

Inequality in the World.

There is and there always has been inequality in the world. In spite of the striving of generous hearts and enlightened minds for equality. Although equality has never ceased to show itself in different ways within the different orders, and in modern times characterized at least superficially that large composite order which we call good society, civilization is still embayed and endangered by inequality. One need not allege instances. They are abundant in every man's experience and observation, and those who dread or affect to dread the dead level of equality are quite right in saying that even in a political democracy there is as much inequality as anywhere. But this does not prove that they are right in admitting that it is not offensive and stupid. Inequality still persists, but so does theft, so does murder, so does unchastity, so do almost all the sins and shames that ever were. Inequality is, in fact, the sum of them. In the body of this death they fester and corrupt forever. As long as we have inequality we shall have these sins and shames, which are the life and soul of every nation. Inequality is the life and soul of every nation. Inequality is, in fact, the sum of them. In the body of this death they fester and corrupt forever. As long as we have inequality we shall have these sins and shames, which are the life and soul of every nation.

Hard Work and Huxley.
A great part of the work by which the world knows him was done after dinner and after a hard day's work in the lecture room and laboratory. He never spared himself. Often and often have I known him leave the circle of family and friends, of which he was the life and very early in the evening and betake himself to his library, a room of which the only luxury was books. If remembered with or appealed to for another half hour, he would only shake his head. There was something to be done. And it would be midnight. I had to get up at 7 in the morning, and then he was up at 7 in the morning. I sometimes thought he had no higher happiness than work; perhaps nobody has. He would dine on a little soup and a bit of fish; more than that was a clog on his mind. "The great secret," he said, "is to preserve the power of working continuously 16 hours a day if need be. If you cannot do that, you may be caught out any time."—Scribner's Magazine.

Political Career Predicted For the Duchess.
The West Side Women's Rejoinder auxiliary of New York held a meeting the other day. The women called it a political symposium. Mrs. Clarence Burns, who looks like Mrs. Potter Palmer and is president of the club, talked about women's part in English elections. During the last campaign four fair American women took part in their husband's canvasses. "So," said the president, "the future Duchess of Marlborough, Miss Vanderbilt, will have something to look forward to in this direction."

The wife of a titled politician who was campaigning in a royal constituency was asked what she was going to wear. "The oldest clothes I have, on account of the eggs," was her reply. Men and boys in England on election day parade the streets with wheelbarrows labeled: "Election eggs, three a penny. Notice—Not sold for human food."—New York World.

Agriculture in Great Britain.
The fact that agriculture is in process of gradual abandonment in Great Britain may account in part for the increase in immigration from that country. The number of arrivals since August aggregating 288,000. It evidently does not pay the British farmer to raise wheat on high priced British land. The next problem is to make this land profitable in some other way. The decline in wheat acreage this year is 26 per cent less than 1894. This indicates that upward of 200,000 acres of land have failed of cultivation because agriculture no longer pays.—Philadelphia Times.

Their Excuse.
The southern excuse for such horrible burnings as the one in Tyler, Tex., is found in the striking words from the dispatch. "He begged for mercy, and it was meted out to him just as he was merciful to the pure and innocent woman whose soul he sent to heaven at this hour yesterday." There is grim tragedy in these words.—Boston Journal.

Right Sort of Jingo.
The new navy of the United States not only commands the respect of other nations, but is ready to enforce that respect any time its services are demanded.—Baltimore American.

QUAY'S WESTMORELAND DEFEAT

Even the Power of the Great Frick Coke Company Cannot Not Be His Friendly Association.

GREENSBURG, July 22.—Senator Quay was as unfortunate here at the county committee meeting as he has been in every county primary which has been held since he announced himself as the candidate of the "campaign of assassination" against the Hastings administration. He had all the circumstances in his favor. The contest for the judicial nomination gave him a chance to play one faction against the other. The colossal H. C. Frick Coke company, which has 1,000 acres in this county, was for him with all its money and influence. H. C. Frick, its president, is also the president of the Carnegie Steel company, and when that corporation got into the coal over the more plain it furnished to the government Quay was its agent in the senate. The result of the campaign in this county shows that such alliances have their weakness as well as their strength.

Their effort to solidify the coke region representatives for him failed. The committee adjourned refusing to even consider a resolution complimenting Quay, after nominating the governor's appointee, Mr. McConnell, for judge, by a majority of twenty-three. The best Quay people could do was to hold a riotous and disorderly meeting of the Quay members of the committee and adopt resolutions.

SOME STAGE STORIES.

FUNNY EXPERIENCES OF FAMOUS ACTORS AND ACTRESSES.

Compliments Paid to Performers of Popular Parts by Persons in the Audience. Several Interesting Incidents Related by a London Newspaper.

Players of today do not appear to fall so easily under the influence of the power of the performer or the witness of a striking situation as in times gone by. They do not so quickly lose their own identity, so to speak, and become so absorbed in the drama as to be carried away with the interest of the plot to such an extent that they feel themselves but mere spectators, but participants in a real and tangible incident. But when plays deal more with hemely and natural stories and less with the fantastic and "woman with a past" class of drama, folks appear to have been more emotional and enthusiastic. They forget the mimic side of the actor and only saw before them life in miniature, rare as they understood it. They had the human note very finely tuned and developed.

For example, when they were playing the almost immortal "Green Bushes" at the Adelphi during one of its many revivals, Miss. Celeste, in the character of Mimi, the Indian, had to shoot her English husband, by whom she had been deserted, and, after firing the pistol, a woman started up in the pit and exclaimed in a loud voice, "Served him right; it's just like my monster!" This explosion of insulted womanhood, professed by the "summing up" and Miss. Celeste's powerful acting, was naturally followed by a burst of laughter from all parts of the house.

It is certain that art frequently possesses more sway over our feelings than nature herself. It was at the Olympic theater in the autumn of 1874, when the "Orphan" was being acted, that a young lady sitting in the stalls hurled her open glasses, with the exclamation, "You lose!" at Miss. Hunley (La. Freeman), who was playing Mr. Henry Neville, the orphan's father, in the parterre. It was generally a high compliment to her acting, although it was a dangerous way of sending a testimonial.

But it was a critic who spoke on the first night of the late George Road's drama, "The New Two Hours' Mend," at the Princess Theatre, in 1885, under the management of George W. and voluntarily professed himself against the dragging business of the play scene, as being, "obscure and untrue to life. However, it was true to life and the discussion that ensued in the papers tended to crowd the theater, notably for many months. But audiences did not always take things too seriously and were in the habit of expressing themselves very candidly when occasion arose.

Even the great Grimaldi could not invariably rely upon success for his own waltzes. He was once hunched at Sadler's Wells theater after singing his celebrated comic song (what a dull piece it was to read, by the way) "Tipperary, and he appealed to the audience. He had noticed," he said, "trembled, sneezed, choked, gasped, cried, grined, grimaced, hiccupped—he had done all that could be done by brow, chin, cheeks, eyes, nose and mouth—and what more did they want?" "Why, we want," yawned a languid voice from the pit, "we want a new feature."

Sometimes it is the manager who gives vent to his feelings when sitting in "front," as was the case with Henry Harris, for many years manager of Covent Garden theater in the early part of the century. He was watching the performance from the stage box of an actor of the name of Panlaker, who had recently arrived from the provinces and was making his appearance on the metropolitan boards as Octavia in "The Mountaineers." Panlaker was not quite up to the mark, and when he exclaimed in a deep, guttural tone, "Oh, where is my honor?" Harris exclaimed, "I wish your honor was back at Newcastle again, with all my heart!"

Macready, of whom many stories were told, says in his "Memoirs": "I remember on one occasion acting in ' Venice Preserved.' A loud and rather drowsy dying speech of my poor friend Jaffer, was 'dragging its slow length along,' when some one in the gallery, in a tone of great impatience, called out very loudly, 'Ah, now die at once!'"

As an example of how easily the most acute persons may lose themselves to some extent in the mimic action of an eminent special pleader who was witnessing a performance of "Macbeth," I remember the scene where the Thane of Cawdor questioning the witches in the cavern, says, "What is't you do?" the answer is, "A deed without a name." This phrase struck the ears of the pleader at once, and he cried out excitedly: "A deed without a name? Why, 'tis void."—London Globe.

Wouldn't Want Her Presence.
The boy had smashed his father's shaving mug and done sundry other damage, when his mother discovered him. "Oh, Freddie!" she exclaimed, horrified. "What will your papa say when he comes home and sees what you have done?" "Well, mamma, I don't think I would like to repeat it before you."—Pearson's Weekly.

How Do Politicians Thieve There?
They've just elected a new president of the republic of Switzerland without any friction and without even the formality of a presidential campaign. Happily Swiss.—Boston Herald.

STAGE FRIGHT.

Not the Sight of the Audience, but the Sound, the Cause of It, an Actor Says. In discussing stage fright an old actor said:

"It is not the sight of the audience so much as its sound that worries the beginner. Probably very few persons realize what noise an average audience makes. It is not loud or definite, but a steady suppressed hum, like the buzz of the Broadway cable. From the combination of these little noises which are present in every large assemblage, no matter how attentive and respectful. One moves an arm, another adjusts a skirt, a third rustles a programme, a fourth coughs, and so on. It is the conglomerate of these sounds that starts and upsets the beginner. He cannot analyze them, and they sound snarly and threatening to him."

"I know that I did not get accustomed to the noise for some nights. The first time I went on the stage, I felt as if I were under a sea of fire. For the first few nights I was so nervous that I could see nothing. The murmur of the audience on the other side of that wall was awful. I spoke with the feeling of a wretch pursued by a mob and convinced that there was no escape."
"It is popularly supposed that only beginners suffer from stage fright, and that it soon disappears. There are successful actors and actresses who have attacks of the same sort every time they go on the stage, and who will never get over them."—New York Sun.

Rebbed by Hannah Hamlin.
Mr. Hamlin was a true gentleman. Panlaker himself in the observance of all the requirements of gentlemanly in-everybody to him for a ride to his or to assume the attitude of a superior. On one occasion one of the able men and leaders of the senate, distinguished for a self common, lardly air in his department in the change of seats which occurs once in two years in the senate chamber, had passed a seat by the side of Mr. Hamlin and begun at once to practice upon him those little snarling and ungracious which he had been accustomed to impose upon others. After a few days of yielding to these annoyances Mr. Hamlin turned and in a low tone said: "Sir, you expect to be treated like a gentleman, but you must give yourself credit to repeat the announcement.—Henry L. Davies in Century."

A Real Treat.
"That boy, I tell you," said the dean, "is the most honest article of wearing apparel man ever gazed upon. Honestly, it's a wonder that it doesn't cause cases of hysteria every time you appear on the street."

He posed for a reply, but she had dropped her handkerchief and did not pick it up. She could not speak.
The eloquent compliment to her skill in designing a successful bicycle costume had overwhelmed her with joy.—Chicago Record.

The Work of the Heart.
One of the most remarkable things about the heart is the amount of work it does. The average man's heart pumps about 3 1/2 gallons of blood every minute. In 24 hours a man's heart does about 124 feet worth of work. "In other words," says a contemporary, "if the whole force expended by the heart in 24 hours were gathered in one place, it would equal a pump whose task is to deliver a known quantity of blood against a known head." It is easy to show that in 24 hours a man's heart does about 124 feet worth of work. "In other words," says a contemporary, "if the whole force expended by the heart in 24 hours were gathered in one place, it would equal a pump whose task is to deliver a known quantity of blood against a known head." It is easy to show that in 24 hours a man's heart does about 124 feet worth of work.

A Mob.
A mob is usually a creature of very mysterious existence, particularly in a large city. Where it comes from or whether it goes for men can sell. Assembling and dispersing with equal suddenness, it is as difficult to follow its various courses as the sea itself, and does the parallel stop here, for the crowd is not more fickle and uncertain, more terrible when aroused, more unreasonably or more cruel.—Dickens.

Light on a Dark Subject.
Rivera—supposing it to be true that Luther did throw an ink bottle at Satan, why do you think he did it?
Bart—I presume he wanted to see if he couldn't make him bleaker than he was painted.—Chicago Tribune

Conversa spreca.
The city water supply has nothing to do with the cessation or spread of diphtheria, except, possibly, as a contaminating water affects the general health of the individual and so lowers the resisting power of the system. The increase of disease every fall is due largely to "catching cold," to vitiated air in dwellings, caused by closing doors and windows, that have been kept open all summer, and to similar causes that tend to produce a sensitive condition of the throat, favorable to the growth of the diphtheria germ. There should be added to these causes the diminishing hours of sunlight as the year wanes. The direct rays of the sun kill the diphtheria germ, but moisture and darkness favor its growth and multiplication. Good housewives, who open windows and shades to the free access of sun and air, are practical sanitarians, fighting contagion and infection with the best and most potent of all disinfectants. That cats, poultry, parrots and some other of the lower animals are susceptible to diphtheria, and often convey it to children and others, is beyond question. The rules of the Illinois state board of health, the suppression and prevention of diphtheria have recognized this fact for years, and direct the removal of birds and other domestic pets and the exclusion of cats from the kitchen. The precaution is a wise one, based upon observed facts.—Chicago Times-Herald.

THEY LOVE ACTRESSES.

Howard Gould Said to Be In Love With Miss Clemons.

In the bright lexicon of youth it is only set forth that when a chaffee gets up early in the morning and meets a pretty girl at an incoming steamer he means business.

Of course I can't say whether Howard Gould is engaged to Miss Catherine Clemons or not. He does say, "Suppose you see the young lady herself and see what she says." No one has seen her yet on this business, but a wink is often as good as a nod, and Howard's generally jaunty and self satisfied manner gives deep meaning to his flirtatious words.

The love of the Goulds for the stage is pronounced and well known. George selected the lovely Miss Kingdon to share the family millions. Anna was once engaged to a young actor before Bont Casselaine's honey looks went her big dot, and now along comes Howard making unobtruded sheep's eyes at pretty Miss Clemons.

I suppose it will be a match, and a very suitable one, too, according to the general trend of the Gould ambitions.—Cholly Knickerbocker in New York Recorder.

DEATH IN A BOOT LEG.

It Contained a Rattlesnake's Fang and Caused Two Deaths.

One day last summer Thomas Horton of Rinehamton, N. Y., was passing through a piece of cleared land when he was bitten by a rattlesnake. The reptile was shedding its skin and therefore in its most venomous condition. The serpent had penetrated the cowhide boot, and it was easily killed.
Horton took off his boots, and his wife gave them to Napoleon Meeke, a negro who worked on an adjoining farm. He wore them and died. Archibald Hooker, a nephew of the dead man, wore them 48 hours, and he also died in great agony. The boots were passed into the hands of a doctor. The second day he wore them he was attacked with a pain in his leg. His experience told him it was the result of rattlesnake poisoning. He applied a remedy in time and recovered.

On examining the boot he found a small point of a piece of cowhide embedded in the sole. It was the fang of the rattlesnake, placed in such a way that on drawing out the foot the fang, which curved upward, would not injure it, but on putting the boot on, it would be almost impossible to escape a slight scratch from the poison covered tooth.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

HIS LITTLE SCHEME.

How He Proposed to Get Even With His Enemy.

He stopped the big blue-coated officer of Woodward avenue. "Say," he explained, "I want you to arrest a man up here named 'Can you do it?'
"You'll have to have a warrant for that." "What did he do?" He threw up his hands. "A man named 'Can you do it?'"
"The best look in his line that I ever written," the officer hastily replied. "Why, yes. How did you know he was the widder of the ship?"
"The officer smiled a knowing smile and said: 'But you can't get a warrant for me. There's an unworkable man here named 'Can you do it?''"

"The little man looked up at the minute, and then answered: 'I've rightly set up the officer's eyes.'"
"The law can't touch me," he replied. "I'll depend on the school." He looked quite a scraper. Now it was the officer's turn to smile. "You're a good fellow," he said. "Business, and after two or three more words he turned to his plan, which he said was a word or two about how the man is who does there. If the officer would on to him—well, well, you know the answer to see that my friend here. But he's too much. The law can't touch me, could it?" He looked at the officer.

"The guardian of the peace does not think the thought he would catch a man taking up the burden of the law.—Detroit Free Press.

THE BRITISH WAR-CLOUD.

Now told as all about the war.

Brethren, don't let's go to war with England or any other country. Haven't we colonels and captains enough now?"

The war comes on Spain.—Exchange.
Wrong. It comes on the water.
"What do you think of the war-cloud, major?"
"Well, sir, I think it'll show."

"What will you do, colonel, in case of war with England?"
"Can't say for certain; but—how high is your barn?"—Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

Criton is an Indian word meaning "The Wind." The river was named for an Indian chief.

A UNIQUE ENTERTAINMENT.

Former Deaf Mutes Give Recitations and Other Performances.

A unique and interesting entertainment was provided the other night for the friends and patrons of the Wright-Huntwood School for the Oral Instruction of the Deaf in New York, by the pupils of that institution. All who participated were persons who are totally deaf and would be understood by those who might meet them. The first part of the programme consisted of the recitation of "Miles Standish," by Helen Keller, a 15-year-old girl, who has been both deaf and blind since she was 18 months old. She is now learning to read the lips of a person speaking by laying the fingers upon them. She committed the poem to memory from the embossed characters used by the blind alphabet. When in doubt, she refreshed her memory by means of the raised letters.

Although her articulation is necessarily imperfect, her words were audible and intelligible to most of those in the room. The reading was illustrated by a series of seven tableaux in Puritan costume. The pupils who took part in the tableaux were Bertha M. Freeman, J. Pierson Radcliffe, Will J. Quinlan and Willard K. Taft. They were followed by Katherine Woodward, an 8-year-old child, in a Greek dance.

The performance was concluded by a two act farce, written by one of the pupils, Robert H. Moulton. There were eight speaking parts, all of which were enacted by persons who had been taught to speak. As they were all totally deaf, it was necessary for them to take their cues by watching each other's lips. The performance would have been a very creditable one for any amateurs.
Mr. Moulton, who played the leading part, spoke with great distinctness. He has been prepared for college at the school and will enter Columbia next fall. He expects to have no difficulty in recitation and will be able to understand part of the lectures by watching the lecturers' lips. The others in the cast were Bertha M. Freeman, Florence Shattuck, Katharine Woodward, Carrie Maezel, Willard K. Taft, Francis Bell and Mary Nicholas.
The entertainment was the first of the sort ever attempted at the school, and Mr. Wright was much pleased with its success. The preparation for it, he said, had been of great value as a means of practical instruction to the pupils.—New York Sun.

A BRITISH ALLIANCE.

Rumor That William Waldorf Astor Is to Marry Lady Churchill.

They say now that it is Lady Randolph Churchill on whom Willie Waldorf Astor is about to confer his name, his Spanish accenture and a share of his enormous estate.
It seems a good and reasonable match enough, but rumor has always had it that Lady Randolph long since gave her heart to another—the young gardener whom she nursed so tenderly through the consequences of a severe accident.

Willie Waldorf would indeed be fortunate to capture a prize, for Lady Randolph is still young—near 41—clever as they make 'em and with an excellent well assured position in English society.
But, then, this is only rumor, which may be very wide of the mark and may flatter Willie Waldorf's vanity to an indelicate degree.—Cholly Knickerbocker in New York Recorder.

A WATERY SUBJECT.

Bathing Ethics Troubling Folk in Parts of Illinois.

While the authorities at Washington are struggling with the Venezuelan question the Illinois state authorities at Lansing are having troubles of their own. Here is a question which a blushing interior county has submitted in good faith to Superintendent Pattenhill.
"Which should take a bath the often—the farmer or the student? If you think that the student ought to please give your reason why."
The schoolman explained that her pupils had been unable to solve the question. The question remains unanswered pending the return of Professor Pattenhill to the city, and in the meantime both the farmer and the student doubtless grace the ranks of the great army of the unwashed.

DEWEY TO BE THE ORATOR.

Will Make an Address at Lincoln-Douglas Debate Anniversary.

CHAMBER M. Dewey has consented to deliver an address at Galesburg, Ill., Oct. 7, 1896, on the occasion of the celebration by Knox college of the anniversary of the Lincoln-Douglas debate. The debate was held Oct. 7, 1858, and the speakers stood on the same steps of the college building. Twenty thousand people were present, and the celebration is to be placed in the wall against which the stand was placed in 1858 a tablet which will contain in bas-relief busts of Lincoln and Douglas in bronze.
It is predicted that there will be 50,000 people present.
Senator Vest's Turkey Whisker.
Senator Vest is a plain man—plain in his dress, his lines and his speech. He went into the senate restaurant a few days ago.
"Dick," said he to his waiter, "I want a plate of cold turkey and coffee."
"Yes, sir," said the man as he moved away.
"And, Dick," said the senator, calling him back.
"Yes, sir," said the waiter.
"I don't want it decorated with any of that confounded grass coffee."
And when the plate of cold turkey appeared the usual questioning of given parsley was omitted.—Washington Post.

SECRET FOR EPILEPSY.

Dr. Martonok of Paris, an Austrian, after four years' study at the Pasteur institute, claims to have discovered a serum cure for epilepsy, neuralgia, sciatica and all diseases due to the strychnine microbe and which is also efficacious as an aid to Dr. Ross's treatment for diphtheria.

OWNEY HAS RETURNED.

The Postal Clerks' Dog Has Been Found the Globe.

Owney, the postal clerk's dog, arrived at New York from China the other day on the steamer Part Phillip, from China and Japan ports, having completed the circuit of the globe since he last visited New York. He left Tacoma on Aug. 19 last and has visited the following places: Shanghai, Woosung, Peking, Hongkong, Singapore, Perth, Suva, Port Said, Aden and St. Michael's (Azores). Fastened to his collar is a tag which says, "Owney, boom Tacoma while you live, and when you die be buried in a Tacoma made coffin." This tag was presented by a newspaper in Tacoma, and affixed to his collar is the following note from A. B. Case, postmaster at Tacoma: "To all who may see this dog, Owney is his name. He is the pet of 160,000 postal employees of the United States of America. He starts today, Aug. 19, 1895, for a trip around the world. Treat him kindly and speed him on his journey across ocean and land to Yokohama, Hongkong and New York. From New York send him overland to Tacoma, and who knows but he may compass the globe and beat the record of Nellie Bly and George Francis Train, and be known as a celebrated globe traveler."
Owney is in excellent health, and Captain Gray reports that he has killed all the rats on board the Part Phillip. He has shown an amiable disposition, and all hands on board have made a pet of him.

WORN MONEY IS GOOD.

United States Supreme Court Has So Decided in a Recent Case.

The supreme court of the United States, in a case decided by Chief Justice Fuller recently, ruled on a matter of general interest.
James E. Morgan and wife were on a car operated by the Jersey City and Bergen Railroad company. The conductor refused to accept for their fare a 10 cent piece because he thought it was not worth par; being worn by a woman while circulating as a part of the national currency. Morgan was ejected from the car and brought suit against the railroad company for damages. He recovered judgment for \$215 and costs, and the judgment was affirmed by the supreme court of the state.
The company stood out a writ of error and brought the case to the supreme court of the United States.

The chief justice in his decision referred to the law regulating the passage of defaced and abraded coins and stated that there was no provision against the passage of silver coins which were retained only by circulation, and that they were legal tender as long as they bore the emblem of the eagle. There was nothing in the record of the supreme court of the United States to review, and the writ of error was dismissed, thus affirming the judgment of the state supreme court against the railroad company.

HE FELT LONESOME.

The Last Man of the Suicide Club Gave the Secret Away.

The existence of a suicide club in Louisville has come to light through the alleged efforts of the last surviving member to inform an outsider to perpetrate the club's joining. The survivor in question is said to be a physician of some prominence and according to the story is the last of five members, the four others having killed themselves within the last two years. Two of them had to have shot of the club. There was a pistol, and the other two have suffered by the mercurial tone. These two were thought to have died natural deaths.
According to the young man whom the physician tried to investigate regarding an agreement relating when and how they intended to kill themselves. The surviving member is credited with being addicted to morphine, and that his intention is simply to take an overdose when his time comes, which he says will be soon. The young man solicited did not join, but told his friends about it.

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