

HE DIDN'T KNOW.

The Woman Was Angry and the Train Caterer Nearly Lost His Job.

Over 150 trains a day come into the Grand Central depot, Philadelphia, and the other afternoon, just when business was heaviest and one of the long suffering station attaches was calling out the 515 express from Albany, a woman came up to him, her whole figure a life size interrogation point.

"Do trains from Connecticut come in here?" she asked.

"Yes, madam," replied the station man.

"Express trains?"

"Yes, madam."

"All trains?"

"Yes, madam."

She cogitated a moment and then asked:

"What time does the evening train from—oh, dear, I've forgotten the name of the town, but it's in Connecticut, and seventeen trains a day stop there—you know the town I mean. Now tell me when the evening train from there comes in."

"But madam," mildly expostulated the train caterer, "you haven't told me—"

"Yes, I have," interrupted the woman.

"But, madam, I don't know—"

"Oh, that's it," she snapped; "you don't know. What are you here for but to know when trains come in?"

"I'd be happy to tell you if—"

"No such thing," snarled the now thoroughly aroused woman; "you know, but you won't tell me. You're an impertinent rascal and I shall report you at once," which she proceeded to do.

Nothing came of it, but the unfortunate man nearly lost his job because he could not answer the impossible question of a silly, irritable woman.

An Ample Fund of Pleasure and Health.

May be derived from an ocean voyage and for sea travel. But before one gets one's "sea legs" on, as the sailor says, the atomistic quills, beset with sea sickness, have usually to be gotten over. Delicate people suffer, of course, more than others from this ailment, but few sea travelers escape it. Against the frightful nausea it produces, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a reliable defense, and is so esteemed by tourists, commercial travelers, yachtsmen and mariners. An ailment akin to sea sickness often afflicts land travelers with weak stomachs. This is often brought on by the jarring of a railway train. Disquietude in the gastric region from this cause is always remedied by the Bitters, which also prevents and cures chills and fever, rheumatism, nervous and kidney trouble, constipation and biliousness.

Between 300 and 400 women are licensed apothecaries in the United States. No careful one of them in the performance of their duties that they resent a wink at the fountain.

Hot Springs, S. D.

Calls for your admiration, recommendation and patronage. It is the nearest, most attractive summer, pleasure and health resort to Lincoln, and possesses the merit of being among the very best in the country. It is located on the Elkhorn railroad, the chair and sleeping car route. Low excursion rates are in effect. For descriptive pamphlet and tickets call on or address, J. R. Buchanan, Gen'l Pass. Agt., Omaha, or A. S. Fielding, City Tkt. Agt., Lincoln, Neb.

Madge—Are you sure Dolly has accepted Fred? Florence—Well, yes; Fred told me that she said she wouldn't marry the best man in the world.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

To cure and prevent teething troubles, Mrs. Widdow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.

Mr. Olden—Now, please don't give me that old chestnut about being a sister—Miss Vera Young—You mistake me, sir; I was merely about to remark that I am willing to be a widow to you.

Karl's Clover Root Tea.

The great blood purifier, cleanser and cleanser of the complexion and bowels. 25c. per bottle.

"Have you an acquaintance with Blank?" "Blank? Oh, yes. We come down in the same electric car every morning. In this way we are thrown together a great deal."



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence due to its presenting in the form of a pleasant and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling cold headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

Advertisement for 'Meditation' featuring a small illustration and text: 'WE WILL MAIL POSTCARD... MEDITATION... Write for list of our other fine premiums... WOODSON PRICE CO., 63 Huron St., Toledo, Ohio.'

THE BAMBOO WAND.



COLONEL VALENTINE.

Colonel Valentine, a worthy but somewhat irascible army officer, just retired and looking forward to a life of well-earned ease in England on liberal half-pay, was glancing over the recently arrived periodicals in a shady seat at the edge of the great military esplanade at Madras, on a certain blistering hot morning, when he looked up over his spectacles at three figures that were approaching him across the parade ground.

The approaching group consisted of two junior officers and a pale, intellectual-looking man, in the semi-civilian or fatigue dress of the navy. "Ha!" thought Colonel Valentine, "Beckford and Dashwood, eh?" with that ship surgeon, who is said to have been a detective in his time.

Then a gentle, almost stealthy step near at hand caused him to turn, and his face colored angrily at what he considered an intrusion. "The devil!" exclaimed Colonel Valentine, as the new-comer, one of the mess stewards, a native Hindoo, came along the shaded path and paused conspicuously before him.

"Ah, no, sahib colonel," gently protested the man; "not the devil, but only poor Mahmud, who has been so miserably unfortunate as to offend you, and would beg your excellency's forgiveness."

The man carried an ordinary long bamboo wand, or walking-stick, such as is a common custom with the serving men of the East, and which he kept softly balancing to and fro as he spoke.

But the officer, who had had some words with this man some days previous, and had, indeed, procured his discharge from the mess service, was little disposed to mercy just now.

"Out of my sight, dog!" he exclaimed. "How dare you take up my words in that way? Begone!"

Mahmud made a trembling salaam, though with a glint of the dark eyes and a slight compression of the full, womanish lips that should have placed the other on his guard.

"My situation is gone, my family in distress," he expostulated, yet more whiningly. "Am I to understand that the sahib colonel refuses to withdraw his displeasure from his poor Mahmud, and—"

"Understand what you please, and begone, or I'll help you to the right-about!" roared the choleric old gentleman, and he grasped his heavy Malacca stick menacingly. "A pretty pass, truly, when an officer—"

He was cut short by a repetition of the servile salaam, even more abject than before, but in the course of which the tip of the bamboo wand, seemingly by the most absolute inadvertence, just touched the hand with which the old officer grasped his walking-stick.

The latter suddenly gave a sharp cry, his face first purpling, then paling to ashy whiteness, his eyes fairly popping out of his head, as he pressed the hand

of the young surgeon, however, was after him in an instant.

The Hindoo was overtaken; there was a brief struggle for the possession of the staff, and then to the general amazement, Mahmud uttered a shrill scream, and fell assid shot.

"It is fate," he gasped, more composedly, as they surrounded him. "Accursed sahib! yes, I was the murderer of one and all of them, and I glory in the record."

He then stiffened out, and instantly expired.

A cry of horror then arose, as a little serpent was perceived darting its ugly head out of the wand which the naval surgeon carefully held in his hand.

Doctor Palgrave, the post surgeon, assisted Mahmud in the examination of the reptile that followed, and then the mystery of the successive fatalities was solved at last.

The serpent was a specimen of the celys carinata, which is never more than a few inches long, and is so horribly venomous that its bite is capable of causing death in a few seconds.

The murderous Hindoo had only revived an ancient custom among Indian criminals by confining it in the hollow of his bamboo wand, so that its head just barely protruded at the open end.

Then the merest touch of his unsuspecting enemy or object of his resentment with the tip of the innocent-looking but diabolical weapon would cause the snake to plunge its fangs into the defenseless flesh, and death ensued with the certainty almost the suddenness of the lightning stroke.

It was fortunate for the clever surgeon that in the struggle for the bamboo wand, the horrible reptile did not bite him instead of the murderous Hindoo.

Had Heard of It.

"What is the latest news of the strike?" inquired the friend.

"The strike?" said the Philadelphia savant, becoming interested at once, "originated in Rome about 2,200 years ago. Some musicians who had not been allowed to participate in an annual banquet assembled together and marched out of the city, thereby depriving Rome of their servitude at a period when," etc.—Chicago Record.

What Mamma Would Think.

She, blushing—Oh, George, what would mamma think if she knew you kissed me?

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FOUND HIM A BRIDE.

A Moon-Eyed Maiden Who Went East to Wed a Christian.

Mrs. Sarah Grand's scruples about marriages of convenience do not disturb the ladies who conduct the Chinese mission home in Sacramento street—at least, not so far as their almost-eyed charges are concerned. This may be a violent assumption, but it is suggested by a business-like little romance which began at the home and came to its natural end at New Orleans a few weeks ago. It is the romance of May Lai, aged 29, who now presides over a small household in Louisiana's capital, says the San Francisco Chronicle.

Four years ago the good ladies of the mission snatched May Lai from the burning and from the highlanders. She was a very winsome and pretty girl, as Chinese girls go, and to her comeliness she added—so her Christian guardians say—a ready intelligence and a docile and obedient spirit. Indeed, she was just like the good little girls in the story books. Eventually she embraced the faith, and then she was complete. Probably she would yet be pursuing in the handsome mission home on Sacramento street, under the guardian eye of Miss Culbertson, the even tenor of her moon-eyed way, diverting herself with the occupation of being an exemplar to the wayward of her sex and race and perhaps thinking life insufferably dull, as girls—even Chinese girls—will at some times, had not Mrs. C. P. Radcliffe crossed her horizon.

Mrs. Radcliffe is the matron of the New Orleans Presbyterian Chinese mission, located on South Liberty street, in that city. Connected with the mission is a Chinese Christian association, the secretary of which is a celestial name unknown in these parts, who is described as being possessed of many graces of mind and body. He is 28 years of age, plays the organ, reads and writes English and is a sincere and devout Christian. His earnestness in that respect had long since won him the regard of the Christian men and women of the crescent city. When he learned that Mrs. Radcliffe was about to come here on religious work he charge her with a delicate mission, and she, being a woman as well as a missionary, at once agreed to his prayer. It appears that Ah Sam—being nameless and a Chinese, that will serve him as well as the next—wanted a helpmate. New Orleans has not many Chinese women and no pale-faced school teacher offered herself as an oblation, for there is a certain prejudice against oblations of that kind, especially down south. Ah Sam bethought himself to seek a bride among the legions of his country people who favor this neck of the vineyard with their presence.

No Mrs. Radcliffe came to San Francisco with a commission. In due course the subject was laid before the ladies of the home in this city. It was charmingly romantic. The commissionaire vouched for the character of the young man in the case, and the business was as good as settled. But on whom should this good young man be conferred? If the limit of choice had been unrestricted, it is sad to think what a hope of contention this philanthropic affair might have become. But it wasn't. On the contrary the number from among which the selection was to be made was woefully small, the average Chinese female who comes to these shores developing a cross obstinacy with regard to conversion. It was not strange, therefore, considering her manifold charms of feature and form and her religious standing, that May Lai should have been hit upon. Being feminine, she liked the idea of marriage, and never having thought very seriously of woman's sphere and the tyranny of man, she was disposed to take her other half on faith. So the facts were laid before her, she was duly informed of the gravity of the step she was about to take, and she readily, even joyfully, agreed to accompany Mrs. Radcliffe on her journey to New Orleans. Her patrons and guardians got her up a nice little banquet at the home before she left, and sent her on her way rejoicing. They were married, Ah Sam and May Lai, in New Orleans by Rev. Dr. Nail, pastor of the Presbyterian church, and there the idyl ends.

He caught on to it. A bright fellow from the West was talking to a Boston intellectual of the spectacles gender, and in the course of the conversation she remarked:

"The West is undoubtedly enthusiastic and energetic but those impromptu suspensions you indulge in are to be condemned by all law-abiding people."

It dazed him for a second, but he caught on then, and quite as if he were used to that sort of language, he replied:

"Well, yes, perhaps a lynching bee is a little harsh for you Eastern people, but they clear the moral atmosphere out of sight."

A Considerate Editor. Editor—Look at this blunder in the London Times. Write an editorial on "English Ignorance of this Country."

Assistant—I am not very well today, and am afraid I won't be able to write ten or twenty columns.

Editor—Oh, well, make a little paragraph telling what the English know about this country.

A Long While to Remember. Clarissa—I cannot remember when I did not have a whole school of men at my feet.

Ethel—Dear me, you must have married dreadfully young.—Detroit Tribune

THE STORY OF A BELL.

Owed Its Existence to a Stalk of Corn Grown by the Wayside.

In the church tower of the little town of Grosslswitz, in the North of Germany, hangs a bell, and on it is engraved its history, surrounded by a bas-relief, representing a six-eared stalk of corn, and the date October 15, 1729. This is the story of the bell: At the beginning of the last century the only church bell at Grosslswitz was so small that its tones were not sufficient to penetrate to the ends of the village. A second bell was badly wanted, but the village was poor, and where was the money to come from? Everyone offered to give what he could, but the united offerings did not amount to nearly enough for the purpose. One Sunday when the schoolmaster, Gottfried Hayn, was going to church, he noticed growing out of the church-yard wall a flourishing green stalk of corn, the seed of which must have been dropped by a passing bird. The idea suddenly struck him that perhaps this one-stalk of corn could be made the means of procuring the second bell they wanted so much. He waited till the corn was ripe, and then he plucked the six ears on it and sowed them in his own garden. The next year he gathered the little crop thus produced and sowed it again, till at last he had not enough room in his garden for the crop, and so he divided it among a certain number of farmers, who went on sowing the ears until, in the eighth year the crop was so large that when it was put together and sold they found that they had enough money to buy a beautiful bell, with its story and its birthday engraved upon it, and a cast of the corn stalk to which it owed its existence.

It is not likely that earth junkies ever result from electric disturbances, and it has not yet been proven that they ever give rise to any such, though when large masses of rocks are displaced, as in Japan in 1891, slight local changes in magnetic curves have resulted.

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Advertisement for Royal Baking Powder. Features an image of a tin of Royal Baking Powder and text: 'Officially reported, after elaborate competitive tests made under authority of Congress by the Chief Chemist of the United States Agricultural Department. Superior to all other Baking Powders in Leavening Strength. The most Careful Housewife will use no other. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.'

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The Washington Elm.

Prof. Asa Gray says that the Washington elm at Cambridge has been estimated to produce 7,000,000 leaves, which would make a sufficient ration of about five acres in extent and give out every fair day in the growing season seven and three-fourths tons of moisture.

Man rejoices in doing good, but the thrill of exultation rarely strikes the fellow who, in an exuberant moment, gives his last cent to the church.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.

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 that can not be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

President Diaz of Mexico has sent out a topographical and geological expedition to the volcano Popocatepetl, owing to the attempts of an American company to buy the mountain.

Hanson's Magic Corn Salve. Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Free literature.

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