

THE SLEEPY TIME.

Look, dear! the stars are blinking,  
The sleepy moon is low,  
The little winds among the leaves  
Have all forgot to blow.  
Come, dear, and say good night!  
God keep you all the night!

Good night! Gay words for waking,  
Brave words for noon are best,  
But loving words for the sleepy-time  
When the moon is low in the west.  
God keep you all the night!  
Sweet dreams! Good night! good night!  
—Bertha E. Brewer, in Youth's Companion.

GOING TO BOARDING SCHOOL.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

HE tall, scarlet dahlia noded in the September breeze; the old watch-dog lay asleep in the bland, yellow sunshine in front of the stone sun-dial; and the late-blooming Noisette roses, that garlanded the veranda columns, flung a subtle perfume on the air at Cedar Lodge, while in the great drawing-room ("saloon," Miss Dorothea Brabazon insisted in calling it, as her mother had called it before her) the tide of argument raged hotly.

And all about little Myrtle Monogram!

Myrtle herself sat in the corner, her hands clasped so tightly that the turquoise and garnet rings cut into her flesh, her cheek varying from pale to pink and then back again, while her large, startled eyes turned first to one, then another, of the disputants.

Major Brabazon, with his coat buttoned tight across his chest, sat up very straight in the arm-chair in front of the table.

"I say it's all nonsense about sending the child to boarding-school," said he. "She can play 'Annie Laurie,' can't she, and 'Wearing of the Green'?" And she worked me a pair of slippers last fall, and isn't that enough accomplishments for any girl?"

Miss Dorothea Brabazon nodded her capsterns vehemently, as she struck into the discussion.

"And I say she shall go to boarding-school!" declared this ancient lady. "Nobody's education can be called properly finished until they have been to boarding-school. I went to boarding-school myself when I was eighteen."

"Humph!" sneered the Major, who had never been taught properly to appreciate his elderly sister. "And do you suppose yourself to be a model woman, eh?"

Miss Dorothea tossed her head, but thought it best to ignore the query.

"I will leave it to Mr. Julian," she said.

"Well, agreed!" snorted the Major. "We'll leave it to Mr. Julian!"

And Henry Julian, the third guardian of Myrtle Monogram, who had sat quietly pulling the ears of a sickly King Charles spaniel, all this time, looked up, with the least suspicion of a smile at the corner of his mouth.

He had not been exactly pleased when he first learned that old Judge Monogram had at death nominated him as one of Myrtle's guardians.

"I know little about girls," he said, crisply, "and I care less. But of course the Brabazons will look after her—isn't she their own niece?"

But Major Brabazon and Dorothea, his maiden sister, had never agreed on any subject yet, and Myrtle Monogram was no exception to their general rule; and at last the contest between them waxed so fierce that Mr. Julian was called on to throw his decisive vote into the scale.

"To be, or not to be—a school girl?" said he. "What does Miss Myrtle herself say?"

Myrtle was silent, coloring deeper than ever.

"She agrees with me!" cried the major, triumphantly. "She'd rather have a governess at home."

"I hate governesses!" flashed out Myrtle.

"There!" said Miss Dorothea.

"And I can't endure the idea of a school!" added Myrtle, bursting into tears.

"Eh?" said the major.

"I don't see why I'm to be bothered so!" sobbed Myrtle. "Other girls have a little peace of their lives, and why shouldn't I? Oh, dear—oh, dear! I wish I could go for a gipsy, or be a daughter of the Regiment, or go down a coal mine, like Joan in the novel, or—"

"Myrtle Monogram, are you crazy?" said Miss Dorothea, severely.

"Bless my soul!" said the major, breathing very short, and staring as if his eyes would burst out of his head; "I'm afraid my sister is right. Myrtle needs a good, strict course of boarding-school. I and Dorothea have spoiled her."

"Speak for yourself, brother," said the old lady, acidly. "Yes, of course, she must go to boarding-school!"

Myrtle had dried her tears now—she was looking curiously at Mr. Julian.

Would he not interfere in her behalf? Would he allow her to be expelled thus in spite of herself?

"Then," said he, slowly, "it is unnecessary for me to say anything. The matter may be considered as settled. A majority vote has been cast in favor of the school project."

"I'm afraid so," and "Oh, certainly," uttered the major and his sister, in one breath, and Myrtle got up and ran out of the room.

"A pretty little child," said Mr. Julian, laughing.

"But a spoiled one, I'm afraid," sighed Major Brabazon.

"A sadly thoughtless creature," remarked Miss Dorothea, shaking her

head. "But now that you are here, Mr. Julian, you will finish out the matter with us?"

And Mr. Julian, who liked the great linden trees of Brabazon Court, the sweet breath of the Noisette roses, and the atmosphere of sleepy, golden balm that surrounded its wide verandas, assented without more persuasion.

Major Brabazon rode to the nearest town and bought Myrtle a big trunk and a turquoise locket; Miss Dorothea set herself to work to prepare her niece's wardrobe properly for Madame de Parega's fashionable establishment at New Orleans; and Mr. Julian endeavored by argument, coaxing and adjurations, to reconcile Myrtle to the prospect.

"You'll like it, when once you are there," said he. "I am quite sure that you will."

"How do you know that I shall?" pouted Myrtle. "For I'm quite sure that I shan't!"

"You will have the society of other girls of your own age," he reasoned.

"I hate girls!" said Myrtle. "Cross, envious, backbiting things, with not an idea beyond lawn tennis, crevel-work and china-painting."

"You will be gaining an education."

"But what is the use of education?" persisted obstinate Myrtle. "I couldn't chalk out a career for myself, like a man, if I had ever so good an education. All I could do would be to sit at home with folded hands and hair banged on my forehead, waiting for some young man to be good enough to ask me to marry him."

Mr. Julian could not help laughing.

"Myrtle," said he, "you are a strange little girl."

"Yes, I suppose I am," said she, meditatively, "or else I should be delighted at the prospect of boarding-school. Six hundred dollars, payable in advance. I don't believe Madame de Parega is worth it. Oh, if Uncle Barney would only let me have six hundred dollars to build a yacht to sail on Clear River, or to buy Red Roderie, the roan hunter, that old Mr. Sedley will have to sell at auction next week!"

"I don't think that if I were you I would dwell on these things," said Mr. Julian, expressing a smile. "A young lady—"

"There it is!" sharply interrupted Myrtle. "A young lady! Oh, why didn't Providence make me something else? I would almost have been satisfied to be a plow-boy. Plow-boys don't have to go to boarding-school."

Julian looked earnestly at her. He was trying to share Uncle Barnabas Brabazon's original opinion that it was almost a pity to cramp such a regal nature into the orthodox world of any "Establishment for Young Ladies." Myrtle was odd, strange, abrupt, but she was original.

And he missed her when at last she was sent away, sobbing as if her heart would break, with the big trunk packed full of dresses, frills, French boots and the pretty turquoise locket at her throat.

"It's too bad to break that affectionate little heart of hers," said he.

"But she must be educated, you know," argued Major Brabazon.

"And she was really getting entirely beyond my control," added Miss Dorothea, regretfully.

Harry Julian stayed, as he had promised, for the Mount St. Richard fox-hunt, and for the fishing; but it was dimly lonely after Myrtle Monogram was gone.

It had never seemed possible to him that he could so miss a child like that. Seventeen, did Miss Dorothea say? No, it never could be possible that Myrtle could be seventeen.

Before the stipulated month of his visit was out, however, Myrtle Monogram came home—walked most unexpectedly into the red-curtained dining-room, one windy, tempestuous November night, her French kid boots all burst out, the hem of her gown in tatters, her curls tangled, and a resolute glitter in her eyes.

"I've run away!" said Myrtle. "I've come back home on foot, and I'd sooner die than go back again! But—but—why do you all look so pale and troubled? What is in that letter? Why are you so glad to see me?"

And she threw herself, white and terrified, into Aunt Dorothea's arms.

"My dear—my dear," said the good old soul, who was shaking like a leaf, "you have flung away your last chance—an education that might fit you to be a governess. This letter is from the lawyer in New York. Those mine investments have turned out the merest bubble, and you are as poor as the waitress in the kitchen. Oh Myrtle, Myrtle!—and to think of the six hundred dollars that you have wasted by this mad freak!"

Myrtle had rallied herself by this time. Still and pale, she stood looking at the faces of her guardians.

"Shall I go back?" she asked, in a strange, repressed tone. "Shall I ask Madame de Parega's pardon? Oh, Aunt Dorothea, I will, if you tell me to! I don't mind being poor myself; but—but—I must learn to earn a little money to support you and Uncle Barney. Mr. Julian—Mr. Julian, tell me what I am to do!"

And she fainted in the old lady's arms.

"Poor thing—poor thing!" sighed Aunt Dorothea, "she is tired out. Walked all the way from New Orleans. Why, that must be forty miles! And to hear such news as this at the end of it! My poor Myrtle—poor, petted, spoiled child! Tell me, Mr. Julian, is there nothing left of Judge Monogram's money?"

And Mr. Julian answered, with knitted brows and compressed lips:

"Nothing!"

The sullen, gray dawn of the chill autumn morning had scarcely penetrated the crimson curtains of the snug breakfast parlor, when Myrtle crept softly in. Mr. Julian, sitting at a

desk full of papers—strict economy was now the order of the day at Cedar Lodge, and the library fire was interdicted—glanced gravely up.

"Myrtle!" he said. "My poor child!"

But Myrtle was calm now, and composed.

"Please don't pity me, Mr. Julian!" said she. "I—I begin to think I have deserved it all! But advise me. Do you think Madame de Parega will receive me again, after I have set her authority at naught? Or would it be better for me to learn telegraphy, or short-hand writing, or some of those trades by which I can more promptly support myself and the dear old uncle and aunt who have been all in all to me so long? I am not an heiress any longer. I must be a working-woman now."

"Come here, Myrtle," said Harry Julian, with a strong quiver in his voice. "Little Myrtle, don't look so white and frightened! I am a rich man. I have money enough to make up your losses half a dozen times over. I would have done so without a word to you, if Miss Brabazon had not spoken out so unadvisedly. And I would lay it all at your feet, sooner than that you should suffer a single pang of grief like this!"

"It is very kind of you," said Myrtle, coldly; "but of course I could not accept it at your hands."

"Will you let me finish?" said Julian, with a certain arbitrariness which Myrtle did not dislike. "Will you let me speak out all that is in my heart? Will you let me tell you that I love you dearly, and have long determined, if it were possible, to win you—to make you my wife?"

Myrtle colored—an intense glow of happiness came into her eyes, and then the long lashes drooped.

"But I am only an ignorant novice," said she. "And I am poor, and have no longer any fortune."

"All the same," he answered, taking both her hands in his, "I want you. No woman in all the world can ever be to me what you are—my Myrtle, my heart's queen!"

"Yes," she answered, softly; "your Myrtle!"

"And you love me?"

"Yes."

So Madame de Parega, who wrote a scandalized letter to Cedar Lodge concerning Miss Monogram's many shortcomings and backslidings, never got her truant pupil back again—and Myrtle, lost one fortune only to gain another. And Major Brabazon was delighted, and so was Miss Dorothea.

"Only," she said, "it does seem that Myrtle is such a child!"

"Never you mind," said the major, chuckling. "Because you weren't married at seventeen, it doesn't follow that nobody else can be."

And Miss Brabazon was silenced by this unanswerable argument.—Saturday Night.

A Modern Robinson Crusoe.

On a coral reef in the Pacific Ocean, just off the coast of San Francisco, lives a modern Robinson Crusoe.

In this case, however, there is not even a man Friday to break the terrible monotony of his solitude. Theodore Gussman is all alone. For months his horizon has been bounded by a dreary stretch of sea. He is undisputed monarch of all he surveys, but his only subjects are the seagulls, his only companions a couple of hounds.

His little domain is out of the usual course of vessels, and until recently he was unable to send word to his friends on the mainland.

He might have returned on the ship that brought word of his condition, but a high sense of duty prevented him from deserting his post. He was one of three men sent to Chipperton Island in July last by the Oceanic Phosphate Company, to keep possession of the island and the company's property there. His companions deserted him when the Mexican man-of-war, Democrite, came upon them, and hauling down the American flag hoisted that of Mexico. He was captured and taken on the vessel. But he watched for an opportunity to escape.

Before he had gone very far he flung himself overboard, and swam to the place of his self-banishment, with the papers of his company concealed in his shoes. All the heroes and all the lively adventures it would seem from this are not between the covers of works of fictions.—New York Journal.

The Nativity of Vegetables.

The eggplant is a native of Asia, Africa and South America.

Mushrooms are native to all temperate countries in short grass.

Garlic came from Asia, and has been used since the earliest times. It formed part of the diet of the Israelites in Egypt, was used by Greek and Roman soldiers and African peasants.

Cucumbers are native to the East Indies, and are grown in Cashmere, China and Persia. They were much esteemed by the ancients, and are common in Egypt, where a drink is prepared from them when they are ripe.

Brussels sprouts came from Belgium; beets are native to the southeast coast of Europe; sage came from South Europe; rhubarb from China and Tartary. The arrowroot is from South America.

Potatoes are native to Peru, and the Spaniards discovered them. From Spain they passed into Italy and Belgium.

Melons were grown by the old Greeks and Romans, and were carried to America by Columbus. The water-melon is native to Africa.

The cabbage still grows wild in Greece, where it originated. Radishes were native to China, but have been grown in Europe for centuries.

The cauliflower came from Cyprus.

At the Carlisle (Penn.) Training School \$10,000 will be invested in new athletic grounds.



**Cut Worms.**

These are often troublesome in the spring. They come out of the soil and cut the little seedling plants off close to the ground, then burrow. They may be unearthed in the morning and destroyed. It is better, however, to spade the soil up in time, and let the pests die from the effect of frost during winter. This is perhaps the best means of ridding the soil of these "worms."—Floral World.

**Care in Watering.**

If soils are not fully porous naturally, or if they are well filled with roots, it is quite common at this season for plants to fail when good care seems to be given. The trouble, too often, is that the water given rushes through some fissure, or else does not pass through at all; and, in either case, the plant does not receive the root watering which the owner apparently gives. The motions are gone through, without the proper result. This sort of thing is especially bad for decorative stuffs like aspidistras, palms and ferns. One severe drying at the root may destroy the usefulness of such plants. For this reason let the grower be sure the water applied reaches its destination and does its work. It may be a good idea to plunge the pot in a tub of water.—Floral World.

**Fattening Old Cows.**

There is a widespread popular prejudice against cow beef, and we suspect that the doctors are very largely responsible for it. Yet we have so often eaten tender and sweet cow beef that our experience long ago taught us that its quality was much more dependent on the way it had been fattened than it was on the age of the cow. But it is, nevertheless, true it is more difficult to fatten an old cow, or an old animal of any kind, than it is to fatten young animals. As the teeth begin to fail the food is not so well masticated as it used to be, and as a consequence digestion is retarded. The presence of undigested food in the stomach creates fever, and in this diseased condition not only does the animal fatten less rapidly, but what flesh is put on is less tender and sweet than it should be. The common practice of fattening cows with corn and milking them so long as they can be milked helps to make poor beef. The water and fat that go into the milk are both much more needed in the beef to make it as good as it should be.

A cow properly fattened should be given as much succulent food as she will eat, and at first fed with grain or meal rather sparingly. If she is very thin in flesh her beef may be made all the better, provided this condition does not show the impairment of her digestive organs. When a cow is fattened that when you begin feeding her is little more than skin and bones, with enough flesh to hold them together, it stands to reason that most of the flesh and fat you can put on her by three or four months' good feeding will be new flesh and fat just as good as if put on two-year-old heifer. The bodily system is being constantly changed by the small veins which run through the flesh, and which are always carrying off waste matter and replacing it with new. The old saying used to be that the living body is wholly renewed every seven years. But scientists are now agreed that most parts of it are renewed much quicker than this, as any one may see by the rapid healing of a cut or bruise when air and the germs it contains are excluded from it.

Old cows sold at ridiculously low prices, as may be seen each week in the market reports. One weighing 985 pounds was during a recent week sold for only \$16. This cow may have been thin in flesh, but if she was in good health she would well repay proper fattening. Since ensilage is now so common it is much easier to properly fatten old cows than it used to be when they were mainly fattened on dry hay, cornstalks and corn, neither of them the best material for making sweet and tender beef. If those who fatten old cows would make an effort to do this properly, cow beef might be made much better than it is, and the unreasonable prejudice against it would disappear.

**Derivation of the Word Klondike.**

From Dawson the trail to the mines leads over a steep hill to the creek made so famous by its tributaries; for there is not a single mine on the principal stream, which in the miners' slang is called Klondike. And yet this stream does in reality bear a characteristic name given it by the Indians, which is utterly murdered by this pronunciation, now so common.

The Indians name the creeks throughout the country from some characteristic in connection with the stream itself; and as this one is so swift that in order to set their salmon traps or nets they were obliged to use a hammer to drive the stakes to anchor them, the creek was named by them Hammer Creek, or, in their language, phonetically, Troan Dik. The spelling Klondike means absolutely nothing, but has been accepted, so I learn, by the Board of Geographic Names of the United States.—John Sidney Webb, in the Century.

A newly discovered Spanish stone has proved so well adapted to lithographic work that a large company has been formed, which threatens to overthrow the Bavarian monopoly in lithographic stones.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

There is to be a new electric light-house placed on Fire Island, off Long Island, that will have the estimated power of 45,000,000 candles, making it the most powerful artificial light in the world.

If the inhabitants of the fixed stars had powerful enough telescopes to see us, they would not see us as we are to-day, but as we were fifty, 100 years, or even longer ago, for it would take light that long to travel to them.

One of the attractions of the Paris Exposition in 1900 will be a huge picture of the coronation of the tsar. The canvas will contain 200 nearly life-size portraits, and odd devices will be resorted to in an effort to produce an atmosphere of realism.

The radiation of the heat from the sun is not eternal; it had its beginning and will have its end. If the sun radiates light and heat in all directions it cannot be more than 100,000,000 years old. This is Lord Kelvin's estimate. At the present rate the sun will continue from seven to fifteen millions of years, but the end will surely come.

The nervous system, says Professor W. H. Thomson, has a greater store of reserve vitality than all the other bodily systems together, and is the only texture that does not lose weight in death by starvation or other cause. It is the last to grow old. As to the mind, it need not grow old at all, provided it be supplied with mighty stimulants called interest, by which it will grow steadily, even while bone and sinew are wasting through age.

According to a reliable computation, a single tree is able through its leaves to purify the air from the carbonic acid arising from the respiration of a considerable number of men—as many as a dozen or a score. The volume of carbonic acid exhaled by a human being in the course of twenty-four hours is estimated at 100 gallons, and a single square yard of leaf surface, counting both the upper and under sides of the leaves, can decompose about a gallon of carbonic acid a day.

According to a German publication, a chemist of that country has prepared a fluid that has the power when injected into the tissue of a plant near its roots of anesthetizing the plant. The plant does not die, but stops growing, maintaining its fresh, green appearance, though its vitality is apparently suspended. It is also independent of the changes in temperature, the most delicate hothouse plants continuing to bloom in the open. The composition of the fluid is shrouded in the greatest secrecy, but it is said to have a pungent odor and to be colorless.

**Strange Money in the Mountains.**

"The strangest money I ever saw," said a drummer for a Main street shoe the other evening, "was in the mountain districts in Kentucky and West Virginia. Last summer I was making my semi-annual tour through this district and I stopped one day at a little grocery and saloon, not to sell goods, but to get a drink of the 'mountain dew.' While I was pouring out my drink a big husky mountaineer entered the place and called for a drink. As he finished gulping it down he reached into a big bulky pocket and the barkeeper took the skin and opening a drawer, hauled out a rabbit skin, which I suppose was the change. The mountaineer picked up the rabbit skin and started to the front part of the store, which was a twist of tobacco and tendered the rabbit skin in payment. He received a big twist of long green, and I was surprised to see the mountaineer reach in another drawer and tender him a squirrel skin. The mountaineer tucked the squirrel skin in his pocket, walked out, unhitched his horse and rode away.

"I became interested and engaged the proprietor in conversation. He told me that sometimes he would go months without seeing any real money, and that the mountaineers used the skins in all kinds of trades, such as buying horses, etc. He said that four times a year a hide buyer from Lexington or Cincinnati visited this country and bought up all the skins, which were generally concentrated in the few stores in the vicinity."—Louisville Dispatch.

**Makes His Own Money.**

A man who has been an inmate of the asylum at Pontiac for many years has devoted every moment of his spare time in manufacturing what he fondly supposes to be bank notes. His process of manufacture is very simple and unvarying. Placing a piece of paper of bank note size over the decorated border of the cover of a book, he rubs heel ball over the paper and thus obtains a replica of the pretty part, as he calls it. Having formed the border of his note, he fills in the interior with similar decorations, attained by placing his paper on the lids of tobacco and other tins; any surface answers so long as it is hard, indented or embossed. He finishes his note by writing in the center in large figures the value he wishes to give it. As he has been engaged for fifteen years at his hobby, and has been allowed to keep his accumulated wealth of paper money, he is the proud possessor of three little stacks of notes, each about a foot high. He calculates he is worth billions. He has never been known to miss a night or waste a minute of the time at his disposal in all the long fifteen years. —Detroit Journal.

**Oldest Woman Writer.**

Mme. Du Bois d'Elhebecque is the oldest living woman who earns her living with her pen. She is ninety years old and lives in a convent near Angiers, France. In the seventy-nine years in which she has been writing she has published over forty books.

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**Ivory Used by the Ancients.**

The earliest recorded history—me might say prehistoric, the hieroglyphical—that has come down to use has been in carvings on ivory and bone. Long before metallurgy was known among the prehistoric races, carvings on reindeer horn and mammoth tusks evidence the antiquity of the art. Fragments of horn and ivory, engraved with excellent pictures of animals, have been found in caves and beds of rivers and lakes. There are specimens in the British museum, also in the Louvre, of the Egyptian skill in ivory carving, attributed to the age of Moses. In the latter collection are chairs or seats of the sixteenth century, B. C., inlaid with ivory, and other pieces of the eleventh century, B. C. We have already referred to the Niavolite ivories. Carving of the "precious substance" was extensively carried on at Constantinople during the middle ages; combs, caskets, horns, boxes, etc., of carved ivory and bone, often set in precious stones, of the old Roman and Anglo-Saxon periods, are frequently found in tombs. Crucifixes and images of the virgin and saints made in that age are of great grace and beauty. The Chinese and Japanese are rival artists now in their peculiar minutiae and detail.—Popular Science Monthly.

**Turkish Army Rations.**

Correspondents who accompanied the Turkish army during the recent war with Greece refer often to the dietary habits of the Turks. Pilau, or pilaff, the national dish, receives great praise. It is what we should call a chowder, composed of lamb, rice, butter, almonds, raisins, allspice, powdered mace, cardamoms, cloves, saffron, onion, ginger, salt, whole black pepper and dhyle. The butter and onions are placed in the bottom of the earthen pot; then a layer of rice, over which are distributed more onions, raisins and almonds, sprinkled with saffron in water; then a layer of meat, and so on alternately until the vessel is filled. Butter is then poured over the whole, and the cover of the pot is closed with paste so that no steam may escape. It is placed in an oven and cooked for three hours.—New York Sun.

**Big Pear Yield.**

A single tree in an orchard near Corvallis, Ore., has yielded this season nine hundred pounds of Bartlett pears.

The trouble with a great many men is they are never satisfied with wasting their own time.

Japanese women wear neither corsets nor stays of any description. Their costumes are doubtless worn with real Japan-ease.

The first thing a girl does when she has mastered a kodak, is to put the palm on the plano and take a picture of it.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, 1st Jd.

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 case of CATARRH which cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATHARTIC CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, 1900.

SEAL. A. D. 1898. W. W. GLASSON, Notary Public.

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A newly-born giraffe measures about six feet from his hoof to the top of his head.

**Bauty Is Blood Deep.**

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed. 10c, 25c, 50c.

A great deal of trouble is expended in educating the showy, high-stepping horse. He is trained to step high and act showily by being driven along a path whereon rails are set crosswise; he steps high to avoid stumbling, and in time always steps high.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Rhubarb Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 5c.

Englishwomen are making vigorous efforts to secure smoking compartments for women on railroad trains, according to the London Daily Mail.

Chew Star Tobacco—The Best. Smoke Sledge Cigarettes.

The total cordage required for a first-rate man-of-war weighs about 80 tons, and exceeds £3,000 in value.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets. Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 5c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

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