A Choice Occupation.

They were making out the dance list for a prospective ball and were putting down lancers, waltzes, two-steps, etc., when they were interrupted.

"What are you doing?" said the newcomer.

"Don't you see?" replied the wit of the family. "Picking hops."—North American.

Even Worse than Death.

"Why are the Dashleigh girls in mourning?"

"An uncle of theirs was accepted as a juror last week."

Oh, What Splendid Coffee.

Mr. Goodman, Williams Co., Ill., writes: "From one package Salzer's German Coffee Berry costing 15c I grew 800 lbs. of better coffee than I can buy in stores at 30 cents a lb." A. C. 5.

A package of this coffee and big 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.

Poor Baby

Will not strangle and die with Croup if Hoxsie's C. C. C. is used No opium to stupefy, no ipecac to nauseate. 50 cents.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. $2 trial bottle and treatise free DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The rate of the growth of human hair varies. In some cases it has been known to exceed two inches per month. The average for man and woman is about half an inch every 30 days.

To Cure A Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

The cat was considered a sacred animal by the ancient inhabitants of Heliopolis, Egypt. When one of these animals died in a private residence, the occupants shaved off their eyebrows.

Chew Star Tobacco—The Best.
Smoke Sledge Cigarettes.

Great Britain has 135,000 illiterate voters.

BloodHumors

Spring is the Cleansing Season—Don't Neglect Your Health

You Need to Take Hood's Sarsaparilla Now

Spring is the season for cleansing and renewing. Everywhere accumulations of waste are being removed and preparations for the new life of another season are being made. This is the time for cleansing your blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Winter has left the blood impure. **Spring Humors**, Boils, pimples, eruptions, and that tired feeling are the results. Hood's Sarsaparilla expels all impurities from the blood and makes it rich and nourishing. It builds up the nervous system, creates an appetite, gives sweet, refreshing sleep and renewed energy and vigor. It cures all spring humors, boils, pimples, eruptions.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. $1; six for $5. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are the only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

FOR 14 CENTS

We wish to gain 150,000 new customers, and hence offer

1 Pkg.	Early Spring Turnip,	10c
1 "	Earliest Red Beet,	10c
1 "	Bismarck Cucumber,	10c
1 "	Queen Victoria Lettuce,	15c
1 "	Klondyke Melon,	15c
1 "	Jumbo Giant Onion,	15c
3 "	Brilliant Flower Seeds,	15c

Worth $1.00, for 14 cents.

Above 10 pkgs. worth $1.00, we will mail you free, together with our great Plant and Seed Catalogue upon receipt of this notice and 14c. postage. We invite your trade and know when you once try Salzer's seeds you will never get along without them. Potatoes at $1.50 a Bbl. Catalog alone 5c. No. 40

JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., LA CROSSE, WIS.

HE PAYS

THE FREIGHT. BEST SCALES, LEAST MONEY. JONES OF BINGHAMTON, N.Y.

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Watson E. Coleman, Attorney-at-Law and Solicitor of Patents, 902 F St., N. W., Washington, D. C. Highest references in all parts of the country.

SEEDS Garden & Flower with a world-wide reputation. Catalog free to all.
JAMES J. H. GREGORY & SON, Marblehead, Mass.

OPIUM and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. E. Stephens, Dept. A, Lebanon, Ohio.

Ladies Wanted. TO TRAVEL for old established house. Permanent position. $40 per month and all expenses. P.W. ZIEGLER & CO., 328 Locust St., Philadelphia.

PENSIONS, PATENTS, CLAIMS. JOHN W. MORRIS, WASHINGTON, D. C. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs. in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty. since.

TALKING MACHINES Price only $3. For illustrated circulars address Talking Machine Co., Syracuse, N. Y.

One Woman's Way.

Mrs. Skinner—Oh, but I wish I was a man.

Mr. Skinner—"Why so, my dear?

Mrs. Skinner—I was just thinking today if I was only a man, how happy I could make my wife by giving her a diamond necklace for a birthday present.

The Proper Way to Do.

Brown—How is your friend Green getting along in the grocery business?

White—He's not making his salt.

Brown—Why, what's the trouble?

White—Oh, nothing; he buys it.

Vice or Pronunciation.

It is always diverting to watch how a wave of small intellectual reform will from time to time sweep over a "set" or a community, or, indeed, an entire locality, says the New York Sun. It is so catching, so inevitable. Everybody goes down before it. Anything novel or out of the way in expression is the popular infection just now. For example "half after four" instead of "half past four," "keen" for "quick" or "eager" and "delectable" for anything from "nice" to "just too perfectly lovely for anything." This fashion has, however, less to commend it that it is not so much a tribute to good English as to silly Americans—namely, the Anglomaniacs.

Pronunciation affords a fine instance of the way that women all follow suit like a row of bricks or a flock of sheep or anything else that symbolizes harmony and accord. Just let a club president or any acknowledged leader start in by saying appendicytis or co-quetry, or anything else foreign to the appendiccetis, or coquetry that they have all been saying for so many years, and presto! the sleight-of-hand man couldn't make quicker work of it. All this isn't saying that it isn't highly laudable and well intentioned. Like everything else culture itself has to have a start, and not unlike everything else it's apt to be funny while it's so refreshingly new.

Even Worse than Death.

Jack Potts—What will you charge to make a good stout poker trunk?

Trunkmaker—What do you mean by "poker" trunk?

Jack Potts—One that holds four trays.

It is often a hard matter to convince a brass band that it isn't the entire procession.

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 incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reducing inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

After physicians had given me up, I was saved by Piso's Cure.—RALPH ERIEG, Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 22, 1895.

STORIES OF RELIEF.

Two Letters to Mrs. Pinkham.

Mrs. JOHN WILLIAMS, Englishtown, N. J., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I cannot begin to tell you how I suffered before taking your remedies. I was so weak that I could hardly walk across the floor without falling. I had womb trouble and such a bearing-down feeling; also suffered with my back and limbs, pain in womb, inflammation of the bladder, piles and indigestion. Before I had taken one bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I felt a great deal better, and after taking two and one-half bottles and half a box of your Liver Pills I was cured. If more would take your medicine they would not have to suffer so much."

Mrs. JOSEPH PETERSON, 513 East St., Warren, Pa., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have suffered with womb trouble over fifteen years. I had inflammation, enlargement and displacement of the womb. I had the backache constantly, also headache, and was so dizzy. I had heart trouble, it seemed as though my heart was in my throat at times choking me. I could not walk around and I could not lie down, for then my heart would beat so fast I would feel as though I was smothering. I had to sit up in bed nights in order to breathe. I was so weak I could not do anything.

"I have now taken several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and used three packages of Sanative Wash, and can say I am perfectly cured. I do not think I could have lived long if Mrs. Pinkham's medicine had not helped me."

PAINT YOUR OWN WALLS and CEILINGS

CALCIMO FRESCO TINTS

FOR DECORATING WALLS AND CEILINGS

Purchase a package of CALCIMO from your grocer or paint dealer and do your own kalsomining. This material is made on scientific principles by machinery and milled in twenty-four tints and is superior to any concoction of Glue and Whiting that can possibly be made by hand. To BE MIXED WITH COLD WATER.

SEND FOR SAMPLE COLOR CARDS and if you cannot purchase this material from your local dealers let us know and we will put you in the way of obtaining it.

THE MURALO CO., NEW BRIGHTON, S. I., NEW YORK.

"Don't Put Off Till To-morrow the Duties of To-Day."

Buy a Cake of

SAPOLIO

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

The American Girl's Newest Accent.

The fashionable accent, says Demorest's Family Magazine, is another important matter to be considered by the maid who desires to seem one of the society elect. She must avoid a lisp unless she wishes to brand herself a half century behind the times. The broad "a" of the Anglomaniac has also seen its best days. The Southern drawl, with its apparent indifference to the existence of the average final syllable, is threadbare. To be up to date from a vocal point of view it is necessary to cultivate a soft, low voice, an enunciation so distinct that occasionally you convey the impression that the capital letter is at the end of the word, and a certain vivacity of utterance that, throughout Europe, is associated with the modern American girl.

A Modern Diana.

Mrs. J. Bennett Stanford, a handsome young English woman, is the modern Diana. In company with her husband she was the first white woman who ever hunted in Somaliland, that rough and comparatively unexplored region in eastern Africa. Rhinoceroses, tigers, leopards and other denizens of the jungle and forest received their death wounds from the steady but sure aim of her rifle. She was the most successful in shooting leopards. Nightly she was on the search for them, attended by two or more natives, and seldom returned to camp without a trophy of her prowess.

With the exception of some slight attacks of fever Mrs. Stanford bore the trying climate—deadly to many men—without any particular discomfort.

Among the animals brought back by this intrepid married couple were three wildcats, one of which is now in the London Zoo. But the skins of many strange beasts adorn the parlors and boudoir of this heroine's home, and every one of them recalls to her a tale of wild adventure.

When Using Perfumes.

The use of perfumery is now subject to certain well-defined limitations. Strong scents of all kinds are under the ban and are no longer represented among fashionable toilet accessories. Cologne, whether diluted or in the extract, must be sprayed upon the clothing with an atomizer to avoid all possibility of excessive odor—a fact which, it must be remembered, is less likely to be apparent to the offender than to any one else.

Sachet powder has almost entirely superseded all other varieties of perfumery, it being at once delicate and fragrant, while possessing many distinct practical advantages over the liquid perfumes. The fashionable modiste now sprinkles it liberally on a thin sheet of wadding, which latter is inserted between the two surfaces of collar and cuffs, under the arms, in sleeve puffs and skirt hems.

Violet is the fashionable odor with the preference strongly in favor of the Russian and Parma varieties. Heliotrope, rose, lilac and patchouli remain in constant demand, though only the first of these can lay claim to fashionable indorsement.—American Queen.

Smart Fashions in Tea-gowns.

The blousy effect follows even the tea-gown, and where a full, Russian front is inserted of soft material, it is usually bloused slightly, quite low at the waistline in the front, being held in place with ribbon or a belt of jewels running across the front only. Many of the tea-gowns have long stole ends that reach quite to the bottom of the skirt, and may be of lace, chiffon, net or of the material employed in the gown, trimmed with ruchings, insertions or tiny silk ruffles running across the stole and placed at intervals the entire length of this telling feature of the gown. They may be held at the shoulders with rosettes or bows of satin ribbon, or they may be set in at the shoulder-seam. In some gowns where this is the principal trimming they start from the back at the bottom of the waist-line, crossing the shoulders, where they are held in place with a full bow, and from there fall gracefully to the lower edge of the skirt. When used this way they are generally made of chiffon, wide ribbon or the half width of some soft silk, and are laid in soft, flat folds in the back and tacked to the gown in the back, then hung loose in the front from the shoulder.

The latest tea-gown has a demi-train, which adds much to the grace and elegance of the garment, as well as keeping the pace of the fashionable dress-skirt. — Woman's Home Companion.

The Working-Girls' Great Chance.

"The average home holds out a far more comfortable time, a more leisurely life, a healthier existence, and better wages, than does the office, store or factory to an intelligent girl or woman," writes Edward W. Bok of "The Working-Girl's Great Chance," in the Ladies' Home Journal. "The same time devoted, for example, to the study of shorthand or typewriting, if given to the study of nursing or domestic service, would mean twice the income to a bright, steady girl. Unfortunately, girls will not see this, and thousands of them who are to-day struggling through an existence in the outer world, could have far more comfortable lives and better wages in excellent homes. How the average girl can deliberately shut her eyes to the opportunity which fairly glares upon her as a good maid, nurse, companion or domestic of any sort, passes average comprehension. There has never been a time when mistresses were readier or more willing to pay good wages for good domestic service—wages compared to which the pittance paid in shops or factories sinks into insignificance. And, on the other hand, the salaries of women in business, as recent statistics plainly show, are gradually on the decrease because of the willingness of hundreds of girls to work for a mere pittance. Every business house has to-day waiting lists of scores of hundreds of applicants, while hundreds of homes cry out for intelligent domestic service."

Gossip.

Mrs. Lease is going into business in Kansas as a life insurance agent.

Miss Moran, of Richmond, Va., denies she is engaged to Count Colonna, of Paris.

A prominent New York woman has gone into the business of designing dresses for actresses.

The Earl of Uxbridge gave to his bride, who was the Hon. Lilian Florence Maud Chetwynn, fifty-seven wedding presents, among which was a jewelled cigarette case.

Mrs. Steel, the novelist, has been invited to stand for election as President of the Women Writers' Club of London in succession to Mrs. J. R. Green, who has held that office for a year.

The Daughters of Vermont form one of the most flourishing of the women's patriotic organizations in New England. A few afternoons ago the society gave a reception at the Vendome, Boston, at which Boston society was well represented.

Miss Ellen Terry can never sleep during the day unless she is read aloud to; and her girl friends take turns at this every afternoon during her long engagement in order that her health may not suffer from the nerve fatigue occasioned by the work.

The Empress of Austria goes about a good deal on foot in Paris with the ex-Queen of Naples. All her luggage is a trunk—and not a large one, either—a valise, some wraps and a handbag. She dresses plainly in black and eats as sparingly as a Carmelite nun.

The wife of Sir William Vernon Harcourt is an American, the daughter of Motley, the historian. Although she takes great interest in politics, like most of the wives of English statesmen, she appears on the platform rarely. It is said that she does much for her husband in the drawing room.

Miss Edna Johnson of Macon, Mo., announces in the local papers and by widely distributed circulars that she will be an independent candidate for Circuit Clerk of Macon County. She is teaching school. She is twenty-two years old, pretty and accomplished. Seven men are announced for Circuit Clerk, subject to the Democratic nomination.

Lena Read is a court stenographer in Terre Haute, Ind. She recently took the minutes of an important suit, then refused to typewrite them on the ground that she was to be married, and did not have time. To solve the difficulty, a phonograph was procured, and she read the notes into that. Fifty cylinders were made, and when the cases comes up for a new trial they will be used as a record.

It turns out that it was not Alma Tadema, the painter, who was naturalized in England a few weeks ago, but his daughter. His name was originally Laurens Tadema. He added the Alma for euphony, and changed Laurens to Lawrence, and was naturalized in 1873. His daughter bears the same name and signs her poems L. Alma-Tadema, as her father does his pictures. Hence the confusion.

Fashion Notes.

The new ribbons are in plaids and stripes in the prettiest colors imaginable.

White velvet, as well as white breitschwanz, is used for the crown of the fur-trimmed toque.

The latest ties for women are the sailor knots of silk with broad ends, sometimes trimmed with tiny plaited frills.

"Wylborye" is the name of a new corset which is recommended for stout women. An extra piece laces over the hip in such an effectual manner that the figure is very much improved.

Roman striped sashes with deep knotted sewing silk fringe on the ends are revived again in all the gorgeous colors, and the latest necktie is of Roman ribbon, tied in a four-in-hand knot with tiny fringe-trimmed ends.

Blue ostrich feathers sprinkled with silver are a pretty decoration for the hair with evening dress. Other novelties are the Louis Seize bows of velvet ribbon combined with aigrettes. Twists of chiffon and gold gauze ribbon are also worn.

Every other woman is faithfully wearing beads about her throat, whether wax pearls, the truly Venetian glass beads or collars of genuine gems, it makes very little difference. Those who can afford to follow the fashion closest wear close-fitting necklaces of medium pink or clear red coral balls, in the centre of each of which is placed a diamond.

FIELDS OF ADVENTURE.

THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.

A Close Call—Nip and Tuck Between Two Miners and a Mountain Lion—An Indian Girl's Daring Ride—A Long Coast and a Cold Plunge by a Bicyclist.

A number of sportsmen were recently talking over the good times they had had duck shooting last fall, when the conversation turned on hunting big game in the West. Some thrilling adventure was related by every one in the group but an elderly man, and he in turn was asked for a story.

"I don't suppose," began the silent man, "that any of you young fellows ever ran across a mountain lion, as they are becoming rather scarce now in the West. But early in the fifties, when I first went to Colorado to hunt for gold, these animals were quite numerous. I recall on one occasion having a little adventure with a lion that almost scared me out of my wits. With a partner I was working a claim in the mountains near Ouray, and one day before the very cold weather of the winter set in we both went to town to get some supplies, leaving our little cabin on the mountain side alone.

"It came on to snow so hard soon after we arrived in Ouray that we did not get a chance to return to our claim for three days. On our return journey we noticed as we were climbing the hills the tracks of a mountain lion leading toward our cabin. Presently, however, as we got nearer and nearer to our little home, we lost the track of the animal, and the sight of an open window, which had been carefully closed on our departure for town, caused us to forget all about the lion and its presence.

"Well, I had reached the window and was just about to put my head into the apartment when there came a terrible growl and the next instant a great yellow body sprang through the opening right on my back, its claws catching my buckskin coat and ripping it open to my waist, turning me completely over and into the snow. My parner took the dangerous situation in at a glance and whipped out his gun. Then the infernal lion turned on him, making a fearful leap in his direction. Before he could fire the infuriated beast was upon him, and, seizing him by the slack of his coat, shook him as though he were but a rat. I was on my feet by this time, and drawing my revolver, I sneaked up and put a bullet right through his head. The animal groaned and fell back dead and my partner drew his breath freely once more. It was a close call, but neither of us was hurt, and the lion's skin in another week was serving as a rug at the foot of my bunk."

An Indian Girl's Daring Ride.

An Indian romance which almost rivals that of Pocahontas and Captain John Smith comes from Pine Ridge Agency. William Jacobson, a young fellow in charge of one of the classes at Carlisle, eloped with Julia Beallard, an intelligent quarter-bred Sioux. The couple rode from Pine Ridge to Chadron, Neb., on their ponies during the night, pursued by the girl's relatives all the way. They arrived in Chadron in the gray dawn of the morning, thoroughly exhausted, and at once proceed to secure a license. Then, in the presence of friends of the bride, they were made man and wife.

The couple met about two years ago at Carlisle, where the young woman was attending a private seminary, and became enamored of each other. They became engaged, when the girl received a letter ordering her home to Pine Ridge. The young couple kept up a correspondence, fearing that their attachment would become known to the parents of the girl, who were very much opposed to her forming an alliance with other than a thoroughbred Sioux. A letter to the girl was finally intercepted by a young Sioux admirer and laid before the mother. Thereafter not a letter was permitted. Becoming alarmed at not receiving an answer, Jacobson decided to go to Nebraska and investigate. Upon arriving at the agency he contrived a secret interview with the girl and arranged an elopement.

One dark night the girl stole forth, and procuring a saddle horse from the corral, slipped a halter over his head and led him to the outskirts of the Indian village, where she was met by her lover in a lonely canon, near the historic battle ground of Wounded Knee. Mounting their ponies, they started on their journey to Chadron. The echoes of the hoof-beats awakened the village, and a thirty-mile chase was begun over the roughest country this side of the Rockies. The journey was dangerous and hazardous. The road at times winds around precipices and rugged cliffs and through rough canons, where a misstep might plunge the riders into eternity. For four hours they rode on their ponies, expecting at every moment to hear the cry of their pursuers. When the lights of Chadron appeared in view the pursuing party increased their pace, hoping to overtake the fleeing couple before they entered the city. They failed in this attempt, however, and the lovers managed to elude them.

A Train-Robbing Story.

The drummer had just finished reading a story of a train hold-up and let his newspaper fall into his lap.

"I had a rather romantic experience once with train robbers," he said, "which I think I won't ever forget. I had been laid up sick for a week at a tavern in a Kansas town and my attendant had been a very sweet and gentle girl, who was a relative of the landlord's. She was such a nice girl that I was in no hurry to get well, and while I was putting it off all I could I was as industriously putting on the chains of love. At the end of ten days I was able to take up my sample case again, and when I left the town my gentle nurse was on the same train, in my charge, bound for Kansas City, where she was to be met by friends. I had never talked love to her, and I fancy she didn't suspect me of anything except a desire to flirt a little, but I had made up my mind to talk seriously to her before I let her friends take her away from me.

"I fooled along, as most men do under the same circumstances, waiting for a real good chance to come in, but before I reached the proper condition the train came to a sudden stop in a lonely place, and by the time we had asked what the trouble was a half-masked train robber stood in the aisle of the car with a revolver covering the contents. The girl turned as white as a sheet and I thought she would faint, but I told her she wouldn't be hurt, and she sat there staring as if she had turned stone. As it happened, I kept my wits, and when a shot and a shout rose on the air on the outside and attracted the robber's attention for a moment, I whipped my revolver out of my overcoat pocket and would have got him sure, but as I brought the gun around the girl at my side caught my arm and stopped me. I looked at her in amazement.

"'Don't,' she gasped, 'it's my father,' and then she fell in a faint, while the robber hurried out in response to the calls from his partners.

"As for me," concluded the drummer, "I thought probably it would be just as well for me not to add to the poor girl's troubles by trying to get into her family."

Took a Long Coast and a Lucky Plunge.

George Maybury, the son of a farmer near Old Bridge, N. J., bought a bicycle the other day and went for a spin along the New Brunswick turnpike. At the Old Bridge end is one of the worst hills in New Jersey. It starts at the hamlet of Summer Hill and finishes in the heart of Old Bridge, a mile away by the road, but considerably less in an air line.

George had never tried coasting, but had some sort of an idea that it would save time if he let the pedals alone. So at Summer Hill he took his feet from the pedals and the wheel did the rest. At first everything went well. Half way down the hill the road makes a sudden turn and around this George went at a speed that would have made Michael green with envy. A couple of wagons were coming up the hill but got rapidly out of the way when they heard Maybury's hysterical bell. The young man's hat had gone and his hair was making desperate efforts to follow it.

At the foot of the hill are the tracks of the Camden and Amboy Railroad. There was a train only a few hundred feet from the crossing as Maybury approached, but the farmer boy was going at a rate of speed never attempted by a Camden and Amboy locomotive, and the agony was over before the train reached the crossing.

From the railroad the road slopes gradually down to the bank of South River, where it turns and follows the river's course.

Maybury was past thinking. All he could do was to shut his eyes and cling desperately to the handles. Straight on to the river he went. The wheel caught in a heap of brush and stopped short. Maybury didn't stop. He went straight on over his handle bars and took a neat header into the icy waters of the river.

Like a true wheelman the first thing George did after he climbed up the bank was to look after his machine. There wasn't a thing broken.

"Thank Heaven!" said George.

Afterward There Was Light.

An old farmer, well known for his miserly habits, in order to save the candles, was in the habit of giving the farm hands their supper in semi-darkness.

The laborers at first grumbled at this, but the farmer took no notice.

Things went on in much the same way for some little time, till the farmer had occasion to hire another farmhand named Tam S——.

Tam, who was well known to some of the other laborers as a wild and reckless sort of character, and always ready for mischief, was informed as to how matters stood, and Tam vowed he would alter things somehow.

That night at supper, which consisted of porridge, Tam took his seat on the righthand side of the farmer, and, watching his opportunity, quickly plunged a spoonful of the hot porridge into the farmer's mouth. The farmer jumped up, with a roar of agony, and demanded an explanation.

"Weel, fairmer," replied Tam, "it's sae daurk Ah couldna tell whaur Ah was pittin' them; Ah thocht it was i' ma ain mooth."—London Telegraph.

A Marvelous Machine.

A machine has been invented which is composed of exquisitely graduated wheels, running a tiny diamond point at the end of an almost equally tiny arm, whereby one is able to write upon glass the whole of the Lord's prayer within a space which measured the 294th part of an inch in length by the 440th part of an inch in breadth, or about the measurement of the dot over the letter "I" in common print, says the Philadelphia Record. With this machine any one who understood operating it could write the whole 3,556,480 letters of the Bible eight times over the space of an inch—a square inch. A specimen of this marvelous microscopic writing was enlarged by photography, and every letter and point was perfect, and could be read with ease.

Report by Phonograph.

A municipal council in France has ordered its proceedings to be reported by phonograph. Should the expedient prove successful, shorthand writing will be dispensed with.

No. 088.

This highly Polished solid 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

buys this exact piece of furniture which retails for $8.00.

(*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 5c. in stamps. Why pay your local dealer 60 per cent. more than our prices when you can buy of the mill? The great household educator—our new 112 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.

Looking Backward.

"You must feel very happy in this lovely cottage you call your own?"

"How can I when I think of my family that owned an estate of thousands of acres, with a castle and a whole regiment of servants?"

"Why, when did they lose it?"

"During the eleventh century."—Brooklyn Life.

A writer says that brains will tell. Sometimes they do, and sometimes it is brains that keeps a man from telling.

SITTING DHURNA IN INDIA.

The Mahratta Method of Settling Debts.

Many queer stories are told of the persistence and clever devices of the collectors of bad debts; but even a professional humorist would find it hard to invent anything more absurd than the method actually in use among the Mahrattas—at least, if travelers' tales are to be trusted.

In that country—so they say—when a creditor cannot get his money and begins to regard the debt as desperate, he proceeds to sit "dhurna" upon his debtor, that is, he squats down at the door of his victim's tent, and thereby, in some mysterious way, becomes master of the situation. No one can go in or out except by his sanction. He neither himself eats nor allows his debtor to eat, and this extraordinary starvation contest is kept up until either the debt is paid or the creditor gives up the siege, and in the latter case the debt is held to be canceled.

However strange it may appear to Europeans, this method of enforcing a demand is an established and almost universal usage among the Mahrattas, and seems to them a mere matter of course. Even their "Scindiah," or chieftain, is not exempt from it.

The laws by which the "dhurna" is regulated are as well defined as those of any other custom whatever. When it is meant to be very strict, the claimant takes with him a number of his followers, who surround the tent, and sometimes even the bed of his adversary, to make sure that he obtains no morsel of food. The code, however, prescribes the same abstinence for the man who imposes the ordeal; and, of course, the strongest stomach wins the day. After all, we have little right to ridicule this absurdity; for our own laws provide, nominally at least, for starving a jury into a verdict.

A similar custom was once so prevalent in the province and city of Benares that Brahmins were sometimes systematically put through a course of training to enable them to endure a long time without food. They were then sent to the door of some rich person, where they publicly made a vow to remain fasting until a certain sum of money was paid, or until they perished from starvation. To cause the death of a Brahmin was considered so heinous an offense that the cash was generally forthcoming; but never without a resolute struggle to determine whether the man was likely to prove stanch, for the average Oriental will almost as soon give up his life as his money.

The Hotbed.

Glass gives more warmth to hotbeds than any other covering, but where plants are desired to be grown that are somewhat hardy, such as lettuce or early cabbage, a light frame covering made of oiled muslin answers well and is cheap. It can be prepared by stretching the muslin and painting it on both sides with boiled linseed oil. It is claimed that cheap frames, covered in this manner, can be successfully used for forcing strawberry plants. If a warm hotbed is required, fresh horse manure should be placed at the bottom of the frame and covered with rich soil that has been sifted.

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