose bonbons has justly won for them reputation. Let the mother buy these candies and portion them out to her little ones, a few at a time, and always right after a substantial meal. One mother calls her boys and girls to her room every day after their simple but hearty noonday dinner and gives to each a few simple candies, such as cream peppermints, chocolate creams and maple creams. Nut bonbons are never allowed. The children are satisfied with this method of taking their goodies, and teeth and digestion are not impaired by the practice. Of course if a child is not well the candy is not allowed, for this mother believes more in diet than in drugs.

One morning, in the heat of last summer, I was riding in a street car, when a father entered, carrying in his arms a pale, wasted girl of 3 years of age. The mother followed. Had the child's eyes been closed she would have looked as if she were already dead instead of dying of mirasmus. In one birdlike claw of a hand she clutched a bright pink cocoanut cake. When the father sat down she dropped her heavy head to his shoulder and lifted the pink atrocity to her bloodless lips, where it slowly but steadily disappeared. The tired mother sighed anxiously.

"She ain't ate a bite for breakfast this day," she complained to her husband.

"Oh, well," was the hopeful reply, "she'll be all right when it gets cooler weather."

"By which time she will be in another world," said I, to my indignant self, "and she is hurried there by those who would sacrifice all to save her life."—Harper's Bazar.

Undergoing Double Torture.

Dr. Molar (kindly)—Now, does that hurt?

Phiz—I don't mind you working on the tooth so much if you would only keep your sleeve button out of my eye.—Roxbury Gazette.

Catering to His Taste.

"Did you divide your bonbons with your little brother, Mollie?" "Yes, ma. I ate the candy and gave him the mottoes. You know he is awfully fond of reading."

The slip 'twixt the cup and the lip doesn't prevent the mustache from getting into the soup.

A Thoughtful Man.

Mrs. Green—My husband is such a thoughtful man! He always goes down into the basement kitchen to smoke.

Mrs. Gray—And lets the smoke come upstairs into the dining-room through the dumb waiter.

Mrs. Greene—Yes, but that's because he is absent-minded, poor man. That has nothing to do with his thoughtfulness, you know.—Boston Transcript.

INSOMNIA

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