## SHE WANDERS HOME WITH ME.

As we sit and dream in the silent porch
Together my pipe and I,
A cloud of smoke from the old brown bowl
Floats up to the dappled sky;
And I watch through its dim, enchanted haze
A little sunbonnet go
In shadow and shine o'er the grassy links
That lie in the vale below.

For early and late, all the long, bright day,
It is busy flitting there,
With a caddie wandering in its train,
While the white ball flies in air;
A sunbonnet ancient of pattern, such
As Priscilla's sweet self wore
When she walked with the homesick Pilgrim maids,
Long since, on an alien shore.

And the jolly lads in the jackets red—
There's never a one goes by
But he slacks his pace and he turns his head,
And he feels his heart beat high
At the glance he gets and the bloom he brings
To the roguish face within
That sheltering scoop, with its soft strings tied
In a knot beneath her chin.

But I bide my time on the silent porch,
For I know whom she loves best,
And that by and by, when the game is done,
And the day dies in the west,
She will hang the sunbonnet on her arm,
And the peeping stars will see
What a soft light lies in her happy eyes,
As she wanders home with me!
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## THE ELOPEMENT.

PANGBOURNE was all agog, and everybody was saying it was a lovely day for the wedding. The village was en fete, and the Elephant, next to the church, always full in summertime, was doing an unusually roaring trade.

The wedding was not a popular one. The bride, Beatrice Grey, was much beloved in Pangbourne, but had her father been living—so it was said—the union about to be celebrated would never have been permitted. Mrs. Grey, however, was satisfied. She was one of those women who think that the be-all and end-all of life is to be rich, which the bridegroom, Geoffrey Brewster, certainly was. He had already been Sheriff of London, and in the ordinary course of city custom he would almost certainly become Lord Mayor.

He had a rival in John Valsey, of the "Fighting Fifth," a dashing young soldier who had fought like a man in the Tirah under Lockhart, and whose brave deeds deserved to be better recompensed. Up there in the Afghan hills he had been within an ace of death time and again, but he had come home without a scratch to find Beatrice, whom he loved, pledged to another man. In spite of this Capt. Valsey had made every effort to win her for his own, but Mrs. Grey had persistently opposed him, and the little incidents of life on which the fate of men and even nations hangs had been against him. It is true that Beatrice secretly cherished a tender regard for him, but misrepresentations, gossip, scandal, and, worse than all, misunderstandings, had kept them apart for a whole year, and now here was her wedding day.

[illegible] ice, with [illegible] lived at Weir House, the pretty [illegible] with the terrace below the lock. The front faces the road, the back commands the river. Beatrice, overcome by the ordeal through which she was passing, tried by her mother's attentions, teased by the good-natured badinage of her bridemaids, and almost in tears at the sacrifice of her happiness, which at the eleventh hour she inwardly knew this marriage meant, sat in the drawing room in her bridal dress—though not yet gloved or veiled—staring drearily at her wedding presents, but wearing a wedding day smile, when the old gardener came in a flustered sort of way and stood, hat in hand, at the French windows. He carried a small bouquet of white roses.

She went toward him and took the flowers, when, with the familiar but respectful freedom of an old servant, he motioned her aside. As she stepped out on to the terrace he slipped into her hand a note.

"The Cap'n told me to gie ye the roses, Miss, and particular the note. He be yonder i' the punt."

It was the merest scrap of paper torn from a note book, and not even in an envelope. She unfolded and hastily read the brief pencil scrawl:

"Before you are irrevocably lost, speak to me, I implore you. JACK."

The gardener stood by her side and pointed to Capt. Valsey. He was on the lawn under a willow, and his punt was moored by the steps of the river terrace close by.

For a moment or two she hesitated then, crunching the note in one hand, and gathering up the train of her dress in the other, she hurried across the lawn. As soon as she advanced towards him he strove to meet her eagerly.

There was no time for long speech or argument, and that John Valsey knew well. His was a desperate effort, and it was a time not for words but for action.

"This marriage must not be," he said.

She was white as her own gown. She looked about her, shuddering.

"You will be unhappy for your whole life," he said, sternly. "You know you do not love this man. I know you love me."

"It is too late," she faltered.

She looked back at the open French windows of the house, paused doubtfully, and stepped a pace or two towards the river. Her hesitation encouraged him. He put his arm through hers and led her away, talking persuasively, rapidly, till she stood by the punt.

"There is no time for consideration," he said, drawing her into the punt.

Almost before she knew it he had unloosed the chain and pushed off from the terrace.

"But where, how—what is this?" she exclaimed in sudden apprehension.

"Well, it's an elopement," he replied. "That's the plain English of it. Instead of marrying Mr. Brewster at Pangbourne, you marry me at Mapledurham. I love you, Beatrice, and that's the truth. Why should you be miserable forever?"

She covered her face with her hands; she clinched her fists; she implored him to return, but he only punted steadily down the stream, pausing but once to throw a wrap over her bridal dress. At first she was in tears, but as they got toward Mapledurham she had a fit of hysterical laughter. Then she grew pale.

"I expect they're looking for me everywhere. Imagine mother. Oh, Jack, this is dreadful. Take me back. Put me ashore."

But Jack quietly punted on. When they came to the old mill Jack helped her out of the punt, and, holding her hand, covered it with kisses.

"You're ashore now, Beatrice, and there's Mapledurham church. I have thought all this out. Here's the marriage license, and the vicar is expecting us—or, anyhow, he's waiting for us—unless you'd rather go back and become Mrs. Brewster."

"As though he'd have me now," she pouted, "after keeping him waiting like this."

Jack laughed, whereupon she frowned. Then she laughed, and as suddenly became serious again, turning round to gaze beyond the belt of maples and over the beautiful river toward Pangbourne.

"I know what you're thinking," said Jack; "but never mind the—the others. Come along."

When they came to the church gate she clung to him a moment, and, lifting her face up to his, whispered, in a sudden burst of gratitude, "Oh, Jack! How you have saved me! Won't I just be a good wife to you for this!"

And she is.—Illustrated London News.

## SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

### HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

**Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that Are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that Everybody Will Enjoy.**

"The lies the blamed newspapers publish about us," said one politician to another, "is enough to drive a man to drink."

"Yes, that's so," replied the other, "but still we have no cause for complaint."

"Why not?" asked the first in surprise.

"Well, it might be much worse," was the reply. "They might publish the truth.

**An Explanation.**

"It strikes me this ice water is dirty," said a Cincinnati hotel guest.

"Hully gee!" exclaimed the bellboy, as he looked in the pitcher, "I betcher de porter forgot to wash it."

**The Kissing Bug.**

(After the Goblins.)
A little kissing visitor,
Has come with us to stay,
To kiss the girls and bite the boys,
And drive the germs away.
You'd better mind yer de[illegible]
And watch [illegible] 're about,
[illegible] kiss yer if

**In the Feudal District.**

Smith—There seems to be some hope for those Kentucky mountaineers, after all.

Jones—Why do you think so?

Smith—I overheard one of them trying to convince another that it was wrong to kill a man on Sunday.

**How to Keep a Cook.**

"Mrs. Young says she has solved the servant problem."

"She's a genius! What's the solution?"

"Why, she says all you've got to do is never find any fault, submit to everything, do as you're told, keep out of the way and pay good wages, with privileges, and you won't have a bit of trouble."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

**Hope Springs Eternal.**

Podsnip (meeting elderly person)—By jove! is it possible? My old schoolteacher. By the way, do you remember that you said when I was in your class that I'd die on the gallows?

Elderly Person—Well, you're not dead, yet.—Philadelphia North-American.

**Sidewalk English.**

The hot merchant—Well, say, that's what I call hospitable.

**Filipino Death Traps.**

Our troops in the Philippines have encountered some curious examples of Filipino methods of waging war. In the advance on Santa Thomas the enemy was sighted along the road. There had been a heavy rain and the flat land on either side of the raised road was boggy and wet. It was clear that something unusual was going on ahead, for there were insurgents in the road at work, while the frightened natives were scurrying with their bundles and loaded bullock carts across into the woods.

A Utah gun was brought to bear upon the crowd in the road, a Gatling was ranged to the right across country, and, while skirmishers were swung out into the bog to the left, the guns opened up soon had the way clear.

The wonderful pitfalls proved to be the work of the insurgents so rudely interrupted; they were found in all stages of progress; holes formed like an inverted cone, with sharpened bamboo spikes pointing upward, a light covering of bamboo strips, then a layer of leaves, and over all the earth nicely leveled, a device which raised a laugh where it had been expected to entrap an army.—Collier's Weekly.

## CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

### A DEPARTMENT FOR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

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

When little Dickie Swope's a man
He's go' to be a sailor;
An' little Henry Tincher, he's
A-go' to be a tailor;
Bud Mitchell, he's a-go' to be
A stylish carriagemaker;
An' when I grow a grea' big man
I'm go' to be a baker!

An' Dick'll buy his sailor suit
O' Hame, an' Hame'll take it
An' buy as fine a double rigg
As ever Bud can make it;
An' nen all three'll drive roun', fer me,
An' we'll drive off togevver,
A-slingin' pie crust 'long the road
Ferever an' ferever.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

## A Plot That Failed

"If I lurk near this tuffet," the spider observed,
On a pleasant and sunshiny day,
"I shall doubtless have fun, ere the afternoon's done,
For I'll frighten Miss Muffet away!"

But Miss M., as it happened, was right at the head
Of an Entomological Class;
So that Spider, you see—a "fine specimen," he—
Is a prisoner now under glass!

**A Needed Reform.**

Tom came in last week for the first time in months. "Nell's a brick of a girl," he began; "she's taken to doing a lot of things for me. Why, she made my old room as pretty as her own. Then almost every day when I get home from school I find she has put up a lunch for me. She's a dear girl!"

"I hope you've told her so."

Tom flushed.

"That's just it! I want to, but—I declare, Aunt Hope, why is a fellow ashamed of being sweet on his own sister? We're all as polite as possible to the other girls!"

"Suppose you start a reform," said I.

"I will. There's to be a social Wednesday evening—I'll invite Nell to go, and give her some flowers."

I felt pretty certain Nell would call soon after the social, and had not long to wait. Thursday she came wearing some pink carnations.

"Oh, auntie, I've so much to tell you. Who do you think gave me these flowers? But you'd never guess. My own dear brother Tom. He invited me to go to the social with him and treated me splendidly. We grew really confidential as we walked home, and I told him how I loved him."

In the evening Tom appeared with his version.

"Aunt Hope," he began, "you should have seen Nell. She was so sweet, and Jack Davis wanted to take her home. 'Another time, my boy,' I said, 'I'm her escort to-night.' A lot of the boys heard me, and one or two laughed, but Hal Rhodes told me to-day that he thought we boys were fools not to make more fuss over our own sisters; so you see the reform is started."—Epworth Herald.

**Two Posers.**

Lewis Carroll, the author of "Alice in Wonderland," was fond of puzzling his friends with curious problems. One of them was the question, "When does the day begin?" If a man could travel around the world so fast that the sun would always be directly above his head, and if he were to start traveling at midday on Tuesday, then in twenty-four hours he would return to his original point of departure, and would find that the day was now called Wednesday—at what point of his journey would the day change its name? The difficulty of answering this apparently simple question has cast a gloom over many a pleasant party.

Another problem was as follows: A rope is hung over a wheel fixed to the roof of a building; at one end of the rope a weight is fixed, which exactly counterbalances a monkey which is hanging on the other end. Suppose that the monkey begins to climb the rope, what will be the result? It is very curious the different views taken by good mathematicians. One says the weight goes up with increasing velocity, others that it goes up at the same rate as the monkey; while another says it goes down.

**Shoot Arrows Wherever They Like.**

The military students of Tung-Chou, China, are a nuisance. They have a way of using one of the main streets in the city as a convenient spot for practicing archery, and we have been repeatedly obliged to edge up to the extreme edge of the footpath to avoid possible eccentric flights of arrows.

Characteristically it never occurs to them to suspend operations for others' safety or convenience, and minor accidents must not me uncommon. A lad was brought to the hospital the other day who had been struck by an arrow just below the eye as he was edging along the highway. He was not badly hurt, and probably regarded his injury as incidental to the ordinary risks of travel on city streets.

**Gertrude's Compromise.**

Gertrude, aged four, wanted a piece of cake, and her mamma threatened to send her to bed if she didn't quit teasing. Finally Gertrude offered to compromise, saying:

"Mamma, if you'll let me have the top part with the frosting on and won't make me take off my clothes when I get into bed, go ahead and be just as cruel as you've a mind to."

**Wanted the Holes.**

The other day when a pie was brought to the table with the upper crust perforated, as usual, little Helen, aged two years and eleven months, bravely announced: "I don't care for any pie; I only want the holes."

Wine may multiply the flow of words, but it never increases the purity of the thought.


"I GAVE little thought to my health," writes MRS. WM. V. BELL, 230 N. Walnut St., Canton, O., to Mrs. Pinkham. "until I found myself unable to attend to my household duties.

"I had had my days of not feeling well and my monthly suffering, and a good deal of backache, but I thought all women had these things and did not complain.

"I had doctored for some time, but no medicine seemed to help me, and my physician thought it best for me to go to the hospital for local treatment. I had read and heard so much of your Vegetable Compound that I made up my mind to try it. I was troubled with falling of the womb, had sharp pains in ovaries, leucorrhœa and painful menses. I was so weak and dizzy that I would often have severe fainting spells. I took in all several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier and used the Sanative Wash, and am now in good health. I wish others to know of the wonderful good it has done me, and have many friends taking it now. Will always give your medicine the highest praise."

MRS. A. TOLLE, 1946 Hilton St., Philadelphia, Pa., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I was very thin and my friends thought I was in consumption. Had continual headaches, backache and falling of womb, and my eyes were affected. Every one noticed how poorly I looked and I was advised to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. One bottle relieved me, and after taking eight bottles am now a healthy woman; have gained in weight 95 pounds to 140 pounds, and everyone asks what makes me so stout."

## THOUGHTLESS WOMEN

**Wanted St. Paul's Address.**

The Athens Asty reports that a Greek benevolent society in the Turkish capital recently issued a printed appeal to the Hellenic community in Stamboul for some special charitable object. The appeal contained a citation from one of the epistles of St. Paul to the Galatians. Two days after the publication of the circular a commissary of police from the censor's department called upon the printer and demanded the address of St. Paul, who was to be charged with the public utterance of seditious and politically provocative language.

The printer was at first inclined to laugh outright at the absurdity of the request and indictment, but as it is always a little risky to venture upon a pleasantry with a Turkish official, he sedately replied that St. Paul, the author of the objectionable citation, had been dead for something more than eighteen centuries. This ruffled the gravity of the police commissary, who angrily exclaimed, "How dare you attempt such impudent cajolery with me?" and forthwith arrested the printer. Extraordinary as it may appear, the reiteration of the same simple explanation to the censor had an equally exasperating effect on that intelligent official, and the unfortunate typographer was locked up for his "perverse contumacy." It was only after lapse of three days and on the urgent intervention of the Greek patriarch that the printer was released.

**Where It Comes From.**

An hour or two spent in a glassworks is productive of much interest and enjoyment to fortunate visitors.

While an old lady from a Shropshire village was spending a week at C——, one of our busy South Yorkshire towns, she accepted an invitation to witness the process of bottle-making. Being delighted with the various stages passed through by a well-known patent receptacle for aerated water, she seemed specially struck with the blowing.

In company with her guide, one of the managers, she gazed intently at the men as they took the molds containing molten glass and with distended cheeks blew through a long iron tube into the mold.

After adjusting her old-fashioned spectacles, and while assuming a striking attitude by throwing up both hands, she exclaimed:

"Well, I've often thowt as they must 'ev 'ard wark to put gassy air into ginger beer, but ah nivver thowt they blawed in in 'l that way afore!"—London Spare Moments.

**Why We Use the Right Hand.**

Every pugilist, upon entering the ring, takes special pains to protect the region of the heart. All athletes understand that the most vulnerable portion of the body is undoubtedly the heart. A hard blow, well delivered on the left breast, will easily kill—or at any rate stun—even a strong man. Hence, from an early period men have used the right hand to fight with and have employed the left arm chiefly to cover the heart and to parry a blow aimed at that specially vulnerable region. When weapons of offense and defense superseded the fist it was the right hand that grasped the spear and sword, while the left held over the heart the shield or buckler.

From this simple origin, then, the whole vast difference in civilized life takes its beginning. At first no doubt the superiority of the right hand was only felt in the manner of fighting. But that alone gave it prominence and paved the way for its supremacy elsewhere.

**The World's Heathen.**

The heathen still outnumber all the various religious bodies put together. According to the latest statistics, there are in the world 143,000,000 Protestants, 98,000,000 followers of the Greek Church, 230,000,000 Roman Catholics, and 176,000,000 Mohammedans. As the population of the world is estimated at 1,500,000,000, and adding to the adherents of the four great religions of the world other 53,000,000 for the thousand and one beliefs with comparatively few followers, there are left 800,000,000 people who worship strange gods or practice curious rites in lieu of religion, and who come within the definition of the "heathen," for whose conversion large sums are collected year after year among the churches throughout the civilized world.

**Music Boxes for Bicycles.**

Music boxes for bicycles are now manufactured by a firm in Hamburg, Germany.

Our best knowledge lies in what we are not known to know.


**Dr. Bull's COUGH SYRUP**
Cures Croup and Whooping-Cough
Unexcelled for Consumptives. Gives quick, sure results. Refuse substitutes.
*Dr. Bull's Pills cure Biliousness. Trial, 20 for 25.*


## FLORIDA SINK-HOLES.

**The Queer Way Streams Have of Disappearing Into These Pits.**

The sinks of Florida are numerous, and one of the State's most attractive features to strangers visiting this part of the country. Around Alachua Lake, three miles south of Gainesville, there are hundreds of sink holes of various sizes and depth. It is apparent from the existence of so many sinks that the whole country is honeycombed with subterranean passages. Portions of the land in that region have been sinking for ages. Many of the sinks have trees growing in them, the dimensions of which indicate that they must be centuries old. There is no telling at what moment the earth may give way and a new sink be formed.

Only a few years ago the ground under the track of the Florida Southern Railroad, near Alachua Lake, gave way, and in the darkness of night a train ran into a hole seventy or eighty feet deep. The train was completely wrecked, but fortunately all aboard escaped death.

There are sinks in various parts of Alachua County, but they are more numerous in the vicinity of what the Indians called "Big Jug," or Alachua, meaning the deep sink hole through which the water in the lake at different periods has run out, leaving an immense savanna, or many thousands of acres of prairie land. Many years ago several acres of ground on the public road leading from this city to Newmansville, sank and formed a lake, in which the tops of tall trees could be seen beneath the surface of the water. This spot is known as the Blue Sink. Seven miles northwest of Gainesville is a mammoth sink known as the Devil's Mill Hopper. It is a great natural curiosity and is a popular resort for picnic parties as well as for pleasure seekers, who, during the winter season, visit this part of Florida. One mile west of Gainesville is the Green Sink, containing a considerable volume of water in which it has been the custom for many years of colored people to bathe, and many untimely deaths have occurred in this sink by drowning. A notable sink is that in which Hogtown Creek empties, about five miles southwest of this city. Hogtown Creek is quite a stream, which runs into this sink hole and gradually disappears through a subterranean outlet. At this point quite a lake is formed, which is well filled with all species of fish known to inland Florida waters.

The natural wells, which are numerous in the western part of Alachua County, are but sink holes reaching to large underground passages, through which hundreds of thousands of acres of land are drained.

The natural bridge over the Santa Fe River, in the northeastern part of Alachua County, is one of Florida's unique and most interesting scenes, presenting the spectacle of a large stream sinking from view for a distance of several miles. All the streams in the San Felaska hammock, a large body of land a few miles west of Gainesville, disappear into underground passages. Most of the sinks are dry, but hundreds of them are well filled with water flowing from springs. The depth of the sink holes varies all the way from twenty-five feet down to where no bottom can be found.

The water in a sink hole three miles west of Winter Park was measured a short time since and it was found to be 350 feet deep. The hole is 125 to 150 yards from side to side and about forty feet in depth to the surface of the water at the bottom. From the top of the bank the water has the deep-blue tint of the ocean. The banks are so steep as to render descent and ascent somewhat difficult.—Gainesville Sun.

**A Distinction.**

"Miss you can't bring dogs into the car," said a Third avenue conductor to a young woman who tenderly held a wriggling little object wrapped up in a shawl.

"'Tain't a dog," snapped the young woman, and the discomfited conductor retreated to the rear platform amid a general titter. He studied the case for a few minutes, and then, returning to the young woman, said: "Miss, you can't bring cats in neither."

"'Tain't a cat," said the young woman; "it's a rabbit," and the long ears emerged in confirmation of her assertion. The conductor looked puzzled for a moment and then said: "Well, accordin' to the rules of the company, dogs is dogs and cats is dogs, but rabbits is insects; so it can stay."

**Cucumbers in Russia.**

In Russia children eat cucumbers as children here eat apples and bananas. The vegetable is sold at every corner by market women, and the little chaps buy their money's worth to eat it, peel and all, without pepper, salt, oil or vinegar. The boy who would never dare to touch cucumbers here served in any style eats ten a day in Baku, and thinks them a delicious fruit.

A sneer is often the weak subterfuge of impudent ignorance.

## TRUMPET CALLS.

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

THE truth does not need defending.

The light must shine in before it will shine out.

The joyless man robs others of joy.

To bear misfortune calmly is to have a fortune.

We laugh at vanity, but mourn over its harvest of vice.

A man is what his life is to him.

Genuineness is greater than genius.

He who must wait need not worry.

Not all new books have new thoughts.

People out of the ark don't believe in floods.

Epicurean meals do not make athletic men.

Every deserter will get what Jonah had—a whaling.

God cuts down our branches that He may plant his vines.

One thinker is worth more than many collections of thoughts.

Into wisdom's web wise men their waiting moments weave.

The secret and success of love is its sincerity and simplicity.

Large problems are many-sided, and take many master minds.

A man may be born in the mud and yet he may die in marble.

The man who never makes a mistake never makes anything else.

It is not till Saul has been blinded that the heavenly vision comes to him.

There is a great difference between working for a man's good and for his goods.

If there were more people with fewer wants, there would be fewer with many needs.

Jesus bore witness to the truth; the modern preacher thinks he must please people.

Christ never gave His disciples to understand that they could preach people into heaven.

If you will not invite God into your heart as a friend, He will not break in as a burglar.

When the devil hears the preacher announce for "the usual service," he goes to sleep.

In the child's first efforts to walk, do not despise the prophecy of the man's strong stride.

We never read in the Bible of a worldly congregation being called a Christian church.

Toil and tribulation are the only coins passing current in the market where perfection is for sale.

The milk of human kindness is a singular commodity: when you give it away it keeps itself, but when you keep it it sours.

## TOOK HIS NAME,

**And Said He Would Send It to the War Department.**

"My colored barber persisted in wanting war with Spain," said a Congressman in talking about some of the incidents leading up to the rupture of relations with Spain. Every time he shaved me he talked in fierce and warlike tones, and intimated that the administration was acting in too conservative a manner. In fact, he shouted for gore. I grew tired and decided to put a stop to it.

"'What is your name?' I asked him one day. He looked curiously at me, but gave me his last name.

"'Now I want your initials,' I said.

"'Luk a hyear, boss,' he said. 'whut yer want wid my name?' I did not answer him, although he finally gave me his initials.

"'Now, I would like to have your city address,' I said.

"He was a badly scared colored citizen this time. 'Fer grashus sake, boss,' he said in frightened tones, 'gimme some understanding ob dis t'ing.'

"I at once told him that the Secretary of War had asked me to take the names of all men who seemed inclined to want to fight, as the Secretary desired to add them to the list of nervy men who wanted to tackle the Spaniards without delay.

"Then I had a barrel of fun. 'Please don' do dat,' he begged. 'De truf is, I has bronchitis, Bright's disease and consumption, an' my health is in de wus state I eber saw.' I promised him to say nothing right away about the matter, but he never bothered me again, and so far as I know never talked war with anybody again."—Washington Star.

**A Strange Bulgarian Custom.**

An old and curious wedding ceremony with the Bulgarians is the public and solemn shaving of the bridegroom early on the wedding day. While the barber performs his work the bridegroom is surrounded by a dancing crowd of girls and lads. His hair having been cut, it is carefully gathered by some girls, to be preserved in a chest of the bride. When the barber has done he gets as a present a linen cloth and from every one a small piece of money. Then the bridegroom kisses the hand of each girl, washes his face, and puts on the wedding dress. The latter—not the person, but his festive garment—must be accurately weighed three times by a lad ere the bridegroom is allowed to put it on. This strange custom is said to date back to remote times of early Slavonic heathendom, but still continues, being strictly observed, especially by the villagers.

Success is said to be the offspring of audacity.

Man's chief end depends on whether he is a political orator or a dancing master.

Did you ever see a busy body that was hunting for something good?

A woman selects a husband for herself, but she takes three other women with her to pick out a hat.


**Ayer's Pills**
Sick headache. Food doesn't digest well, appetite poor, bowels constipated, tongue coated. It's your liver! Ayer's Pills are liver pills, easy and safe. They cure dyspepsia, biliousness. 25c. All Druggists.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Then use
**BUCKINGHAM'S DYE for the Whiskers**
50 CTS. OF DRUGGISTS, OR R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

For the horse, as for his master,
Ivory finds abundant scope;
Galls and scratches heal much faster,
When well cleansed with Ivory Soap.
Where 'tis used, the work is lighter,
Sleek and smooth the horses' coats,
Harness softer, carriage brighter,
And—a final charm—it floats.

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## GUIDES OF A BLIND MAN.

**His Feet and Nose Pilot Him Through the Streets of a City.**

There is a blind man living in the heart of the old quarter who walks nearly every day to a little restaurant near Canal street. The distance each way is from sixteen to twenty blocks, according to his route, and to see him saunteering carelessly along one would never suspect his infirmity.

Talking yesterday with an inquisitive reporter, he declared that he saw with his nose and feet, and this was the way he explained it: "When a man has his sight," he said, "the smells of the street are all mixed up, but when he's blind he learns to separate them. The smells of the shop are almost as plain to me now as the signs used to be over the doors. Some of them you would hardly suppose to exist. Take a dry goods store, for instance, it smells of cloth, and cloth has a very peculiar odor. Iron and tin have smells of their own, and I can tell a hardware store immediately. I pass two book stalls nearly every day, and I scent them yards off by the old books. Then there are a great many indescribable odors by which I know this place and that. Of course, my feet are my principal guide, and I've been over this same ground so often that I have learned every little inequality by heart, but I couldn't get along with either nose or feet alone. They work together, and where one fails the other helps out. Between them they make very good eyes. The secret of my stepping out is this: I've learned how to step. People who can see hurl themselves forward like locomotives. That's why the shock is always so unexpectedly violent when you collide with another person. I put no extra power whatever in my movements and if the toe of my boot touches some unknown obstacle I stop stock still instantly."

This clever blind man leads a very tranquil life. He has a small income and lives with a granddaughter. A servant is hired especially to read to him every afternoon. Many of those who know him are unaware of his blindness.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.


**Lost Sight**
Restored and the eyes cured by using Findley's Eye Salve. No pain, sure cure or money back. 25c. box. All druggists, or by mail. J. P. HAYZER, Decatur, Texas.


Men often climb half way up the ladder and stay there; but it is seldom they fall half way down and stop short of the bottom.


STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886. A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.
SEAL
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
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Sold by Druggists, 75c.
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In respect to giving, there are very few of us who give according to our ability, or anything like it. The great generosity of the world usually lies below the medium line.


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An idle man always thinks he has a right to be affronted if a busy man does not devote to him just as much of his time as he himself has leisure to waste.


Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer, $2 trial bottle and treatise free. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd. 931 Arch St., Phila. Pa.


Men are apt to think that they are not appreciated in this world; but the trouble is, we mark our goods so high that we can't dispose of them.


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


**Not Rude.**

There are disrespectful questions as well as disrespectful answers.

"Now, Morton," said one of a party who had gone deep into the Maine woods in search of adventure, "we know you've been a famous hunter, and we want to hear about some of the narrow escapes you've had from bears and so on."

"Young man," said the old guide, with dignity, "if there's been any narrer escapes, the bears and other fierce critters had 'em, not me!"

**Felt Slighted.**

"So you kicked because your landlady didn't give you hot meats for supper?"

"Yes, we did. We didn't consider it fair treatment for her to be giving us the cold shoulder all the time."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

**Area of Klondike Gold Fields.**

The productive area of the Klondike gold field covers from 1,000 to 1,800 square miles.

The aim of art is the expression of pictorial beauty by the aid of physical beauty.

**Fruitless.**

"Maria, it has at last come!"

The hitherto careworn face of the middle-aged husband had taken on a new brilliancy, and his whole attitude was expressive of some sudden joy.

"Yes," he said, triumphantly, "after a lifetime passed in ceaseless endeavor for your sake, I am at last rewarded. My invention has been sold and a fortune awaits me. Think, Maria, of what this means to you! You will never have to make me another shirt or cravat as long as you live."

His wife looked at him with reproachful glance.

"James," she said, tenderly, "I hope I shall never be too proud for that. No matter, James, how rich you shall be, it will always be my greatest pleasure and privilege to make your shirts and ties."

Her husband did not reply, but a few moments later, alone in his own room, he bowed his head over his clasped hands and muttered in bitter anguish:

"Alas! the labor of a lifetime spent for naught."—Town Topics.

The instincts of women are more correct than their judgments.

Even the wisest are long in learning that there is no better work for them than the bit God puts into their hands.


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Makes millions think.

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DETERMINES ITS ABUNDANCE and BEAUTY.

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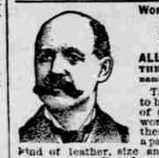

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has been used by millions of mothers for their children while Teething for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.
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