We were all sitting around the coxy fireplace in my friend's study, telling hunting experiences. The wind was blowing outside with just enough force to give the windows a ghostly rattle, and make the blaze roar up the chimney in a way that lent an added charm to stories into which the element of danger largely entered.

danger largely entered.

We had all dutifully told some oldtime adventure—with certain additions that seemed absolutely necessary under the circumstances—all except our host, who had been given the last place on the life so that the certain right close.

nost, who had been given the last place on the list, so that the series might close robed in the richest coloring.

He was a hunter of wide and varied experience and a man who had given a great deal of intelligent thought to the mysteries of woodcraft. Consequently, whatever he said upon the subject was always listened to with deference.

We therefore settled down a little more comfortably in our chairs as he

we therefore settled down a fixture more comfortably in our chairs as he began:
"In my younger days I spent more time in the woods than I do now. Not that I like hunting less. It has as great attraction for me as ever, the odor of the woods is as sweet to me as the scent of powder is to the old war horse; but many things claim my time pow and

the woods is as sweet to me as the secent of powder is to the old war horse; but many things claim my time now and keep me from wandering.

"The little adventure I am about to tell happened in Nova Scotia, 20 years ago, when I was quite a young man.

"It is not generally known that certain parts of the province contain some of the finest hunting grounds imaginable. Miles and miles of virgin forest, acres of spruce and pine averaging fully 60 feet in height, crowded together on moss-green groundwork, almost close enough to shut out daylight. Then there are parts overrun with high maples, birch and beech.

"Many a day have I crept through the deep, shady glades and over the long, sloping hills. But I am rather wandering from my story.

"I'll just show you where my adventure happened."

Raising, he took down an atlas from as the first started.

Raising, he took down an atlas from

"Just here at the north," he con-nued. "See that headland? That's e place. Twice a day all the water the basin seems to rush around that

the place. Twice a day all the water in the basin seems to rush around that point, and away up into the mainland.
"It is marsh land along there, and the point is called Minudie marsh. It is a very large tract of land, said to conmin 5,000 acres, shut in from the sea by nine miles of dyle. It is perfectly level, dotted all over with barns and haystacks; and in the autumn also with men and horses, busily at work cutting broad leaf" or marsh hay.
"One not acquainted with the place could easily become lost, for the barns and haystacks, extending in every direction, are all alike in size, shape and color. It was near this marsh that I had located myself for the hunting season, on account of the excellent sport which it afforded in the shape of almost every kind of water fowl, and also because not many miles away were woods in which moose and caribou were plentification. cause not many miles away were woods in which moose and caribou were plen-

tiful. "The autumn that year had been very

tiful.

"The nutumn that year had been very dry, so that there were, comparatively speaking, no birds on the marsh. Without knowing this, however, I one day set out for a few hours' shooting.

"I tramped the best part of the afternoon, without success, and, as I did not care to go home without bagging something, I determined to shoot 'peep' on the mud flats.

"I rolled up my trousers to the knee and started, sinking fully six inches in the soft mud at every step. I walked about for some time, getting a shot now and then and wandering far out upon the flats, until a rushing noise behind made me turn quickly around.

"The 'bore' was coming—a bank of tumbling, seething water, quite three feet high, tearing about as fast as a man could run. 'Time to be getting back,' thought I. 'It will not take long for the tide to cover the flats.' I stood and watched the tidal wave for a moment, then started quite leisurely for the dyke, shaping my course directly for it.

"After having gone 50 yards or so,

it.

"After having gone 50 yards or so, 1 came to a gully, between eight and ten feet wide, at the bottom of which flowed a little stream. It ran nearly parallel with the dyke, and in order to reach the marsh I had either to cross it or go away up and around. Not caring to lengthen my disagreeable tramp it or go away up and around. Not car-ing to lengthen my disagreeable tramp—for it was no fun dragging one's feet out of the mud at every step—I decided to hold my original course. The sides of the gully looked soft and treacher-ous, but by taking a running jump I thought I could clear the dangerous part.

part.
"I stepped back a few paces, and, firmly grasping the gun, started. I had miscalculated the effect the bad footing would have, and saw my mistake the moment I sprang; but too late!
"I landed on the other side of the stream, in what seemed to me the softest part of the mud. My weight and the impetus of my jump drove me into the mud knee-deep.
"At first I was inclined to be and.

"At first I was inclined to laugh at

nation I could feel the cold, wet mud

nation I could feel the cold, wet mud creeping, like some gruesome reptile about my neck, higher, higher—over my chin; over my tightly-closed lips, until my breath—I tell you a man's mind rushes when he gets so near the border!

"I shouted for help, in the hope of attracting some one, but it only exhausted me, and my struggles caused me to sink faster.
"In extreme agony of mind, I threw myself on my face—I had not sunk below my waist—and clawed the bank in a frantic endeavor to draw myself out. My fingers slipped through the soft mud and touched some hard, smooth substance, buried about three inches below the surface.
"I struggled to grasp it, but it was

below the surface.

"I struggled to grasp it, but it was too large for my fingers to grip. It was a tree that had probably grounded on the flat long ago, and the tides had gradually drifted the sand over it.

"When you is in a partition of great."

a tree that had probably grounded on the flat long ago, and the tides had gradually drifted the sand over it.

"When one is in a position of great bodily danger, events succeed one another much more rapidly than they can be afterward told. The telling of this has taken a great deal longer time than its actual occurrence. A few minutes only had passed since I started toward the dyke.

"The sound of the tide now rushing over the lower part of the flats called me to a sense of new danger.

"Even if I was able to keep from sinking for a little while, the red water would soon rise over the place of my imprisonment and complete what the quicksands had so surely begun.

"Provning is said to be the easiest of deaths," thought I, though any kind was preferable to being smothered in oozy quicksand.

"In the water, too, I could at least struggle—fight for life. But in that narrow, clinging grave, every limb bound as with elastic cords, allowing freedom only to the extent of simply maddening one, caught like a miserable fly in a spider's web, I would not even have the satisfaction of struggling.

"The feeling of fear that first possessed me gradually left, or maybe numbed my senses, and in its place came strange fancies, such as one dreams when lying half awake.

"The sun seemed beating its piercing rays into my brain. The hoarse cry of a raven far up in the sky came faintly to me. I pictured him and his mate, dark specks showing against a background of white ciouds, floating—floating and watching.

"I wondered if the peck of a raven, is

watching.

"I wondered if the peck of a raven's beak on one's head would hurt much—if they were up there waiting for me to die. Then I remembered that before I was dead I would be buried!

"I smiled grimly at the thought of cheating them. But if they came before? Instinctively I felt for my knife. I could keep them off with it. My knife! Like a flash came the thought that it would be a means of rescue.

"The cloud of fancies seemed to lift from my brain. With trambling fingers, I hurraically drew it out and opened it. It was the kind known among schoologys as 'toodstabber,' stout and strong.

"Hopefully, with one hand, I felt for the tree; but I had sunk so far in the mud that it was now beyond my reach. A groan burst through my elenched teeth, as my last hope fied.

"It seemed as if I must give up. But life is sweet—so sweet to one about to lose it. One more effort, then—a requiem chanted by the wares and flung landward by the winds.

"Making a violent struggle, I thrust my hand that held the knife as far forward as I could and struck down with all my strength.

"The tree must have been lying obliquely along the sides of the gully, so that my left hand had not been able to reach it; but my right, in which was the knife, had found it. The blade sank into the soft, half-decayed wood. Slipping my hand down as closely to the tree as possible, so as not to pull the knife out, and placing my left hand over my right, to give myself greater purchase, I pulled. Slowly, almost impering the knife out, I drove it in farther up the trunk, repeating this again and again, for I was able to draw myself only a few inches at a time, until I finally lay my length over the tree—saved!

"I had thrown the gun high up on the flat when I first found that I was fast. Recovering it now, I gained the dyke, to fall weak and trembling on the grass. I lay there until the tide had risen to the dyke. Then washing the mud out of my clothes I spread them in the sun to dry. When I had finished it was flood tide, the water was still and smooth a

"I shuddered as my eyes, drawn by a

"I shuddered as my eyes, drawn by a strange fascination, sought out the spot, how covered by many feet of water, where a short time before I had zo narrowly escaped a terrible death.

"When I reached my boarding house, tired and hungry, the harvest moon was shining brightly. I thought with a shudder of the cold white glitter of the wet sands, and how nearly that night her beams had rested on my grave."—Golden Days.

A CHILD'S LESSON.

Far down in the silent ocean, Where the sunbeams never fall, Never comes the storm's commotic Dwells the coral insect small.

Days, and months, and years are passir g, Still he climbs to reach the sun; Every hour his work is growing Till the coral reef is done.

Upward slowly, ah! but surely Climbs he brighter every year; From this little coral insect Let us learn to persevere.

CANINE VOCALIST.

Canessee Has a Dog of Whom the People Are Justly Proud.
While on a trip through Moore cour-ity, Tenn., recently, I was the guest of Rev. Frank M. Downing, who lives in the neighborhood of a small settlement the neighborhood of a small settlement called County Line. His family con-sists of himself and wife and a small yellow dog, which I noticed received an unusual amount of care and atten-tion. As there was nothing particular-ly attractive about the dog, which was ly attractive about the dog, which was cally a mongrel cur, I rather wondered at their manifest affection, and one day inquired the reason for it. Mr. Downing, for answer, called: 'Bench!' and placed him in a chair, commanding him to "crow." My astonishment was unbounded when the dog gave a perfect initation of a Shanghai rooster, and without further command followed i with the neigh of a horse, lowing of cows, grunts and squeals of pigs, whining of cats, and various noises incident to farm life. He could give all the yelps of a pack of hounds in pursuit of a fox, and in so realistic a manner that you could scarcely help believing that a hunt was in progress.

you could scarcely help believing that a hunt was in progress.

Mr. Downing scid nobody had taught the animal, and his peculiar imitative powers were discovered by accident. The summer previous, when Bench was a mere puppy, Rev. John Malcol 1, the preacher for their circuit, was 11 at Downing's house, and was made extremely nervous at night by a roostercowing at all hours beneath his window. The people who were attending him could not discover the rooster, but one morning Mrs. Downing, in passing the window, was startled by seeing the puppy throw back his head and crow. She hastened to relate the circumstances to her husband, who was incredulous and carefully watched the sane hastened to relate the circumstances to her husband, who was incredulous and carefully watched the dog. He quickly corroborated his wife's story, and for some time the neighbors flocked to see the wonderful dog. He quickly learned to crow at command, and each day picked up some new sound. Last November a neighbor of Mr. Downing carried Bench to Nash-ville while the Barnum & Bailey show was there, and the manager offered a handsome price for him, saying that he was convinced Bench could be taught to talk, butthr. Downing refused to give him up. In appearance Bench is not prepossessing, his color being a dirty yellow, his hair coarse and wiry, his legs short, and his body rather unwieldy. In his eyes, however, there gleams an intelligence almost human.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

SNOW MERRY-GO-ROUND.

SNOW MERRY-GO-ROUND

Lots of Fun in Towns Where There Are
No Hills to Coast Down.
Did you ever hear of a snow merrygo-round? It's great fun, especially
in a town where there are no hills to
coast down. One of the readers of the
boys' and girls' department describes,
just how the merry-go-round is made.
A stout post is driven at the center of
a level plot of ground, and to the top
of this a long pole or plank is fastened
on a pivot. This is all that is necessary,
A sled may now be tele to either end



few boys at the center can keep the merry-go-round spinning with great rapidity. Of course the boys on the sleds, who are called "rushers," have an exciting ride, and they take turns cecasionally with the "pushers." If the snow wears out the track can be iced by pouring water over it and letting it freeze.—Chicago Record.

A Watch That Speaks.

A Watch That Speaks.

A wonderful mechanical contrivance is announced from Switzerland in the shape of a watch that calls out the hours in a voice like that of a human being. This mechanical curiosity is the invention of one Casimir Livan, who bases its principles upon his knowledge of the workings of the photograph. The case, instead of contributions of the plant of the program of the plant of the pl knowledge of the characteristics a striking apparatus, as some of the late costly watches do, is provided with a phonographic cylinder, which is fitted with a sensitive photographic plate, which has received the impression of a human voice before being inserted in the watch.

THE BRAVE ELEPHANT.

Obedient and Fatthful in the Midst of a Fierce Fight.

In some countries in Asia an elephant is made to carry the flag in battles. This is because the elephant is so tail, and the soldiers can easily see the flag flying from his back.

One of these elephants, which belonged to the Poona host, was very brave and very kind.

brave and very kind, but he would obey the order of no one except his mahout,

One time, while a very fierce fight was raging, the driver called out to him: "Stand, my brave beast, stand!" A



where he lay beneath a pile of wounder

and slain.

The obedient animal would not move, though the battle raged wildly around him. The Poona soldiers, who feared they were being overcome, were cheered on by the sight of the flag still floating from his back.

He never stirred a foot, and all through the hot fight, the noise, the smoke, the confusion, listened patiently for the voice of his master.

Sharp spears were hurled at him, a score of javelins pierced his sides, his long ears dripped with blood, but he stood like a rock.

"Come forward, my men!" cried the Poona captain; "our flag still floats, and the battle will yet be ours."

His men, discouraged and ready to fly, rallied at this command, and with a cheer for the flag pressed forward.

In a short time they had won the victory, and put the enemy to flight.

And then they gathered around the brave elephant, offering to lead him where he could be fed and cared for.

But, though wounded and worn, the obedient creature would not move until he heard his master's voice. That master could never speak again.

A rider was sent in great haste to r

til he heard his master's voice. That master could never speak again.

A rider was sent in great haste to a place 59 miles away, where lived the driver's little son, whom the elephans knew and loved.

When the little boy was brought to the battle-ground the elephant showed very plainly that he was glad to see him, and permitted the child to lead him away.—Jennie S. Judson, in Our Little Ones.

THE VISITING SPARROW.

He Spent the Wister in Captivity, But
Flew Away in Spring.

A few years ago a lady living in the
Via Volturno, in Rome, had some pet
canaries in cages, which she every day
hung out on a baleony in frent of her
kitchen window. She observed a sparrow frequently come and perch on one
of the cages, and one evening, when
she brought in her birds, she unawares
hrought in also the little will king.

of the cages, and one evening, when she brought in her birds, she unawares, brought in also the little wild visitor perched on its favorite cage. It showed no fear, and pecked the crumbs she offered it. Evening after evening the same bird continued to come in with its imprisoned friend.

An empty cage with food was left near, and in this it made its abode at night, the door always being left open. Spring came and the sparrow flew away. Then the summer passed, and with the shortening days she returned, boldly entering the kitchen, surrounded by a brood of four or five little sparrows. She had come, it seemed, to greet her old friend and introduce her treasures to her. They all condidingly ate the crumbs scattered for them on the kitchen floor. Soon winter came, and with it the sparrow again as an established lodger with board. Again the soft breeze of a southern spring whispered of new nests and broods, and the sparrow flew away, but to return no more.—London Spectator.

A Strange Case of Instinct.

A Strange Case of Instinct.

A strange instance of animal instinct occurred at the Theater Royal, Middlesborough, England, dwing the performance of a pantonime. In the pantonime is introduced a miniature circus with ponies, baboon and a donkey, while putting the baboon through its paces the trainer noticed how cagerly it sought the footlights and scanned the first row of the stalls. A scafaring man, who was evidently the object of interest to the baboon, uttered a peculiarly distinctive cry, when instantly the baboon sprang across the footlights into his arms. An inquiry on the part of the acting manager elicited the extraordinary fact that the scannan had criginally brought the baboon from its native land, but that was several years ago.

the mud knee-deep.
"At first I was inclined to laugh at my plight, but that feeling speedily gave way to one of anxiety, when I realized that I was swiftly sinking.

"I endeavored to draw my feet out, but when I tried to lift one the other went further down. A cold sweat broke out on my forehead. I was in a bed of quicksand!

"I struggled with all my strength, but it was uscless. There seemed to be an undercurrent of sand that was continually slipping away from my feet. Against that terrible power it was uscless to fight.

"I had heard and read of people dying in this horrible manner, but never before had the chilling awfulness of it struck me with any degree of force. Now, as I thought of being drawn slow-plants of its truck me with any degree of force. Now, as I thought of being drawn slow-plants of its truck me with any degree of force. Now, as I thought of being drawn slow-plants of its truck me with any degree of force. Now, as I thought of being drawn slow-plants of its truck me with any degree of force. Now, as I thought of being drawn slow-plants of its truck me with any degree of force. Now, as I thought of being drawn slow-plants of its truck me with any degree of force. Now, as I thought of being drawn slow-plants of its truck me with any degree of force. Now, as I thought of being drawn slow-plants of the plants An English of meer was shooting reently in Somaliland, Africa. One night
when he was in bed, inside his tent,
a lion sprang over the rough thorn

A lion sprang over the rough thorn

A lion sprang over the rough thorn

THE POET'S CORNER.

Four walls upreared by human hands
Form not the place that we call home,
We turn to them in stranger lands,
We yearn for them where'er we roam,
Because the hearts that love and live—
Because the hearts we know are true
Are gathered there and wait to give
A welcome when our journey's throug

But if, by homeward-gazing eyes,
No face is at the window seen,
And, dumb of heart, we look where lie
A mound, a sacred spot of green,
Oh, weary soul! remember this:
A second truth our Father grees;
The heart that loves immortal is—
The heart that loves forever lives!

Above the blue, beyond the vail,
Our falt'ring feet must journey far;
We'll find our home-we cannot fail—
For home is where our loved ones are!
—William Wallace Cook, in Ladies

The Call.

The city claims the winter, be it so,
But when the sky is full of songs and

wings,
The valleys fragrant with bright blooming things,
To nature's glad republic thou shouldst go There inspiration drops from the young

morn;
There noons are like full urns pressed
down with life;
There doth the past with many sorrows
rife
Fall shrtveled off and leave the soul new
born.

Hark to the call from many a dusky wood,
From spicy pastures drowsing in the sun,
From illied streams that through the
meadows run.
Come, live with us, and we will do thee

-Mary F. Butts, in Youth's Companion

Pink Hyacinths.
An odorous breath of blossoms pure and sweet,
Pink hyacinths that come when spring
winds blow,
And star the emerald grass about our feet,
Where late has lain the mantle of the
snow.

I stoop and pluck one dainty, waxlike bloom,
That blushes with the hue of early dawn,
And as I breathe its subtly sweet perfume,
I sigh to think of springtimes that are
gone.

But flowers will bloom with each returning

spring,
And robbins nest with every maiden year:
Then why should we not tune our hearts
and sing. and sing, Nor sigh for music fled and spring flowers -Minnie Quinn, in N. Y. Independent

Adversity.
We fret and fear if all the year
Is not a panorama gay;
Our fond hopes die, we weep and sigh
When dark night follows day.

If winter's snow would never blow, How could we love the warmth of June If ne'er the night our day would blight We could not prize the light of noon.

If never friends our trust would rend, Could we the worth of true friends kr Our hearts could bless no kind caress If 'twere not for some cruel blow.

The day of light must follow night As did the grand creation's dawn; Our hearts must wait for fortune' Success is from affliction drawn.

So bide the hours, though smiling flow Do not always the path adorn; Our hardest trials are fortune's wiles, The sweetest rose blooms on the thorn —Sidney Heald, in Chicago Inter Ocean

Beneath the Sod.

I saw the mortal laid beneath the sod,
With carven cross above her breast,
I knew the immortal spirit was with
A bright, pure soul had gained ete

A bright, pure sour may game, rest, rest, First of a band of friends to pass away, Her busy, useful life one earth is done; Ended forever is her toilsome day. For her the promised rest has now begun I stood and heard t.c solemn accents fail, "I am the resurrection and the life," God, whose great mercy watches over all, Had t'en my friend from out our earthl strife.

Had Cen my them from the strife.

We left her lying in her peaceful bed,
Until the dawning of that last great day.

Trusting in One who long ago hath said
Trusting in One who long ago hath said
That H6 will wipe all bitter tears away.

—The Academy.

If I Were Ten.

If I were ten, my dear like you, The sky, methinks, were always blue, The hours would ne'er seem dull and dun For every day I'd see the sun Come out and gild the world anew.

And everything I heard were true, There were not aught to mourn, undo, I scarce would know the things to sl If I were ten.

And yet, perhaps, if I could woo
Your age again, På long with rue
To see the years and birthdays run
Until my place to-day were won.
I'd have a different point of view
If I were ten. —Sket

I very much admire many traits that I possess,
And though I blush to say it, still I candidly confess
There's lots I like about me; and while other folks may see
Things in a very different light, I'm really pleased with me.
It's true my thoughts, my words, my deeds, my figure and my face
May to the careless eye appear as only commonplace,
But that's because I throw about my nobletiess of mind
A meek and modest air that makes my greatness hard to find.

— L. A. W. Bulletin
Foreive,

-1. A. W. Bulletin
Forgive,
Wait not the morrow, but forgive me now;
Who knows what fate to-morrow's dawn
may bring?
Let us not part with shadow on thy brow,
With my heart hungering.

Wait not the morrow, but entwine thy
hand
In mine with sweet forgiveness full and free; Of all life's joys I only understand This joy of loving thee.

Perhaps some day I may redeem the wrong, Repair the fault-I know not when or

The Secret.
Twas first her eyes that won his heart;
And next her airy wit
Caused him to grieve when they must

Love lingers now, through years that

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upon it."

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Upon their wheels one day they met;
They wheeled into a marriage;
She gave it up; he's wheeling yet—
But now a baby carriage.
—To Date.

During the Quarrel.
He—I confess that I do not compre She (frigidly)—I thought I had made

myself perfectly plain.

He—Ah! But you couldn't do that, Reconciliation follows.—St. Louis Re-

public.

Brought to Time.

Dentist's Daughter (who hears her father approaching)—Oh, dear Edward, here comes my father! If he should find us together here we are lost! Oh, he is coming! You will have either to ask for my hand, or—let him pull out a tooth for you.—Tit-Bits.

The Pity of It.

First Swell—There goes Miller the richest man in town. What a pity the old man has no daughter! Don't you think so?

Second Swell-I don't know. Why? First Swell—Because she would make such a good wife for me.—Texas Sifter.

Arithmetical.

noble entitien?

Pat—How do yez know they be Mr.

Peck's children?

Mike—Sure, and don't yez know that
four small measures make a peck?

Demorest's Magazine.

spell?
Old Smart—That depends, mytson, on who is spelling it. If it is a German it is about the first thing that heswants; if it's an Englishman it's the last thing he wants.—Philadelphia Item., If you are not already a subscriber to the Tribuxe begome one.

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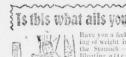
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