SLEEPTIME IN DARKTOWN

Sun am dess a golden ball
  A-sinkin' in a West;
De bullfrog am a-singin' to
  De one he love de best,
An' at daylight am a-gwine home
  To take a li'l rest—
Sing a low, mah black-eye ras'al!
    Sing a low!
    Sing a low!

Li'l clouds am runnin' kase
  Dah mammay tol' dem to;
Whipp o' will am chunin' up
  A song fo' me an' yo',
An' a sky am feelin' happy kase
  De stars am peepin' frew—
Sing a low, mah black-eye ras'al!
    Sing a low!
    Sing a low!

Wind am makin' music fo'
  De trees up on a hill;
Owls am dess a-wakin' up
  Down yonder by de mill;
Shadows comin' roun' to see
  Ef yo' is keepin' still—
Sing low, mah black-eye ras'al!
    Sing a low!
    Sing a low!

—Baltimore American.

Abel Mitchell's Will.

ABEL MITCHELL called to his typewriter.

"You may go, Miss Morris," he said. He did not look up from the papers before him.

The young woman turned to the clock with a little start of surprise. It was only 4:30. But she quietly put on her hat, and with a murmured good night left the room.

Abel listened to the departing rustle of her skirts with a thoughtful expression. There was a sensible girl. A girl who never grated on his feelings. A girl who asked no useless questions. She had reached an age of discretion. If Jim was determined to marry a poor girl why couldn't he have taken one like Emma Morris?

Abel opened a heavy envelope and drew forth a folded paper.

"Jim never was confidential with me," he grumbled. "Perhaps I didn't invite his confidence. I don't know. Now he has disobeyed my direct command. That can't be overlooked. When he told me about this girl I said wait. 'How long?' he asked. 'Until you reach years of discretion,' I cried, and turned away. Jim is 24. Twenty-four. And I married at 21. Yes, and ran away, too. But it was different with me. My father had nothing to give me. I was quite independent. He was glad to have me shift for myself. Jim's father is a rich man. Jim's father has given him dollars where my father begrudged me pennies. Jim owes me filial obedience. He has disobeyed me to his bitter cost."

He unfolded the paper that he had taken from the envelope and ran his keen gray eye down the closely written lines.

"He has given up his father for a pretty face," he murmured. "Let him stand by the consequences. Who is she? What is she? It matters not. No doubt they trapped him into this marriage. 'A rich man's son,' they chuckled. But they'll find they're fooled. 'Father,' he said, 'I am to be married to-morrow night. Will you come with me to the wedding?' I turned on my heel. Then I looked back. 'You know the price you pay?' I cried. 'Yes, father,' he said, with his head high up. 'I know. Good-by and God bless you.' He asked a blessing on me! Ha, ha, ha; that's too rich! But he'll get evil for good this time. I'll cut him off with a dollar. Let him sup on herbs for a while. That'll take the veneer from love's young dream. I'll draw up a new will at home to-night and have it witnessed before I sleep. And to let him know what his foolish fancy has cost him. I'll write him a letter—a letter he can show to his new relatives. That's the thing—a letter."

He bent down with his head upon his hand and his eyes upon the paper. A rustle of skirts in the doorway drew his attention. He did not look up. It was a way he had.

"Ah, Miss Morris," he said, "back again?" He had quite forgotten that he had sent her home.

The young girl in the doorway did not answer. Her bright eyes were fixed upon the old man. She expected him to look up. If he had done so he would have seen a charming vision. She was a very pretty girl—dainty and neat from the tip of her new hat to the tips of her new shoes. But he did not look up.

"Just in time," he added. "I want to dictate a letter before you go."

He paused, and the young girl, as if seized with a sudden fancy, quietly stepped into the room and seated herself at the typewriter.

"You have been with us so long, Miss Morris," the old man continued, "that we view you as a confidential agent. Besides, this will be public property very soon. I am going to write to my son. Last night he married an unknown girl against my wishes. I am going to tell him that I wash my hands of him and his; that to-night I change my will, cutting him off with a solitary dollar. Are you ready?"

The girl at the typewriter gave the instrument a preliminary click or two.

"James Mitchell," began the old man, "as you have seen fit to disobey me, to cast my fatherly wishes in my teeth, I desire you to know that I have no wish to hold further communication with you. While I cherish the impression that you were lured into this unhappy marriage——"

The typewriter stopped.

"Unhappy marriage," the told man repeated, and the clicking recommenced; "yet I cannot accept this as any excuse for your undutiful conduct. To-night I change my will, and you may rest assured that your name will be passed over with the smallest possible financial consideration. I prefer to have you understand this here and now. It will prevent you and your new friends from cherishing any false hopes. This is all I have to say, and no reply will be expected.

"ABEL MITCHELL."

The young girl drew the sheet from the machine, and bringing it forward laid it on the old man's desk. Abel glanced it through.

"A beautiful copy," he said, and carefully folded it. Then he placed it in an envelope and dipped a pen in ink.

"I do not know his address," he said, and knit his brows.

The girl at the end of the desk extended her hand.

"If you have no objection," she quietly said, "I will deliver it to him in person."

The old man looked up at the fair face bending over him.

"Why, who are you?" he cried.

"I am Alice Mitchell," said the young girl.

"Mitchell!" repeated Abel, dully. "M-my son's wife! And what——" but the ugly words would not come. He could not utter them in the light of those gentle eyes. "Will you be seated?" he lamely added.

"Thank you, no," said the girl. "I have but a few words to say; they will not detain you long." Abel's gaze dropped to the letter and the will, and a sarcastic smile twisted his mouth. "No, no," the girl quickly added. "I have not come to plead with you. You are quite wrong to imagine such a thing. And you were quite wrong, too, to insult me as you did in that letter." He looked up again quickly. There were tears in the gentle eyes. And there was a glint of fire in them, too. "You insulted me and you insulted my dear father. I have no mother." She paused a moment. "When you insinuated that my father was mercenary in this matter you did him a cruel wrong. He was bitterly opposed to our marrying without your consent. I disobeyed my father, too. But it was not for your money. This letter will bring us no surprise."

The old man dropped his eyes beneath her reproachful gaze.

"Perhaps I was hasty," he slowly said, "but the provocation was great." Then he quickly added: "But, knowing as you did that I opposed the wedding, and your father opposed it, too, why did you permit yourself to marry my boy?"

"I could make it clear to you, I think," said the girl gently, "if you loved your boy."

The old man trembled. If he loved his boy! All that was near and dear to him—all that was left to him of kith and kin. The babe that a dying wife had solemnly placed in his paternal arms. If he loved his boy! He drew a long breath and stared hard at the blank envelope on the desk before him.

"And now," said the young girl, "I only want to add that I think Jim was quite wrong in crossing your wishes. He might have waited. I wanted him to wait. But he is so proud, so self-willed. I am very sorry that I should be the means of separating you, and I —I am quite sure I am not worth the great sacrifice my dear—my husband—has made."

Abel was quite sure there were tears in her eyes again, but he did not look up.

"Where is Jim now?" he asked. Then he smiled grimly. "And why are you not enjoying your—your wedding tour?"

"There was a vacancy in the bank where my father is employed," said the girl, "and father secured it for Jim. His duties began to-day. Perhaps we will take our wedding journey later. We have to look out carefully for the main chance now, you know."

"And you didn't expect to fall back on my dollars?" said the old man.

"Not a penny of them," quickly replied the girl.

The old man fidgeted in his chair.

"And why not?" he asked.

"I think you understand," said the girl, and her gaze dropped to the letter on the desk.

"Does Jim know you are here?"

"No. At least he didn't know I was coming. Father will tell him to meet me at the corner at 5 o'clock. I must go."

"Wait," said the old man quickly. He looked at her searchingly. She met his gaze with a smile. Her mind was on Jim.

Abel deliberately put the will back in its envelope, and the envelope in its pigeonhole. Then he picked up the letter in its unaddressed envelope, tore it into minute particles and tossed them into the waste basket.

"I've changed my mind," he softly muttered.

He pulled down his desk cover with a bang and reached for his hat.

"There," he said, "I'm ready." Then he added, "Will you give me your arm, my dear?" As they passed through the doorway he paused.

"I think, Alice," he said, "that you and I are going to be very good friends. And now we must hunt up Jim and take him home with us."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

HE DAZED ENGLAND.

Original Progenitor of Liberal Advertizing Still Living in New York.

Some of the nabobs of the present day advertising world who think they are "the only pebbles on the beach" ought to take a trip down to Poughkeepsie and listen to the advertising narratives an old man there may relate to them. And the old man can substantiate his narratives with facts and proofs, and is not a mere yarn spinner like many of his degenerate successors. His name is De Linton Wing, and years ago he won for himself the title of "progenitor of liberal advertising" by his extensive advertising of a famous brand of flour of which he was the proprietor—the Julian mills flour.

It is said that at one time he was worth $50,000,000, but lost his fortune partly by speculation in buying newspapers.

One of Mr. Wing's greatest advertising feats, according to the Albany Press-Knickerbocker, was the insertion in the London Times, much to the surprise of the slow-going Britons, of a full-page advertisement of his famous brand of flour. It was claimed as a joke that Mr. Wing, who alone had the secret and the patent for the manufacture of the Julian mills flour, introduced in the ingredients a moistening of alcohol and hops that gave a pungency upon which many a family was mildly exhilarated every morning at breakfast, and he had as a part of his business accounts a letter from Lord Palmerston, prime minister of England, in which the latter expresses the thanks of Queen Victoria and her ministry for bags of his flour, because, as the minister said, of its elevating effects at each meal.

In the advertisement in the London Times Mr. Wing had such striking lines as these: "Julian Mills sees the Queen;" "Palmerston gets his Julian cakes early and saves England's honor by reason of the daring spirit they infuse into him." In the middle of the page was a wood cut—a most terrible innovation for the London Times—of Mr. Wing seated between the Queen and Lord Palmerston, who are both begging him to come to England and live at Windsor. To this Mr. Wing responds: "I am an American sovereign, greater than the British crown."

One of Mr. Wing's greatest enterprises was during the great celebration of 1858, over the Atlantic cable. Albany turned out in great procession, at the head of which was the great wagon of D. L. Wing, made entirely of flour barrels. Sixteen flour barrels served as wheels and thousands of barrel staves formed an awning over the body of the wagon, on which fifty young ladies in bakers' dress were conducting a mimic bakery of the Julian cakes. Thousands of Albanians were gratuitously served with bread that day from the Julian mill flour, and at the home of nearly every poor family in the ward in which Mr. Wing lived were left that night a barrel of flour and a photograph of Wing and Queen Victoria.

Thine own friend and thy father's friend forsake not.

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.

Bingo sat at the head of the class,
  With an air sedate and wise;;
Whenever his turn to answer came,
  He yawned and blinked his eyes.

Maggie sat at the foot; and she,
  When ordered to repeat

The principal towns of Turkestan,
  Smiled and shuffled her feet.

Polly and Dot were just as bad,
  They laughed in the teacher's face;
Tom hadn't heard, if you took his word,
  Of the very simplest place.
The teacher said, and shook her head
  With a grave, reproving frown,
"Each of the dunces in this class
  Must go three places down!"

Youthful Electrician and His Work.

Edwin C. Donnell, great-grand-nephew of Horace Greeley, one of the most prominent journalists and public men of his time, is only 16 years old, but has already made a name for himself in the electrical world. Three years ago he read an article on electricity in a weekly publication for boys and girls. Since that time he has been a close student of the science and has made some valuable appliances. One of his first successes was a pocket telegraph instrument. He made every part by hand excepting the telegraph key, which was taken from an old desk instrument. Now the lad has invented a wireless telegraphy system based on the discoveries of Marconi. He has the system in operation in his home. A small bell in one room responds to the electrical influence generated in another room, and there are no connecting wires. He made all the appliances by hand; the iron in them was taken from car fenders, and the brass was taken from the wreck of old instruments. Young Donnell, who lives in New York City, hopes soon to be able to telegraph across the Hudson River without using wires.

Cat Chums.

When Pete got lost Dick mourned as never a cat mourned before; now Dick is lost and Pete is inconsolable—and yet the two chums are only cats.

Both are beautiful. Dick has fiercer yellow stripes than the Tammany tiger; Pete is dark gray, with stripes. Both are Angoras. A year ago Pete turned up missing. Dick wouldn't take a drop of milk, but moped around the house till one day Pete was found again, very thin and minus his magnificent whiskers.

Well, one day Dick disappeared. The last seen of him he was climbing out of the window on the stone sill. That night the cat was missed. Pete noticed it first and told his story by plaintive wails and scratching at his mistress' gown.

All night long he waited by the window, but no chum cat came back. The next day he waited, whining and refusing food. Yesterday he was on the sill, waiting still. A saucer of milk, cajolery, sharp words—not one would bring Pete off the sill, and there he sat last night, waiting patiently for his chum.

And yet people say dumb beasts have no souls.

Animal Nearest Man.

"Now, boys," said the teacher, addressing the junior class in natural history, "you have been reading about the friendly relations existing betwen man and some of the lower animals. Can any of you tell me what animal has the greatest natural fondness for man?" "Yes, ma'am," I can," promptly replied one little fellow. "Very well, Johnny," said the teacher, "what animal is it?" "Woman," answered the youthful observer.

Country Boys.

Pleasure and the pursuit of it are not the first things inculcated in young minds among American farming people. Pleasures come after duty has been done, and well done. This placing of duty first is the great disciplinary advantage in the training that country boys receive, says the Woman's Home Companion. The country work cannot be postponed, and the accomplishment of it becomes a habit of life, no matter how far removed the person trained in it may be from the field in which it was necessary. Pretty nearly everything a country boy encounters day by day has a tendency toward the development of a healthy and wholesome individuality. There is a deal of regular work that every country boy must do. This work, pretty much always out of doors, inculcates industrious and regular habits, while it contributes to a physical development which in after years is just as valuable as any athletic training that can be had. He cannot run as fast, perhaps, as those trained by a system; he may not be able to jump so high or so far or excel in any of the sports upon which we bestow so much time, and from which we get so much pleasure, but his development enables him to buckle down to the hard work in which hours are consumed, and from which very little if any immediate pleasure is extracted. The chores that a country boy does are not always pleasant; they are infinitely less agreeable than training for a boat race or for a foot-ball game; in their accomplishment there is no reward of applause; it is all humdrum work, which usually begins with the day, and which does not end till darkness has settled down and it is time to sleep.

How Could She Remedy It?

Little 3-year-old Edith in trying to put on her shoes and stockings one morning got them slightly mixed. "Why, Edith," exclaimed her mamma, "you have got your shoes on the wrong feet!" "Well, what tan I do, mamma?" she asked. "Zem's all the feets I'se dot."

Bound to Suit Him.

At a children's charity entertainment a collection was being taken up, and a little girl of 6 offered the plate to a wealthy man well known for his penuriousness. "I have nothing to give," was his surly response. "Then take out something," said the little miss; "we are collecting for the poor."

THE very word "operation" strikes terror to a woman's soul.

Nearly always these operations become necessary through neglect.

If the menses are very painful, or too frequent and excessive, get the right advice at once and stop taking chances. It will cost you nothing for advice if you write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for it, and if you let the trouble run along it will surely cost you a great deal of pain and may mean an operation.

WOMEN AVOID OPERATIONS

MISS SARAH J. GRAHAM, Sheridanville, Pa., writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I had suffered for several years with female troubles and doctored until I was discouraged. I felt wretched and tired of living. I had disease of kidneys, bladder trouble, dropsy and bloating, had womb trouble and a large tumor had formed; in fact all my organs were out of fix.

"Seeing a woman's letter praising your remedies, I wrote to her and she begged of me to try it, telling me all that it had done for her. I bought six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and now cannot express my gratitude to you. The tumor began to come away in pieces and I got better all the time. I believe now that I am entirely cured.

"My doctors could not believe it at first, as they all had told me that my case was a hopeless one, and no human power could do me any good. They were astounded. If I can say anything that can help other women, I shall be glad to."

It is not safe to wait until the last moment. Head off trouble by prompt attention to it. Don't be satisfied without Mrs. Pinkham's advice.

WOMAN OF THE ANGELUS.

Millet's Model Lives in Her Peasant Cottage at Barbizon.

Barbizon, a little village in the midst of the forest of Fontainebleau, a short distance from Paris, has become a goal of pilgrimage for many admirers of Millet's work, and particularly for those who know that the woman who suggested to the great painter his famous picture of "The Angelus" still lives there in a little cottage a stone's throw from where she was born. Mere Adele's home is a small vine-clad cottage, in which she lives a frugal but comfortable life, troubled only by the overinquisitive tourists and by her rheumatism. She must have been an attractive woman once, for even now, although she has witnessed the passing of more than threescore years and ten, there are traces of former beauty in her wrinkled face.

Mere Adele is a lady, though she has worn her fingers blunt by toil, and her form is bent under the burdens she has had to bear. When she looks at you her smile is like a benediction, and the beautiful things of earth are not lost upon her. Her manner is cheerful, as one who feels she has not lived in vain. If questioned closely she will tell you of the day when the great artist came through the dense forest with his wife and children, leaving behind him the gay city of Paris with its schools of painting and its models. She knows a great deal of the very hard days which followed for Jean Francois Millet—the toil, the anxiety, the disappointments. She nursed his five children, and did the little field-work in the garden adjoining the cottage. When he saw his nurse-girl, Adele, and her father reverently bowing their heads in prayer at the ringing of the Angelus he conceived the picture which, if not his best work, is yet the best known, and the one most appreciated by the people. Mere Adele calls herself a child of God. She looks it in the painting, and she lives it every day in her humble cottage.—Woman's Home Companion.

Will Be Absolutely Safe.

A Baltimore trust company has contracted with Pittsburg parties for the construction of the largest steel vault in the world. It will be of Harveyized armor plate exclusively, except for a reinforcement of cast steel in front. It will be 24x25x9 feet in the clear, inside, and will require 150 tons of armor plate. The vault will have four-inch plates on all sides, except the front, which will be six inches, and a reinforcement of a cast steel plate six inches in thickness and a six-inch door. The plates will be joined continuously by the dovetail mortise method, which will give them a solidity, when the mortises are complete, which could not be secured in any other way. The vault will be absolutely proof against burglary, at least against the appliances usually operated in that profession. It is impossible to attack the Harveyized plates with a drill, which precludes the use of explosives, and the plates are also proof against an attack by electrolysis.

Every plate is tested by drills and other mechanical means of breaking into a vault and the highest electric power is as harmless as a drill, which would be shattered into fragments against the face of the hardened material. The vault of a trust company of Pittsburg has six inches of plate on all sides except the front, which is eight inches. The new vaults are impregnable against any form of attack now known and are coming into favor rapidly for that reason. The destruction of the largest building in which they are located would not affect them in the slightest degree, and any mechanical force which a few men could have available for breaking into a safe would be worse than useless.

In Madrid During the War.

An amusing account is given in the Century of the experiences of "An American in Madrid During the War." The writer, Mr. Edmond Kelly, was called from Paris to the Spanish capital at the outbreak of the war on business of urgent importance. Fortunately, as he thought, he spoke French fluently and had a Paris address; and his principal disguise was "a foulard cravat, which Frenchmen tie in a loose bow like that in which our grandmothers tied their bonnet-strings fifty years ago." The Spanish charge d'affaires at Paris gave him no encouragement. There was risk of being arrested as a spy, and treated accordingly. Mr. Kelly found his invasion of hostile territory so easy, however, as to be positively humiliating. He spent seven weeks in Madrid, suffering little or no annoyance.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup The best remedy for Consumption. Cures Coughs, Colds, Grippe, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Asthma, Whooping-cough, Croup. Small doses; quick, sure results. *Dr. Bull's Pills cure Constipation. Trial, 20 for 5c.*

Taking Baby to See Grandpa.

"John, are you sure you have the extra bottles?"

"Yes, my dear. You have the can of milk all right."

"Oh, yes. You didn't forget the extra wraps, did you?"

"No; here they are."

"Nor the extra linen?"

"No, indeed. You have the bag with the toilet things, haven't you?"

"Yes, dear. Oh, John, won't mother be pleased! You are positive you have the bottles?"

"Yes, yes, my dear. Also the wraps and linen."

"And I have the milk and toilet things."

"Well, I guess we're all here, then. And here's our train. Hasn't the little darling been good? She hasn't given you a bit of trouble, has she?"

"What? Me? John, haven't you got her?"

"Why, no. I thought——"

"Oh! Oh! Oh! How could you forget her? Oh, my poor little baby! You unnatural father! And she's all alone in the house, and I'm sure it's burned up by this time! Oh, my baby, my baby, my baby!"

"Here, Mary, get in here quick. Cabby, drive like the devil home again."—Harper's Bazar.

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.

Cares are often more difficult to throw off than sorrows; the latter die with time; the former grows upon it.

No Cure. No Pay.

Is the way Findley's Eye Salve is sold. Chronic and granulated lids cured in 30 days; common sore eyes in 3 days, or money back for the asking. Sold by all druggists, or by mail, 25c. box. J. P. HAYTER, Decatur, Texas.

The true source of cheerfulness is benevolence. The soul that perpetually overflows with kindness and sympathy will always be cheerful.

No-To-Bac For Fifty Cents.

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

Open your mouth and purse cautiously and your stock of wealth and reputation shall, at least in repute, be great.

I have found Piso's Cure for Consumption an unfailing medicine.—F. R. LOTZ, 1305 Scott St., Covington, Ky., Oct. 1, 1894.

If we fasten our attention on what we have, rather than on what we lack, a very little wealth is sufficient.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

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

FORESTS OF THE PHILIPPINES.

Ideas for Their Protection Borrowed from England's System in India.

There are many rare woods in the Philippines, which may be made a source of great wealth to this country if properly protected. If speculators are allowed to have their own sweet will in the jungles, however, the same thing will happen which has happened in some of the richest timber districts of this country—the land will be reduced to an arid and cheerless desert, for there is nothing more dismal than a tract of land which has been denuded of trees by the greed of men who care only for immediate returns.

The British Government established in India a forest department, whose officers are scattered all over the country. Their duty is to see that the young trees are not destroyed by predatory animals, to prevent and extinguish fires in the dry season, to study the district in which they may be assigned, and set out new trees which may suit the climate and conditions, and generally to look after the section of jungle under their charge.

Something like this may be necessary in the Philippines, to say nothing of there being some need for it in certain parts of the United States. The recklessness with which Americans have destroyed their own wealth is equaled only by the speed with which they replace it. We cut down our forests and ruin our climate, and then invent systems of irrigation to do what nature did without our help. We destroy all the shade trees within miles of a new town, and then contrive unnumbered devices to keep the houses cool by artificial means. We ruin our health by an unnatural and feverish way of living, and then pay immense sums to marvelously skillful physicians who make a study of nervous diseases.

When we learn to preserve our inherited wealth as well as to acquire new riches, we shall be the greatest people on the face of the earth.—Washington Times.

RECENT INVENTIONS.

Cattle are prevented from getting on the railroad tracks at grade crossings by a new guard, which is formed of zigzag plates, bolted to the ties to form ridges and depressions parallel with the ties, with sharp spikes set vertically on the plates.

For use in mortising holes in doors for the insertion of locks, etc., a new boring tool has a series of cutting bits set in a frame, with gear wheels connecting the sockets to revolve all the bits by connecting a brace to one bit and turning it.

Dust and cinders are prevented from blowing into open car windows by the use of a new guard, which is designed to be placed between the sill and the raised sash, and extend out from the side of the car far enough to shield the opening.

To increase the tension of exercising apparatus which employs elastic cords in place of weights, auxiliary cords are provided, with hooks at either end by which they can be fastened in the rings which connect the main cord with the base and grips.

For the amusement of the children a new toy is in the form of a parachute, which is attached to the head of an arrow, to be shot into the air in a closed condition, the stem of the arrow acting as the balance and causing the parachute to open in its descent.

As a protection for cycle frames during shipment an Englishman has patented a covering of felt tubing cut into lengths of the proper size to fit the different tubes, with spring clips secured to the felt on the outside to hold it securely in place on the frame.

A cymbal campaign torch has been designed by an Oklahoma man, having a fixed cymbal attached to the end of the torch rod, with a second cymbal attached to the bale which carries the oil reservoir, the tilting of the rod causing the cymbals to strike against each other.

An electric door-opener has been patented by which a push button can be used to draw the latch and allow a caller to enter, sliding-bar being suspended in proximity to a magnet, so that a push on the button completes the circuit and pulls the bar out of connection with the latch.

The influence of present social conditions in this country upon the birth rate is beginning to attract attention, for the reason that the size of the average American family is steadily decreasing. This is especially true in New England, where the average family has been reduced from 5.16 in 1850 to 4.57 at the present time, but the same thing is true in a reduced degree of the whole nation. In 1850 the size of the average American family was 5.55 and it has now been reduced to 4.93. We are still maintaining a healthy birth rate, but conditions that tend to restrict the raising of families and to reduce the number of births cannot be said to be desirable.

The scale upon which the Paris exposition is to be constructed is indicated in the fact that the catalogue will cost $90,000 to print and will contain about 100,000 names. In a competition with three firms as contestants the contract was awarded the Lemercier company at 453,000 francs, or about $90,000. That of the exposition of 1889 cost about $40,000, or less than half the amount to be paid for that setting forth the exhibits of the 1900 exposition. The catalogue will be printed in eighteen volumes, according to divisions of exhibits and must contain the names of all exhibitors. Of the estimated 100,000 exhibitors the United States will probably have 2,000, though that number could have been greatly increased had there been more space for exhibits.

◆

The recent decision of the professors of dancing that henceforth the holding of partners in the dance should be a one-handed affair is an ominous one. Ostensibly this greater freedom is afforded in order that the lady may hold up her train, but in reality it is an acknowledgment on the part of Terpsichore of woman's independence and her dislike of restraint and masculine guidance. Dancing, like other arts, but follows popular movements, and to insist that a man should guide with both hands is not in accord with present ideals. Perhaps the next innovation will be the granting to women the privilege of being the one to lead the way in the waltz mazes, or, perhaps, dancers of the future will not revolve in couples, but go whirling singly about. In the meantime, the man with "the left hand hanging by his side" is a sorry and suggestive figure.

The Palace at Madrid.

The royal palace at Madrid is one of the most beautiful structures in the world, being built by an Italian architect in the early part of the last century, at a cost of $5,000,000, and was intended to be a rival to the French palace at Versailles. The material is white marble, and it is 470 feet each way, with a court of 240 feet square, roofed with glass. Few places are more tiresome to visit than palaces, with their long rows of gorgeously decorated chambers, gilt furniture and everlasting mirrors, but the Casa Real at Madrid is very interesting, and contains a remarkable library of 100,000 volumes, including priceless papers, pictures, bronzes and marbles.

The stairway is a noble structure of black and white marble, and is guarded by four statues of Roman emperors, who were natives of Spain—Trajan, Adrian, Honorius and Theodosius. On the first floor are thirty large saloons, the chapel and the library; on the second floor the royal family and the members of the court reside. The palace is said to contain over 700 French clocks which were collected by Ferdinand VII., no two of them being alike.—International Magazine.

Many a good man has strayed into the crooked path by following the direction of a corkscrew.

The sun, moon and stars are nothing but skylights.

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TRUMPET CALLS.

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

LIES hatch quickly.

Meekness is might.

Care is mental rust.

Choice is the hinge of destiny.

Christology may hide Christ.

Candor is the X-ray of honesty.

The steepled club is the devil's own.

A death-bed convert goes to heaven empty handed.

There are no reserved seats in heaven for rich people.

Worldliness isn't low ebb Christianity; it is of the devil.

Some men mistake peace with their pastors for peace with God.

The stripes of the Christian's persecution are the marks of his promotion.

The Cross shows God's disapproval of sin; the empty tomb His approval of the Son.

If "fine sermons" would have saved the world, it would have been saved long ago.

Many men are drinking salt water out of a bottle while they float on a fresh water lake.

Some forms of Bible study are attempts to satisfy soul hunger by eating the dishes instead of the dinner.

If there were more people willing to be thrown out of joint as Jacob at Peniel there would be more who would see His face.

Imbibing Wisdom.

The man with a fad, who was talkative, as such men generally are, had been discoursing to his friend, says the New York World, on the influence of food upon character.

"Tell me," said he, in summing up, "tell me what a man eats, and I will tell you what he is."

His friend, although fatigued, was evidently interested.

"There is only one question I wish to ask you," he said.

"Ask it," replied the discourser, magnanimously, with an air that said very clearly. "Give me a hard one while you are at it, and I'll show you how smart I am."

"It is this," replied the fatigued friend. "How much sage tea would you have to drink to make a wise man of yourself?"

No answer being promptly forthcoming, the conference broke up.

One great trouble with the self-made man is that he is continually talking shop.

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True contentment depends not on what we have. A tub was enough for Diogenes, but a world too little for Alexander.

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Though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold.

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Earth's noblest thing, woman perfected.

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