

ALL OVER THE HOUSE.

Economies In Housekeeping That Do Not Pay.

"Gracious! What is that?" exclaimed a careful house mistress, hearing a sudden crash in the drawing room. Hurrying to the spot, she found the maid had smashed the chimney of one of the tall standard lamps.

SHE WAS SARCASTIC.

Her Thanks Upon Getting a Seat In a Street Car.

Members of the smart set, going home from the theater, filled the Madison avenue car, and every one took the squeezing in the best possible humor.

FOR THE BEDROOM.

Some of the 7 cent flowered muslins are most charming when ruffled for curtains and covers or when trimmed with a white cotton ball fringe, says Harper's Bazar.

With ordinary denim and dotted muslin, or even with chesecloth, any bedroom may be made charming.

By this time the man was red as a beet and could not escape until the car stopped. Nearly all the passengers were amused by the affair, but when he got to the door the woman had reached the seat and said loudly to everybody, "He might have taken it along, and it was so kind of him to leave it."

AN ISLAND THAT CHANGES COLOR.

Think of an island that changes color every day—an island that vibrates between a bilious yellow and an apoplectic purple! Yet such an island exists in the gulf of Mexico.

But the mystery has been solved, and, like all mysteries after careful investigation, it turns out to be a simple, easily understood phenomenon. That the beach of this island should show the usual neutral sand color was to be expected, but why, after the tide had receded from it, it should begin to grow purple at its upper edge and continue to change to that color until the appearance of sand was entirely gone.

OVERTOP YOUR BUSINESS.

A European traveler tells of the following epitaph which he read on a tombstone in England: "Here lies —; he was born a man, but died a grocer." The man had disappeared in his calling. We often find that a man's vocation has swallowed him; that it has completely overwhelmed him; that there is nothing left of him for any purpose outside his occupation.

It is a contemptible estimate of a vocation to regard it as the means of getting a living. The man who is not greater than his calling, who does not overtop his vocation, so that it runs over on all sides, is not successful. A man should be greater than the books he writes, greater than any speech he makes, than any house he builds or any sermon he preaches.—Success.

HIS IDEA OF MANKIND.

This is how Henry Labouchere once expressed his idea of humanity:

"I regard the entire human race as little animals fussing about on the rind of one of the millions on millions of globes that float in infinite space for a second or two of eternity and then disappear. Artificial distinctions between these little animals have no more significance to me than those between ants in the nest which the foot of some passerby sweeps out of existence."

Trout season will open on the 15th of the present month, and the local anglers are looking forward to a season of their favorite sport with great interest, and in the meantime are examining the stock of tackle, to see that it is all right or made so. Of course the usual yarn will go on when the fellows come home with big strings of speckled beauties.

The man who writes the prettiest love letters seldom makes the best husband.

Check isn't such a bad quality in a girl. If it wasn't for her cheek she couldn't blush.

HE SANG HIMSELF.

How Ignatius Donnelly Once Melted a Cold Crowd.

Prior to moving his family to Minnesota in the fifties Ignatius Donnelly made the trip alone in the winter to the state, being obliged at that time to make part of the journey by stage, on the ice, from Dubuque. The first morning out, with the prospect of several days' companionship before them, the whole party rode along in glum silence.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "this will never do. If we are to ride this way for a week, we shall all be lunatics. Can't some one tell a story?"

There was dead silence. No one even smiled. When addressed individually, they all shook their heads. Then he asked if any of them could sing a song. No one of them could.

Now, if there was any one thing among his various accomplishments that he could not do it was to sing a song to one tune, but it takes a man of genius to sing a song to half a dozen tunes at the same time.

Consequently when on that wintry morning he broke into melody the passengers forgot the cold, the long journey and other material things and laughed until they were sore. In a few minutes some one was found who could sing, and then the story telling began, in which Donnelly, of course, shone supreme, and for the rest of the trip they were the jolliest people that ever bumped over the snowdrifts of the Mississippi.—Minneapolis Times.

HE WOULD TRAVEL.

Once in a while one sees in some New England village people who have scarcely set foot outside the narrow limits of their own township in the course of their lives. These people, even in their most wide awake and vigorous years, have a way of measuring the outside world by their own simple standards which is quite refreshing.

"What should you do if you had money, William?" inquired one of the group gathered around the big fireplace in the little inn or tavern at Hilltown of the tavern keeper, who was counted a man of wide experience and wisdom by his friends.

"The first thing I should do," said William judicially, "is what I would advise any one to do—fix up my home a bit, make a few improvements in the old place, and then, impressively—"then I should travel."

"Yes," he added, with an air as of one already started on his journeyings, "I should certainly travel. I should go to Keene, which, as some of you know, is upward of 30 miles from here!"

Here a silence, born of the mere suggestion of such a mighty undertaking, fell on the group around the fire.—Exchange.

HOW TO READ THE TONGUE.

The perfectly healthy tongue is clean, moist, lies loosely in the mouth, is round at the edge and has no prominent papillae. The tongue may be furled from local causes or from sympathy with the stomach, intestines or liver. The dry tongue occurs most frequently in fever and indicates a nervous prostration or depression. A white tongue is diagnostic simply of the feverish condition, with perhaps a sour stomach. When it is moist and yellowish brown, it shows disordered digestion. Dry and brown indicate a low state of the system, possibly typhoid. When the tongue is dry and red and smooth, look out for inflammation, gastric or intestinal.

When the papillae on the end of the tongue are raised and very red, we call it a strawberry tongue, and that means scarlet fever. Sharp pointed red tongue will hint of brain irritation or inflammation, and a yellow coating indicates liver derangement. When so much can be gained from an examination of the tongue, how important it is that the youngest child should be taught to put it out so that it can be visible to the uttermost point in the throat!

WHAT "AI" MEANS.

The expression "AI," popularly used to designate articles of the first quality, is copied from the symbols of the British and foreign shipping lists of the Lloyd's. "A" is used to designate the character of the condition of the hull of a vessel, the figure "1" to denote the efficient state of her anchors, cables and stores. If those are insufficient in quantity or quality, the figure "2" is used to indicate the same. When it is said of a ship or anything else that she or it "is AI," it means that such is first class in every respect.

The secret service announces the appearance of a new counterfeit \$5 national bank note on the National Iron Bank, of Morris town, New Jersey. It is a deceptive counterfeit printed on two pieces of paper between silk fibre.

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A LITTLE NONSENSE.

Vaccinating an Obdurate but Farsighted Girl.

"On my right arm, please," said the sweet young thing. The physician who was arranging the vaccine points looked surprised. The mother, who was supervising the proceeding, seemed even more astonished.

"You mean your left arm, Clara," she asserted.

"No, I don't; I mean my right arm," answered the willful girl.

"But it will annoy you so much less on your left arm," insisted the mother.

The girl blushed, but shook her head.

"You don't understand," she said.

"I confess I don't," admitted the mother.

"Very likely that is because you were not vaccinated at a time when you were engaged to be married," suggested the girl. "Harold has been vaccinated on his left arm, so I—er—as a mere matter of convenience, don't you see, when you consider the juxtaposition in some circumstances?"

Here the mother and the physician made a mental diagram of the customary situation when two hearts are beating as one and quickly saw that the girl was exceptionally farsighted.—Chicago Post.

NOT QUITE SURE.



Shopman—Let me see, madam, what size do you take?

Lady—I think it's fours—or it may be threes— But, there, I am not quite sure, it may be twos or—

WHAT MRS. B. SAID.

"If any one should call this afternoon, Mary, say that I am not well," said a mistress to her newly engaged servant. "I'm afraid I ate a little too much of that rich pudding for lunch, and it or something else has brought on a severe headache. I'm going to lie down."

A few minutes later the mistress, from her room near the head of the stairs, heard Mary say to two aristocratic ladies who had called for the first time, "Yes'm, Mrs. Browne is at home, but she ate so much pudding for lunch she had to go to bed."—Tit-Bits.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

Smith—Time is a wonderful change artist.

Jones—What is it now?

Smith—You read of that bank clerk who recently got away with a lot of money?

Jones—Yes.

Smith—Well, I remember when he played on an amateur baseball team a few years ago and was so conscientious he wouldn't even steal a base.—Chicago News.

ANOTHER RECORD BROKEN.

"Good evening, Miss Flitters. How do you? I expected to be called out of town today, but wasn't, and as I have seats for the theater I thought you might like to go. It is dreadfully late for an invitation, I know, but—"

"What time is it, Mr. Drawler?"

"It is 20 minutes past 7."

"It will be ready in five minutes."

And she was.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE LIEUTENANT'S TALE.

On the sands along the beach at Manila we spied a double almond—the beautiful native girl and I.

"Shall we eat a philopena?" I asked gaily.

At this I thought she would fall to the ground from sheer fright, so colorless grew her cheeks. Probably she thought I was a madman, probably a cannibal—who knows?—Indianapolis Sun.

BRIGHTER HOPES.

"Can you not trust me, Reginald?" she sighed, gazing into his eyes with a pleading that was hard to resist.

"No, Roxann; the boss says everything must be sold on a cash basis hereafter."

And he gently but firmly put the railings back in the showcase.—Baltimore American.

HER TRUMP.

"She seems so happy. Did she marry him for love or for money?"

"Neither; she took him to spite a lot of other girls."—Chicago Times-Herald.

A girl cannot too sedulously guard her mother, nor too gently bear with her, if the mother have reached a period where she is more easily wearied than formerly and where little things vex her.

To some of us there come days when our hearts are heavy because we were not so sweet and loving as we might have been, and God alone can help us when this realization comes to late.—Margaret E. Sangster, in the April Ladies' Home Journal.

Elopement.

The elopement of an elderly widow with a 16 year old girl to Winchester gave food for gossip. The runaways were Abner Lloyd and Miss Annie Hummer, both of Gaylord, near Winchester. Mr. Lloyd has eight children, several of whom are older than his bride.

They drove to Winchester Thursday, but were unable to get a license there. They then took the night train for Hagerstown and were married Friday. The bride's father, Alexander Hamner, a farmer, heard of the elopement, and started in pursuit. He went the wrong way, and got as far as Shenandoah Junction, when he realized he was too late. Returning home, he encountered the newly married pair on the same train, and a stormy scene ensued. He was finally pacified, and the girl bride is minding her husband's eight children.

A Cute Doctor.

The latest alleged fraud being investigated by the post office authorities at Washington is the case of a doctor who advertises to cure deafness, without fail, for \$18.50. It is alleged that to those who contribute the \$18.50, 2,000 pills were sent by the doctor with the injunction that one must be taken each day. Thus six years would be required for the "cure."

The doctor adds that if the patient misses one day the charm would be broken, and to insure a cure would be necessary, to start all over again. The department is in a quandary, as it has no record of any having taken the pills for six consecutive years, and therefore cannot say positively that a cure would not result under such circumstances.

New Swindle.

A new fakir is abroad in the rural regions. He drives through the country and sells soap at five dollars a box, which sum includes the price of forty yards of carpet selected from samples which he has on the wagon. He takes the five dollars, leaves the box of soap, promises to deliver the carpet within a week and drives away. The soap is worth probably fifty cents. It stays with the purchaser. The carpet is worth probably fifteen dollars, but it has not been delivered to a single victim. Farm families should be on guard against this new fakir as against all other fakirs.

Life is What We Make It.

"Our lives are what we make of them ourselves," writes Edward Bok, in the April Ladies' Home Journal. "If we are weak and accept the artificial our lives will be so. And just in proportion as we make our lives artificial we make them profitless and unhappy. A happy life cannot be lived in an atmosphere surcharged with artificiality. That is impossible. No hope is defeated unless we defeat that hope ourselves. No life is thwarted unless we thwart its highest fulfillment and development by our own actions. It is with us, and with us only, whether we allow the swift current of prevailing customs to make our lives complex. They do, unquestionably, and they are dwarfing the inner lives of thousands of women, and killing thousands of others. But it is cowardly and unjust to lay the blame and the responsibility upon those customs. It is optional with us to accept or reject them. There are certain social laws which seem to make these 'customs' right, but every phase of a higher law, the Divine law, proves them wrong. There must be certain laws and customs for the protection of the social body. These are likewise for our own individual protection and are right, and ordinary common sense teaches us that these are."

A Raging, Roaring Flood.

Washed down a telegraph line which Chas. E. Ellis, of Lisbon, Ia., had to repair. "Standing waist deep in icy water," he writes, "gave me a terrible cold and cough. It grew worse daily. Finally the best doctors in Oakland, Neb., Sioux City and Omaha said I had Consumption and could not live. Then I began using Dr. King's New Discovery and was wholly cured by six bottles. Positively guaranteed for Coughs, Colds and all Throat and Lung troubles by W. S. Dickson. Price 50c and \$1.00.

Advertisement for G. W. Reisner & Co. featuring 'Now Ready! Largest Stock of Wall Paper' and 'Spring - Shoes - Carpets'. Includes text about various products and a 'Respectfully' signature.

Advertisement for 'THE FULTON COUNTY NEWS' and 'CUMBERLAND VALLEY TIME TABLE'. Includes a detailed train schedule table and information about the newspaper's content.