

ON THE GRAND BANKS.

How and Cod and Halibut Are Taken by the Small Vessels.

Gustav Kobbe writes an article entitled "On the Grand Banks and Elsewhere" for St. Nicholas. Mr. Kobbe says:

The trawlers are generally found on the Grand Banks, the hand-liners on the Western Bank and Quiro. These hand-liners are smaller vessels with fewer dories, and the men fish with hand-lines, one man and two lines to a dory. The hand-liner sits in the middle of his dory, with a compartment in its stern, another in its bow, for his catch. When you see the bow sticking far up in the air, you know the fisherman has his stern-load. Then, as fish after fish flashes into the other compartment, the bow settles, and when the dory is on an even keel the hand-liner pulls back to the vessel.

The trawlers bait with fresh herring, mackerel, and squid; the hand-liners with salted. The catch of both is split and salted, and the vessel has a full "fare," or catch, when she has "wet her salt," that is, used up all her salt—and is full of fish. A trawler's voyage lasts about eight weeks; a hand-liner's, eleven.

A trawler's crew receives no wages, but fishes on shares. First, the captain gets a percentage; of the remainder one-half goes to the vessel, which "funds," that is, supplies the gear, stores, salt, and half the bait; and the other half to the captain and crew in equal shares, which run from \$110 to \$150, and even to \$250.

But among the hand-liners each man is paid according to what he catches, the "fare" from each dory being weighed as it is taken aboard. This stimulates competition. There is judgment in knowing where to fish, or how long to stay over a certain spot; and even the quickness with which a line is hauled in will make a perceptible difference at the end of a day's fishing. It means something to be "high line," as they call the best fisherman at the end of a voyage, and those who win this distinction time and again, as some do, become known as "killers" and "big fishermen."

The main catch on the Banks is cod and halibut. There is also a fleet of small American vessels which pursue the merrily swordfish. Swordfishing is good sport—whaling on a small scale. A man, dart in hand, stands in the vessel's bow, supported by a semi-circular iron brace. When near enough to the fish, he lets fly the dart. A swordfish may weigh 350 pounds. One can tow a dory a mile, and a piece of the sword has been found driven through the bottom of a pilot boat.

Put to Many Uses. Sharks furnish a number of valuable products. The liver of the shark contains an oil that possesses medicinal qualities equal to those of cod-liver oil. The skin after being dried takes the polish and hardness of mother-of-pearl. The fins are always highly prized by the Chinese, who pickle them and serve them at dinner as a most delicate dish. The Europeans, who do not appreciate the fins as a food, convert them into a fish-gline. As for the flesh of the shark—that, despite its oily taste, is eaten in certain countries. The Icelanders, who do a large business in sharks' oil, send out annually a fleet of a hundred vessels for the capture of the great fish.

Spitzbergen Hotel. The hotel recently erected in Spitzbergen is thus described: Built in Norwegian style, it has a large hall, and a quantity of smaller rooms, with thirty beds. It is also provided with a book for visitors' names, among which may now be seen those of Sverdrup, Fuld, Prince Hohenlohe-Schillingsfuerst, E. Vely, and others. The climate of Spitzbergen is said to have the most favorable influence on persons suffering from chest diseases.

When it takes a young man fifteen minutes to assist a girl to don her jacket she is neither his sister by birth nor refusal.

Look out for colds At this season. Keep Your blood pure and Rich and your system Toned up by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Then You will be able to Resist exposure to which A debilitated system Would quickly yield.

Ayer's Hair Vigor. Is your hair dry, harsh, and brittle? Is it fading or turning gray? Is it falling out? Does dandruff trouble you? For any or all of these conditions there is an infallible remedy in Ayer's Hair Vigor.

Bad Digestion, Bad Heart.

Poor digestion often causes irregularity of the heart's action. This irregularity may be mistaken for real, organic heart disease. The symptoms are much the same. There is, however, a vast difference between the two; organic heart disease is often incurable; apparent heart disease is curable if good digestion be restored.

A case in point is quoted from the New Era, of Greensburg, Ind. Mrs. Ellen Colson, Newport, Ind., a woman forty-three years old, had suffered for four years with distressing stomach trouble. The cases generated by the indigestion pressed on the heart and caused an irregularity of its action. She had much pain in her stomach and heart, and was subject to frequent and severe choking spells, which were most severe at night. Doctors were tried in vain; the patient became worse, despondent, and feared impending death.



A CASE OF HEART FAILURE.

She was much frightened, but noticed that in intervals in which her stomach did not annoy her, her heart's action became normal. Reasoning correctly that her digestion was alone at fault, she procured the proper medicine to treat that trouble, and with immediate good results. Her appetite came back, the choking spells became less frequent and finally ceased. Her weight, which had been greatly reduced, was restored, and she now weighs more than she ever did. Her blood now became pure and of a cheery rose.

The case is of general interest because the disease is a very common one. That others may know the means of cure we give the name of the medicine used—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. These pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves.

STATES OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, SS. FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every copy of the book entitled 'The Cure by the Use of HALL'S CATHARTIC CURE'.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, 1904. A. W. GILSON, Notary Public. HALL'S CATHARTIC CURE is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, etc. HALL'S Family Pills are the best.

THE OPERATOR'S STORY.

One About the Yellow Fever—Hard to Believe. It was at a smoker and foamer of the telegraph operators that the dean of the key jiggers told this one, says the Detroit Free Press:

"What brings it to mind is the yellow fever reports from the south. All that you read can give you no proper conception of the reign of terror prevailing down there during the epidemic. When they first ran a railroad into one of the richest mining districts of Alabama I was made operator of a little cross-roads station. It took a long time to convince the natives that I could talk to all parts of the world with that little 'click-a' machine of mine. I finally was able to convince them. The wife of one of their number had gone to Mobile to attend a sick daughter who had been the beauty of the neighborhood and had immortalized her memory by being taken to some other part of the world by a rich husband. Through an arrangement with the Mobile operator the old couple carried on a conversation of such a personal nature that neither could doubt the identity of the other. Then the common superstition of the people intervened and they concluded that the instrument was an invention of the devil."

"While they were in this frame of mind there came the news of the yellow fever. Force was the most natural way of resisting all kinds of evils down there and four days the depot was occupied by armed quarantines. Never was a more efficient quarantine established. No one could get on or off of the cars at that point. Even conductors, brakemen, engineers and firemen had to stick to their posts. One day I received a telegram from New Orleans for a gentleman who was held by the quarantine. It announced that his son was better and would survive. Foolishly I read it to the grim guard in the depot. They snatched the message from me with a howl, all the more savage because the paper was yellow. They burned it, wrecked the instrument, cut the wires and came mighty near lynching me for exposing them to yellow fever."

It is a waste of time to make love to a cold, unsympathetic girl. About the best you can expect from her is the 'chickoo' pass.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS.

The Crooked Sweet Pea Stem—Sport on the Ice—Whirligig Skating—Why a Horse Hates a Camel—Joining the Salvation Army.

A Fellow's Mother.

FELLOWS' mother," said Fred, the wise. With his rosy cheeks and his merry eyes. "Knows what to do if a fellow gets hurt. By a thump or a bruise, or a fall in the dirt. 'A fellow's mother has bags and a string. Rags and buttons, and lots of things. No matter how busy she is, she'll stop to see how well you can spin your top. 'She does not care—not much, I mean—If a fellow's face is not always clean; And if your trousers are torn at the knee. She can put in a patch that you'd never see. 'A fellow's mother is never mad, And only sorry if you're bad; And I will tell you this, if you're only true, She'll always forgive you, whatever you do.

"I'm sure of this," said Fred, the wise, With a manly look in his laughing eyes. "I'll mind my mother quick, every day A fellow's baby that don't obey." —Selected.

The Crooked Sweet Pea Stem. In the queen's garden was planted a long row of sweet peas which grew and blossomed as only sweet peas in a queen's garden could grow and blossom. How lovely they were, and what a delight were they to the queen.

One bright June morning three tiny buds commenced to feel their way out to the sun, and that they might see the queen when he passed by. But long before it was time for the little buds to bloom, they were caught by one of the tendrils of the vine which held them fast, so that the stem on which they grew was bent all out of shape. One afternoon the gardener passed by, and he saw the little crooked stem. "Oh," said the flowers, "he will nip us off and throw us away; for would not the queen feel sorry if she should come along and find us growing here?" And this the gardener was just ready to do when something attracted his attention, so that he forgot all about snipping them off, and for a time they were safe.

Just at sunset the queen passed by. "Oh," cried the poor little flowers, "let us hide, so that the queen cannot see our deformity." But the queen did see them. "What sweet little flowers," she exclaimed, "and this evening in my hair will I wear you. Would God that my crown were one-half as fair as the sweet faces of these lovely flowers."

All that evening the good queen wore the happy little flowers, and then, when she retired for the night she placed them in a tiny jeweled vase, that they might keep sweet and fresh for the morrow. "Oh," exclaimed my poor little deformed boy, "is that a truly true story?" "Almost," I replied. "Tell me the true part of it," he asked eagerly. "You are the little sweet pea blossom, my boy, and mother is your queen."

How the little lad's eyes shone when he joyfully cried out, "Oh! Oh! Oh! and the queen loves me. I knew she did. I am so glad, mamma." "Yes," I replied, hugging him close to mother's breast, "I do love you. But Jesus loves us more than we can possibly love each other, and He has seen me, and He has seen my darling boy, and we know Him; so that by and by He will come and take us home to dwell with Him; there all the crooked shall be made straight, my precious boy." "Oh, how lovely," exclaimed the little lad. Bay City, Mich.

Joining the Salvation Army. Mary B. would like very much to join the Salvation Army, but her family and friends oppose her so violently that she has not the courage to take the step. She knows that her whole heart and soul are absorbed in their work and feels that there is no field in which she could be so useful to the world and so satisfactory to herself. It is almost a matter of conscience with her, but she has been brought up to the habits of the strictly obedience to her parents. She is only twenty years of age and some of her people advise her to wait a year or so and see if her present enthusiasm continues. If so she will be of age and can do as she pleases; if not the question will settle itself. Answer: The counsel of your friends is eminently wise and proper. Young persons often take violent fancies and become filled with philanthropic ideas that they abandon as they grow older and see more of the world. The best course for you to pursue is to keep your heart full of benevolence and good works, and if, when the year or two of waiting has rolled round, you still desire to become a Salvation Army lassie, the editor will wish you God speed.

The Fox's Bed Quilt. Why does the fox need such a big, bushy tail? Of what use is it, anyway? One would think that it would be in the fox's way when he was running through the brush, and that it would help to proclaim his presence when he was creeping up on game. Besides that, it is sometimes caught in traps. But nature knows best what the fox needs.

Why a Horse Hates a Camel. Animals have their likes and dislikes as well as men, and they are quite as hard to explain. A cat naturally dislikes and fears a dog. The elephant hates mice and dogs. Horses loathe camels, and will not stay in the same block with them if they can help it.

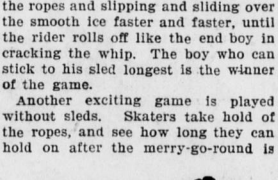
It is hard to give a cause for these aversions. Why should the horse dislike the harmless camel and be fond of the dog? It must be that the horse has a dormant sense of beauty and of humor. The ideal of the horse is grace, combined with strength. He disapproves from the bottom of his nature of the hopelessly vulgar, awkward and unesthetic camel. The bear, he sees at once, though clumsy, is unpretentious, truthful and not devoid of a sense of humor. The dog he recognizes as a good fellow, companionable and unselfish. A strong bond between the dog and the horse is that they are both fond of sport, whereas a camel would not go an inch to see the best race that was ever run.

Sport on the Ice. One of the most exciting of winter sports is the sled merry-go-round. It is built very much like an ordinary boy's whirligig, only it is placed on the ice. And for genuine fun it cannot be equaled. Any boy can make a sled merry-go-round. All the material necessary is a stout post, long enough to reach through the ice and find a secure resting place in the mud or sand in the bottom of the pond. It should reach about three feet above the surface. When it is put in place a hole may be cut in the ice just large enough to admit it, and a heavy mallet will drive it into place in the bottom of the pond. If it is left over night the water will freeze close around it and hold it solid. In the top of the post a large, round bolt or spike should be driven. The whirligig part of the merry-go-round is a long plank or scantling with a hole in the middle just large enough to fit over the bolt or spike. When this is in place the merry-go-round is complete. Before it is used, however, it is well to grease the top of the post and bolt so that the plank will slip around easily.

Any number of exciting games may be played with the sled merry-go-round. Perhaps the best of these is the sled contest. Two stout sleds are attached to the ends of the plank by long ropes. A boy sits on each of them. Then half a dozen other boys stand near the post and set the plank to turning, exactly as in a whirligig. Of course the sleds travel at exhilarating speed, swinging out at the ends of the ropes and slipping and sliding over the smooth ice faster and faster, until the rider rolls off like the end boy in cracking the whip. The boy who can stick to his sled longest is the winner of the game. Another exciting game is played without sleds. Skaters take hold of the ropes, and see how long they can hold on after the merry-go-round is started. And sometimes, when they let go, they are whirled rods away across the ice.

Any boy who is getting up a skating rink for the winter should not fail to have a sled merry-go-round as one of its attractions. Seven-Year-Old Hero. New York Telegram: Monday seven-year-old Abraham Eckerson of Guttenburg, N. J., was playing soldier with his five little brothers and sisters in the kitchen, when they were suddenly confronted by seventeen writhing, hissing copperhead snakes. The largest, three feet long, led the rest, and was making toward the children when the boy saw it. He also saw the danger of his companions and screamed at them to run out of the room. They were so frightened that they could scarcely move hand or foot. Abraham drew his wooden sword from his belt, and jumping in the front of the rest, struck the big copperhead a stinging blow. It recoiled, bleeding. He then advanced on the enemy and killed three more of the snakes that seemed ready to spring at the children. The whole body of snakes retreated as Abraham wielded his weapon. In the meantime his companions were screaming as loud as they could. Their cries brought in Mrs. Eckerson, armed with a poker and a powerful dog, Rex. While the Newfoundland dog jumped and gnawed at the wriggling mass Mrs. Eckerson thrust the children from the room. She then returned and killed the reptiles that still showed life. When the good work was over Mrs. Eckerson fainted from fright and excitement. The snakes are supposed to have been thawed out of a log which had just been hauled from the woods and placed beside the fire.

Whirligig Skating. Whirligig skating is a very healthy place, judging from the number of old people I have seen here! Native—Healthy? It's so blamed healthy that I guess a good many of 'em will have to be shot on the judgment day.—Puck. "Women are naturally incredulous," remarked the whist player. "That's contrary to the common impression." "I don't care; it's true. You never can make one believe you the first time you tell her what are trumps."—Washington Star. "Marriage," said the puffy man, "made me what I am to-day. Marriage is the mighty engine of civilization." "Then," remarked McCorker, "you are not self but machine made, I suppose."—Philadelphia North American. "Thought you said Frank and George agreed in politics?" "So they do." "Well, they argue over it every time they meet." "That's because they don't know what it is they agree on."—New York Sun. City Man—This must be a very healthy place, judging from the number of old people I have seen here! Native—Healthy? It's so blamed healthy that I guess a good many of 'em will have to be shot on the judgment day.—Puck. "Women are naturally incredulous," remarked the whist player. "That's contrary to the common impression." "I don't care; it's true. You never can make one believe you the first time you tell her what are trumps."—Washington Star. Wheeler—Have you learned to make the repairs on your wheel yet? Sprock—No; I never shall either. I haven't a bit of mechanical genius. "Oh, yes, you have." "Indeed I haven't. I could not even invent a car coupler."—Cincinnati Enquirer. Mrs. Wickwire—Don't you ever make even the slightest attempt at manual labor? Dismal Dawson—Mum, I am livin' the way I am on a bet. I got a wage of \$50,000 up that I kin live eighty years without workin'.—Indianapolis Journal. First Thespian—When I was playing Hamlet in Omaha and getting my fifty a night, I— Second Thespian—Hold on there, Jack! make that five. First Thespian—No, Tom, 'em me honor, fifty a night regular. Eggs are cheap out there.—Harper's Weekly. "It's three-quarters of an hour since I ordered that turtle soup," snapped the angry guest at the restaurant. "Yes, sah," said the waiter, with an obsequious bow, "but de turtle done make his 'scape, sah, an' dey had to chase him 'bout a mile, sah."—Detroit Free Press. Never touched him: "It looks like rain to-day," said the affable milkman, as he dumped the regular quart into the pail. "It always does," said the woman, and the milkman drove off wondering why some people take such gloomy views of everything.—Detroit Free Press. "No, sir," said the Kansas editor, "your services are no longer required." "May I venture to ask why I'm discharged?" "You're too blamed funny. That style may do in the blouse and heartless East, but when you refer to a death in a cyclone as 'a terrible blow' to the family, you overdo it out here."—Detroit News. "What in the world's the matter, ma?" asked Arabella, as her mother turned from the telephone and asked for her bonnet and wraps. "I'm going right down-town," said Mrs. High-roads, and there was a cold glitter in her eyes as she spoke. "I just tried to call your father up, and I heard him tell the boy to say he wasn't in."—Cleveland Leader.



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FLASHES OF FUN.

A man must toil ere pleasure's thrill Believes this life so vexed. You're got to pedal up one hill Ere you can coast the next. —Washington Star.

Medium—The spirit of your wife is here, and says she never dreamed of such happiness since you two parted. The Man—Tell her I feel the same way. Wheeler—I see they have been trying bicycle ambulances. Walker—I thought these scorchers would make something of the kind necessary.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Suburbs—I am not at all good enough for you, dear. Miss Boston—I'm glad you confess it before we were married. You're not the fellow for me.—Boston Courier.

"I often experience a shock of disappointment when I get up close to some apparently beautiful woman." "Probably they feel the same way about you."—Chicago Record.

Hungry Higgins—As for eight hours being enough for a day's work—Weary Watkins—It ain't. Any man who'll do a day's work order get six months.—Indianapolis Journal. "Julia had her husband's photograph taken with his head stuck in a newspaper." "Why did she do that?" "She said that was the way he always looked to her when he was at home."

He—Did you tell your father that I would kill myself if I couldn't have you? She—Yes. He—What did he say? She—He said that settled it. You couldn't have me.—Chicago News. Jack—Where's Bill now? Jill—Out West. "What doing?" "Raising palms." "Doing what?" "Raising palms—making the tenderfeet throw up their hands."—Yonkers Statesman. "History repeats itself," said the man who is full of wise saws. "I know it does," replied his morose friend. "That's why I'm beginning to kind of lose interest in base-ball."—Washington Star.

"Sad about the Duzenstickers." "What's the matter?" "They've lived together fifteen years, and they never had a quarrel until lately, when they bought bicycles of different makes."—Chicago Record. "What in the world is Smiths building on the lot next door?" "A cold storage house." "To keep his meats and groceries from spoiling?" "No; to keep his daily supply of ice from melting away."—Cincinnati Tribune.

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Oh, What Splendid Coffee. Mr. William Williams, Col., Ill., writes: "From one package Salzer's German Coffee Berry costing 35 I brewed 200 lbs. of better coffee than I can buy in stores at 30 cents a lb." A. C. 5. A package of this coffee and hot seed and plant catalogue is sent you by John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., upon receipt of 15 cents stamps and this notice.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children. Successfully used by Mother Gray, for years a nurse in the Children's Home, New York, will make a sickly child strong and healthy. A certain cure for Stomach Troubles, Headache and Feverishness in Children. They move the bowels, cure Teething Disorders, destroy worms and never fail. At all drug stores, 25 cts. Sample sent FREE. Address: Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. 25 cent bottle and medicine free. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 391 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

We think Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only medicine for Coughs, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Spitting Blood, etc. J. C. Pisco, Springfield, Ill., Oct. 1, 1891.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures whooping cough, 25c bottle.

The thickest known coal seam in the world is the Wyoming, near Twin Creek, in the Green river coal basin, Wyoming. It is 80 feet thick and upward of 300 feet of solid coal underlie 1,500 acres.

To Cure A Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Any human being who will have presence of mind to clasp the hands behind the back, and turn the face toward the zenith may float at ease and in perfect safety in tolerably still water.

HENRY'S DIPLOMACY.

It Ticked the Old Man and Saved Henry His Job.

Henry was not a pretty boy, and there were good reasons for believing that he is glad of it. He has freckles, a prominent nose, long ears and straight hair. If the truth must be told, Henry in addition to being a rather plain-looking boy, chews tobacco and occasionally uses harsh language.

The other day, Henry's employer who has an office in the Society for Savings Building, sent him out on an errand. Henry was gone two hours, when he might have accomplished his mission in fifteen minutes. Upon his return the office boy was intercepted by one of the clerks, who told him that the "old man" was furious, and had decided to discharge him.

For a moment Henry was speechless and a pathetic look overspread his countenance, but he braced up before long having apparently decided to go down with colors flying.

After luncheon Henry was summoned to the private office, but he tossed a careless wink at the typewriter as he went in.

"Henry," said "the boss," "you have been here now for a little more than six months. When you started in I had great hopes for you, and expected you to give a good account of yourself. Recently, however, you seem to have—"

"Say," Henry interrupted, "I guess you better look around for another office boy. I'm tired of this job, and made up my mind yesterday to quit."

Henry's employer looked at him in amazement for a moment, and then asked: "How was it that you didn't come to me at once and offer your resignation?" "Well," said Henry, "I didn't like to break it to you so sudden. I wanted to kind of let you down easy. I thought I'd work it so you'd be kind of mad, and then you wouldn't feel so disappointed when I come and told you 'I goin' to quit.'"

"The boss" did not reply immediately. He sat and gazed at Henry and studied his face. At last a twinkle appeared in his eyes, and he said: "Henry, don't you quit. I still believe you have something in you that is worth developing."

So Henry reluctantly consented to remain, and as he passed the smiling typewriter he whispered: "You ought 'a' seen me throw it into 'em."—Cleveland Leader.

Glasgow Property. In a block of houses recently built in a village not far from Glasgow it was found impossible to let houses of two rooms except to people who meant to take lodgers, and this although the rents were moderate. The proprietor reluctantly rearranged them as single room houses, but provided only one bed in each. Still they did not let.

The proprietor at length asked a man who had looked at the houses, hesitating, and at last refused to take one, what was the objection. The man admitted that they were well built, and convenient; that they had an advantage over many as high-rented in having an out-building a laundry with a good boiler and locked coal-cellar, descent and sanitary closets; that the site was healthy, the neighborhood respectable. With what, then, did he find fault? The explanation was prompt; there was only one bed.

"But said the proprietor, 'you are a newly-married man; you have no children; why do you need another bed?'" "If a friend came to see us," was the immediate reply, "we might want another bed for him."

When at last the landlord gave up the attempt to improve the notions of the working class in the matter of property, and put two beds in each room, the houses let at once.—Glasgow Herald.

Oh, What Splendid Coffee. Mr. William Williams, Col., Ill., writes: "From one package Salzer's German Coffee Berry costing 35 I brewed 200 lbs. of better coffee than I can buy in stores at 30 cents a lb." A. C. 5. A package of this coffee and hot seed and plant catalogue is sent you by John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., upon receipt of 15 cents stamps and this notice.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children. Successfully used by Mother Gray, for years a nurse in the Children's Home, New York, will make a sickly child strong and healthy. A certain cure for Stomach Troubles, Headache and Feverishness in Children. They move the bowels, cure Teething Disorders, destroy worms and never fail. At all drug stores, 25 cts. Sample sent FREE. Address: Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. 25 cent bottle and medicine free. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 391 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

We think Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only medicine for Coughs, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Spitting Blood, etc. J. C. Pisco, Springfield, Ill., Oct. 1, 1891.

No. 688. This highly polished oak 5-drawer Chiffonier measures 54 inches high, 32 inches wide, 19 inches deep. Each drawer is furnished with the best locks, and... \$3.39. (Order now and avoid disappointment.) Drop a postal for our lithographed Carpet Catalogue which shows all colors with exact distinctness. If carpet samples are wanted, mail us 2c in stamps. Why pay your local dealer 60 per cent. more than our prices when you can buy of the mill? The great household education—our new 12 page special catalogue of Furniture, Draperies, Lamps, Stoves, Crockery, Mirrors, Pictures, Bedding, Refrigerators, Baby Carriages is also yours for the asking. Again we ask, why enrich your local dealer when you can buy of the maker? Both catalogues cost you nothing, and we pay all postage. Julius Hines & Son BALTIMORE, MD. Please Mention This Paper.

Shark Carries a Message Five Years. While strolling along the shore of the Delaware Bay, near Fishing Creek, N. J., five years ago, Miss Beulah Bate and three young women companions wrote their names and addresses on four slips of paper, sealed them in as many bottles, and cast them far out into the bay. For days and weeks they watched and waited for tidings of the bottles, but none came, and they had almost forgotten the incident.

A day or two ago Miss Bate received a long letter from the captain of an English man-of-war, stating that while coasting along the coast of England one of the seamen fell overboard and narrowly escaped being devoured by a huge shark. After hauling the man aboard, the sailors secured the shark, and found in its stomach the bottle containing Miss Bate's message. Miss Bate is now a student at the State Normal school in Trenton, and has become