Oh, once on a time there lived a man (There may have been two or three) Who fanced his death would sadly twist The whole community. So he lived as long as he could because He knew what an awful space There'd be, that the world could never fill With him in another place.

But the next day after he died the sun Rose up in the same old way, And went right down in the same old place At the latter end of the day. And a stranger got off the cars to stretch His legs, while the engine "drank," In the town where the corpse had lived for

years,
And never once noticed the blank,
Nixon Waterman, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

THE DOCTOR'S PERIL.

BY BIRDSALL JAMES.

"He was a man who did not know what fear was." We read of this inex-perienced individual every day without a thought of cavil. Did anybody ever really know such a man? I am for one firm in the belief that he never lived. really know such a man? I am for one firm in the belief that he never lived. The bravest man I ever knew was a doctor. His heroism had been proven in four years of war, and, all about the country side, his courage was proverbial. He had been known to risk his life with such hardihood that it was a question as to whether heroism or folly was uppermost in his character. Yet this hero had not only had a knowledge of fear, but had felt it himself. He had been literally scared out of his senses, and, worse than that, the danger was only the shadow of a danger and had no real existence.

This is the tale of it as he told it to me: "It was a good many years ago. I had quite a practice among the country people outside town and used to drive nearly every day over the rock road that runs south into the river valley. Four miles out is the Hamson place, a neat cottage, close to the road, in a large yard, where there was much shrubbery and many trees. The house

ley. Four miles out to the road, place, a neat cottage, close to the road, in a large yard, where there was much shrubbery and many trees. The house for some time, and one They

had been vacant for some time, and one day I noticed people moving in. They were northern people, a gentleman and his wife. His health was delicate, and he had come to try our milder climate. She was a slight, frail, sunny-haired little woman, very young and girl-like. "I saw them often after they had settled down. They evidently loved the open air, and seemingly spent the whole day outside the house. I have often seen her working with garden tools among the shrubbery while he looked on, leaning upon his came. Again I would see them at lunch or tea upon the gallery or under the trees. They were a pleasant sight, for 'love to see hushand and wife so unconsciously fond of each other.

"Savern! mently were along and the

each other.

"Several months wore along and the winter drew near at hand. With its approach there came a spell of miserably cold, wet weather. Good weather for a doctor's practice, but very disturbing to his convenience. The genuinely sick are more numerous and then there is a vast increase in those who think they are sick, which amounts to the same thing in the wear and tear of a medical man.

"One raw night I had just returned, tired and sleepy, from a far visit to an exasperating old woman, hoping I might be at peace for the rest of the night, when my hopes were shattered by a ring at the door. I opened and found a negro standing shivering in the drizzle.

"Well," I said, as he stood dumb and unmoved, "what's the matter? Who is sick?

"Hoss," he answered, finding his "Several months were along and the

sick?
"Boss' he answered, finding his voice, 'you is wanted out to Mistah Wimanses right away. He's been tuck'n down bad, and de missus sont me to git you to come quick as you kin." Wimans? I don't know him Where does he live?"
"Why day is do now folks what's

Where does he live?"

"Why, dey is de new folks what's took de ole Hamson place on de rock road. Me an' my ole woman been a' working fur 'em since dey fust come.'

"I knew then where and by whom I in to look at me, to talk to me.'

"Ah, me, no one has ever worked worked."

road. Me an' my ole woman been a' working fur 'em since dey fust come.'

"I knew then where and by whom I was wanted. I roused my own servant, had my gig brought around, and in a very few moments the negro and I were on our way. The tripdid not take moro than half an hour, as the good, furn, macadamized road was unaffected by the weather. It was well after midnight when we reached the Hamson cottage. The negro took charge of my horse and whice, leading it around to the stable in the rear and telling me to go right up to the front door and ring the bell, which I did. There was an immediate noise of some one inside hurrying in response. The door opened. There stood the little sunny-haired woman, her face all drawn with the cruel marks of anxiety and distress. She spoke rapidly to me in a nervous half whisper as I took off my hat and great coat in the hall.

"Doctor, I began to fear you were never coming. I am so uneasy about my husband. Come, follow me at once."

"She led the way along a hall and into a large bed-room. In the center was a solid, heavy oaken table, and over opposition of the structure of my hopes fell in ruins.

"No, 'she replied, 'you cannot leave worked with the net."

"I know in marel since the gentle Nazarene walked the carth. My panic had great walk marvel since the guck marvel since the guck and walked the carth. My panic had great the walked the carth. My panic had great the walked the carth. My panic had great the walked the carth. My panic had

"Doctor, I began to fear you were never coming. I am so uneasy about my husband. Come, follow me at once." "She led the way along a hall and into a large bed-room. In the center was a solid, heavy oaken table, and over opposite the door a bed in which lay some one, my patient, evidently. His face was turned to the wall, and one hand lay motionless outside the bedelothes upon the counterpane. He seemed to be asleep. His peculiar quiet did not impress me at the moment. Bringing a chair close to the bedside, I laid my

that you should not have known his con

"She turned hastily and set the lamp "She turned hastily and set the lamp upon the table. Then, going around so as to place the heavy structure between us, she faced me, leaning forward with her hands resting on the polished surface. The look she turned upon me was one which no man could ever forget who had once seen it. She spoke. Her voice had a harsh, vibrant, rasping sound that made my nerves jump at every word.

every word.

"Dead! Dead! It is not true. You are lying to me. You are one of our enemies. He is yet living and you would bury him. My God! You would bury him alive. You shall not. You shall

him alive. You shall not. You shall not.

"I was so amazed, surprised and overwhelmed that I could not think or act, but rose half up from my chair. At my motion, still repeating those words:

'You shall not, you shall not,' she stepped backward, tore open a bureau drawer, took out something and again faced me. I saw then what that something was. It was a six-shooter of the largest size, a weapon having almost the power and accuracy of a rifle. She held it cocked full upon me, using both her hands to steady it, the weight being too much for the slight strength of her single arm. I could plainly see her slim forefinger resting against the trigger. I sat down again as she hissed at me these words:

"Liar! Murderer! You shall not do it. Restore my husband. Now, at cance, or I will shoot you as you sit there."

"It was four good long steps between us. There, too, was the barricade of the table. Should I rush upon her I must receive at least one and probably two or three shots. She could not miss me, and a builte would surely disable me. These things flashed through my brain, and the idea was dismissed at the winking of an eyelid. Then the full

me. These things flashed through my brain, and the idea was dismissed at the winking of an eyelid. Then the full terror of my situation came upon me as a wave. The woman's brain had turned. She was crazy and possessed of that one fatal idea. Between myself and death was the slightest pressure of a finger, a mere muscular contraction, responsive at any instant to the disordered impulse of a lost mind. I am not ashamed to say that when the full realization of my critical position came upon me that I was seared, badly scared, scared completely out of my senses. I sat there helpless, dazed and bewildered. The woman's voice aroused me. terror of my situation came upon me as a wave. The woman's brain had

ne. "'Restore him,' she said. 'Begin

now.'
"What I did was not the result of any

withat I did was not the result of any forethought, but simply a mechanical act induced by fright. I reached down, picked up the medicine case, opened it. Induced by fright. I reached down, picked up the medicine case, opened it. Induced by fright. I reached down, ing, all the while:

"Well, well, be patient, and we will try what we can do."

"I did not know my own voice, it sounded so far off and queer. But I began to recover myself somewhat, and my thoughts assumed something like order. I ventured to look up at her. She was now sitting down in a chair, her arms resting on the table, her hands still clasping the pistol, its ugly muzzle pointing straight at me. She held it firm and true. There was no hope for me in that face. No feeling there save the concentrated force of her insane determination.

"Hurry,' she said.
"Her voice was as a whip to my mind. The first coherent idea that I formed was, anything to gain a little time. So I spoke to her again, never raising my head, for a man don't care to gaze upon such faces or into such eyes any oftener than he can help. I lied to her good and hard, too.

"There is a possibility,' I said, 'that

than he can help. I had to her good and hard, too.

"There is a possibility,' I said, 'that he is in a cataleptic trance. Living, but presenting all the appearance of death. If this is so, I may be able to revive

"She led the way along a hall and into a large bed-room. In the center was a solid, heavy oaken table, and over opposite the door a bed in which lay some one, my patient, evidently. His face was turned to the wall, and one hand lay motionless outside the bedclothes upon the counterpane. He seemed to be asleep. His peculiar quiet did not impress me at the moment. Bringing a chair close to the bedside, I laid my medicine case on the floor and proceeded to make an examination. The little woman stood close by, holding a lamp so as to assist with its light.

"If felt for the pulse. The hand and wrist were as cold as ice. There was no pulse. I hurriedly passed my hand beneath the covers to find if there was any heart action. There was none. I turned the head toward me. The jaws had fallen; the eyes were wide open, fixed in the awful stare of death. The man was a corpse. Surprised and sbocked out of my ordinary professionabearing, I exclaimed:

"'Madam, I am too late. Your hus band is dead. He must have died four of five hours ago. It is very strayge

had allowed years to pass without any attempt at furbishing up my oid college studies. My completed prescription read like this:

To sattlele & Fink, Druggists
For Mr. Wiman's residence, Hansophen of the Wiman's residence, Hansophen of the third of the

had finished I said:
"The prescription is ready. You can call the servant."
"She struck a little ornamental gong upon the table and the negro who had come with me came into the room. His eyes opened and his face turned as things were. But he was already in and dared not retreat. I knew his type too well to count upon any assistance from him save in his capacity as

messenger.

"She made the negro take the pape

messenger.

"She made the negro take the paper from me and hand it to her. I felt my heart beat dnll and heavy with anxiety as she attempted to read it. She gave no sign, but handed the message to the darkey, telling him to go to town at once and procure what was called for. He left the room. Soon I heard a sound of a horse's hoofs over the graveled pathway in the yard, the slam of a gate and I knew my call was on its way.

"Along there in that room with that crazy woman and the dead man I could do nothing but sit and wait and think. As the moments passed with leaden slowness, possibly long before it could in reason be expected, my nerves grew tense with anxiety and every sense keenly alert for signs of approaching rescue. My brain grew sick with apprehensions of probable miscarriage of the message. Again my mind began to call un visions of all the bloody man. the message. Again my mind began to call up visions of all the bloody, man-gled wounds I had ever seen or imagined. A double sense seemed to pos-sess me, a feeling of anxious hope and a sickening impression of evil all around and about ready to close in and

destroy me.
"Time and again I thought I heard the longed-for sounds of rescuers ap-proaching, to find that it was but the rising wind, the first breath of a fresh 'norther' agitating the trees or rattling a window sash

'norther' agitating the trees or rattling a window sash.

"At lest the welcome sound came in fact and not in fancy, with unexpected suddenness, breaking upon me near at hand without prior announcement. I heard the front door of the house open suddenly with a crash and a noise of hurrying people in the hall. She heard it at the same instant, a look of startled questioning crossed her face and then the fury of a demoniac possessed her as she screamed at me:

"So, villain, they come to help you! They may bury my husband, but you will go with him."

"I saw her finger contract upon the

They may bury my husband, but you will go with him.

"I saw her finger contract upon the trigger. I covered my face with my hands, expecting the explosion, the pain, the dreadful crash. What I did hear was a sharp click, a rush, half-smothered ejaculations, noise of struggling and something that was heavy which fell upon the floor. I looked up. "Two men had hold of her. She was trying to free herself, wild-eyed but silent. Another man picked up her pistol from the floor, looked at it a moment, pointed it downward, snapped it six times and said:

"Why, Doe, there ain't a thing in this gun." "—Globe-Democrat.

A FRENCHMAN'S THEORY.

A FRENCHMAN'S THEORY.
Every Man Can Blow Himself Up and Become a Life Preserver.
Considerable interest has been aroused by the announcement of an extraord-nary method by a French doctor whereby everyone may become, as they will, their own life preserver in case of an accident at sea. The inventor does away with all artificial belts and other floating appliances; he proposes, in a word, to inflate the cellular texture beneath whe human skin on the breast, which, if filled with air, forms a natural pneumatic belt, by the aid of which one can not only float oneself, but even support another body. Although sounding impracticable, this is far from being so. It has proved that a man weighing so. It has proved that a man weighing about 160 pounds needs only about 200 cubic inches of air within his body in order to float with his head above waorder to float with his head above water. This amount of air is easily inserted into the hollow space beneath the skin by means of an aseptic syringe. Even simpler is the use of a hollow needle and a thin rubber hose 18 inches long, into which this needle is inserted. A little aseptic cotton placed in the open end of the rubber hose is all that is required. The skin is simply raised, the hollow needle introduced into it, and then the other end of the rubber tube is taken into the mouth, and the man's own breath blown into it. Two deep respirations which are blown into each side of the breast would prove amply sufficient to float a man, ove amply sufficient to float a man, wever heavy.

Sulphur in Lower California.

It is reported that sulphur has been found in Lower California, Mexico, so pure that it may be simply shoveled into sacks and sent to market to make into sectis and sent to market to make sulphuric acid. The quantity is re-ported as large. The two best locali-ties at present for the native sulphur are Sicily and California. A great deal of acid is made from the sulphuret of iron or pyrite. A poor grade of iron is a by-product.

In self-Detense.
"See here, Pitcher, why do you always talk shop to me?"
"Well, if you must know, it is to keep you from talking shop to me."—Chicago Record.

A Correct Diagnosis.
George—Eh? You got engaged last light? Gus, my old, my dear friend ell me how you did it.
Gus—Really, I hardly know myself, ouldn't help it. Just like falling ownstairs. I was on the edge of a roposal, she gave me a push, and there was engaged.

I was engaged.

"Well, I haven't had any such experience. Every time I try to start, my knees knock together, and my teeth chatter, and my tongue cleaves to the roof of my mouth. I've tried a dozen chatter, and my tongue cleaves to the roof of my mouth. I've tried a dozen times to pop the question to Miss De Pink, and slumped every time." "And did she let you slump?" "Yes."

"You are courting the wrong girl."—
N. Y. Weekly.

A New Country.

A party of tourists were examining one of the large trees of California. One of the party remarked:

"What a magnificent specimen! Surely it must be the oldest tree in the world!"

world!"

An Irishman who was with the party cried out: "Now faith, how could that be?" and burst out into laughter. "Surely anyone knows this is a new country, and how the mischief could that tree be ould?"—Harper's Round Table.

One Good Turn, Etc.

One Good Turn, Etc.

Mr. Hayseed—I'm glad we sent Miss
Fliptop that handsome caster, even if it
did cost the price of a ham. We're to
have the finest kind of seats at the
church, Mariah—reserved, too.

Mrs. Hayseed—Who told you so?
"Here it is on the card; 'R. S. V. P.'
That must mean reserved seats for valuable present."—N. Y. Weekly.

His Inferiority.

Josh Grayneck—So you heard the celebrated violinist play while you was up to the city, Jay? Wal, how did you like

num?
Jay Green (back from the metropolis)—Shucks! He didn't amount to much. I've seen more than 40 fellers play that sweat more than he did.—N, V World.

He Felt Confident.

Y. World.

"Do you worry about meeting your notes?" said the victim of pecuniary em-

barrassment.
"No," said the person who is indis-"Ao," said the person who is mais-criminately flippant. "I don't worry about meeting 'em. Experience has taught me that I can just sit down and trust to 'em to run across me."— Washington Star.

Sick of His Job.

Sick of His Job.

Atlas grouned heavily.
"I wish," he said bitterly, "that some of those fellows who want the earth would only happen along this way."

And shifting the weight a trifle to the other shoulder, he requested one of the bystanders to rub a little hamamelis on the calloused places.—N. Y. Recorder.

Newspaper Titles.

Little Boy—Pop, what's the difference between an editor-in-chief and a managing editor?

Pop (an old reporter)—The editor in chief is the man who attends banquets and gets all the glory; the managing editor is the man who does the work,—N. Y. Weekly.

Infantile Logic.

Mother—To think that my little
Ethel should have spoken so impertinently to papa to-day at dinner! Sho never hears me talk in that way to

him. Ethel (stoutly) — Well, but choosed him and I didn't.—Tit-Bits.

Local Color.

He lived in the land of the sphinx,
Where they have only soft, eastern drinx;
So the best he could do
Was to paint all in view
A series of delicate pinx.

—Detroit Tribune.

SIMPLY IMPOSSIBLE.



He—I was so frightened that my nees hit together. She—Gracious!!—N. Y. Herald.

To-Day's Hero. To-Lu₃ .

The presidential candidate
Doth now seem small beside
The pitcher for the baseball nine,
Who is the city's pride.

—Washington Star.

About Stoves.

About Stoves.

A.—Stoves are peculiar institutions
B.—How so?
A.—In the first place you can't make
one burn unless you put it up, and then
it won't burn unless you shake it down.
Funny, isn't it?—Texas Siftings.

Tommy — Does experience always teach, pa?

Mr. Secondtime (feelingly)—No, my boy. For instance, some widowers mar-

ry again.—London Fun. A Gentle Compliment. Clara—Mr. Splinter says I remind him of Cleopatra.

Maude—Yes. It was of her Shakespeare said: "Age cannot wither."--

"No," said Miss Strongmind, "I have none of the weaky-sesse of which our sex is accused. Oh, girls! There comes Mr. Carter! Do tell me if my hat is on straight!"—To Date.

On the Spir of the Moment.

He—I am told that your admirers name is legion.

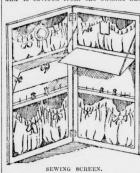
She (blushing)—Oh, no, indeed—his name is Jones.—Brooklyn Life.

THE SEWING SCREEN.

The Sewing Screen.

A Useful and Decorative Addition to Household Impedimenta.

A delightfully decorative and useful note in my lady's morning room, or a cozy setting for the corner of her bedroom, is the sewing screen, a graeious little affair combining all the comforts of thread basket, pineushion, needle case, work bag, eatchall and table. One such sereen, which graces the bedroom corner in the home of a busy little housewife, is fashioned of yellow denim and a delicately flowered yellow silk, and a delicately flowered yellow silk and can be very easily carried out in any color by a pair of clever hands. The framework, which consists of two leaves 18 inches wide, is three feet high and is covered from the outside and



SEWING SCREEN.

fastened on the inside corners with fancy gilt nails. Each leaf is divided into three parts, the upper and lower given over to pockets made of the silk. A needle case covered with silk and a pincushion of yellow plush hang from the top of each leaf, respectively. Two that pieces of pasteboard covered with the silk fall against the middle division of each leaf, one being held by ribbons to form a wide pocket, the other standing for a small shelf or table when caught by ribbons to two fancy-headed nails on either side of the screen above. Nothing so convenient was ever put into so small a space before, according to the owner of this housewifely jow. For it is a joy, she will tell you. Here is always the very thread and needle one wants at her very hand. Here is coom for one's work of various kinds. The table, pincushion, scrapbasket and seissors, which hang at the side, are ever ready, and all practical things considered, this home-keeping attachment ass the merit beside of being a thing of keauty.—N. Y. Times. fastened on the inside corners with tancy gilt nails. Each leaf is divided

TO PREVENT WRINKLES

TO PREVENT WRINKLES.

To PREVENT WRINKLES.

Eat Frequently and Moderstely, and Do Act Fret or Worry.

If we would prevent wrinkles we must make up our minds to take life very easily and never to be much amused or much troubled. We frown and fret, we laugh and cry, and these everyday actions bring wrinkles round the eyes and mouth. Getting cross or constantly giving way to temper will make the wrinkles come in short time. Mme: Patti never allows herself to get cross, If she feels cross and it is due to the presence of some one near her she always leaves the room until this feeling has passed away.

One of the most common ways of producing wrinkles is to cat too much. The skin of the cheeks and stomach gets so distended that when it tries to get back to its original proportions it finds that it has lost the power. Another way of making wrinkles is the way in which we wash and dry our faces and rub our eyes after caying. We rub our faces in all directions with a rough towel, and in that way stretch the skin. We should wipe the face carefully with a soft towel, and never rub it from the corners of the eyes near the nose toward the cars or we shall have a fresh crop of crow's feet. Good soap, pure water, fresh air, moderate and simple diet are the best cosmetics one can use. A little almond oll rubbed over the wrinkles will selp smooth them out. Pass the fingers dipped in oil from the outer corners of the eyes toward the nose. The cyes should never be rubbed when waking but sponged with fresh water, in order to keep wrinkles from appearing round the corners.—X. Y. Advertiser.

To Launder Fine Handkershiefs.

Women dishike to give their daintiest

To Launder Fine Bandkerchiefs.
Women dislike to give their daintiest and best handkerchiefs to the ordinary washerwoman. These dainty bits of cambric and lace need a French cleaner's care, we decide; but that is an extravagant way, when we can give them the same crisp fresh.ness as a French cleaner, and without irons or starch, and without any trouble or work. Soak the handkerchief in warm water and soap first, then rub very gently and rinse well. Polish your bureau mirror and place the right side of your handkerchief against it. It is wet and will eling. Make the edges straight, and rub gently until the handkerchief lings to the mirror and is perfectly stoots. Leave until entirety dry, and then peel it off, and your handkerchiefs will have a crisp freshness like new. To Launder Fine Handkerchiefs

For the Favorite Corner.

Trophies of conquest in the shape of German favors, dinner cards, menus and souvenirs occupy an appropriate corner in the dainty bondoir of the debutante. Then there are ribbone debutante. Then there are ribbons rifled from the floral offerings on her first appearance in society; ribbons from bouquets she carried as brides maid; college and class badges, and a collection of unique objects, which re-call certain events.—Form.

Orange Tartlets are Tempting.
Orange tartlets make a dessert which the young people are sure to appreciate. Take the juice of two Havana oranges and the grated peel of one; three fourths of a cup of sugar or one-half cup if the oranges are very sweet; one tablespoonful of butter, the juice of one-half a lemon to wet one tenspoonful of corn starch. Beat all well to gether and bake in tartlet shells without cover.

Tenderfoot—Don't you see that man tand those people? Why don't you stop him?

Tenderfoot—Don't you see that man killing all those people? Why don't you stop him? Alkali Jim—Stop him? Me! Well, I guess not, pardner. Why, dang it, man, I'm the coroner!—Eay City Chat.

Read - the - Tribune.

Orange tartlets make a dessert which the young people are such as the process of the care of the such as the process of the care of the process of the pro

ASTORI

for Infants and Children.

MOTHERS, Do You Know that Paregorie most remedies for children are composed of opium or morphine?

Do You Know that opium and morphine are stupefying narcotic poisons?

Do You Know that in most countries druggists are not permitted to sell narcotics

Do You Know that you should not permit any medicine to be given your child ss you or your physician know of what it is composed? Do You Know that Castoria is a purely vegetable preparation, and that a list of

its ingredients is published with every bottle? Do You Know that Castoria is the prescription of the famous Dr. Samuel Pitcher.

That it has been in use for nearly thirty years, and that more Castoria is now sold than of all other remedies for children combined? **Do You Know** that the Patent Office Department of the United St

ther countries, have issued exclusive right to Dr. Pitcher and his assigns to use the word Castoria" and its formula, and that to imitate them is a state prison offense? Do You Know that one of the reasons for granting this government protection was

toria had been proven to be absolutely harmless? Do You Know that 35 average doses of Castoria are furnished for 35

<u>Do You Know</u> that when possessed of this perfect preparation, your children may ept well, and that you may have unbroken rest?

Well, these things are worth knowing. They are facts.

The fac-simile hat Hillithm is on every wrapper. is on every

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

32d Year.
A representative American Business RECORD BUILDING 917-919 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

THOMAS MAY PEIRCE, A.M., Ph.D., under and Princi 1865-1896. A Systematic Business Training

Coupled with a practical, sound and useful English education.

BUSINESS,
SHORTHAND AND TYPEWRITING,
ENGLISH.
whole constituting an Ideal Combination. Graduates Cheerfully Assisted to Positions.

DAY SESSIONS, '96-'97, begin Menday, August 31, 1896. NIGHT SESSIONS, Menday, September 21, 1896.

BICYCLES! BUGGIES:

turn at our expense. Now isn't that fairs, Brewster Vehicle Co., Holly, Mich.

BICYCLISTS!

\$9 a day. Agts. wanted. 10 fast seller Big money for Agts. Catalog FREE E. E. Brewster, Holly, Mich WANTED-AN IDEA Who can think

thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDER BURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington D. C., for their \$1,800 prize offer. It Was a Fine Stream.
There is a "professional gentleman"
in Portland who would make a success-

ful horse swapper. Having a farm to sell recently, this descendant of the Pil-grims advertised it, and soon afterward a gentleman called on him to speak

"Well, judge," said he, "I have been over that farm you advertised and find it all right except the fine stream of water you mentioned."
"It runs through the piece of woods in the lowest part of the meadow," said the judge.
"What! that little brook? Why, it doesn't hold much more than a spoonful. I am sure if you would empty a bowl of water into it, it would overflow. You don't call that a fine stream, do you?"

you?"
"Well, if it were much finer you couldn't see it at all," said the judge blandly.—Portland Express.

INTERFERING WITH BUSINESS.



CET THE BEST

Most Popular

Light Running
There is none in the world that
em equal in mechanical conetruction, durability of world
parts, fineness of finish, beauty
in appearance, of has as many
improvements as we

NEW HOME It has Automatic Tension, Double Feed, alike on both sides of needle (patented), no other has it; New Stand (patented), driving wheel hinged on adjustable centers, shas reducing friction to

WRITE FOR CIRCULARS. THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO.

ORANGE, MASS. BOSTON, MASS. 28 UNION SQUARE, N. Y. CHICAGO, Ind. St. LOUIS, MO. DALLAS, TELLAS. CONTRACTOR OF PRINCIPLO, CALL. ATLANCE, TO SALE BY
D. S. Ewing, general agent, 1127 Chestnut street, Phila., Pa.

mmmm Is this what ails you?



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