

IN A DENTIST'S CHAIR.

When my sister first heard my choice of a profession she was for a moment struck speechless—a sure sign of amazement in a girl—and then gleefully exclaimed:

"Please don't laugh! O Stanley! Then you will die an old bachelor, for all the women will look upon you as an inhuman wretch. Besides, no man ever fell in love with a girl in a dentist's chair. The prettiest of them look horrid with their hair all frizzled and their mouths stretched. Ugh!"

"Don't talk sentiment, Nell," I growled. "I have a few things to learn and a pile of money to make before tipping off the matrimonial plank."

In the three years that followed I did "learn a few things" and soon after I was hard at work trying to make a name for myself in a large city. I had received considerable patronage and was rapidly attaining both a competence and self-confidence when, one beautiful spring morning, a lady entered and asked: "Is Dr. Walden in?" Took me for an office boy!

Straightening up to my highest mark I answered stiffly: "I am Dr. Walden." "Pardon the mistake," she murmured; then louder: "I came to have my teeth examined with a view to filling any cavities there may be."

As she took off her wraps I observed her narrowly, for I had all a young man's horror of extremely nervous women, and felt a sense of relief as she climbed into the chair without any sign of fear.

But she said: "I have never had any fillings and hope none are necessary now," adding as I lowered the headrest: "How essential it is that you have pretty ceiling paper!"

"Yes, and that I keep the cobwebs out of the corners," I answered.

Inspection showed a small cavity in a back tooth.

"O it must be filled at once!" she cried, closing her eyes and clasping her hands over a tiny silk handkerchief. I pulled up the drill and began as gently as possible, but the tooth was one of the deceptive kind that externally seem so sound when all decayed within. Pain was inevitable. Her eyelids quivered slightly, and my arm touching her shoulder, felt a sudden shiver, and—she had fainted away!

At first I simply stood still and stared; then I began to fan her, expecting every moment to see her open her eyes. But there seemed not a quiver of life in her! Thoroughly frightened, I lifted her light, limp form and carried her to the sofa.

Everything I could think of I did to arouse her, but all to no purpose, and there on my knees, fanning her, I had time to contemplate the situation.

To call for help from the adjoining offices would only bring me into ridicule as a young man who half-killed his patients; there was not the slightest clew to her identity, so I could not telephone for her friends; besides, it was only a faint caused by fright probably, for I could not have hurt her very badly. I would just wait.

As I came to that conclusion she started up and threw one arm across my shoulder. It was a new and decidedly thrilling sensation. But in another instant complete consciousness returned and she sprang to her feet with an air of intense disgust.

I felt all the humiliation a man can feel and expected reproachful, even angry words from her. Instead, she turned deliberately and climbed in to the chair.

"Perhaps you will let me put a bit of cotton into the cavity before you go," I stammered.

"Do you suppose I'd be so silly as to go home without finishing the work?" she answered, scornfully.

There was nothing for it but to go on, although my own nerves were now shaken and I would have given dollars to have her go. Her pluck was admirable, yet I easily guessed that she was inwardly quaking with fear. "Ugh! that snake in the grass!" was her only exclamation, however, as I drew up the drill.

At last the ordeal was over. Hurriedly she gathered up her things, paid her bill and turned to the door. I tried to apologize, but she cut me short, saying, with the glimmer of a smile: "You were as gentle as possible; but—well, I wish I had been born with false teeth!" She bowed and was gone.

Then I walked the floor, gritted my teeth and did various other boyish things that would not look well in print. Ah! There was her handkerchief and cardcase, forgotten in her extraordinary haste to get away. Opening the latter I found the cards inscribed: "Miss McNair, 474 East C—Avenue."

Of course these things must be taken to her as soon as possible! So behold me in the twilight of that very day ringing the bell of a beautiful residence.

While waiting for her entrance it suddenly dawned on me that the proper thing would have been to have sent the articles with a polite note and the thought added a mite of lead to my sinking spirits.

She did seem somewhat surprised, but greeted me more pleasantly than I hoped. After thanking me for the articles, she clasped her hands together with a little Frenchy gesture and said,

laughingly: "O I was so frightened and so ashamed of it, too! You see I had never suffered any pain before and—and it is hard to stand! Each nerve in my body seemed to hold its breath and watch, and when you hurt one they all cried together! I know I shall dream of you and your buzz-saw tonight!"

"Please leave out the buzz-saw!" I exclaimed, audaciously.

So it happened that as a prophet Nell has "no honor in her own country," for I fell in love with a girl in a dental chair, she did not consider me an "inhuman wretch," and I did not "die an old bachelor."

PLAYED WITH AN ELEPHANT AND SHE DASHED HIS LIFE OUT.

New York.—James Fielding Blount, 39 years old, of Fort Wayne, Ind., was killed by one of the elephants in the menagerie of Forepaugh and Sells Brothers circus now showing in Brooklyn. Blount had a small water glass in his hand and was flashing it before an elephant named Topsy, known to be playful, but Topsy did not seem to relish the sport.

Before Blount could realize her temper, Topsy threw her trunk around him, lifted him high in the air, and with awful force slammed him to the earth several times, breaking every bone in his body and beating his brains out.

POWER OF ELOQUENCE.

Much has been written and related in the persuasive eloquence of ministers of the Gospel as well as the queer manifestations of the power of religion, as noted from time to time, but there is probably nothing stranger on record than that which is here set forth, says the Charlotte News.

A snake entered East Side Presbyterian Chapel during the morning service yesterday, crawled upon a bench, quietly arranged himself in a coil and remained complacently throughout the service.

The bench which his snakeship chose for his devotional exercises, if such they were, was occupied by several ladies who form the choir at the chapel.

Nobody saw the snake enter the church, but the first intimation of the reptile's presence was when a gentleman, who sat on the seat just behind the choir bench, leaned over during prayer and whispered to one of the ladies to move up toward the other end of the bench and he would tell her why he wanted her to move after service.

The lady complied with the suggestion and gingerly and quietly moved in the direction indicated, afraid to look to the right or left, yet fearing that something dreadful was about to happen. As for the discoverer of the unwelcome visitor, he was in a dilemma. If he approached the lady in front of him of the reason for his unusual suggestion he was certain of a scream and a fainting scene, and he knew that any attempt of his to forcibly eject the extraordinary worshiper would result in a disruption of the solemn services. He finally decided upon the former course as the wisest, and moving nearer the young woman told her in a whisper that a snake was occupying the same bench with her, but to remain perfectly quiet as he would keep an eye on the reptile and dispatch it at the first hostile move.

Be it said to the everlasting credit of the young lady she neither screamed nor fainted, but sat quietly, though nervously throughout the service. The snake followed the good example set him by the congregation and did not stir from his comfortable coil and after the benediction had been pronounced the gentleman who had discovered his snakeship secured a club and ended the snake's career. It was about two feet long, and of what is known as the cane variety.

Among those who heard of the queer visitor that the eloquence of the Rev. Hugh W. Hoon attracted to his church the incident was a fruitful topic of conversation for some days. Some were inclined to take the matter as a turning point in the world's history, that the creature that brought about the fall of our first parents and is generally regarded as the personal representative of the Prince of Darkness should experience such a change of heart as to bring himself to attend divine service. And among his congregation Mr. Hoon's power of persuasion knows no limit.

Physician (at hospital)—I thought you merely had the measles?

Patient—Well, isn't that enough?

Physician—Yes; but you are covered with bruises from head to foot. How do you account for that?

Patient—Oh, they brought me here in an ambulance.—Chicago News.

She—After all, what is the difference between illusion and delusion?

He—Illusion is the lovely fancies we have about ourselves; delusion is the foolish fancies other people have about themselves.—Life.

A POUND OF CURE.

BY GRACE MCGOWAN COOKE.

"Please don't laugh!"

She leaned forward and looked almost piteously at the quiet, thoughtful man behind the desk. "I know you'll think it is silly, but, oh, please don't say so."

"I am very far from expecting to say that you are silly," returned Dr. Thornton, with his most assuring smile.

But the girl did not see it; her big eyes—eyes which most modern physicians would call neurotic, but which all animals and children loved and trusted, suddenly filled with tears, and to conceal them she looked intently down at her own slender, tremulous fingers as they fumbled over the tyings of a great parcel in her lap.

"I am bringing you the fruits of my week's retreat," she said.

"I was wondering what had become of my star patient," he returned smilingly. "I did not know but you had accepted my last advice verbatim, and gone to taking in washing—or cellars to clean."

"You know," she began again, "or rather," she corrected, with a little half-hysterical laugh, "you don't know how deadly weary I am of being told not to overdo. I am to let Martha wait on me, and the modiste manufacture my taste, and mother do my thinking, and the doctor to see to my body, while the preacher attends to my soul, all because I am such a wretched, no-account creature that if I should ever attempt anything I'd get tired or be sick."

"You can't complain," said the doctor, smiling, "that I haven't set you to work." "Don't you see," she returned, "that is just why I cling to you, and tag after you in this absurd way? They've taken me to a new doctor, you know, a nerve specialist at the hospital—and I can't bear it—I can't—I can't!"

"I didn't know," said the doctor, simply. "I'm sorry." And she knew well that he was sorry for more than the loss of a patient.

"Why, doctor," she went on, "you seemed to me more like an angel than a man when you said 'She needs work. She isn't ill at all.' How could you know that? Nobody else has been able to see it in all these miserable years—except poor me, and I only felt it in a dim, groping fashion."

The doctor smiled sunnily. "Oh, that is my religion," he returned. "If people are a little ill, why then a little work; if they're more ill, more work, and if they're 'like to die,' why a great deal of work and thought for others—not for themselves—that's a patent cure of my own."

"It made me fairly love you," burst out the girl, and she blushed rosily, adding, apologetically, "You must take that in a Pickwickian sense, doctor—or in a humanitarian sense, perhaps, I ought to say."

"Oh, I understand," replied the doctor, as he came around the desk, and took the bundle out of her nervous, fluttering hands, and seated himself facing her. "Now, my dear little child, I want you to be quiet and relaxed and at peace for about fifteen minutes, while I talk to you. I'm glad you sent Martha away, and that your mother is not here, for I want to address myself to you, not to an expurgated edition of yourself—which is what I usually get when I call at the house."

She nodded and laughed mischievously. She was beginning to lose all fear, and feel no embarrassment with this grave, quiet, kindly, youngish man, who seemed so different from the many, many doctors who had passed upon the myriad ailments of her short life.

"I want to say to you," the doctor began, "that Nature abhors a useless thing. If you don't use your brain it becomes cloudy in its workings; if you don't use your arm it withers; and most of all, if you don't use the life that is given you—use it, I mean for any practical purpose—it will be taken from you."

"One may be perfectly willing to give it up, most of the time," answered the girl. "One is so miserable when there's nothing on earth for one to do." "That's why you have been ill, little girl; you have been kept as useless as a china shepherdess on a shelf."

"Oh, I have, I have," she breathed, "and I did hate it so! The winter we were in Japan (Dr. Oliviant sent us there, you know, for my—my throat, I think it was—or maybe that was the time they thought I was going into consumption), I did so plead and beg to be allowed to take up kindergarten work. Those dear little Japanese children are so cunning and sweet, and it would have been like work in fairyland for me, but mother thought it was too much of a strain on my voice. Oh, yes; it must have been my throat. I remember from that! Well, they called Dr. Oliviant about it, and he said 'By no means let her exert herself in any way.' I was to lie on a cot in the sun for three hours every day, and think of nothing at all! But I didn't," with sudden fierceness, "I just lay there and thought of awful things as much as I pleased."

The doctor smiled encouragingly at her. "You've got a nice little temper of your own, which might become the salvation of you; if it's carefully cultivated, I think it alone ought to make you quite healthy."

"I do get angry sometimes," she resumed, much encouraged. "When we went up the Nile the winter mother was quite sure that rheumatism was all that was the matter with me, there was an artist on the boat with us who wanted to teach me to paint. I was wild to learn. He painted those wonderful, wonderful sunsets. He was an impressionist, you know, and the way he did them was not a bit hard. I could almost do them myself without any showing; but father interfered about that. He said the smell of the paint would make me ill, and working in that light would hurt my eyesight. Why, doctor, there was never, never anything the least bit the matter with my eyes, though mother did take me year before last to an oculist who fitted me with glasses. They made me wear them for six or more months, till they got the notion of having another physician, who said it was all nonsense."

"Was your artist a young man?" inquired the doctor, smilingly.

"Don't," she begged, "it's so absurd. He couldn't help being young. Father called him a fortune-hunter (when he was talking to me about him, I mean), and quoted that thing about his pictures looking like a tortoise-shell cat having a fit. But nobody would want a fortune, even, tacked to such a bundle of misery as I am."

"You poor child," said the doctor, "everybody has been living your life for you so vociferously that you have hardly been allowed to draw your breath naturally."

"Oh, I couldn't at all—that least of all," rejoined the girl, seriously, "I have had three different doctors who have made me take special breathing exercises to learn to breath right."

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Figure No. 1.—OLD FASHIONED FIGURE

Figure No. 2.—UP-TO-DATE FIGURE. Acquired by fitting Figure No. 1 with the "Century."

heart's picture here, or even care about a sweetheart at all," she added. "Certainly, he wouldn't be likely to admire a young person who had all the ills that human flesh was ever heir to, and had been dragged over half the known world with a view to merely keeping her alive."

When the doctor came back he found her contentedly packing up her dolls. "Now," he announced, "first for the hospital, and then I'm going home with you."

They were in the doorway, and the doctor paused, key in hand. She had just found her voice, and her eyes were full of tears as she cried: "Oh, doctor, will you really? How good you are! Do try to make them understand. Tell them—talk to them just as you do to me."

"Well, hardly," smiled the doctor. "I think they want something a little more severe than I could find in my heart to say to you. I'd like to tell them that if they can't take care of you properly, I want to take the entire responsibility off their hands—may I say something like that?"

"Say anything you think will be effective," she returned, evasively, as she busied herself over the tyings of her numerous scarfs. "Anyhow, there will be two of us to face them, and there's strength in numbers."

"No," returned the doctor, as he took the tying out of her hands and compelled her to look at him, "there isn't in this case, for a man and his wife are one."

TO FEAST ON LOCUSTS.

The Biblical record that John the Baptist was fed upon locust and honey in the wilderness is the precedent upon which Mr. G. F. Brochat, of Hamilton, Baltimore county, near Lauraville, proposes to give a locust feast to his family and friends.

Mr. Brochat is an ice-cream manufacturer, but contends, nevertheless, that locusts are not only fit for human food, but are, in fact, a luxury. He proposes to feast his friends upon locust soup, broiled and fried locust, stewed locust and locusts served in pies and otherwise. The feast was recently, but Mr. Brochat was unusually busy, and was unable to spare the necessary time to gather the thousands of locusts which were needed for the dishes he is preparing to serve.

Every blade of grass in Lauraville and the surrounding country, it is hardly an exaggeration to say, has a locust upon it, and there are millions in the neighborhood of Hamilton. Some of the members of Mr. Brochat's family look with distress upon the locust as an article of food and are disposed to await a trial by his friends before they themselves partake.

There is, however, indisputable evidence that the locust is not only edible, but in some parts of the world considered a dish calculated to please the most exacting epicure. In France locusts are served with kidneys and with sweetbreads, and in various forms are considered by the French a most delightful dinner dish.

Prof. Philip R. Uhler, provost of the Peabody Institute, said that he had eaten locust soup and had tasted locusts, both fried and broiled.

"There is," said Dr. Uhler, "very little taste to the locusts. It is like eating the soft shell of a crab. There is no more flavor to the locust than there is to the shrimp, and there is almost no nourishment at all to it, because of the lack of meat. On the locust that we have here, or the cicada, which is its proper name and title, there is absolutely no meat at all. There is nothing to it but the shell, and it is almost impossible to derive nourishment from it, no matter how it is cooked or served."

"The locust which John the Baptist fed upon was entirely different from the locust which we have now in Baltimore. That locust was, in fact, the grasshopper, and is as different from the cicada which is with us today as is an elephant from a horse. The grass-

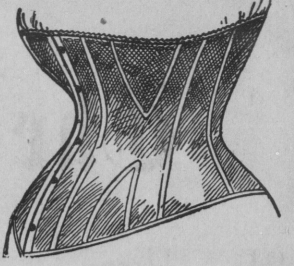


Figure No. 1.—OLD FASHIONED FIGURE

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hopper, or Rocky Mountain locust, which is common in the West, has jaws and can eat. Usually when they arrive in any numbers at all, everything green for miles around is completely swallowed up and disappears.

"The cicada, however, has no jaws and cannot eat when once above the surface of the ground. It may absorb dew and dampness, but it cannot eat. I hardly think the cicadae would supply nourishment enough for a man to live upon, although the grasshopper, or locust proper, which is eating all the time, might. The cicada, instead of having jaws, has simply a sharp-pointed beak, which it can sink into a rootlet under the ground and suck out the sap, but it cannot eat at all above the ground.

"The French eat locusts as a luxury, but they do not eat them alone. They are served with kidneys, sweetbreads or other dishes, and they appear to enjoy them immensely. I cannot say that the locust dishes which I have tasted were in any way enjoyable. There is little or no flavor to it, although, of course, any sort of flavor can be given any dish, and you hardly know you are eating anything at all.

Seventeen years ago Mr. George W. Seipp, crier of the County Court at Towson, says he first ate locusts. His appetite now does not crave them and he has not partaken of any this year. He never ate any cooked locusts, but says he does not see why they would not be as good fried, broiled or stewed as crabs, shrimps or oysters.

Mr. C. Bohn Slingluff, of the Baltimore County Bar, says it has been his custom to eat locusts and that they are the most palatable dish any person ever ate. He has not been feeding on them this year, however, because on account of the dry season they did not come up in their pupa state, and he only liked locusts in that state. They came up half-winged, and they are not so good that way.

"Yes," said the father proudly, "there is good stuff in my boy."

"I agree with you," replied the uncle. "I just saw him pay twenty cents a drink in a saloon."