

WHEN friends abuse you "behind your back," do not grieve too much. They do not mean all they say. They will smile as usual when they meet you.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

A Safe, Sound Trust.
Not corporations alone make the best trusts, for morally speaking we place least in things most substantial, and hereby establish a most substantial trust, and this is the way to do it. "My wife," says Mr. J. W. Ames, Fairmont, Neb., suffered intensely with sciatica, and was helpless. I tried many things to no purpose. Although the doctors said "no I got a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil and tried it. It stopped the pain and in a short time she was able to go for errands. Now here is a trust founded on the surety of cure from the experience of being cured. Let any suffering Thomas take the same course and make a trust for himself.

Letting Off Her Feelings—Drawing the Line—Harsh—Give Him a Show—A Critical Period, Etc.
The maid was mad, and a brown she wore. When her mother reproved her with rigid air; And, as she dare not bang the door, She went upstairs and banged her hair.
—New York Press.

HARSH.
Cholly—"Do you know, I've changed my mind."
She—"But was it fair for the other fellow?"—Truth.

DRAWING THE LINE.
Fweddy—"Aw—Miss Ginevra, could you—aw—live in a flat?"
Miss Ginevra—"Yes, but not with you."—Chicago Tribune.

A FRIEND OF GOOD LITERATURE.
Office Boy (to butcher)—"Mr. Serial wants ten cents' worth of sliced ham wrapped up in the continuation of the story you sent him with the sausages."
—Puck.

A CRITICAL PERIOD.
Young Editor (reflectively)—"If I don't publish this poem Grace has written she will have nothing more to do with me. And if I do publish it, I shall probably lose my position."
—Life.

ONLY ONE OBSTACLE.
"He is madly infatuated with her."
"Indeed?"
"Yes. He even went so far as to tell her that if she were only a few years younger he would marry her."
—Life.

GIVE HIM A SHOW.
Weary Willis—"Madam, I crave your mercy; I'm hungry enough to eat a dog."
Madam—"All right. I'll just un-chain him."—Browning, King & Co.'s Monthly.

BRIGHT—FOR M'COMMICK.
Clothier—"How can you expect us to make you a new suit of clothes when you haven't paid for the last?"
M'Commick—"Didn't know you required a last in making clothes."—Joseph Banister, in Browning's.

BRIEF AND TO THE POINT.
Cholly—"It—aw—may be all right, you know, but I—aw—find it doosed hard to believe that we are descended from—aw—monkeys."
Miss Smart (after looking him over)—"I don't."—New York Press.

PROOF CONCLUSIVE.
"Jones saved his mother-in-law from drowning."
"That will stand him in good stead if he should ever get into trouble."
"How so?"
"He could prove insanity."—Hullo.

A DRUMMER.
Little Boy—"Who was that man who's been talkin' to you so long?"
Country Merchant—"He's a drummer."
Little Boy—"What sort of drums does he drum on?"
"Ear drums."—Good News.

WATER WORKED HIS RUIN.
Dusty Rhodes—"No wonder I hate water, ma'am; it was water that ruined me."
Mrs. Dogood—"How could that be?"
Dusty Rhodes—"I invested all my money in a plant to build ships' anchors out of wood, before I discovered that the blamed things wouldn't sink."
—Puck.

RECOGNIZED HIM.
Two men were traveling together, and one whiled away the hours with a lot of stories. At last the listener said: "Is not your name Jones?"
"Yes—William Jones!"
"William Jones, of Spotswood, New Jersey?"
"Yes! Do you know me?"
"No; but I know those stories. A man told them to me over twenty years ago, and he must have been your father!"—Hullo.

THE FLOWER LANGUAGE.
Mrs. Murray Hill—"There was a time when you called me a daisy, a sweet violet, and a lily of the valley."
Mr. Murray Hill—"Yes, that was before you began jawing me every night. Now, the only flower I wish you were is a 'four o'clock.' That shuts up sometimes."—Texas Sittings.

HOW HE LOVES LITTLE BOYS.
Squire Crabb (who loves little boys)—"So you're going shooting, eh, boys? Well, don't forget to keep both hammers full-cock and fingers on both triggers, and walk single file. Always remember after crawling through a fence to pull your guns after you, muzzle first. Good-bye, boys. Good luck!"—Judge.

SURE OF HIMSELF.
City Editor—"Well, what did you learn about that accident on the P., D. & Q. Railroad?"
New Reporter—"Oh, it was nothing."
City Editor—"Nothing! Why the dispatches say it was terrible."
New Reporter—"Well, I just came from the President of the road, and he ought to know."—Life.

EVIDENCE AT HAND.
"Smithers is discouraged about his job, ain't it?"
"What's happened?"
"He was in the act of proposing last night when the girl's father and mother came in."
"What did Smithers do?"
"Stopped short, of course."
"What did the girl do?"
"She said, 'What were you saying, Mr. Smithers?'"—Life.

THEY BOTH SNOORED.
Hotel Clerk—"Good morning, Colonel, how did you sleep?"
Colonel—"I did sleep some, I suppose; but I was awake most of the night listening to the snoring of the man in the next room. He is a good one at it. He makes more noise than a steam whistle."
Another gentleman approaches.
Hotel Clerk—"Good morning, Major; how did you sleep?"
Major—"I got sleep occasionally during the night, but there was a fellow in the next room to me who snored as if he was filling a contract to saw forty cords of wood before daylight. At least that's the way it sounded."
Colonel—"That's just what I had to listen to all night long. What is the number of your room?"
Major—"No. 22. What is the number of yours?"
Colonel—"And mine is No. 23. Tableau—Texas Sittings."

A MIST.
She blushed in swift confusion.
"And what, papa, she faltered, shyly, 'did you think of Lord Eustace?"
The old man contemplated her bowed head for a moment in silence.
"My child," he answered, slowly, after a time, "it seems to me that his mind is decidedly foggy."
"Papa."
She was kneeling at his feet.
"Forgive me, my pet—"
The father had risen to his feet in alarm.
"— if I have spoken hastily."
"Papa, I am sure you are right. I had the same impression but I feared I might be mistaken. And isn't it—"
She raised her streaming eyes to his.
"— too lovely for anything. Fogs are so awfully English, you know."
In her rapture she insisted that she did not envy a soul on earth.—Truth.

Horses With Long Tails.
I see that there is again an attempt being made to introduce the fashion of long-tailed horses. I doubt very much if it will succeed. Fashion has practically removed the raison d'etre for these caudal appendages. The working horse or the horse in the country, of course, needs his tail to protect himself from the flies. The fashionable coach horse these days, on the other hand, has more careful attention than used to be bestowed upon a child a few years ago. When in the stable he is carefully blanketed to protect him from the cold draughts or from the annoyance of the insects, and when driven is protected from the flies by the driver, especially if he be of a nervous disposition and easily worried by the pests. In fact, the fashionable teams are almost uninterruptedly under the most careful supervision. The only trouble is that when the horses get old and broken down and are turned over to the tender mercies of some hussler or horse car line, then the lack of care will lay them open to the attacks of the horse flies, and on this account the objection to docking is very evident.

Every one who is wealthy enough to cut off his horses' tails should be humane enough to blow the animals' brains out when their days of usefulness in high life are over.

As to the cruelty of the docking process, it is not so bad as the humanitarian would lead one to suppose. I once bought a team of dock-tailed horses at a big auction sale, and it was not until the succeeding day that the coachman discovered that the operation was of so recent a date that the stumps were still raw. The horses suffered in no way nervously, as far as could be seen, nor did it affect their appetites or general behavior in the slightest. Old cavalry officers will call to mind the battles of the late war that it was not unusual to see horses with broken legs, or with a hoof shot off, grazing around after the battle comparatively comfortable. There is a good deal of difference between the nervous organization of a horse and that of a man. Docking has objectionable features, it is true, but the custom has undoubtedly come to stay. The growth of the fad in England and on the Continent proves it.—New York Mail and Express.

The Heat of the Sun.
The mechanical energy of one square yard of the sun's surface would keep an ocean steamship under full headway. If all the coal in the earth were put into one large heap and kindled with an unlimited supply of oxygen for its combustion, it would not give out heat sufficient to replace that lost by the sun in one-thousandth part of a second of time. In the ball of flaming matter which we call the sun, clouds of carbon are continually rising to the surface, and remain there to glow with inconceivable intensity.

By the help of photography, aided by the spectroscope, the cloudy surface of the sun can now be examined. Previously, the corona, which really is a crown of fiery tongues of flame—many of the fifty thousand miles in length—could only be seen during an eclipse, but now we have photographs which show these flames to be ever darting forth and flickering from the sun's disk. These mighty flames occupy a quarter of a hour in performing a single flicker.—New York Ledger.

A woman in Portland, Me., deposited \$300 in a savings bank in 1864 and has seen the amount grow to \$1268 by the accumulation of interest,

NEWS & NOTES FOR WOMEN

No woman ever kissed the Blarney stone.

Of the 563 convicts in Michigan penitentiaries not one is a woman.

Lady Constance Lytton is among the most able women in English journalism.

It has become current among fashionable critics to say "she dresses very intelligently."

The number of women among the immigrants arriving at New York in 1892 is 124,280.

Anna Louise Cary, Mme. Nordica and Mme. Eames, all great singers, are all natives of Maine.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor's fine new house on Upper Fifth avenue, New York City, is being built of whitesoapstone.

Mrs. Richard Watson Gilder, wife of the poet, is sending all her energies at this time toward the development of the kindergarten school system.

Lady Griselda Ogilvie, sister of the Earl of Arildie, is studying to be a nurse. She is at present a probationer in the Children's Hospital, in Edinburgh.

Following the example of George Eliot, George Sand and George Fleming, Mrs. Clairmonte, who is coming into prominence as a novelist, calls herself "George Egerton."

There's a bold schoolma'm in North Waldoboro, Me. The big boys locked her out of the school-house one day, but she broke the door down, and business was continued at the old stand.

The Portia Law Club has been organized in San Francisco, Cal. Only women are to be members. The object of the club is to aid women in acquiring a more general knowledge of law.

The Princesses Maud and Victoria of Wales gave their mother a piano on her recent birthday. It had been used by Paderewski when he crossed the ocean on the Tonic, and was recommended by Signor Tosti.

One of the prettiest women in London society is said to plunge a towel in very hot water, wring it out and leave it on her face for half an hour every night before going to bed instead of washing, and this lady has no wrinkles.

Queen Victoria is a great lover of animals. It is said she has fifty-five dogs of all sizes, breeds and colors in her palace. They are housed and fed with great care, properly groomed, and in every way better cared for than a good many of her subjects.

Miss Ella Weed, who died recently in New York, was one of the first women in this country to interest herself in the higher education of women. She was born in Newburg, N. Y., in 1854, and was graduated from Vassar College with honors in 1873.

Grant Allen dissents energetically from Sir Frederick Boyle's dictum that English women are not as handsome as they were when he was a youngster. His gallant contention is that the girls of the present time—especially the middle-class girls—are the comeliest ever seen on the foggy little island.

Miss Laura Yorke Stevenson has the reputation of being Philadelphia's greatest woman scholar. She is the curator of the Archaeological and Paleontological Museum of the University of Pennsylvania, and to her energetic labors is due the fact that these museums take their high rank in the museums of the world.

Beautiful house dresses are made this winter of peacock blue, amber, crimson, silver, blue or old rose India cashmere, trimmed in some cases with black chautilly insertion and edging, and again with bise or eurl lace, elaborate Persian gimps or Russian galleons the color of the gown, with bronze and gold glints through the pattern.

Miss Agnes Murphy is an enterprising young woman. She is the editor of the Melbourne Punch, is a member of all the leading women's clubs of that city, and writes authoritatively on "Victoria and Its Resources." She calmly says that she expects to be quite independent, financially, by the time she is thirty, when she intends to take up literary work in London.

The Princess Bismarck has written to one of her London friends a letter in which she says: "I cannot refrain from repeating what I have often said, 'Know that if I had had the choice of a Nationality, I should have chosen to be a free Englishwoman—fresh, cultivated, trained in liberty for an active life and looked upon by my husband as something more than a zero or a plaything.'"

Kate Sanborn, who usually says very pertinent things when she talks, has made a few remarks concerning women's clubs. Of the papers read to the meetings she says: "These efforts are usually too long-winded and too labored. They are exhaustive, usually going back to the beginning of the world to explain the present subject. There is too much of everything in women's clubs but fresh air, elbow room and sincere altruism."

It is interesting to read of Lucy Stone's experiences in college during her four years' study at Oberlin, Ohio. She never lost a day from ill health, and she took the college course with the men and held fair rank in her class. Nearly all the girls in college at that time were poor and worked to earn their way through. They did their own cooking, their own washing and ironing, and some of them paid their way by doing washing for the men.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

GET A STOOL.

Women who have much housework to do should provide themselves with a cheap stool, high enough to allow a free use of the arms. In this way they may spare themselves much unnecessary standing, as ironing, dish-washing and multitudinous household duties that are generally gone through with while upon the feet may be disposed of quite as satisfactorily in a sitting posture. It is a rest, too, from time to time, to draw the feet up upon the rounds of the stool, taking all the weight of the body off the floor.—New York Journal.

CARE OF PINE NEEDLEWORK.
It is noticeable that in the best needlework the wrong side of the article looks nearly as smooth and well finished as the right. There are no ends and knots and no unnecessary stitches crossing the surfaces where the right side is plain. Where these faults do occur they will be sure to show on the right side after the article has been laundered. It has been found, too, that the best imported silks are the most economical, because they wash best. Very hot water will make even these run; so if your work is mussed after it is finished, dip it in cold water, and if soap is necessary use only the best castile on the wrong side of the embroidery. Rinse in cold water and be sure that the powder used in stamping is all out. Squeeze gently when washing, and if soiled use at first a tepid water. After washing, lay the embroideries, while still damp, on a clean, thick flannel, cover with a clean cloth and press on the wrong side, ironing toward the centre of the figure toward the ends. When the figure is well pressed out and the linen dry, go over the plain part on the right side with a small iron. Embroideries worked in a frame wash better than those that are not.—New York Post.

HOW TO WASH TABLE LINES.
Be sure that your linen goes into no vessel that is not clean and freshly rinsed. See that it is put to boil inside a bag of clean cheese cloth. If stained, wet the spots with alcohol, and wash out in clear cold water before allowing suds to touch it. Stains of milk or soft eggs must be soaked in clear cold water for ten minutes when washed. Use a mild white soap, or the Brown Windsor that comes in long bars. Make a strong lather, only letting the soap touch the fabric at some obstinate grease spot. Tea cloths or others with delicate colors wash brighter if a handful of salt is added to the first suds, which should be barely lukewarm. The second may be hotter. Wash quickly through both. Dip smoothly for the wringer, then pop into your bag and set to boil in cold water for ten minutes. Rinse first in hot, then in lukewarm water. Have your bluing water cold and free from specks of color. Dip your linen in very thin starch containing a suspicion of bluing, and hang, if possible, in the sun. See that the line is clean. Take pains to hang each piece square, as if dried awry it will be very hard to make it even again.

Let everything dry thoroughly and do not dampen or fold until a little before ironing time. After a cloth is properly wet, pull the diagonal corners as hard as possible and fold with a length-wise crease through the middle. Roll smooth and tight and let it lie for twenty minutes. For rich damask or embroidered cloths put an extra blanket on the ironing table under its muslin cover. Lay the embroidered part smoothly over it, right side down and press with a heavy iron just below scorching heat. When almost dry and very smooth, turn and iron on the right side, using very light irons on the embroidery and heavier ones on the plain road. Stretch the fabric well with the hands before pressing embroidery.

When the right side is properly done, fold it lengthwise along the middle, then begin at one end and lay about six inches lightly over; do not fold it down but roll until the length is coiled. Go over the cloth twice or three with a hot iron, changing irons frequently. Iron till the pattern shows plain on a glossy white surface. If not thoroughly dry when ironed, hang upon the horse for an hour or two, then fold or roll to such compass as required for the closet.—Mirror and Farmer.

RECIPES.
Rissoles of Lobsters—Mince up the meat of a boiled lobster very fine, season it with a little powdered mace, pepper and salt; add two ounces of butter melted, and a sufficient quantity of bread crumbs to make it into balls. Dip them in the well-beaten yolk of an egg, roll in bread crumbs and fry in boiling fat a nice brown. Serve them in a dish with half a pint of good gravy.

Welsh Rabbit—Grate some Gloucester or Gruyere cheese, and pepper it with cayenne pepper. Fry some slices of bread in a little butter (on one side only) until perfectly yellow. Spread a thick coating of the grated cheese on the fried side of the bread, place the slices in a baking pan, put them in a pretty hot oven, take them out when the cheese begins to melt, and serve hot.

Mashed Potato—Peel, quarter and boil about three pints of potatoes; drain thoroughly, and shake for a few minutes in an open doorway to make them mealy. Mash them well, and mix with them two ounces of butter, two yolks of eggs, salt, pepper and milk enough to make them of a proper thickness. Set on the fire for two or three minutes, stirring constantly, and serve hot. When on the dish smooth them with the back of a knife or scallop them according to fancy.

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Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury. As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescription from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure is manufactured by E. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. It is sold by P. J. Cheney & Co., Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

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Von Moltke's Serenade.
Von Moltke once went to Lindau, as he thought, incognito. He ordered a room on the ground floor in the "Bayerische Hof" and went to bed early, but forgot to draw his blinds down. When he was just going to sleep he heard music drawing near. He had been recognized, after all, and was going to be serenaded again. The difficulty was how to get dressed without being seen. He dared not strike a light. But presently the glare of torches lit up his room and full. At last he said, "Do you know, Jean Jacques, it is very strange, but I really thought that I should be pleased to see you again? I am not. Do you think of returning to Rome to-day?" And this was when the journey between Paris and Rome meant at least a fortnight's hard traveling.

WATTS—I wonder how this world will get along when you and I have left it? POTTIS—You'd better be wondering how we'll get along.

THE MICROSCOPE.

A careful microscopical examination and chemical analysis of the urine, is a valuable aid in determining the nature of many chronic diseases, particularly those of the nervous system, bladder, liver, kidneys, and blood. These aids make it possible to treat such diseases successfully at a distance, without personal examination of the patient. Thus Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Inflammation of the Bladder, Gravel, and other Diseases of the Urinary Organs are successfully treated; Nervous Debility, Exhaustion, Dropsy, Liver Disease, and many other Chronic Maladies are cured without seeing the patient. Write for question blanks, treatise, and other information, describing cases, and inclose 10 cents, in stamps, to pay postage.

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Are tell-tale symptoms that your blood is not right—full of impurities, causing a sluggish and unsightly complexion. A few bottles of S. S. S. will remove all foreign and impure matter, cleanse the blood thoroughly and give a clear and rosy complexion. It is most effective, and entirely harmless.

Chas. Heaton, 73 Laurel St., Phila., says—"I have had for years a humor in my blood which made me dread to shave, as small boils or pimples would be cut thus causing shaving to be a great annoyance. After taking three bottles of S. S. S. my face is all clear and smooth as it should be—appetite splendid, sleep well and feel like running a foot race, all from the use of S. S. S.

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Appeared on my lip. Disagreeable eruptions came on my neck. After taking 4 bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, all the traces of disease have disappeared and the medicine has given me renewed vigor and strength. I am now almost 73 years of age, and work like a tiger. And I know that Hood's Sarsaparilla has had much to do with my vigor and strength. I recommended it to my wife, who has suffered so much with rheumatic troubles, as also with female weakness. In two years she has used about 3 bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and to-day, and for the last 6 months, she seems like a new being." REV. O. H. POWER, 2824 Hanover Street, Chicago, Illinois.

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