THE WIZARD OF MENLO PARK.

An Incident of Thomas A. Edison's Early Career—His Birthday Gift.

THOMAS A. EDISON recently celebrated his 44th birthday at his home at Menlo Park, N. J. The employes of the Edison Phonograph Works, in honor of the occasion, made and presented to him the most perfect phonograph possible. They worked on the machine for over two months. Every part of the instrument capable of it is plated with gold and silver, and the parts are finished to the utmost possible limit. Attached to the machine is a water-motor of improved construction that has been one of the recent triumphs of the great inventor, and that runs the machine steadily and noiselessly with a minimum consumption of water. The case is of rare inlaid woods, and is a marvel of painstaking workmanship.

The phonograph, if not the most useful, is certainly the most wonderful of all the wizard's wonderful inventions. When it was first exhibited at the New York Academy of Sciences, a few years ago, a murmur of admiration was heard, which was succeeded by repeated applause. Some of the skeptical members started the rumor that the Academy had been mystified by a clever ventriloquist, and repeated experiments were required to convince these incredulous persons that no chicanery was used, and that the "talking machine" could be readily manipulated by anyone.

Edison's birthplace is Milan, Ohio. While yet a boy in his teens, telegraphy took great hold upon him, and having one day snatched a station-master's child from in front of an approaching train, the grateful father taught him telegraphy, and from that time he became a systematic student. His ready ingenuity suggested all sorts of adaptations. One day the ice jam broke the cable between Port Huron and Sarnia (on the Canada side); the river at that point being a mile and a half in width, all communication by telegraph was cut off. Young Edison seized the valve of an engine that controls the whistle, which he tooted into long and short notes, like the dots and dashes in telegraphy. "Hello, Sarnia, do you get me?" he tooted; no answer. "Hello, Sarnia, do you hear what I say?" A third and a fourth time the message was sent over, and finally came the answer from an engine on the other side; the connection had been made, and communication easily carried on until the cable was repaired.

Edison's many inventions are legion, but his phonograph, megaphone, the quadruplex and duplex systems of telegraphy, his telephone—which alone netted him over one hundred thousand dollars—the electric railway and incandescent electric light, are but a few of the best known of his most wonderful and valuable inventions.

Religious Runners in Russia.

When a Russian is converted and feels called upon to turn from his evil ways, as often as not he joins a sect called the runners (begoonee,) and, taking up his bed, walks about the country for the remainder of his natural life and seems to thoroughly enjoy it. No conscientious member of this peripatetic and progressive persuasion can pitch his tent for long anywhere on this transitory earth. A day and a night is the usual thing; a week is exceptional; a month's halt would be evidence of lamentable backsliding, while a still longer sojourn would leave no doubt that the impious loiterer had committed the inexpiable sin, writes a correspondent. For once a man has been received into the ranks of the begoonee he can no longer be fastened as a nail in a sure place, but is straightway a fugitive and a vagabond in the earth, and can take nothing for life's journey, save a staff only; no scrip, no bread, no money in his purse, and only a suspicion of spirits in his capacious bottle.—*New York Journal.*

"Fair Play"

Is all that is asked for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, when taken for catarrh in the head, or for bronchial or throat affections, or lung scrofula (commonly known as consumption of the lungs) and if taken in time, and given a fair trial, it will cure or the money paid for it will be refunded. It is the only *guaranteed cure.*

Cleanse the liver, stomach, bowels and whole system by using Dr. Pierce's Pellets.

—When a woman fancies to herself the husband she would like to have, he is generally different in important respects from the husband that she has already.

—Truly the ways of women are past finding out, but they are dear, delightful creatures for all their lack of continuity.

Watch for Murray's Buggy ad. next week.

—It seems to be a divine right of women to have a man all to herself to boss and tantalize at her own sweet but illogical will.

We recommend "Tansill's Punch" Cigar.

—It's a pity, girls, that this year isn't leap year. The prevailing influenza has brought many a hardened old bachelor to his sneeze.

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

A VARIETY OF CURIOUS AND INTERESTING FACTS.

Characteristics of Animal Life—The Spider and Its Curious Ways—The Quantity of Food We Eat—Precious Woods—History in a Pack of Playing Cards—Etc., Etc.

BY PROF. J. F. ELSOM.

Characteristics of All Animal Life.

In the beginning the student of natural history is taught that there are various ways of distinguishing the lower forms of animal life from the vegetable. In the struggle for existence, for life itself, even, which is going on perpetually throughout the whole of animate creation, as the rivers of life murmur ceaselessly of the storied past, it is perfectly wonderful to notice the phenomenal provisions made by nature for the preservation of the weaker and more helpless animals. In many cases the color of the creature is adapted in a wonderful way to its mode of living and its place of concealment, contributing very materially to its safety. All who live among the green fields, which, by the way, is *the* way to live properly, know how difficult it is to distinguish the grasshopper from the leaf or blade of vegetation upon which he is at rest, until he betrays himself by moving. Those birds which sing in the hedgerow have feathers upon their backs which harmonize with the color of the leaves about and among which they flit, while the feathers on their breasts borrow the white hue from the clouds above them. The partridge can hardly be distinguished from the stubble where it makes its nest, while in the more northern countries the winter dress of the hare and ptarmigan is white, like the snow with which the landscape is usually covered, and upon which these animals are seen. Among marine animals the same natural provisions prevail, and go down, however deep, into the water, animal life the same color will be found. The frogs, living in the stagnant pools and muddy ditches by the roadside, are known to vary their color in order to harmonize with the sand or mud in which they live. The little tree-frog, on the other hand, is green, and thus is with difficulty distinguished from the tree to which it adheres. Fish, especially those which inhabit fresh water, are so like in color to the weeds and stones among which they lie that it is often very difficult to detect their presence.

One of the most wonderful instances of nature's care in providing for the protection of the more defenseless creatures is found in the apparatus for defense with which the cuttle-fish is provided. The very instant its quick eye catches a glimpse of an approaching enemy, knowing by instinct alone—it is absurd to speak of reason in connection with these low forms of animal life—the impossibility of seeking safety by flight, and having no means of defense whatever, it prepares at once to seek safety in concealment. To this end it sinks downward rapidly, throwing out from a vessel with which it is provided, and nature taught it to use, a stream of fluid with which the blackest paint is light in comparison. This soon colors the water far around, and effectually conceals the animal and at the same time is very repulsive to all forms of animal life feeding upon it; and, as it takes considerable time for this to disperse and the water to clear itself, the enemy is generally baffled. If, however, as is sometimes the case, a reasoning animal—man—is in pursuit, and the cuttle-fish is still in danger, it pours out another and larger flood of ink, and remains perfectly quiet until the danger is past, when it moves off in a circle, making a larger and larger turn until outside the black water its ink has made.

Two Ways.

Speaking of spiders, I will relate another little instance that is very interesting and appropriate in this connection. Some time ago I noticed a fat old spider came to feed regularly on a blossom in the laboratory window, and invariably a little honey bee would appear on the blossom at the same time. This being repeated a number of days—nearly a week—to make sure the same visitors came every day, the spider and bee each were marked, and every day the marked insects appeared regularly, would feed often in close proximity to each other without molestation or desire to intrude, each seeming aware of, but not caring for, the other's presence; and generally about the same time, apparently satisfied, would go away—the spider to his network of traps in an adjoining window, and the bee to its hive. Finally one day I caught them both and ruthlessly killed them. By means of the microscope, spectroscope, and chemical analysis, found that these insects obtained from the same flower substances widely dissimilar. One (the spider) sought the most energetic poison known, with which to slay his material for food—the flies; the other sought that perfect tincture of sweetness (honey) upon which to feed when the flowers of the harvest had passed. Each had a desire, each sought its gratification, each obtained it from the same flower, obtained its fill, and went away satisfied.

A moral should adorn this story for the truthfulness of which I will vouch. For instance, two persons, without distinction of sex, will meet and talk of a third (perhaps a friend, at least an acquaintance of each); one will have discovered all that is pure, good and noble, the sweets of life, as among the attributes of the third person's character; the other all that is low, vile and loathsome, the bitter, poisonous dregs of all human proclivities. Each of these persons is, like the spider and the bie, in search of something; they find what they desire, perhaps, in the character of one of the most beautiful human flowers; each gets gratification and goes away satisfied from the feast of reason, and, again, like the bee and the spider, uses the substance obtained, one for intellectual food for elevating, inspiring and ennobling fellow-kind; the other for blighting the affections, blasting the aspirations, and ruining the prospects of others, merely that food may be created from the loathsomeness this ruin has wrought. The comparison does not end here by any means. But let me ask, reader, are you a bee or a spider?

The Greedy Spider.

The ordinary spider, tamed and taught to come for its food, which is not difficult or troublesome to do, will consume an immense amount of food in twenty-four hours, amounting, in the aggregate, to a trifle over six times its own weight. At the same rate of consumption, a person of average weight, say one hundred and fifty pounds, would take for his food as follows:

Breakfast, a dressed beef, ten gallons of tea.

Dinner, twenty dressed sheep, five barrels of potatoes.

Supper, fifty loaves of bread, a barrel of butter.

Lunch, two hundred pounds of cake, a barrel of wine.

And even then would wake at midnight feeling as though he had not eaten a square meal for a week. Happily, though, men are not spiders.

A Pack of Playing Cards.

What a history is represented in a pack of playing cards. They contain a spot for each day in the year, a card for each week in the year, a picture for each month in the year, a suit for each season of the year, a numerical color for each minute in an hour, and value, in whist, for each degree of the circle. A hand in an ordinary game of whist would not be repeated in 154,413 years.

The Amount of Food We Eat.

Every person must eat, sleep, and have some sickness. A person at seventy years, now not considered very old, has eaten provisions that would require a train of seventy cars, heavily laden with food, to transport, has slept twenty years, and been sick ten years. Strange, but not less strange than true. Taken in general, the foregoing is a trifle below the average.

To Bore a Hole Through Glass.

Very often it is necessary to make a hole through a plate of glass. This is very easily done if you only know how. Make a solution of—

	Parts.
Oil turpentine	8
Gum camphor	2
Carbolic acid	1-10

Moisten the drill, and it will work in glass like wax.

Cutting Glass.

For many years it was thought by scientific men that nothing but the real diamond would cut glass, but steel can be made sufficiently hard to cut glass readily, and a substance called zabasheer, found in the joints of the bamboo, will, when dry, cut glass readily. It hardens into a solid lump when exposed to the air.

Valuable Woods.

Some woods are more valuable even than the most precious metals. Among the aloe family of trees this is very evident. The heart of one of the species of the aloe tree, called tumbac, I believe, that grows in tropical countries, sells in India for its weight in gold.

A Budget of Curious Facts.

The child begotten by the matrimonial alliance of science and religion is now declared legitimate.

A thick plate of brass may be cut by making a mark on its surface with a solution of mercury and nitric acid.

A wasp's nest contains fifteen thousand cells. How this insect determines the number I will not explain.

In one hundred years ordinary turf grows thirty inches. By this we may approximate the age of peat.

All have noticed the caterpillar that infests the willow tree. Each individual has over four thousand muscles.

The drug called capsicum by the druggist, pepper by the grocer, is obtained from sixty species of the same tree.

Away on the top of some mountain ranges various temperatures are found. The Peak of Teneriffe has five zones of vegetation.

Color blindness affects a greater proportion of our population than most people imagine. Five per cent. of Americans are color blind.

Eagles are long-lived birds. A warty old chap has been an heirloom in a New Albany, Indiana, family for nearly a hundred years.

Cold follows heat at extraordinary depths. In a silver mine in Norway over three hundred feet deep the bottom is covered with snow.

Egyptian architecture becomes more marvelous as time passes. A temple and an altar have been discovered buried far beneath the surface in front of the great Sphinx.

It is not generally known, but true nevertheless, that gas is produced by striking a piece of iron with a hammer; and if the blows, however light, are continued long enough, the iron, however large and tough, will eventually crystallize and break.

The rates of transporting heavy freight, merchandise, and the like, have changed. Less than a half century ago the railroads of Great Britian made a very careful estimate, and it cost just a penny a ton per mile for carrying coal. This, with the price of English labor and mechanics, seems high.

NEW ALBANY Ind.

A Spirited Suitor.

Many anecdotes are related about the droll sayings of the late Jonas Hill of Fayette. He had a peculiar way of speaking, which those who heard him will never forget, but his pronunciation can hardly be represented in print. He was at one time a suitor for the hand of a young lady whose parents did not favor him. Her father did not think that the social standing of Jonas was such as to render him a fit match for his daughter, but he told the young man that if he would bring him high-toned references he would consider his claim. Jones said nothing, but felt indignant, and resolved to have his revenge. So he procured the best of recommendations as to his character and standing in society. The old man examined the credentials and was satisfied. "All right," said he, "you are welcome; walk into my parlor, and your horse shall be stabled and fed." "Not by any means," replied Jones, "my (th) horse is neither hungry nor (th) dry, and I shall never (th) darken your (th) doors any more. Good-day, sir." And putting the whip to his horse, he drove out of the dooryard, leaving the old gentleman glaring after him, dumfounded.—*Lewiston Journal.*

No Attraction.

Dramatic Agent—Yes, sir, I'm advance agent of "Held for Trial," the great sensational drama, with safe burglary in it. Guess you've heard of it. Got a regular cracksman in the company, too, you know; just out of the penitentiary, and he opens a safe on the stage. Great success. Crowded houses everywhere. You'll be around to see the performance, won't you?

Country Editor (sadly)—I'm not interested in safes.

The perfect combustion of coal seems to have been effected by Mr. William Gibbs, of Essex, England. By means of a fan and suitable openings, the exact quantity of air necessary is supplied to the furnace chambers, and the products of combustion issue as hot air, free from smoke or odor.

HUMOR.

An ante-room—Gamblers' den.

The buckwheat cake will soon come to the scratch.

Nocturnal melody—We shall meet in the suet by and by.

It was the man who couldn't button his coat who hadn't clothes enough to go round.

Tramp—Madam, can I get a warm bite here? Woman—Yes, sir! Here, Tiger, sic him.

A married couple may be one, but that one cannot travel without two railroad tickets.

He—Miss Wayting, you are a puzzle to me. I never know how to take you. She (shyly)—You never tried.

A New York girl who was attending cooking school got so infatuated with the culinary art that she went off and married a "supe."

There's nothing very doleful about it; still when a maiden has sifted a kiss through an incipient mustache she is apt to get down in the mouth.

The modern critic: "Have you seen Ibsen's new play?" "To tell the truth, I have not had the time, I have been so busy writing my criticism upon it."

Minnie—I heard that you were going to enter the lecture field. Mamie—The idea! I am engaged to be married. Minnie—Well, I knew it was something of the sort.

Rob—My dad's a squire and gets his name in the paper every day. Tom (contemptuously)—That's nothin'. My dad took Jink's liver pills and got his picter in the papers.

First Tramp (on country road)—How are the folks down this way—friendly? Second Tramp—Well, I can't say much for the folks, but their dogs do beat all for helpin' ye to get along.

Absent-minded: Brown (at the telephone)—Hello! who's speaking? Voice—Don't you recognize me? Brown—Well, er—I know your face, but I don't quite recall your voice at the moment.

Jimpson—Prof. Knowitall, the lecturer, always wears a mustard plaster when he goes on the platform. Why do you suppose he does it? Jampson—To draw the attention of the audience, perhaps.

Schoolmistress—Tommy, what did you disobey me for? Tommy—'Cos I thought you'd whip me. Schoolmistress—What did you want me to whip you for? Tommy—'Cos pa said he would if you didn't, and he hurts.

Fair customer—Is this Western beef? Eastern butcher (proudly)—No, madam; we don't deal in ill-mannered steers from the rowdy West. This beef, madam, is from a highly cultivated and very refined cow, formerly of Boston.

"My dearest Laura, what is the matter? Here you are bathed in tears and only four weeks after your wedding." "O, Clara, my husband is a candidate for Mayor and I have just found out by this morning's paper that he is a paragon of all the vices."

Mistress—Did you buy a stamp and mail the letter, Bridget? Bridget—Oi did, mum, and here's the change. Mistress—How much did you pay for the stamp? Bridget—Wan cint mum. The boy said he had 'em all the way from wan cint up, an' it's not the likes of Bridget O'Toolihan wot goes about wastin' money.

NO FLIES ON HIM.

"Down with a tyrant foe," said he,
"That seeks this happy land;
All the energy that I possess
My country may command.

"No arduous labor would I shirk,
No task would I disdain,
To check invasion's hateful way
And liberty maintain."

And when he finished his address
And moved each hearer's soul,
His wife had built the kitchen fire
And carried in the coal.

Chicago five-year-old boy (only child)—Mamma, I wish you'd get me a little sister, I'm so lonesome. Same boy (at a subsequent period, sitting upright in his bed at 11:30 p. m., and shaking his fist at his sweet little sister in the next room)—If I'd known what a howler you were goin' to be, you can just bet your life I never would have ordered you.

Where Genius Didn't Work.

He was just a plain tramp, unadulterated with soap, and he carried over his shoulder a wooden snow-shovel several sizes too big for him. He pulled the bell in a business-like way and when she opened the door he said:

"Are you a Christian?"

"Ye-es" (in surprise).

"And do you believe that honest, earnest endeavor should be rewarded?"

"Ye-es."

"Heretofore I've had a large and lucrative practice in my profession, but this year the elements are against me. I know there's no snow on the premises, but it's going to rain this afternoon, and rain hard. Now I'll come back and shovel the rain off your sidewalk for a quarter if you'll give me ten cents advance money. Is it a go?"

"Yes, it's a go," she said, as she slammed the door in his face.

"And they say that genius and tact win every time," he sighed, as he shuffled down the stoop.

In an English theater, recently, the orchestra between the acts was playing very loudly, and two ladies in the front row were endeavoring to converse at the same time. They had to raise their voices considerably, and as the orchestra suddenly reached a low passage the voice of one of the ladies became cruelly distinct just as she remarked, "I wear silk underclothes."

When a man comes to time, does it not prove that time waits for some man?

After 22 Years,

St. Jacobs Oil cured a man of chronic pains from sunstroke, which took the form of chronic HEADACHE, which was completely cured as follows:

Paragon, Ind., July 30, 1888.

I suffered with pains in my head from sunstroke 22 years. They were cured by St. Jacobs Oil and have remained so four years.

SAMUEL B. SHIPLOR.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

THE BEST REMEDY FOR CHILDREN SUFFERING FROM COLD in HEAD SNUFFLES OR CATARRH.

CATARRH

HAY-FEVER

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cts. at druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cts. ELY BROS., 56 Warren Street, New York.

Going the Wrong Way.

Ex-Governor Andrew Shuman entered the smoking car on a Chicago and Northwestern train the other afternoon, says the Chicago *Tribune*, and took a seat facing toward the engine. The seat ahead of him was turned over. Mr. Shuman was smoking a good cigar and had an evening paper in his hand. As he settled back an Irishman, with a clay pipe in his mouth, entered the car. His breath was redolent with bad whisky and red eye tobacco.

"Good avenin', Misther Shuman," said the Irishman, as he sat down on the seat opposite.

"How are you, Pat?" said Mr. Shuman.

"Noicely, t'ank you," was the reply.

Pat had probably hoed the garden for Governor Shuman at some time, and he was presuming on old acquaintance. He leaned over, blew a little bad breath and worse tobacco smoke in Governor Shuman's face, and asked:

"How's t'ings in Ivanston, sor?"

"Very nicely," replied Governor Shuman, trying to open the window to get a breath of fresh air.

Pat leaned over again and allowed another whiff of red eye to circulate around Governor Shuman's head as he said:

"Oi am glad to hear it, sor. Now, Oi'd like to ax you——"

But Governor Shuman was desperate.

"Where are you going, Pat?" he asked abruptly.

"Ivanston, sor," was the reply.

"Evanston!" exclaimed Governor Shuman. "Why, you're going the wrong way. Can't you see you're faced toward Chicago? Turn the seat over."

The Irishman gave a start, turned around and looked toward the engine, and then glanced out of the window.

"Be hivens, you're roight!" he exclaimed. "Oi'm faced the wrong way. Thank you Misther Shuman."

He turned his seat over and Governor Shuman buried his head in his paper and enjoyed the rest of the trip. In fact, he was seen to smile once or twice.

Teacher Was Cornered.

In one of the city schools a teacher, with all the patience and powers of persuasion she could command, was endeavoring to instruct a class about a right angle triangle. After several attempts she called the scholars to account for inattention, with the remark that what she was saying seemed to go in at one ear and out the other. Again she repeated her description, following it by asking, who can tell what a right angle triangle is? Up went a hand, and the bright boy to whom it belonged shouted "Something which goes in at one ear and out the other."—*Worcester Spy.*

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

E. H. Van Hoesen, Cashier Toledo National Bank, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

—A tea set—The Chinese.

For washing *flannels*, Dobbins's Electric Soap is *marvelous*. Blankets and woolens washed with it look like *new*, and there is absolutely *no shrinking*. No other soap in the world will do such *perfect* work. Give it a trial *now*.

—Those fellows who dote on their girls sometimes find matrimony a powerful antidote. U 12

March April May

Are the best months in which to purify your blood, for at no other season does the system so much need the aid of a reliable medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla, as now. During the long, cold winter, the blood becomes thin and impure, the body becomes weak and tired, the appetite may be lost. Hood's Sarsaparilla is peculiarly adapted to purify and enrich the blood, to create a good appetite and to overcome that tired feeling.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

"Every spring for years I have made it a practice to take from three to five bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, because I know it purifies the blood and thoroughly cleanses the system of all impurities. That languid feeling, sometimes called 'spring fever,' will never visit the system that has been properly cared for by this never-failing remedy." W. H. Lawrence, Editor Agricultural Epitomist, Indianapolis, Ind.

The Best Spring Medicine

"I have taken three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and consider it the best blood medicine I have ever taken. It builds me up, makes me sleep better, gives me a good appetite." Mrs. A. P. Leighton, Portland, Me.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

The Pope Favors

Convalescents from the Influenza with exemption from Lenten rules (1890).

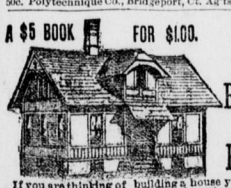
Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Restores Strength and Vigor. Take it now.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

IS Your Life worth 50 cts.? If so send for a pair of Nickel plated Peace Fasteners that will prevent your Traces from unhooking. By mail, 50c. Polytechnique Co., Bridgeport, Ct. Ag'ts wanted.

A $5 BOOK FOR $1.00.



How To Build A House.

If you are thinking of building a house you ought to buy the new book, Palliser's American Architecture, or even man a complete builder, prepared by Palliser, Palliser & Co., the well known architects. There is not a builder or any one intending to build or otherwise interested that can afford to be without it. It is a practical work and everybody buys it. The best, cheapest and most popular work ever issued on Building. Nearly four hundred drawings. A 6$ book in size and style, but we have determined to make it meet the popular demand, to suit the times, so that it can be easily reached by all.

This book contains 184 pages 11x14 inches in size, and consists of large 9x12 plate pages, giving plans, elevations, perspective views, descriptions, owners' names, actual cost of construction, no guess work, and instructions How to Build 30 Cottages, Villas, Double Houses, Brick Block Houses, suitable for city suburbs, town and country, houses for the farm and working men's homes for all sections of the country, and costing from $300 to $6,500; also Barns, Stables, School Houses, Town Hall, Churches and other public buildings, together with specifications, form of contract, and a large amount of information on the erection of buildings, selection of site, employment of Architects. It is worth $8 to any one, but we will send it in paper cover by mail, postpaid, on receipt of $1.00; bound in cloth $2.00.

ARCHITECT CO., 15 Vandewater St., New York.

Mention This Paper.

The Dead Marine.

Captain Mark Welch, late of Belfast, Me., was an old time ship master, and many amusing stories are told of his sea life. Captain Welch had a great abhorrence of tobacco, and disliked to find tobacco "quids" about the vessel's deck. One night he found an immense "quid" on the quarter deck alongside the house, which had been recently painted. The captain called all hands. The watch below turned out, and as the night was pleasant, they could not imagine what the difficulty was. "Get the watch tackle, straps and a handspike, and bring them aft," shouted the captain. The crew obeyed in amazement. "Put a strap around the main boom and hook on the watch tackle," said Captain Welch. "What is to be done?" asked the mate. "Sling that dead marine lying there against the house and hoist him overboard," said the captain, pointing to the tobacco "quid." It was done. No more dead marines were found lying about the decks after that.—[Lewiston Journal.

—Lawyers are like ivy; the greater the ruin, the more they cling.

AN OLD MAID'S SOLILOQUY.

"To take or not to take it, is the question—
Whether it is better to end this earthly career
A spinster—braving the smiles of those who would insist
That lack of lovers caused my lonely state,—
Or take the remedies my sisters take,
And see my eyes grow bright as tho' I bathed
In the immortal fount De Leon sought
In vain in Florida's peaceful shades.
I oft have heard my married sisters say
That good old Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription
Would bring back color to a faded cheek—
Restore the health of one who fain would die
To rid herself of all the pain she feels."

The aforesaid spinster took the remedy—and forthwith took a husband also, having regained her health and blooming beauty.

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