

A TRUE GHOST STORY

THE OLD WOMAN IN THE QUEER DRESS UNDER AN OAK TREE.

She Always Appeared to Announce an Approaching Death in the Family—She Was Probably a Servant Who Had Been Foully Dealt With in Ancient Days.

"Everybody laughs in these days at the old story of the Irish banishes," said a gentleman of national reputation lately as he chatted with a friend or two in the office of the Continental, "and I am not saying but that it was but a superstition after all, though there is a little thing connected with my family that is a strange coincidence, to call it even that."

"Once, when I was a boy, I woke up during the night weeping bitterly, and when my mother came to my bedside I told her that I had dreamed that a queerly dressed old woman had come to me under a large oak tree and had warned me that my brother Leonard, who was my senior by several years, was going to die very soon. I noticed that instead of calming my fears my mother listened to me without saying a word, and presently I saw that she, too, was crying as hard as I was. I asked what was the matter, and though she put me off I did not forget the strange effect on her that my dream had produced."

"It could not have been a week after that that my brother came in one afternoon from school and said he was going to join a party of young people in a sleighing excursion to the next town. My mother was very unwilling for him to go and confessed to all sorts of nervous fears, very unlike her usual calm and self-reliant self, but my brother insisted and at last went off, followed by my mother's anxious eyes. Within three hours we received a telegram saying that he had been killed by the horses attached to the sleigh becoming frightened, and, running away near a railroad track had thrown my poor brother under the wheels of a train."

"When his mangled body came home, my mother met it, saying to her sister, who was visiting at our house for the day: 'I knew it, Fanny. H. here saw her the other night, and for a long time I wondered who the 'her' referred to could be. I was nearly groggy when I again saw the old woman of my boyhood dream. I was about to graduate at our home university and was studying hard for the final examinations and was sitting up late one night reading over some questions in mental philosophy when I dropped off to sleep in my chair."

"Then I dreamed of standing once more under a large oak tree, which was particularly marked about the bark by a ring about three feet above the ground. Here I was, facing an old woman in a servant's dress of the thirteenth or fourteenth century, I should judge, and this old woman was telling me that I would see my father no more in life. I was a good deal worried over this dream, remembering my former one and its tragic sequence, but had ceased to think of it in the hurry and anxiety of the examinations, when one day old Professor B. called to me as I was passing from one classroom to another and asked, 'H., isn't your father in Switzerland?'"

"I replied that he was, for his health had failed so alarmingly for months past that he had been ordered abroad and had been rapidly getting well in the mountains of Switzerland. He had recently joined the English party in an expedition to Mont Blanc and had written in fine spirits regarding the trip. Professor B. said no more, but I came across in a few minutes a newspaper containing an account of an American who had been killed by falling down a crevasse in the Swiss Alps."

"No particulars were known or given by the paper, but I knew—oh, yes, I knew—that the American was my father, and so it proved. I told my widowed mother of the strange coincidence of my second dream, and she replied that the warning would never fail; that it had gone with her through her life, and that her mother had told her that this strange phantom had also given her warning of every disaster she had experienced. The old woman, whoever she was, was always accompanied in her missions of woe by the oak tree marked as I have said. The whole thing is a mystery to us, but it is true, every word of it."

"If the thing is something supernatural, none of us has any idea who the woman could have been or why she came like a bird of ill omen to prophesy evil to a plain American family, sans castle, sans legends, sans romance. And I, for one, am particularly interested in why the oak tree should have come down to us in connection with the ghost. I would somehow hate to think that some doughty ancestor of mine had, after the playful little manner of the good old times, put some faithful servant to death in a way in which an oak tree took a prominent part, but I should not be surprised if he did; indeed I have a sneaking belief that that is the true explanation of the whole thing, though I am sorry that some servant is so unforfeiting as to take it out on me by bringing me bad news, which, if she'd only wait long enough, would reach me with proverbial rapidity."—Philadelphia Times.

Entertained.
Aurelia (anxiously)—Have you seen George this evening, papa? He promised to call.
Papa—Yes, he did call, and I entertained him for an hour before you came down stairs.
Aurelia—You entertained him, papa?
Papa—Yes; I gave him a list of all the new dresses you had last year and the cost of each. I never saw a man more interested, yet he left very hurriedly.—London Tit-Bits.

Happily Defined.
Little Johnny (looking up from his book)—Pa, what is the beam of destruction?
Pa (who is adjusting a collar)—A machine they use in laundries, Johnny.—Boston Transcript.

BIGGAR'S DRESS SUIT.

The Thrifty Paraclete Who Walked Rather Than Fought a Fanny.

Talking of the speaker's dinners to members, at which, in compliment to the official position of the host as representative of her majesty in the house of commons, levee dress or uniform is worn by the guests, I was once told a funny story of the late Joseph Biggar, the thorny tempered deformed little bacon merchant who was the aristocratic, refined Parnell's first ally and for some time his only follower in parliament.

Biggar was not a poor man, but he was a thrifty one, and he hated the idea of spending money on a court dress. Yet Mr. Parnell liked his party to appear at the speaker's dinners as asserting their privileges of parliament. So Biggar undertook the irksome expense of hiring a court suit in which to go to dine with the speaker. The man who told me the story, another member who was not dining officially that night, was in the habit of going home with Biggar on the top of the last tram—they lived near each other out Lambroth way somewhere—and on this night the quaint little form of Biggar appeared in his smart, trim dress, sword, paste buttons and all, without even an overcoat, to go home, as usual.

His companion remonstrated, but in vain, nor would Biggar even consent to ride as far as the tram would have taken him, but got down, as was his custom, at the extreme point to which a penny conveyed him and walked the street thence to his rooms. His companion went so far as to offer to pay the extra penny out of his own pocket, but Biggar refused sternly. He was savage at the foolish expense to which he had already gone and would not have even a penny more made of it.

A man capable of such indifference to costume has a right to remonstrate about feminine attention to dress, but few are those men!—Mrs. Fenwick-Miller in London Graphic.

Horses Can Count.

A Russian doctor has been experimenting to find how far some domestic animals can count. The intelligence of the horse, as shown in mathematics, seems to surpass that of the cat or the dog.

The doctor found a horse which was able to count the mile posts along the way. It had been trained by its master to stop for feed whenever they had covered 25 versts. One day they tried the horse over a road where three false mile posts had been put in between the real ones, and, sure enough, the horse, deceived by this trick, stopped for his oats at the end of 23 versts, instead of going the usual 25.

The same horse was accustomed to being fed every day at the stroke of noon. The doctor observed that whenever the clock struck the horse would stop and prick up his ears as if counting. If he heard 13 strokes, he would trot off contentedly to be fed, but if it were fewer than 13 he would resignedly go on working. The experiment was made of striking 13 strokes at the wrong time, whereupon the horse started for his oats in spite of the fact that he had been fed only an hour before.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Von Bulow Rehearsal.

When in Munich some years ago directing the Wagner operas, a woman of society asked the late Hans von Bulow one evening to be allowed to attend the rehearsal of the orchestra on the following day. Bulow replied that it would give him great pleasure to have her present later in the week, when the orchestra had played oftener. However, on the following day Bulow caught sight of her in the theater as he took his baton in hand. He stopped the music, held a hurried conversation with one of the members of the orchestra, and then ascended to his place again. He flourished his baton, and one instrument began to sound. He continued to beat the air, and the instrument continued to play—only three different notes. For five minutes this was kept up, the other musicians remaining silent. The poor lady became half crazy in the course of time, and in disgust at Bulow and Wagner left the room. The rehearsal was then continued.—San Francisco Argonaut.

For Sleeplessness.

If persons troubled with sleeplessness would keep at hand a bottle of the following mixture and use it as a sponge bath, they would find the greatest relief: Into 8 ounces of alcohol put 2 of ammonia and 2 of camphor. Shake thoroughly, and when well mixed add 4 ounces of sea salt and enough hot water to fill a quart bottle. To apply it pour a little of the liquid in a shallow dish, moisten the whole body a little at a time by dipping a small sponge in it. Rub on only a very little, then finish with a vigorous rubbing with a coarse crash towel. Get into bed, and you will promptly fall asleep.—New York Recorder.

Supposing a Case.

Manager—This new play, I expect, will be a big success. In the first act you appear as a beggarly clerk in a dry goods establishment, kicked about by your employers and the floorwalker and contemned by the customers. Then three years elapse between the first and second acts and—
Actor—You wouldn't mind paying my salary in advance for those three years? I'm awfully short.
Manager—I ought to have said 'are supposed to elapse.' You can suppose you got your three years' salary in advance.—Boston Transcript.

A Scrupulous Censor.

When Rome was under the papal power, a play was once submitted to the prelate charged with the revision of manuscripts for the press. In the first scene an actor is represented as sitting at a table and calling, "Waiter, a beefsteak." The scrupulous censor wrote in the margin: "Note—When the piece is played during Lent, the actor, instead of calling for a beefsteak, will order an omelet."—San Francisco Argonaut.

TOO SMART.—Le newspaper in describing any thing omit some trifling incident, or let it paint the picture with glowing colors, and there is a class of smart Alecks who are ready to swear that the reporters never got any thing right. But an editor can say all the nice things possible about some matter of public interest or tell what a clever fellow some man is, or even praise a woman that wears a poem in millinery, and not a word will ever be heard about it. It is only the querulous fault-finders who are ready to express their opinions. The facts are, there is a class of people who believe that they are ordained censors of the newspaper, and they are always prompt to see the mistakes, even if it is only a turned comma; but the editor may write column after column of matter saying nice things about the town and its business interests, and the people generally, and never a word of commendation does he hear. Life is too short for people to spend their time in finding fault or quarreling with their neighbors. We are here to-day but the Lord knows where we will pull up tomorrow.

Some thing wrong when you tire too easily. Some thing wrong when the skin is not clear and smooth. Some thing wrong when the blood is impure. Everything right when you take DeWitt's Sarsaparilla. It recommends itself. C. L. Cotting.

Home-seekers Excursions.
One fare for the round trip. Tell your friends in the east that on May 8th and 29th the Burlington route will sell round trip tickets at the one way rate to points in Nebraska, Kansas, eastern Colorado, southwestern Dakota and northern Wyoming. Tickets are good for twenty days, allow stopovers, and will be on sale at all stations east of the Missouri river. J. FRANCIS, G. P. & T. A., Omaha, Neb.

Dr. Sawyer's Family Cure is so named because it is adapted to all the members of a family, young and old. Try it, it strengthens and invigorates. Deyo & Grice.

At Athens, on Friday, 365 shocks of earthquake were felt in eight hours. Dr. Sawyer's Family Cure! Dr. Sawyer's Family Cure! Dr. Sawyer's Family Cure! It not only relieves but cures indigestion. Sold by Deyo & Grice.

The Belgian police prevented an explosion of dynamite bombs. Soar Stomach, Headache, Biliousness, Jaundice, Drowsiness, General debility and Diabetes are cured by Dr. Sawyer's Family Cure. Sold by Deyo & Grice.

A gang of counterfeiters was discovered at Denver. Call on your druggist for a free sample of Dr. Sawyer's Family Cure. After trying it you will always keep it in your family. Sold by Deyo & Grice.

Captain Mannzen of the Itata committed suicide. Dr. Sawyer's Family Cure safely and thoroughly cures all difficulties of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels. Try a free sample. Sold by Deyo & Grice.

Biscep Chartard of Indiana left New York for Rome. Indigestion and Biliousness makes life miserable. If allowed to continue, makes life perpetually miserable. Use Dr. Sawyer's Family Cure. Deyo & Grice.

Alexander Watson, the polygamist, will be made to face his numerous wives. It cures blood and skin disorders. It does this quickly and permanently. Is there any good reason why you should not use DeWitt's Sarsaparilla? It recommends itself. C. L. Cotting.

Edward Adams of New Orleans will hang for murder in the City of Mexico. Let us remind you that now is the time to take DeWitt's Sarsaparilla, it will do you good. It recommends itself. C. L. Cotting.

Arthur Laverie killed his fiancée at Chicago and then shot himself. **Four Big Successes.** Having the needed merit to more than make good all the advertising claimed for them, the following four remedies have reached a phenomenal sale. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds each bottle guaranteed—Electric Bitters, the best remedy for Liver, Stomach and Kidneys. Buckle's Arnica Salve, the best in the world, and Dr. King's New Life Pills, which are a perfect pill. All these remedies are guaranteed to do just what is claimed for them and the dealer whose name is attached herewith will be glad to tell you more of them. Sold at C. L. Cotting's Drugstore.

Within Reach of All. Wiener's prices are within reach of all. Call there and convince yourselves. Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder World's Fair Highest Award.

THE MODERN WAY OF MOVING.

Some of its Features as Noted by a Suburbanite Just Moved Into Town.

"We cannot forget," said the man who moved from the suburbs, "the vans we moved in nor the men who moved us. The whole household was active early that morning waiting for the vans. The main road by which they would approach ran parallel to the street in which we lived and in plain sight. Soon after 7 o'clock we saw them coming, three of them, each drawn by four horses, and all well closed up, a decidedly orderly and business looking procession. They swung around through a cross street and down our street and halted near the house at 7:10. They had told us at the office that the vans would be there at 7 o'clock. Inasmuch as they had had 19 miles to come and it had rained the night before 7:10 didn't seem like a half bad bluff at all."

"A man came down and located the house, and then the two head vans came and backed up to the walk in front. At one side of the house there was a driveway which ran back past the rear of the house, with a loop there around a little oval grass plat. There was none too much room in this driveway, which was not designed for four horse teams, but when the rear van came down the driver swung his leaders and came in at it with the large confidence of a man who has a good team and knows how to handle it. He rounded the oval and halted with his team headed toward the street and the rear end of the van on a line with the rear of the house. When the vans were all in position, the horses were blanketed, and then the men were ready."

"There were six men altogether, and they were all powerful, albeheaded men. The house was a 2 1/2 story Queen Anne. The men stripped it in two hours and without any fuss or commotion whatever. At 9:20 the last padlock snapped on the last van door, and the drivers mounted to their seats and hauled out into the road again, once more in line. Then all hands settled down in their seats, and everything was ready for the start. The great arks were very heavy now, and it was no light work to move them. There was a little picturesque plunging at the start, but they were good teams, every one, and they soon had the vans in motion, and after that they walked off with them as though they were shoeboxes on wheels. A few moments later we saw them once more out on the main road, moving now toward the city."

"Four hours later we caught sight of them again. We were then on the train bound for the city and approaching near it. We saw the vans on a road at some little distance from the railroad. They were as well closed up as a wagon train would be under escort in an enemy's country and moving forward. "Not very long afterward we stood on the steps in the land of brick and mortar and saw the procession, still well closed up, appear around the corner. They came up at a trot. It took a little more time to unload than to load, but not much. Soon we heard the last padlock snap again, this time on the last of the empty vans. Once more the procession lined up, moved off and disappeared. "And left us to settle. It is something of a job to settle, as those who have tried it know, but if anything could make that work seem lighter it would be the exhilaration of moving in the modern way."—New York Sun.

Too Much For Him. General Meerscheidt-Hullessem, an old and experienced officer of the bluff type, has several times differed with Emperor William's criticism of parades and maneuvers, and the general did not take pains to conceal his opinions. One night the emperor and the general met at a ball, and it happened that the same forenoon the emperor had again criticized the general's troops, deprecating the veteran officer's want of coolness. During the evening the emperor jokingly remarked to the general, who is a bachelor: "My dear general, you want to become less excited, and," pointing to the ladies, he added, "you ought to marry."

"I beg your majesty's pardon," retorted the general, "but I beg to be excused. A young wife and a young emperor would be too much for me."—Berlin Letter.

A Book's Quaint Title.

A year or two ago there first appeared in Germany a little book entitled "Darf die Frau Denken?" ("Ought Woman Be Allowed to Think?"). It went through a number of editions in a short time, a rare thing to happen in the fatherland, at least in this department of literature. Though small and without any new ideas or issues, it seemed to have had a decided effect in winning favor for the woman rights movement, at present occupying the best minds of a nation as conservative as the German. The writer, a lady, attempts to show that woman is not created for man, but for her calling, and to work out her own destiny on equal terms with man. Hence all educational apparatus and institutions ought to be opened to her.—Baltimore Sun.

The Statue of the Angel Moroni.

A statue of the angel Moroni surmounts the capstone of the tower of the great Mormon temple at Salt Lake City. The figure is of gigantic proportions, being 12 feet 5 1/2 inches in height. It reminds one of a picture of Gabriel blowing the trumpet on the last day and is supposed to represent the children of men. The incandescent lamp above the angel's head is 222 feet from the pavement below.—St. Louis Republic.

An Anthem.

This definition of an anthem is accredited to a British workman. Undertaking to explain the meaning of the word to an inquiring friend, he began, "Well, if I said 'Bring me a pickax,' that would not be an anthem, but if I said 'Bring—pick—bring—bring me the pick—pick—pick—bring me the pick—pickax' that would be an anthem."—New York Times.

S. B. Basford of Carthage, S. D., I was taken sick in Sioux City. He procured two bottles of Parks' Sure Cure for the Liver and Kidneys. He says: "I believe Parks' Sure Cure excels all other medicine for Rheumatism and Urinary disorders." Sold by C. L. Cotting.

How cheap some people will sell themselves for the promise of spot cash. **Headache and Indigestion** Can be cured. If you don't believe it try Begg's Little Giant Pills. Sold and warranted by Deyo & Grice.

There is a lake in Logan county named Cody, after the long-haired lion of North Platte. **Dull, Drowsy and Tired.** "I felt dull, drowsy and tired and my face was covered with pimples. I have taken four bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and the pimples have disappeared and I feel like work when I rise in the morning."—Frank J. Haller, Baden, Neb.

Oscar Collier monkeyed with a buzzsaw and has one less thumb than he needs. If dull, spiritless and stupid; if your blood is thick and sluggish; if your appetite is capricious and uncertain. You need a Sarsaparilla. For best results take DeWitt's. It recommends itself. C. L. Cotting.

The new electric light plant at Hooper will be in operation in a few days. **RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.**—"Mystic Cure" for Rheumatism and Neuralgia, radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits, 75c. Sold by Deyo & Grice, Druggists, Red Cloud.

The skeleton of the old sugar palace at Grand Island is being put away. "Orange Blossom," the common sense Female Remedy, draws out pain and soreness. Sold by C. L. Cotting.

The jail at Fairbury has sprung a leak. Do not put off taking a spring medicine but take Hood's Sarsaparilla now. It will purify your blood, strengthen your nerves and give you a good appetite. Hood's pills are hand made, and perfect in proportion and appearance. 25c. a box.

The Duchess of Fife has a fancy for going about incognito. When the scalp is atrophied, or shiny-bald, no preparation will restore the hair; in all other cases, Hall's Hair Renewer will start a growth. Queen Victoria speaks 10 languages fluently.

37 men wanted at Deyo & Grice's drug store next Monday morning, to buy a bottle of Haller's Barb Wire Liniment, it is absolutely guaranteed. Pudding bags should be made of heavy jean.

What's the difference between a good boy and an elephant? Why, good boys always take Haller's Sure Cure Cough Syrup and elephants don't. For sale by Deyo and Grice.

York has two public drinking fountains where man and beast can drink their fill without money. How would you like to be a kangaroo, or be able to jump like one, but you're got piles so bad you can't. Use Haller's Australian Salve and you'll get there. For sale by Deyo & Grice.

J. S. Phillips has started a new paper at Spencer. **Little Lord Fauntleroy** Was a beautiful child but he had one drawback, his face was covered with pimples. His grandfather bought a bottle of Haller's Sarsaparilla and was so pleased at its result that he took 4 bottles himself and cured his rheumatism. For sale by Deyo & Grice.

Oscar Paris of Benedict was kicked on the shin causing a very bad fracture. **A Million Friends.** A friend in need is a friend indeed, and not less than one million people have found just such a friend in Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds.—If you have never used this Great Cough Medicine, one trial will convince you that it has wonderful curative powers in all diseases of Throat, Chest and Lungs. Each bottle is guaranteed to do all that is claimed or money will be refunded. Trial bottles free at C. L. Cotting's Drugstore. Large bottles 50c. and \$1.00.

Rural towns are kicking on the advance in insurance rates. Ladies can be positively relieved from all those irregularities, distressing symptoms and diseases by using Dr. Sawyer's Pastilles. Sold by Deyo & Grice.

The W. R. C. has organized a corps in Superior. Dr. Sawyer's Pastilles used in time will cure any case of Female Weakness. Get a free sample package from the following name druggist. Sold by Deyo & Grice.

One of the first privileges of every Christian is the right to live without worry. Creates health, creates strength, creates vigor; DeWitt's Sarsaparilla. It recommends itself. C. L. Cotting.

THEY COOKED UNSOAKED RAIN.

And by the Aid of Lightning and Snow Made a Satisfactory Meal.

"Perhaps one of the most peculiarly prepared luncheons ever laid before hungry people was one which we had when we were snowed up in the theater of a small western town," said a theatrical man to a reporter. "Upon this night, in the brief interval after the people left the theater, while we were dressing to go to our hotel, a terrific snowstorm, such as you can only find in the west, came up. The snow drifted against our doors and all about the streets, so that we had to remain all night in the theater. Of course we got hungry, as actors will sometimes do, and we began a search for something eatable."

"We prowled around the property room and were about to give up in disgust when one of the company struck a box of beans, which were used to imitate the sound of rain. By shaking the box a stage rainstorm could be produced. We took this 'rain,' as the profession is pleased to call it, but saw no way of cooking it. Some one suggested that the 'thunder' might be a good thing to cook it upon, in lieu of nothing better. The 'thunder' was a sheet of tin or iron which was shaken to make the roar of heaven's artillery. We bent the 'thunder' so that it would hold the beans, but were at a loss for means for producing heat. Our property man suggested that we use 'lightning,' a powder of lycopodium, used for making flashes upon the stage, for the fire. We found quite a lot of this, and with the addition of some 'snow'—little bits of paper used to represent the beautiful—wastarted quite a fire and succeeded in cooking the beans, which we ate with a relish. Resolving into stage parlance, we had used 'thunder,' 'lightning' and 'snow' to cook a lunch that consisted of 'rain.'"

Modern Woman as a Candy Buyer. The powerful social movement in the direction of the freedom of women is being felt in this community. Women are "rising in their might" and "viewing with alarm," and all that such things imply. They are beginning to assert their rights. I saw one of them who had just sat spellbound beneath the fervid oratory of Miss Maude Banks when the latter "shook off the yoke of woman's slavery in peopling the world" enter a candy store and fix her determined gaze upon the contents of a glass case.

"Those are 60 cents a pound, madam," said the candy girl, "and those are 45, and those are 50." "Give me three of these, and two of those, and three of these," said the lady, "and, mind you, I want just exactly those I've pointed out, and they are not to be more than 10 cents, or I won't take them." When the customer had departed, the candy girl, who was still a self-satisfied slave, leaned against the case and fanned herself with a paper bag.—New York Herald.

A Desirable Place. We were seated in a fairly filled third class carriage not timed to make a stoppage for an hour or so, and during the first half of this period one of the passengers, a very excitable and withal voluble individual, loudly inveighed against things in general and the places he happened to have visited in particular. All at once a quiet and sedate old gentleman, who had up to then sat silently in one corner, remarked:

"How would you like to live in a place where no one drank any intoxicating liquor or even smoked a cigar?" "It would be excellent," replied the grumbler.

"And where every one went to church on Sundays?" "That would be a delightful place." "And where no one stole or forged or cheated?" "But such a place is impossible. Tell me, where is there such a perfect place?" "You will find it in any of her majesty's prisons," was the quiet reply, and the grumbler was silent for the remainder of the journey.—London Tit-Bits.

Farragut's Death. Admiral Farragut's death was due to the selfishness of a woman, Rev. James J. Kane, chaplain of the Brooklyn navy yard, said in a recent lecture. The admiral and his wife were coming from California, when a woman occupying a seat in front of them in the car opened a window. Admiral Farragut was ill, and the strong draft of wind which blew directly upon him chilled him. Mrs. Farragut asked the woman courteously if she would not kindly close the window, as it was annoying to her husband. The woman snapped out: "No, I won't close the window. I don't care if it does annoy him. I am not going to smother for him." Admiral Farragut thus caught a severe cold, which resulted in his death. A few days before the end came he said, "If I die, that woman will be held accountable."

Care of Curtains and Portieres. When any cleaning or sweeping is in progress, the heavy curtains and portieres should be removed and after being thoroughly brushed and shaken should be allowed to hang in the air until the rooms are cleaned and ready for their return. Heavy hangings will absorb the odor from cigar smoke or from any food which may be cooking, and the greatest care should therefore be taken that they be kept well aired. The doorway curtains may be so easily removed and placed in position again that there should be no excuse for any unpleasant odor being attached to them.—James Thomson in Ladies' Home Journal.

A Love Match. Friend—Edith married for money, didn't she? Clara—No, indeed. He is rich, but she is dreadfully in love with him. Why, when he comes in late, she just sits and scolds him by the hour.—New York Weekly.