SHE SMILED AT ME.

That night, when my coat on a chair I laid, Pinned to the tail was a card, which prayed: "Please Kick Me Hard." That's why the maid

Had smiled at me.
-Baltimore American.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The first umbrella appeared in 1777.
The last one disappeared about forty
minutes after we bought it.—Elliott's
Magazine.

Intres arter and lagazine.

The Physician—"You have a coat a your tongue." The Colonel.—"I incerely hope it is a mackintosh."— ndianapolis Journal.
"The folly to be wise, because— Such boomerangs are nature's laws— The sage may win encomium.— But people dodge who see him come.— Chicago Record.

Cleverton—"When you told her father you loved her did he show much feeling?" Dashaway—"Oh, yes. I don't know when I have been so moved!"—Life.

"This goes against the grain," murmured the college youth who had returned home to the old farm, and whose stern parent had put him to work, in the cornfield.

work, in the cornfield.

An Irish poacher up before a magistrate made this defence: "Indade,
your worship, the only bird I shot
was a rabbit; and I knocked that down
with a stick."—Tit-Bits.

You could hear it no monr.
And twas found next day on the spoir.
—Chleago News.

Mrs. Murphy—"Oi say, Pat, what
would yez do if the ould house would
tumble on yez and crush yez to
death?" Her Husband—"Faith, an'
Oi'd fly for me loife."—Ohio State
Journal.

"There is always something frigid
to me about the atmosphere of a bank,"
said De Vere. "Well, that is probably because they always deal in cold
cash there," observed Handy.—Philadelphia North American.

"Gentlemen, this is one of the most
dangerous experiments known to
science. The slightest mishap and
the experimenter will be blown to
stome. I will now step into the closet
while my assistant performs the experiment."—Princeton Tiger.

"Yes, I want a salesman," said the
manager of the store, "but you are
too oid. If you were twenty-five years
younger I would give you the place
in a minute." "Shall I come again,"
asked the gray-haired applicant,
"when I am in my second childhood?"
—Chicago Tribune.

"So you were bound and gagged by
bandits while in Italy, were you?"

"when I am in my second childhood?"
—Chicago Tribune.

"So you were bound and gagged by bandits while in Italy, were you?" asked the garruious person. "Regnalar comic opera bandits, eh?" "No, sir," said the traveler; "there was nothing of the comic opera slyle about them. The gags they used were all new."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"I must send them all circulars," exclaimed the man who was addressed by his acquaintances as professor.

"Those men who have testified in the investigation ought to know about me." "What business are you in?"

"I have a new system of memory training,"—Washington Post.

Proud Father—"My old father, I called to see if you couldn't make a place for my son in your establishment. He has just graduated with high honors." Old Friend—"My dear old boy, nothing would please me better. Tell him to call around in two years,"—New York Weekly.

Railroads in Africa.

On the day the Boers declared war there were in operation in Africa nearly 12,000, miles of railroad. At the end of 1890 the mileage for the entire continent was only 5813 miles. In the past eight years it has more than doubled, 5972 miles of new roads having been put into operation. Some of these roads are now being extended, work has begun on a few new enterprises, and these extensions and new lines, for whose completion financial arrangements have been made, will add about 2500 miles to the total. Then there are other projects, such as the German road to Tanganyika, the French road from Algeria to the Soudan, and the Belgian road from the Congo to the Nile, all Government schemes and not yet under way. It is probably a conservative estimate to say that the end of the next decade will see 25,000 miles of railroad in operation.

Consumption in France.

In a report to the State Department the United States Consul at Lyons says of the ravages of consumption in France each year: "For every six persons in this country at least one dies of consumption. Of the \$55,000 deaths that occur every year in France over 140,000 are caused by pulmonary tuberculosis or phthisis, and this number, instead of decreasing, goes on augmenting every year. Hardly a family but pays to it a sad tribute. No disease, no scourge, can be compared to tuberculosis, so far as the number of the victims is concerned. All epidemics and contagious diseases combined—typhoid, varioloid, scarlatina, measles, diphtheria, cholera, etc.—do not cause half as many deaths."



Sweetest thing that can be seen Is a baby, fresh and clean. Dainty clothes and tender skin Need pure soap to wash them in. Nurse and mother must be sure Baby's bath is sweet and pure. Ivory Soap their want supplies.

ODD ENGINEERING.

ODD ENGINEERING.

Water, Taken from the Pacific, Sent to Atlantic Ocean.

It is a remarkable fact that water which flows naturally into the Gulf of California and thence into the Pacific ocean has been virtually lifted across the backbone of the Rocky mountains, and now, after being used for irrigation, finds its way into the Gulf of Mexico. A number of small streams on the other side of Long's peak, which flow into Grand lake and thence into the Colorado river, have been diverted by a ditch that finds its way through 10,000 feet high into the headwaters of the Poudre. Some 400 cubic feet per second has thus been diverted from the Pacific to the Atlantic slope, where the water is used for irrigating additional farms in Larimer county. It is not strictly correct to say that this water has been lifted across the range. But a feat of sinuous engineering has diverted it, which amounts to the same thing.

Birthplace of the Cable.

The old house formerly occupied by Cyrus W. Field, in East Twenty-third street, New York, is now being torn down to make room for a more pretentious structure. It was in this house that Mr. Field lived when he first broached the idea of building a cable between Europe and America. He still made the old house his home when, after twelve years of disappointment and struggle, the great dream of his life became an accomplished fact. For some years the building has been used as a boardinghouse. Now it is being razed to the ground.

## Mother Had Consumption

"My mother was troubed with consumption for many years. At last she was given up to die. A neighbor told her not to give up but try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. She did so and was speedily cured, and is now in the enjoyment of good health." D. P. Jolly, Feb. 2, 1899. Avoca, N. Y.

### Cures Hard Coughs

No matter how hard your cough is or how long you have had it, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the best thing you could possibly take. But it's too risky to wait until you have consumption, for sometimes it's impossible to cure this disease. If you are coughing today, don't wait until tomorrow, but get a bottle of Cherry Pectoral at once and be relieved. It strengthens weak lungs.

Explorations in Patagonia.

In the current number of the Geographical Journal Dr. Moreno gives an account of Patagonia, which is a portion of that vast area in South America still unknown to geography, and interesting because of the rich products, which it probably contains, and its charming landscapes. It seems that Patagonia does not merit the bad reputation as regards scenery which it hashad since Darwin and Fitzroy received a disagreeable impression from the portion they explored. The plateaus of Arizona find their analogy in the table lands of Patagonia, and "the picturesque fjords and white mountains of Alaska seem to be a copy of the tjords and mountains of Patagonia." The analogy might be pushed even further, for it seems there is a strange similarity between the ancient customs and industries of the Alaskan and Patagonian Indians.

From saving, comes having. Ask your grocer how you can save 15e by investing 5e. He can tell you just how you can get one large 10e package of "Bed Cross" starch, one large 10e package of "Hubinger's Best" starch, with the premiums, two beautiful Shakespeare panels, prin' d in twelve beautiful colors, or one Twentieth Century Girl Calendar, all for 5c. Ask your grocer for this starch and obtain these beautiful Christmas presents free.

Tea-Drinking in Russia.

The Russians drink enormous quantities of tea, sufficient to frighten any Englishman or American. The poor people—and the Russian people are the poorest in existence—use the so-called "brick" tea. This is the cheapest sort, being mixed with stems, and compressed by some adhestive gum into dry cakes of various sizes, resembling in its appearance "plug" tobacco. This tea, which would probably prove poisonous to any one e'se, is consumed by the Russian workingman at the average rate of about twenty stakans (or tumblers) a day, the Russian stakan being quite equal to five of the little thimbles of cups used an America at afternoon teas. Taking into consideration that black, sour or Miter, bricklike bread, raw onions, gurlic, dried leather-fish and strongly salted herrings are usually the chief virticles of food of the people at large, one must not wonder at the enormous quantity of hot tea needed to quench a Russian's thirst and help on his dig vation.

Strange at it may seem, the ti.ne-honored custom of rocking babies to sleep is a bad one. It is injurious to the children themselves, and is a cause eventually of much unnecessary trouble to their guardians. Mothers should therefore see to it that from the very first the little ones are brought up in the way they should go, and that the monthly nurse does not get them into bad habits by rocking them to sleep either in her arms or in their cots. There is no doubt that rocking is the most expeditious way of inducing a baby to go to sleep, but if one once starts, a baby will not sleep without it, and at a later age is likely to suffer from insomnia. Rocking may save immediate trouble to a lazy nurse or mother by inducing sleep when a child does not require it, or when it ought to be taken up from its cot and have clean clothes put on, but it will never cause that sweet, gentle and perfect sleep which should be characteristic of a baby who has no artificial aids to induce slumber.

There was a meeting outside the barge office. A batch of immigrants had come in, and Glulia and her man were in waiting to receive some newly arrived relatives. Glulia was brave in her finest and most gorgeous raiment, combining a reckless love of bright colors with an ardent desire to look American. Her hat was a marvel of Third avenue millinery. Her bright dress was after the most approved autumn model, always, of course, from the Third avenue standpoint, and the pendant earrings, great yellow brooch, and jingling bracelets were dazzling to behold. To crown all, and as an irresistible finish, she had squeezed her plump hands into a pair of yellow kid gloves, momentarily threatening to burst. Pietro's scarlet necktle, generous expanse of shirt front, low-cut mottled waistcoat, and highly gilded watch chain limited his powers of self-adornment, but his little wife cheerfully made up for all he lacked. Shrill cries of "Eccol Eccol" turned the dull eyes of three persons in their direction, and, extricating themselves from the excited crowd, they withdrew to contemplate each other at their leisure. The contrast was painful on one side, pathetically fudicrous on the other. Francisco and his sisters gazed blankly at their changed and resplendent relations. The man had on tight breeches of homespun, a gray flannel shirt with a red cotton handkercher knotted at the throat, and was a picturesque specimen of Tuscan manhood. The women were bare-headed; covert glances had been exchanged over Glulia's startling headgear. They wore huge, roughly cobbled boots, and short petticoats displaying striped blue and yellow stockings, and knit worated shawls of variegated colors were tightly drawn about the shoulders and fastened at the opened throat with monstrous coral brooches, the crowning glory of their attire. But Glulia! Truly she was a quere in comparison! Never mind! Americanisms are quietyl yacquired, and if the brother is lucky six months may see their metamorphosis.—New York Sun.

The use of the Endless Chain Starch Book in the purchase of "Red Cross" and "Hublinger's Best" starch, makes it just like fluding money. Why, for only 5e you are enabled to get one large 10e package of "Red Cross" starch, one large 10e package age of "Whublinger's Best" strek with the premiums, two Shakespeare panels, printed in twelve beautiful colors, or one Twent Uesth Century Girl Calendar, embossed in gold. Ask your procer for this starch and obtain the beautiful Christmas presents iree

President Kruger's Father.

The bitter feeling which Paul Kruger cherishes toward the British is certainly not lessened by the memory that his own father was the man who fired the first shot at the English troops at Boomplatz in 1848, and by the further thought that he was one of those who were driven by the English to take part in the great "trek" of 1836. Again, in 1854, when the Boers petitioned the queen to be allowed to remain under the protection of the British flag, the elder Kruger was one of its signers. The answer of the duite of Newcastle, who returned the petition with the remark that it could not be entertained and that England had already extended its rule too far in Africa, has always been remembered by Kruger and his associates as an undying insult.

### Try Crain-O! Try Crain-O!

food drink that takes the place of coffee.

The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it, like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. It the price of coffee.

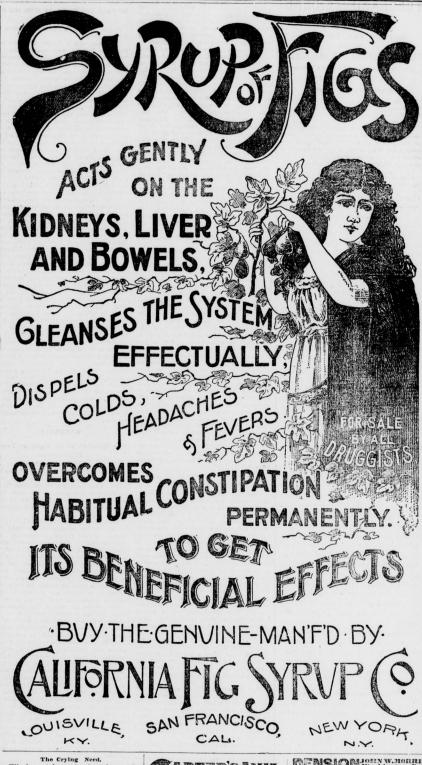
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