

You Can't Make



a White Plume from a Crow's Tail, nor a good Bicycle from Castings. The MONARCH is good all through.

Look Under the Enamel!

We want bright business men to represent us everywhere.

MONARCH CYCLE CO.,

Chicago New York London.

IN OLD MEXICO.

The ladies never flirt. The women have not yet adopted the bicycle.

Soldiers wear a linen uniform when on fatigue duty. Cigarettes are made of pure tobacco, and are very cheap.

You clap your hands to stop the street car or call a waiter. Men arrested for drunkenness are made to sweep the streets.

The devout Catholic always raises his hat while passing a church. There are free band concerts in all the cities at least once a week.

It is quite the proper thing to take a little nap after the midday meal. The peons wear sandals made of sole leather, and prefer them to shoes.

Church bells are rung as fast and sharp as fire bells in the United States. You may listen for a year and never hear an angry word spoken in Spanish.

It never gets cold enough to kill the grass or the leaves on the hardier trees. The bananas that are considered best by many are only about two inches long.

The largest business houses are closed for an hour and a half in the middle of the day. Turkeys are driven to market through the main streets of the cities, just like sheep.

Even the peon's wife has a piece of drawn work to cover her husband's dinner basket. The departing lady kisses her lady friends on both cheeks at the door or on the street car.

The federal telegraph has recently inaugurated a night service, and ten words can be sent for ten cents. Nobody chews tobacco, but nearly everybody smokes cigarettes, including most of the women of the lower classes. —Modern Mexico.

CURIOUS BIBLES.

The "Breeches Bible," printed in 1650, has the word "breeches" for "aprons."

The "Placemakers Bible," printed in 1561, is so called because the word "place" is misprinted for "peace."

"I discharge thee before God," gave rise to the "Discharge Bible," printed in 1806.—I. Timothy v. 21.

The words: "Who hath ears to hear let him ear," printed in 1810, caused antiquarians to name a Bible the "Ears to ears Bible."

The "Treach Bible," printed in 1568, says: "Is there not treach at Gilead? Is there no physician there?"—Jeremiah viii., 22.

The "Standing Fishes Bible" derived its name from "And it shall come to pass that the fishes will stand upon it," instead of the fishes.—Ezekiel xviii., 10.

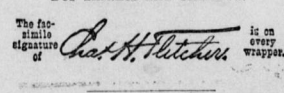
The "Rosin Bible," printed in 1609 (Douay version), asks: "Is there no rosin in Gilead? Is there no physician there?"

The "Vinegar Bible" derives its name from the words: "The Parable of the Vineyard" instead of "The Parable of the Vineyard." This error is in an Oxford edition of the authorized version published in 1717.

The words "to remain," in the following sentence, were only directions to a printer, and having been penciled on the margin, were perpetuated in a whole edition of 1805: "Persecuted him that was born after the spirit, to remain, even so it is now."

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.



The Wear Well's celebrated One-Piece Shoe is a great seller. Nothing is sold in this town like it for \$2. For railroad work and shop wear it is unequalled.

A STREAK OF BLUES.

Ain't anything I know of— You can say just what yer choose, That'll lay a feller out In such shape's a streak of blues. Call it 'dumps' or bein' downcast, The name don't signify— It's the thing itself that trees yer, An' yer don't ask it why.

I ain't a kind of chap, sir, Given up ter notions like, And I'm sound er limb and hearty With a flat chock full of strike

When it comes ter bein' needed, But a feller hain't no show When a fit er blues gits at him, An' jest natchly lays 'im low.

They have a sneakin' fashion O' comin' sudden-wis, Like a chap 'at creeps about yer, 'Fraid to strike out 'fore yer eyes,

An' when yer least expectin' An' set up, peart an' gay, The blues they up an' get yer An' drive the glad away.

Like ez not they'll get abolt yer Diggins' 'taters in the field, Whistlin' cheerful like an' laffin', Thinkin' how the crops 'll yield—

Ugly fellers! too, I call 'em— Chase the blue clear out the sky— Make the sunshine an' the flowers Seem a mockery an' lie!

An' the insects you was hearin', Pipin' up a merry tune, Seems ter stop an' start a snicker, Like 's ter say: "You crazy loon!

"What you workin' for an' slavin' Diggins' bread atween the stones?" An' a sort er despritt feller, Settles away down in your bones.

Needn't tell me what's the matter, What you'd say ain't any news, Guess I know 's well 's the next one When I have a streak of blues.

If a man has downright trouble He c'n show his make an' grit, Somethin' then ter tackle—somethin' He c'n aim ter crush an' hit.

But it ain't no easy heoin' When the blues git upper hand— Ain't no use ter fight with darkness— But I'd have you understand!

'At I ain't a sort er feller, Easy sot on or depressed, 'Ceptin' when it comes ter blues, sir, Then I'll low they git the best. —Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

A MUCK-RAKE STORY.

BY A. H. HOLDEN.

JACOB BERRY leaned on his plow handles as he watched the retreating form of his wife as she made her way over the newly-plowed ground. "Maybe," thought he, "oughter hev hitched up the colt and carried her over to the station. But then 'tain't morn' a mile an' a half by the road an' goin' cross lots shortens the distance some. If I hed, it would 'a' taken the best part of two hours and put back the plowin' that much. Gee, Dock!" shouted he with a start and an inward reproach for wasting time in foolishness, as he termed his little reverie.

The morning sun cast its slant beams over field and meadow. It glorified even the dull clouds of yesterday's upturning, over which in irregular patches the busy spider had woven her snares and the dew had spangled them with liquid jewels. Jacob saw no beauty in dew spangled cobwebs, they were simply a sign of good weather to him. He knit his brows and leaned more heavily on his plow handles as his thoughts recurred to the little woman almost stumbling in her haste over the rough field. He thought she stooped a little more than usual and felt aggrieved that she was beginning to show signs of age.

"Women ain't like they was in mother's time," thought he. Jacob forgot that his mother's work was confined to the care of the little deserted log house which stood a few rods back of his pretentious brick dwelling, and flocks and herds had increased bringing more and more work every year for one pair of tired hands.

Little Mrs. Berry reached the unpainted shed called by courtesy the depot, almost breathless from excitement and fatigue. She had barely time to buy her round-trip ticket and

"Just as I expected," began Jacob, in an aggrieved tone, as he entered the doctor's office. "She brought all this on traipsin' around after foolishness, and here's farm work comin' on and I don't suppose she'll be able to do much for a couple of weeks."

The doctor, busy compounding medicine, ignored Jacob's complaints. After a moment's silence he asked: "Your wife is a hard working woman, her hands show it." For the first time in Jacob's life, he felt ashamed of his wife's toil-stained hands.

"Well," replied Jacob, somewhat confused, "me and my wife both work hard and will have to as long as we are in debt."

"Aren't your children old enough to be of some help?" queried the doctor. "We haven't any," replied Jacob. "Then what's the use of working so hard?" continued the doctor.

"Because we're in debt," reiterated Jacob. "The Cummins farm joins on mine and I bought it last spring."

"Ah, indeed!" exclaimed the doctor, peering over his roiled spectacles and giving his medicine bottle a shake, "so you hev one good farm clear before you bought this last one, and I'll warrant money in bank, too. I know the way of these valley farmers. I was brought up on a farm not far from yours. I know all about the diggin' and pinchin' and saving; and you say you have no children to work for, so it just amounts to this: You are wearing out your wife's life and your own, too, and out of every dollar you both save, possibly you may enjoy six cents a year and before long some one will have your money to spend. This trouble of your wife's has been coming on a long time and was brought on by hard work. It is fortunate for you both that this break-down occurred here where she can be cared for properly. It will be a good while before she gets up and she will never be able to work hard again."

Jacob left the hospital, feeling very uncomfortable. Evidently the doctor considered him responsible for his wife's condition. Time hung heavily on Jacob's hands in the long week that ensued. He had plenty of leisure to think over the doctor's lecture. The next Sunday he was in his accustomed place in the little brick church. A stranger filled the pulpit, and his text was: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth." He portrayed the character of the hard-working congregation and Jacob concluded

save two or three dollars buying in the city and old Skinner at the cross-roads store'll find it don't pay to wrangle with me about accounts."

Finally Mrs. Berry settled back into her seat and began to rest and her thoughts turned into a pleasanter channel. "Maybe I can manage to go to the art museum," thought she, "and see the pictures Miss Long told me about."

She finished her shopping sooner than she expected and had a trifle left for car fare. Jacob had not provided for this luxury. "You'll be tired settin' still so long and need the walk," said he. In a sudden spasm of generosity he continued: "You might git a pair of them dollar and a half shoes they advertise. You don't really need 'em, but you kin put 'em by till you do and here's a quarter for your dinner. I got a good one for 15 cents." Jacob neglected to state that his meal was eaten at a lunch counter patronized exclusively by men.

When Mrs. Berry's accustomed dinner hour arrived, the excitement had taken away her appetite and she started to feast her eyes upon the beauties of the art museum, which her summer boarder, Miss Long, had dilated upon, after the work was done and Mrs. Berry had a few moments to rest on the porch before bedtime. When she arrived at the entrance of the museum, to her consternation, an admittance fee was demanded. The doorkeeper courteously explained that it was a pay day. She gladly tendered her precious quarter of a dollar. It seemed to her as if the gates of Paradise had unrolled as she entered the domain of art, and to her great joy she found Miss Long, who was copying a picture. Miss Long kindly laid aside her brushes to guide the visitor. She conducted her to the choicest paintings and stately and explained the stories they sought to tell. Many times she was surprised at a low interruption: "Oh, yes, I know. I read about that years ago, before I was married. I haven't had time to read much since."

The hours sped all too fast and Mrs. Berry found she had barely time to reach the train. As she was claiming her parcels at the check counter, the gates closed and there was nothing to do but wait a long three hours for the next train. As she took her seat, a dizzy, faint feeling came over her and she knew nothing more until midnight, when she opened her eyes too weak to ask where she was. She had never been in a hospital before, but when she had collected her thoughts, she knew that she was in an institution of that kind. A white-capped nurse administered medicine occasionally and in the morning a grave old doctor made his appearance.

"I didn't eat anything all day," she whispered, "and I wanted to see the pictures and it was pay day."

"Oh, yes, yes," exclaimed the doctor, hastily, "don't waste your strength talking."

Jacob Berry finished his day's work and sat waiting for his wife to come and cook him a good, hot supper to make amends for his cold dinner. The hours passed and finally his indignation gave way to real alarm, which was increased the next morning by the reception of a telegram summoning him to the hospital. He entered the huge building with awe and trepidation, but when he saw his wife alive and looking as usual, only a trifle paler, he felt himself a much-abused man and as she told him of her visit to the art museum a frown gathered on his face, and the alert nurse, seeing her patient was becoming worried, ended the brief interview.

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that he, like the doctor, spoke from personal experience. He pondered upon the doctor's talk and the sermon on his way home. There was a long Sunday afternoon to be passed and Jacob looked over his small collection of books with a view of selecting one to while away the time. He took up the "Pilgrim's Progress." There was a leaf turned down at the chapter where the man with the muck-rack was described; there were a few blistered places that showed some one had been crying over it, and with a sudden pang Jacob remembered that Martha had been reading this book the Sunday afternoon he had told her of his purchase of the Cummins farm and that the furnishing of the parlor, delayed so many years, must be postponed indefinitely.

The next week he paid his wife a visit. He was beginning to see himself in a new light and consequently he felt more tenderly toward her. He had a vague feeling that he did not understand her. He knew she did not share in his love of money; he wondered what enjoyment she could find in looking at pictures, and with a view to making that discovery, he visited the art museum. He could not help but acknowledge that he was interested himself in the novel sight, and train time came too soon. On his way to the depot, he stopped to look at a picture in a window; the proprietor of the store, spying him, and ever on the alert for a customer, accosted him, saying: "I just let you have dot picture cheap, only ten dollar."

"No, no," responded Jacob, hastily. "That cow in that field looked so like my old Brindle I noticed it."

"Well, I tell you what I will do," urged the dealer, "I will let you have him for seven dollar."

The negotiations continued until Jacob left with two pictures, gorgeous with the bluest of skies and the greenest of verdure.

"A mighty good bargain," said Jacob to himself. "I'd as lief hev these as that picture of a drove of cattle at the museum that they said was worth \$25,000." Jacob carried his purchases home and hung them in the sitting-room. Then he feared the light and smoke might injure them, and so he transferred his new treasures to the bare, unfurnished parlor. He opened the shutter of the west window which commanded a view of his woodland. This possession was particularly dear to him.

"It would be kinder nice to set in here Sunday afternoons," he thought, "if only it was fixed up."

Tilda Stubbs was coming next week to take charge of the work. Jacob made a mighty resolve to change his manner of living. He spent days at the city stores before the furnishing of the parlor was completed. He caught his breath at the unwanted splendors of that apartment, gay with a carpet of vivid red, green and yellow, and chairs and sofas upholstered with an equally startling effect.

Some weeks later, he carried his wife little wife into the parlor and seated her in one of the gorgeous rocking chairs. Somehow he felt the moisture gather in his eyes as he witnessed her almost childish delight.

"Oh, Jacob!" gasped she, "it seems like a dream—and—and—can we afford it? Now you're in debt?"

"We ain't in debt, Marthy," replied Jacob. "You know old man Cummins was sick of his bargain and wanted to back out, so I let him hev the farm again and he's just as happy as a child and says he's getting some sleep now, and he hadn't had a good night's rest all the time he was away from his old home—and, Marthy," he continued, "you ain't never going to work hard even if you do git well. Tilda Stubbs is going to live here all the time and some day we'll go travelin'—jest think of that! I'm going to take you to see the ocean and mountains and all, like as in them pictures at the museum."

Martha looked up, smiling through her tears, and Jacob bent down a little confusedly and kissed her.—Washington (D. C.) Home Magazine.

A Poet's Chivalry. The poetry of Longfellow reveals its author's sensitive, chivalrous spirit, so that those familiar with his verses will read without surprise this story told by Mrs. Phelps-Ward in her "Chapters from a Life." Longfellow was reading aloud a poem one day to Mme. Modjeska, whose eyes filled with tears as the reading proceeded. "I shall never forget," observes Mrs. Phelps-Ward, "the tone and manner with which he turned toward her. 'Oh!' he cried, 'I meant to give you happiness! And I have given you pain.' His accent on the word 'pain' was like the smart of a wound."—Youth's Companion.

The vast collection of the state papers of Thurlow, Cromwell's state secretary, which make about 70 volumes, were discovered by accident. They had been hidden in the false ceiling of a room in Lincoln's inn. By accident, the fastenings having rusted away, the ceiling fell, and this precious collection came to light.

BLOOD POISONING. GIVEN UP TO DIE!

Remarkable Recovery of Mrs. Thomas Stockton, of LAFAYETTE, PA.

Mrs. Thomas Stockton, of Lafayette, McKean Co., Pa., relates the following remarkable recovery: "When first taken ill, Dr. Ward, of Mt. Alto, said that I had dropsy of the bowels; I kept growing worse and he advised me to go to the Bradford Hospital, where he operated upon me. I had been out of the hospital but a short while, when blood poisoning set in. A physician from Mt. Jewett attended me for three weeks and then said he could do no more for me and gave me up to die. My husband then took me to Dr. Freeman, at Smethport who wanted to operate upon me, but as I had already gone through one awful experience of that kind, I refused to again. After arriving back home, I made up my mind to try

DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY

as I had heard of it doing others so much good, so my husband went to Thompson & Wood's Drug Store, in Bradford, and purchased a bottle and it certainly was a God-send to me. From the very first it seemed to help me, the pain I had endured constantly began to leave me, my appetite improved, and before long I was around the house doing considerable work. In short, had it not been for Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy I believe I should have been in my grave today. I hope every one suffering from disease, especially women, will try this valuable medicine. I know of many heroes who are using Favorite Remedy since it helped me so much, and in every case it has proved its great value."



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