queste.

Bill Nye, in answer to a correspondent who asked him for "some good table rules of etiquette," writes as follows: You speak of your parents as never having had any advantages and rather cast some slurs on the old gentleman who is shoveling dirt that you may shine is society. Do not do that, Edmund. The weak point in your father's place is that he put fatty degeneration of the think wastes and regurgitation of the idea.

Still, as you say, you might shine in society. Such things are common. The only question is, how are you going to get your

Il, as you say, you make same at sore, and the control of the cont

m at the courts of Europe, it seemed me.

tis now considered perfectly proper to the last of anything on the plate, for is presumed that there is more down are, or, if not, the host can put on his subject of the last of th

## THE MUSIC OF THE FIRESIDE.

NYE'S SOCIETY HINTS.

WILLIAM TELLS HOW ONE MAY SHINE
IN A PARLOR.

Bill Coshes a Young Man Who Has Faty
Degeneration of the Think Wastes and
Regurgitation of the Idea—Table Ettquotte.

And now, the canary bird, hearing the joyous stir about him, concludes that it is high time for him to strike in with his part, and he pipes up, with spirit, giving us a pleasing variety of trills, shakes, runs and roulades; while the pet dog contributes a few staccato yelps, purely from a spirit of emulation.

The coffee urn makes no noise, only offers up a fragrant incense of steam, as its share of the performance; but at evening, when the family shall gather around the cheerful fire, where snapping and crackling coals, like the tambourine in an orchestra, are more for looks than for sound, then the boiling teakettle will sing melodiously, a dreamy soft alto, and (if our freside happens to be in an old country house) the cricket, sweet minstrel of domestic peace, will emerge from his secret nook, and tuning his violin to a high and resonant pitch he will pipe in pleasant accord to the kettle's low drone.

And now, perhaps, leading this delightful orchestra of quaint and original if humble musicans, softly rises toward heaven the voice of the mother, as with a tender lullaby she gently rocks her nestling off into slumberland. And call you not this harmony?

It is the harmony of home, the blessed music of the fireside.

The mother's slumber song, the children's laughter, the cricket's carol—this is music that inspires the manly heart to renewed efforts each day, in the paths of honorable toil.

It is music that inspires the manify heart to renewed efforts each day, in the paths of honorable toil.

It is not her result of any painful drill nor acquired by weary years of study. It solaces the cottage even more freely than it does the mansion.

Sweet as the thrushes' matin call, when the June sunrise flushes the east, and the wild rose exhales in fragrance the secret of her dreams, it is heartfelt and full of ministering grace for our fainting souls as the song of angels, and cheerful as the first day in Eden, when Eve, in the joyousness of innoence, laughed aloud as she gazed upon the beauty around her.

Here's a

### What's the Matter with Pork?

What's the Matter with Pork?

A pious and prosperous old deacon of Portsmouth, N. H., has lately been speculating in pork on a "margin," and for some months was very successful in his ventures, so that he saw visions of great wealth in the near future, But after a time pork did not pay so well, and still he kept speculating until a few weeks ago, when a sudden panio in pork caused him to lose heavily, and to square himself he placed an attachment to the amount he had lost on his brokers, and sought to recover by law what he had lost by luck. This sudden catastrophe, of course, noised the searct of the deacon's speculations abroad, and his unseemly haste for wealth became the talk of the town. But the deacon braved it down and went about the streets with his head as high as ever.

One evening last week he attended prayer meeting as his church, and the pastor called on him to lead the exercises by asking divine guidance. The pastor alled on him to lead the exercises by asking divine guidance. The invocation was after the deacon's sunal style. Beginning with the President and his Cabinet, he besought prosperity for all the rulers of the nation, State and city in order. Then branching off into lesser affairs he was praying eloquently for the financial success of all Portsmouth, enumerating every trade and calling in succession, when a sinful, mirth-loving boy in the back part of the church called out: "What's the matter with pork?"

A large-sized hush fell on the congregation then and there, during which the good deacon made haste to "boil down" his remarks and take his seat. Next to having his investments pan out properly the deacon has an ardent yearning to find that wicked boy. He wants to talk with him.

BY EVA KATHARINE CLAPF.

FAVORITE discussion, of late, with the critics of the day, has been the music of the future.

Whether the forceful intellectual woman think, really make you look and up to the Alphenix-like from the old, as chemistry arose old the old, as chemistry arose old the old, as chemistry arose old the old, as ch

in we may resign ourselves to lotustating dreams, lulled by the sensuous strains of less complex compositions. The question is one that is fraught with interest, to the high priests and priest-sease of art and sestheticism chiefly.

In the meantime, the vast army of as, the rank and file of humanity, as we march along, time our steady footsteps to the cheery music of the fire-side.

It is a low-toned, unobtrusive and comfortable melody, scarcely noticed amidst earth's more turbulent noises. Yet, what a dread and awful stillness would it leave in our lives should it suddenly go out and forever cease to be.

In the morning this fireside music is



ventures Which Show that Truth is Stranger than Fiction.

ROCHESTER(N.Y.) lady, who was a guest last summer at the Grove Spring House, on Laks Keuka, had a pet Maltese kitten, only a few weeks old. It wore a ribbon around its neck, to which was engraved the word "Flossic," the kittea's name. One day the lady was out rowing on the lake with her little daughter, who had the pet kitten in lee lap. The kitten, in a playful momen, sprang at som thing that attracted it attention, and landel in the lake. It sank, and its reappearance was anxiors ly awaited by its mistres, so that it could be resented. But the kitten never came to the surface, a fast that caused no little wonder and puzzled comment. One day re ently a fish erman named Bailey, of Pen Yan, was fishing for black bass off Bluff Point, using a gang baited with a dead gollen shiner, in sixty feet of water. Re sponding to a tremendous strike, he succeeded in landing, after a long and lively struggle, a sven-pound glass-eyed pike. As a fish of this kind, abundant as they are in the lake, is taken scarcely one in a year, the catch caused no little excitement among the fishermen around the Bluff. But the wonder of the catch became still grader when the fish was dressed, and in the so onach of the pike was found a goll locket. The story of the mysterious loss of the kitten at Grove Spring was well known along the lake, and this disovery of the locket in the pike's stomach at once solved that mystery. The locket has been forwarded to the lady who owned the kitten.

ach at once solved that mystery. The looket has been forwarded to the lady who owned the kitten.

The following strange history has been whispered about concerning one of the principal dressmakers of Paris, a woman whose taste and elegance of design in certain details of feminine costume are well known. It appeas that there exists in Paris a law forbidding any house that employs work people from foreing them to work after a stimulated hour, which is 10 o'clo.k. The pressure of orders inevitable to the exhibition season templed Madame X—to break this law. Her work-rooms were in full tide of opration one evening, near midnight, when an ominos summons sounded at the door, followed by the dreaded mandate: "Op en, in the name of the law!" In an instant the goods and sewing implement: were whished out of sight, the lights were extinguished, and the work women was hidden away here, there and everywhere. One girl, a delicate little creature, was hurriedly thust into a great wardrobe hung with dresses, the door closed and locked upon her, and the key removed. The visit of inspection of the police revealed nothing, and as soon a they had taken their departure the girls were released from their hidning-plater. But when the wardrobe door was unlocked the corpse of the unhappy child who had been concealed there, fell upon the floor. She had died of suffocation. This story has been hushed up, not a hint of it appearing in the Faris papers.

This stry has been hushed up, not a lint of it appearing in the Faris papers.

The Queen of Haly has always been passionately fond of pearls, as befitted one whose name is Marguerits, and shi has made a fashion that is chum in genough to please any woman, but likely to be followed only by the e whose husbands are English dukes or Am rican millionaires. On he rwelding day lethusband gree her as his bridal gift a row of the finest peuts to be found in Haly, having been informed of her penchant for that particular gem. When the first annive sary of her wedding day arrived he aked what she wis'elfor a gift, and she ead "another strigg of pearls," and the econd years he asswered in the same way. After that he saked her no more, but always gave the same gift. As she has a son, who is quite a big boy, she has been married more years than it is gallant to count, and her ne-klace of pearls count by this time arough strings to quite ever her throat with a colar of g ms and hang down far over the cor age. Of course the lower strings are much longer than the original one to classy the throat, but King Humbert always gives exactly the same number of pearls on each anniversary, and so she has of late to wait two years before adding a new string. Many superstitions women are afraid of pearls as a wedding gift, and say it mears tears.

A stransceand horrible ac ident is reported from a plantation in Nowconnel.

trade and calling in succession, when as inful, mirth-loving boy in the back part of the church called out: "What's the throat, but King Hunt ert always gives early the rane neumber of pear's the matter with pork?"

A large-sized hush fell on the congregation then and there, during which the good deacon made haste to "boil down" his remarks and take his seat. What's having his investments pan out properly the deacon has an ardent yearing to find that wicked boy. He wants to talk with him.

In a Paris Hotel.

For bed-room use you are expected to provide your own soap and matches. Lights, a very nice candle, by the way, that does not drip, and in showy silverplated candle-sticks, are charged for a far hance each. You cannot burn too many for a hotel-keeper, who would keep you in a great state of brilliancy all night long. Women, especially those who are vain, must revel in the Parisian bed-rooms, for they abound in mirrors on every side. The wardrobe of mirror over the mantel, another over the decising the cotton pack the mobile of the decising the cotton pack the mobile of the decising the cotton pack the mobile of the decision of the state of brilliancy all night long. Women, especially those who are vain, must revel in the Parisian bed-rooms, for they abound in mirrors on every side. The wardrobe of mirror over the mantel, another over the decising the cotton pack the mirror over the mantel, another over the decising the cotton pack the mirror over the mantel, another over the decising the cotton pack the mirror over the mantel, another over the decision of the case of the felds to pick cotton. A half-starved the call hand a for its face to make off to make off to the woods. The child had been distinct the provided and partially devoured by a hole of the decision of the establishment of the local pack and the partial pack to a telegraphic merchant two packs to a telegraphic merchant two packs the same throat two packs to have the way that two pears telested to the pack that the provention of the establishment

near the child, with both legs broken and his body ripped open.

No romantic tale ever had so many incidents as that of a young woman of Bulkowina. She was very beautiful, and all the young men who were in the district fell in love with her. She had a hundred offers of marriage before she was 20 and before she accepted the 101st. Then her troubles began. Her first fiance died suddenly from an accident; the second was taken away with the army, likewise the third and fourth; the fifth and sixth were drowned; the seventh and eighth broke off on learning of the smallness of her fortune; the ninth got drunk on his betrothal day, and ried to beat the young woman, so she broke it off; the tenth seemed promising in every way, but as the marriage was about to take place it was learned that he had a wife and children in Bessarabia. The wedding was fixed for the eleventh, but he decamped for some unknown reason, and thereupon the young woman gave it up and poisoned herself.

A correspondent of the New York

SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

Queer Episodes and Thrilling Adventures Which Show that Truth is Stranger than Fiction.

ROCHESTER (N.Y.)lady, who was a guest last summer at the Grove Spring House, on Lake Keuka, had a pet Maltese kitten, other were the same custom in various parts of other New England States."

JOHN HERRY BUCKWALTER, OWNER of

other New England States."

JOHN HENRY BUCKWALTER, owner of a fine old country seat near Phornixville-Penn., has a pig that has disgrace I him, self and his relatives. Gaining access to the cellar in some way as yet unexplained, the animal was attracted by its bouquet to a larrel of pa timilarly fine cider, the bunghole of which had be encurelessly stopped, and knocking the plug tack and forth with his snout in prying after the cider, he managed to get it out. The nectar within instantly poured forth in a puddle, and the pig drank till he was helplessly drunk. He was findly seized by his legs and hauled away, where he slept off the effects of his dissipation.

Ox Saturday afternoon, says a Vienna

On Saturday afternoon, says a Vienna On Saturday afternoon, says a Vienna correspondent of the London News, the son of a hospital porter was walking with his mother, for whom he was carrying a bag which they were to deliver to a professor in anatomy. A tall man followed them, and sud-lenly sciezed the bag and disappe red with it. The thief will have had an u pleasant surprise on opening the bag, as it contained the head of a corpse, which had been detached for a post mortem examinat on of the brain, and which the boy was carrying to the Anatomical Institute. The big and its contents have not been recovered yet.

A NOVEL combat witnessed by several

recovered yet.

A NOVEL combat, witnessed by several persons, took place on the farm of a man named Hougham, near Shelbyville, Ind., be ween a large direken-hawk and an old sow which had a troop of little pigs at her heels, one of which the hawk swoped down upon and was about to carry off when the mother came to the rescue. Instead of igning away the hawk turned on the low, striving to sink is talons into her eyes and striking her heavy blows over the head with its powerful wings until the brite was bewildered. The hawk was rapidly getting the b st of the fight when one of the spectators, a McCain, slipped up and captured it.

and captured it.

Mrs. Micharl. C. Fitzgerald, the wife of a laborer at the works of the Pullman Palace Car Company in Wilmington, Del., cave birth to a child which had two heads and two hearts. It had only one stomach and two arms and two legs. Citie wise all its parts were dual. One head restel or each shoulder, and where the head should have rested there was a round covering of flesh. The heads were both well formed and were covered with hair. The child died soon after birth. The birth is termed by physicians "Geregyme," and is a phenomenon for which they cannot account.

As Italian organ grinder with a mon-

regyme," and is a phenomenon for which they cannot a-count.

An Ital'an organ grinder with a monloy, visited Ke ne, N. H., recently.
One day the monkey was missing and a 
week's search fail d to find him. At 
the end of that time the animal rushed 
up to its owner with every manifestation of delight. The monkey looked 
e rac atel and showed signs of brutal 
it had be ne stolen by two boys and kept 
it had be ne stolen by two boys and kept 
in a rarret, whence it had exaped by 
feigning death. For hours he did not 
mo e a murce, and the captors thinking it did they it on an ash heap. It 
tecovered immed a ely and by good fortune soon found its master.

James Brunnell, of Riverton, Mich, 
met with a penuliar acc dent a few days 
ago. He had shot a squirrel, and was 
holding it up for his dog to admire, but 
the latter wanted to bite it, and in his 
effer's to do so hit the hammer of the 
gan, upon which Mr. El ndell was eaning, with his paw. The gun went of, 
and Mr. Blundell had a bloody ditch 
plowed a ross his chest. The wound 
vannet quite had, but it makes him 
dizzy every time his mind rever s, like 
Mand Miller's, to what might have 
been.

The execution last month of a man.

The execution last month of a man for murder, in Andalusia, Spain, 'w uty-four hours after a reprieve had been retually signed by the Queen and for-warded, h so coasioned so much excite-

How Deep Does the Earth Quake?

No nomantic tale ever had so many incidents as that of a young woman of Bukowina. She was very beautiful, and all the young men who were in the district fell in love with her. She had a hundred offers of marriage before she was 20 and before she accepted the 101st. Then her troubles began. Her first fiance died suddenly from an accident; the second was taken away with the army, likewise the third and fourth; the fifth and sixth were drowned; the severenth and eighth broke off on learning of the smallness of her fortune; the mintigot drunk on his betrothal day, and tried to beat the young woman, so shoke lot off; the tenth seemed promising in every way, but as the marriage was about to take place it was learned that he had a wife and children in Bessarabia. The wedding was fixed for the eleventh, but he decamped for some unknown reason, and thereupon the young woman gave it up and poisoned herself.

A connesspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce says that the eustom of preserving ceffin-plates, instead of burying them with the dead, has long prevailed in parts of New England. He asys: "I once stopped for dinner at a farm-house and inin in a village in Westgern Connecticut. We waited a while in [St. Louis Republic.]

What Women Can Do.

Every wife or daughter living near a village or large market, can make many dollars each year raising eggs. Just as surely as that a woman can tend a baby better than a man, just so certainly can she care for any animal better. For example, Mrs. Eunice Goodwin, East Livermore, Me., says: "In four weeks, last autumn, my thirty hens laid 131 eggs. I then fed them Sheridan's Condition Power, advertised to make hers lay- and in cinh. inst autumn, my thirty hens laid 131 eggs.

I then fed them Sheridan's Condition Power, advertised to make hens lay; and in eight weeks they laid 478. Having sold twelve, the remainder laid 815 eggs in eight weeks, by feeding Sheridan's Powder. I sold the eggs for 815.93, making clear \$13.38 from only eighteen hens in eight weeks. One of my Polish hens which I could not buy for \$2.00 would have died but for Sheridan's Powder.

I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House street, loston, Mass. (the only makers of Sheri-loston, Mass. (the only makers peaks and a book; for \$1.20, a large 2½ pound can and a book; for \$1.20, a large 2½ pound can and book; stx cans, \$5.00, express prepaid. Send stamps or cash. Interesting testimolais free. For five cents a copy of the best Poultry paper sent.

A hundred Paris mothers-in-law of the highest fashion have sent. M. Sardou an ad-dress in grateful recognition of the justice he has done them as a class in his play, the "Belle-Maman."

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A Few Pointers,

The recent statistics of the number of deaths show that the large majority die with consumption. This disease may commence with an apparently harmless cough which can be cured instantly by Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lung; which is guaranteed to cur and relieve all cases. Price 60c, and 51. Trial size free. For sale by all druggists.

A writer says that whipping a boy may make him stupid. Perhaps that is true; bu we think it is more likely to make him smart

There are 622 freshmen in Oxford, England, this year. against 644 last year.

The London Truth is positive that the

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