# Hood's

PLAYING SOCIETY.

The Little Girl's Interpretation of What the Smart Set Do.

The small girl yearned for things beyond her environment and, with true feminine adaptability, was making the most of the resources at command.

"Reginald," she said to the youngster who was trying to give a tight-rope exhibition on the tongue of the grocery wagon, "c-mere."

"Who yo talkin' to?" was the indignant inquiry.

nant inquiry.
"Youse."
"My name ain't Reginald. My name's

"Ye're name's Reginald."

"Because I say it is. Do you see my right hand?"

'No ye don't, nothing of the kind, cos I've got it behind my back, an' there's a brick in it, an' wot I say goes, an' yer name's 'Reginald.'"
"All right. Wot're ye goin' ter do?"
"Play scalety"

"All right. Wot're ye goin' ter do?"
"Play society."
"I don't know how."
"It's easy. Ye come up ter me an'
ye say, 'Ah, howduhdo, howduhdoo.
Ye're looking chawming this evenink,
don'tcheknow.'"

on'tcheknow."
"An' wot do you do?"
"I say, 'Do you recyully think so?"
"An' den I s'pose I gits back at yer

Sure. You jes' kinder duck yer

"Sure. You jes' kinder duck yer head over yer shoulder an' squint down at me an' say, 'Pon honor.' An' den I sorter gurgles, 'So good of you ter say so.' After we gits trough wit dat, we makes believe we're two other people

makes believe we're two other people at de same party."

"An' say somet'ing different?"

"Naw. We says de same t'ing. An' we keeps it up till we gits tired an' den we says 'Good night. I've had a puffickly luvvily evenin',' and den we

goes home."
"An' you've got de brick in yer han'
all de time?"
"I ain't lettin' go of it, not fur a min-

ute."
"All right, I'll play. But it jest goes

to show all over agin how big a fool a woman kin make of a man ef she oncet makes up her mind to it."

Our Tarn Next.

The Chinese Government has aroused itself after centuries of slovenly house-keeping. It proposes to refurnish and redecorate. It has sent out its wily old major-dono, Li Hung Chang, to study styles and bunt bargains. The Geranns and then the French flattered and cajoled him and showed him their wares. They urged him to decide at once. "Now is the time to buy," said Germans and French. But Li is too good a shopper for that. "These are time goods," said he, "and I shall probably take them. But I must look at all before I decide." And now England is taking down her goods, trying on her best gowns and bonnets, and parading all before him. And soon it will be America's turn. Li has some big orders to place. We shall do well to show him everything and give him a good time.—New York World.

Rival Artists.

Joseph Gillott, the manufacturer of pens, once visited the artist, Turner. "I have come to swap some of my pictures for yours," said he.

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Turner. "You do not paint!"

"No, I do not, but I draw," said Glibott, unfolding a roll of Bank of England notes, "and here are some of my pictures."

Undoubtedly the "swap" was effected.



I stir and wake when the dawn is gray, When the sparrows twitter along the

With strength colors free,
free,
And out on the quivering poplar's crest
A robin is singing this song to me:
Plow it, sow it, reap it, mow it,
Plow it, sow it, reap it, mow it.

All morning beside the sun I toil-All morning beside the sun I toll—
That jolly old farmer who, from the sky.
Showers his blessings upon the soil
And marks my labor with kind eye.
And at noon, when my shadow's a pace
the north,
My patient team from the traces I fre-

And I hear the robin carolling forth,
To a hearty tune, this song for me:
Plow it, sow it, reap it, mow it,
Plow it, sow it, reap it, mow it,

When the evening comes with its dron

sounds
And the idle gnats in the still air play,
Of the barns and stables I make my roun
Till the chores are done at the close

And all the white, like a spirit breas,
My robin is pouring sweet and strong,
From the tall, dark poplar's sunificerest
The tinkling notes of his sage sweet song
Plow it, sow it, reap it, mow it,
Plow it, sow it, roap it, mow it.

—P. McArthur, in New York Truth.

## TOTHER DEAR CHARMER.



'Won't you come and sit down?' Kitty's treble shrilled above the rumbling, rattling, bumping of the wheels.

wheels.

The captain bent over her, steadying himself by the brake. "No," he screamed, "i'm not the man to be number three, even on the back platform of a train. But I'm a bringer of bad news."

Miss Foster gave an effective start

Miss Foster gave an effective start which resulted in bringing her tiny hand fluttering down upon Kearney's shoulder. "Oh! what?" she cried.

"Only that your good mother says I am to tell you that it is not nice for little girls to stay out on back platforms at 11 o'clock on a starry night, and that you must come in."

"But it's so hot and smoky in there," she answered, demurely, folding her hands and settling back against the car. "I can't possibly stand it, I've a most dreadful headache." She closed her eyes and threw back he, head. The captain and Kearney got the full benefit of the length and curve of her lashes and of the curls blowing across her brow.

"Miss Kitty, Miss Kitty, I fear you are a slippery young eel."

"No, I'm not. Really, my head does ache. Nobody ever believes that I can feel badly or be in carnest." Her round eyes rested on the starry sky at an angle which allowed Kearney to see that they were filled with tears.

"Oh, come, captain, don't tease the child. She has a headache, and the air's good for her. Tell Miss, Foster that I'll bring her in directly."

Captain Mason shook his head and went away. "Appleton is looking fierce," he called back over his shoulder.

"What did he say about Lioutenant."

Then Miss Foster struggled properly hard to release her fingere, but she failed. "You mustn't hold my hand,"

she remonstrated.

he remonstance
"Why?"
"Because."
"Is there any other good reason?"
"An engaged girl shouldn't let her
hand be held."
"An engaged girl shouldn't let her
hand be held."
Kitty took advantage of the noise of
the wheels to speak her mind aloud—
but not so loud that it could reach her
companion. "Big chump!" she
companion. "Big chump!" she

out not so loud that it could reach her companion. "Big chump!" she breathed.
"I didn't know you were engaged, or I shouldn't have done it."
Miss Foster, in another aside, said: "Well, I like that!"
"I know you wouldn't," she replied, with the voice of a forgiving deity.
"May I ask who it is?"
"Well, I'm not exactly engaged yet, but I'm afraid I shall be."
"That's curious."
"Isn't it?"

"Isn't it?"
After a lapse of some moments, Miss Foster resumed; "You know when Mr. Lowell was down at the post? Well, he—he liked me a good deal. I liked him, too—some; so he thought it would—would be a good thing if we were engaged. He was dreadfully cross. Not cross exactly, but—well—stern. He said I needed to be bound. Did you ever? I need to be bound! As though I hadn't a bit of principle. Besides is easy enough to break an engagement; at least I should think so, isn't it?"
Even the infatuated Kearney found

break an engagement; at least I should think so, isn't it?"
Even the infatuated Kearney found this child-like appeal for information overdone, coming from Miss Foster. "Come off! Miss Kitty," he said.

Miss Kitty smiled blandly. "Perhaps it isn't, but I thought maybe it was. Is it wrong to break an engagement? Well, anyway, he wanted me to promise, and I didn't see the use just then; so I told him that I'd not really be exactly engaged until the next time we met. I thought I'd have time to think about it by then. Well, then, when the order came for us all to move, he wrote down that he and a lot of the others from Grant would be waiting for their transportation at Wilcox when our train would go by—at least, he noped so. He said he'd see me there at the station when we stopped, even if it were only for a minute, and that then I must keep my word, and be engaged to him." Another great sigh escaped her.

"But surely, Miss Kitty, if you don't care for him, you won't promise to marry him."

"I don't know."

"Do you love him?"

"I'd on't know."

"I don't know."
"Do you love him?"
"I—I guess so."
"Don't you know?"
"I suppose not; I suppose I don't know."
Kearney waxed exceeding wroth at a man who would bully a trusting child into an engagement. "Why are you permitting yourself to be brow-beaten into this?" he asked, angrily.

angrity.

"Oh! pleas don't be cross—please."
She was on the verge of tears.
He took her hand again. She was not engaged yet. "Answer me, Kitty."

"It wouldn't be right not to, would it?"

Then Hearney went boldly to work to prove that it certainly would be right not to.
"But he loves me," protested Miss

Foster.
"So do--what if he does? You

don't love him."
"But I ought to; maybe I shall.'
And that was all that could be done

And that was all that could be done with Kitty.

Her mother came to the door of the car. "Kitty, you must come in right away. If your head aches, you can go to bed."

"My head's better now," she said,

Angele Gillus, the manufacturer of pans, once visited the artist, Tomes the control of the contr

chuckle which passed for a sob sup-

chuckle which passed for a sob sup-pressed.

They drew up at the station, where lights twinkled from the blackness all about them. There was no one on the platform, there were none of the shouts of welcome expected.

Kearney rushed into the car. "Say, what do you think? They've left— every last one of them—on the train ahead. They've got a big start of us."

Miss Foster cried, "Oh!" and beamed with delight. She began to believe that heaven earcs for its own.

beamed with delight. She began to believe that heaven cares for its own. "We've only three minutes here," Kearney called back over his shoulder, as he rushed out again.

The train had begun to move when Kearney re-appeared. He brought with him a can of oysters whereof the top had been hacked open. "They're tall I had time to get, Miss Kitty," he explained, as he set them before her on the window-sill.

Kitty was the daughter of the plains and knew the worth of an oyster, She clapped her little hands in high glee.

glee.
Suddenly Kearney's face fell: "By
Jove! I've no fork or spoon."
"We might use a pencil, if you'd
sharpen it, "suggested Miss Foster.
"Or a hatpin."
"No. I like the pencil idea better."
Then Miss Foster took the pencil and
the can, and went to spearing the bivalves.

Then alse reservoir to be the penetral the can, and went to spearing the bivalves.

"They were nice, but they've made my head ache again," murmured Miss Foster. "It's so close in here."

"Perhaps another breath of fresh air would do it good," Kearney suggested.

"Maybe," assented she, and they slipped unnoticed out on the back platform once more.

Kitty drew in the night air with delight, she trilled a bar of a song.

"Oh! I'm so-o-o happy," said she.

"So am I," said Kearney, as he held her steady, with his arm half about her.

her.
"Why?" queried Miss Foster, tilting "Why?" queried Miss Foster, tilting back her head to look innocently into his eyes. The fluffy head was so near, the parted lips wore so childish, the round eyes were so tender. Kearney bent over her.

"Why, do you think that, Kitty?" "Oh! Mr. Kearney, you mustr't," she cried, pulling away.

"But you're not engaged," he suggested.

"That's so," answered Kitty, thoughtfully.

"Unless you will be to me?" He caught both her hands and tried to force her to look him. "Will you be?" he insisted.

"If you think I'd better," said Miss Foster.—The Argonaut.

# A Wonderful Clock.

A Wonderful Clock.

Two years ago a South Chicago jowoler calculated he would in all probability live forty years. He knew it takes at least two minutes to wind the ordinary house clock. At that rate he figured he would, during the rest of his life, spend about sixty days of his valuable time winding the clock. Then he decided to make a clock that would have to be wound but once in forty years.

Then he decided to make a clock that would have to be wound but once in forty years.

He spent his odd minutes at the task and has succeeded in producing a wonderful piece of mechanism—the only one of its kind, he says, in the world. It is fifteen menes in diameter and weighs seventy-five pounds. The movement is geared so that the barrel wheel containing the main-spring revolves once in two and a half years. When this wheel has made lifty-six revolutions somebody will have to give the key seventeen turns. The clock will then be wound for another forty years. The first wheel from the barrel wheel crowds around at the rate of one turn a year. The dial plate is six inches in diameter.

Every part of this near approach to perpetual motion was made by Mr. Campbell, and, the work took most of his leisure for two years. The movement is full jeweled. The clock will be put in 'a hermatically scaled giass case, and it will work in a vacuum, thus lessening friction and preventing the oil from drying. It will be impossible for dust to get into the works.

So, if no accident occurs and Mr. Campbell's calculations are correct, this clock will be telling time, without any hand having touched it, when Mr. Campbell's calculations are correct, this clock will be telling time, without any hand having touched it, when Mr. Campbell's calculations are correct, this clock will be telling time, without any hand having touched it, when Mr. Campbell's calculations are correct, this clock will be telling time, without any hand having touched it, when Mr. Campbell's calculations are correct, can be a supposed to the United States.

New York Press.

### WAS NOT A SUCCESS.

An Idea in Rapid Transit that Once Made a Hit.

An Idea in Rapid Transit that Once Made a Hit.

Several years ago a stranger with ideas worthy of Colonel Sellers located at Mount Holly, N. J. He talked of many inventions which he had under way, but the greatest was the bleycle railway. The rails could be laid on brackets extending over the street, on awning posts and from telegraph poles and trees in the country, and, having nothing in its way, great speed could be made over it for long distances. The machines were very much like an ordinary bicycle turned "upside down," split up the middle and placed upon the track like clothespins. In front and back of the rider were grooved wheels about nine inches in diameter, both resting upon a steel rail, wedge



as sharp. This was fastened to a 3x3 inch plank, securely fastened to posts at frequent intervals. There being but little friction or weight, propulsion was easy, requiring but slight expenditure of energy, and this latter and very important element was generated from a ratchet gear and clutch levers instead of pedals.

The scheme made a hit. A company was formed and the road put in operation. It passes over wood and farm land. The scenery is exquisite. For a quarter of a mile from Mount Holly

and. The scenery is exquisite. For a quarter of a mile from Mount Holly the road is double-track. During the remainder of the distance the Rancocas creek gets in the way eleven times and is crossed on pillings driven "single fle." But when the farmers want to get into their fields and let down a strip of fence, the next luckless rider that comes along is dumped. There has been endless wrangling over right of way. The employes of the big machine shops at Smithville go on the "bike" railroad to and from their homes in Mount Holly. But the scheme has never paid even the cost of operation. The track is getting rickety and sadly out of plumb. The inventor, disgusted, has sold out his interest and gone to Florida.

Effect of High Altitudes.

Some German savants have shown recently that there is a notable increase in the proportion of the number of corpuscles in the blood in persons who go from a low to a high altitude. This increase takes place in from twenty-four to thirty-six hours. It is possible that this fact may be one of the reasons for the benecial effects of high altitude in eases of bulmonary tuberculosis.

From the Herald, Potsdam, N. Y.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be a country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be represented by the second of the country terms of the pronounced it a great the second of the course with local treatment, pronounced it incursely. Science has proven catarrh to be a curse with local treatment, pronounced it incursely. Science has proven catarrh to be a curse with local treatment, pronounced it incursely. The constitutional diseases and therefore requires constitutional curse in the blood of the country of the

Rosin's Many Uses.
It is perhaps not commonly known that the finer grades of rosin are used in the manufacture of paper. Cheap printers' ink contains rosin. Rosin also enters into the composition of scented toilet soaps, of sealing wax, of putty, of sizing and of varnishes. It likewise furnishes by distillation a lubricating oil for machinery which competes even with petroleum in cheapness.



## Gladness Comes

Gladness Comes
With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constituted condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanlines, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co, only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If affilieted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skellful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, by one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.



The featherbone flares and stiffens—the as velveteen wears as only an S. H. & M. n wear. Especially suited for silk or ool petticoats.

DENSIONS, PATENTS, CLAIMS,

OPIUM and WHISKY habit cured. Book sent



Lay your foundation with "Battle Ax." It is the corner stone of economy. It is the one tobacco that is both BIG and GOOD. There is no better. There

is no other 5-cent plug as large. Try it and see for yourself.

Where Dirt Cathers, Waste Rules."

Great Saving Results from the Use of APOLIC