LOVE'S UNCONSCIOUS MESSENGER.

Red clover blossoms and daisies Swing and sway. Amid the flowery mazes

Insects play.

Little reck they aught becenth Mother Earth's green, fragrant sheath; Sunshine theirs, and all of life Save its weariness and strife

With busy, tuneful humming Wordless song. Loud heralding his coming Swift along. The wild bee, honey-questing. Will brook no lightsome jesting; He is no ldle rover, Disporting 'mid the clover.

At his kiss the clover smiles (With blushes shy.) Honey sips the bee, and miles

Away doth fly, With fussy, noisy, pompous porf In distant fields to pay his court. Undreaming he love's message bears To other clovers, otherwheres, Harper's Bazar.



marriin' t' ye. Mrs. Flannigan! It's glad Oi am see yeas, the day! Share Oi bayn't sit oves

an ye since Tim Reilly's wake. Ab-b. falx, 'twas a foine toime we had the noight! Sit ye down, Mrs. Flaunigan; thure ye must be toired. Mills murther! but ye're sittin' an the cat! Bad seran to the craythur! It do be always undher me fut. Go an now! S-S-S!

"An' how have ye been, Mrs. Flan-nigan? An' how's the ould man an' the byes? Oh, yis; we all do be foine here, barrin' Johnny. He hov the whoopin' cahf—an' it's very bad he is. Oh, yls, Mary Ann is well. Sheado be goin' in gran' sassiety now, since her paw was elicted aldherman av the Tint' ward. Shure she what to the sayshore a fwoile this summer wid the Gilhooleys an' the Sullivans, an' she wint roidin' in wan o' thim yats they has down there; an' its a foine toime she had. Arrah! but Oi nade to kape an oye til her ahl the sa-ame, fer ahl their gran' ways, for 'tis corruptin' ber manners they'd be; no liss! An' she do be alwayd brought up dayeint an' illigint — Johnny! Its quiet. Ge an' out an' play wid the goat a fwoilethere's a good bye. Yees see, this is how it was. Twas ahl along av a ga-ame they call lahing Deanis. Mary Ann kim hoame wan day last spring. nn' she siz t' me, siz she:

'Maw, the Gilhooleys is gittin' up a lang Denuis cloob, an O'na to belong to it,' she siz.

A lahng Dennis cloob! Ot siz. 'An fwats that? Is it some new koind av a shillaly' Oi siz. 'Faix, an' ye doan't bela-ang to laking Dinnis, nor short Dinnis ayther, bedad, but to honest Moike Muldoon, that ye promises to marry last St. Pathrick's da-ay-an' its makin' yer weddin' cloathes Oi am this minute! Of siz.

"'Oh, maw!' she siz, 'it's only a ga-ame!' she siz, 'An' they plays it an the la-ahn, wid a nit an' balls, an' Of'll have to hov a Dinnis soot,"

"An' fwat 'Il that be?' Ol siz. "Whoy, it's a driss to wear whin Oi



Mary Aun Makes a "Touch," plays the ga-ame!' she siz, 'An' Of want wan as folne as Annie Gilhool-

"An' fwnt's the matter wid the driss ye had made fer the Sone av Erin bahl? Oi siz. The grane satin wan, wid the lahn tail to it, au' the disquality nick, au' the illigant lace an' rid arrtifishulis? Shure, Ol'm thinkin' Annie Gilhooley'll not hov an-

nything folner than that, now." "Now, maw! siz Mary Ann, 'that's not sontable at all, at all, she siz. want a rid an' fwoit shtrolped skirrt, wid a pink shirrt waist, an' wan o' thim caps they do be wearln' an' the yats, an' Oi want foive dallers to buy a rncket.

" Racket, it is." Ol siz, Toive dallers! shur. Of think wid four byes an' n baby an' a planny, an' a dog an' that schamin' parrot—the devil floy away wid him!—lit alone yer paw whin he kims boame from the warrd maytius, its racket enough we has, an' fer nothin'. Its no foive dallers ye'll shpind fer more racket, begorra.'-John y Casey, if ye doan't lave aff tasin' the baby, Oi'll take me shlipper t' ye! D'ye moind that now! Husht eryin' now, darlint; here, thin, here' per sisther's featygraft albim-look at that now! Alanna, but it's a foine challd she is, Mrs. Flannigan, when ye have her hov her own way, Will as Ol was tillin' yees, if Oi'd put me fut down thin, Oi'd have saved mesulf thrubble an' money; but whin the only man kim hoame 'twas alsy wurth for Mary Ann to tase him around, an' so It wasn't lahug befoor she wos roonin' to pla-ay lahng Dinnis every day in the wake, an' sorra a bit av wurrk could Oi get out av her. An' so it wint, till the other day, she klms hoame an' she siz, 'Maw, there's to be a tinimint at the club, an' Oi'm goin' to pla-ay wid a match,' she siz, "'Nat a bit av it;' siz Ol, 'Oi niver al-

lowed any choild av moine to pla-ay

wid matches at all, at all! Of siz, 'What d'ye mane?' Ol siz, 'Donnt ye knew ye moight sit the tinimint an An' is the tinimint for rint? foire? Ol siz, 'Perhaps we meight rint it!' Of siz, 'fer if ye're goin' to shpind ald yer tolme pla-ay'n lahng Dinnis, we'd bitther live close boy, au sa-ave toime comin' an' goln'y (Oi siz this virry sireasty, Mrs. Flannigan, fer it's mad Oi WHS.)

"So thin she explained that the tinimint wasn't a tinimint at all, but a kind av a show aff ga-ame av lahng Dinnis, an' she involted me to go tlahng wid her, that Of moight see what a purrty game it was.

'An' pit an the bist ye has,' she siz, 'fer it's a stoylish crowd that'll be

"So Ol pit an me blue slik dr'ss au' me dooimin pin a.r' tuk me fweit parasol wid the grane bows an' Oi wint, "An' shure, 'twas a foine da-ay an' there was a lot av noice lookin' pople a sittin' around gra-ate lahug tish net shtuck up idgeways a big spuare marrked aff an the grass, wid a acrass

the midle av it. "The girrls ahl looked moighty purrty an' there was a lot av judes in fwoite clothes shkippin' around an' gittin' undher fut, an' there was plinty av glgglin' an chatterin' ye may be shure.

"Mary Ann pit a chair fer me in the front row an' wint an' brung up a foine shtrappin' younk felly in fwoite pants an' a rid and yelly sharolped coat, an' interjuiced me to 'm. Of fergit his na-ame, but he was wan av the bosses Of think. He was moighly perlolte an' shmollin'.

" 'Glad t' mate ye, Mrs. Casey,' he siz. 'Oi boape ye'll inj'y the timimint.' he slz. 'Yer da arrier pits up a foine ga-ame, an' its proud av her ye'll be,'

" 'Faix an' its prouder ave her Oi'd be, Ol siz, "li she'd shtay hoame wanst in a twoile an' pit up a few cans av timmatties or the loike o' that,' Ol siz.

Oh, but labeg Dimes is healthy,' he siz.

fwat if he is? Ol siz. 'Ol have n't the hanner av the gintleman's nequaintance,' siz Oi; 'An Oi'm not at all thrubbled about his bealt,' Oi siz. Wid that he turned so rid in the



face, an' began boiting his mistache so harrd, that OI was sheared for fear he moight be lahug Dianis himsilf, or wan av the family, an Oi moight have hurried his feelin' so Oi siz

"Its no office Of mane at ahl, at ahl in ca-ase yer own mame moight be Dinnis, Oi siz.

" 'Oh, don't mintion it, mum, he siz, an' he laughed so hairrty that Oi knew he felt bitther.

"Thin be bowed an' what an, thin Of looked around an' there was Mary Ann a prancin' around wid a bat made out av sthring, about as big as me little coal chuvyle, an' a knockin' ba-ase bahls across the fish nit, an' Annie Gilhooley over an the other solde knockin' thim back at her.

"There was a little jude sittin' up nn a hoigh shtool at wan ind of the nit, wroiting an a piece of pa-aper an' yellin' out somethin' to 'im ivery now an' thin.

First wan of thim would hit a bahl a lick an' the felly woul yell:

"Thin she would said another wan floyin' an' he would yell:

"Thrubble!" "Thin she would chashy over to the other carrier of the square t' get a bitther crack at it. Thin the other gird would ploog it back at her, an thin' they'd all wait a fweile till some of the Judes would folial some more

"Thin they would go at it some more, roomin' an' jumpin' an' tearin' around till they both looked that rid in the face an' tolred that Oi sid to a foine stoylish lookin' lady that sat nixt to me:

" 'If Mary Ann was to wurrk as

harrd as that doin' a washin' its kilt she'd be intoirely.' "All the tolme the jude an the shrool was yellin' an sberamin'. Oi couldn't much he sid, but 'twas numbers mostly. Of tink. Ov coorse Of would n't have moinded that, but afther a fwolle Mary Annedld somethin' wrang Ol suppose, fer he sheramed out at her quite quite villent loike.

"The dooce!" he siz. "That made me real mad win the poor girrl was throyin' so harre, an

"None o' that me folue bay! Yo'll not be vintin' anny av yer profanity an' Alderman Casey's da-arter,' Oi

"All the paple around me laughed, fer they was to see the sassy jude tuk down a bit. But he niver paid a bit av attention at abl. at abl. "An' that wasn't the woorst he sid.



Twas only a short toime afther that whin Mary Aun siz to him virry ris-

"Fwats the schore, Mister Joans?" "He looked at her wid a grin an bim loike a young allignither, and he siz:

ute. Ol wint over an' shuk me asht at him and Oi siz:

Twat d'ye mane, ye impidint raskil,' Ol siz, "to be talkin' lorke that to me Mary Ann,' Ol siz, 'an' she ingaged to Moike Muldoon an' him on the police force? Ol siz. 'An' it's lacky fer yees its an his bate he is this minute an' not here, or its roon in ye'l be where ye belong!

"Coom along honme, Mary Ann, this minute,' Ol siz, 'nu' if labing Dinunia or or short Dinnis iver insults ye agin Alderman Casey'll give him racket that'll shprout basebahis ald over his hid, bad luck ti 'im? "-- Irene Stoddard Capwell in Chicago Inter-Ocean.

THE EVE OF THE NEEDLE.

How an Important Discovery has

Made in a Dreem Ellas Howe almost beggared bimself before he discovered where the eye of the peodle of a sewing machine should be located. His original idea was to follow the model of the eye at the heel, It never occurred to him that it should be placed near the point, and he might have failed altogether if he laid not dreamed be was building a sewing machine for a savage king in a strange country. Just as in his actual waking experience, he was rather perplexed about the needle's eye. He thought the king gave him twenty-four hours to complete a machine and make it sew. If not finished in that time, death was to be the punishment. Howe worked and worked and puzzled puzzled, and finally gave it up. Then he thought he was taken out to be executed. He noticed that the warriors carries spears that were pierced near the head. Instantly came the so lution of the difficulty, and while the inventor was begging for time he awoke. It was 4 o'clock in the morning. He jumped out of bed, ran to his workshop and by 9 a needle with an eye had been rudely modeled. After that it was easy. This is the true story of an important incident in the invention of the sewing machine.

Enoch Arden Up a Tree,

paper in Western Nebraska contain the outline of a story that should be slung into undying verse by a poet as good as the author of "Enoch Ar den." Some years ago in the town where the paper is published there lived a man who had a wife and daughter. He seemed prosperous, and his credit was good for anything be destred.

One fine, starlight night, he disappeared, taking with him nearly everyliding that wasn't naffed down. He had made about every man in town his creditor, and when he went away the people belook themselves into outer darkness for awlile and walled and gnashed their teeth.

The wife and daughter were treated the same as the rest. They found then selves destitute. The fiend in human form who had so long officiated as husband and father had left them not a dollar. The lady and her daughter were, of course, looked coldly upon for awhile, as people believed them to be in collusion with the departed. But they were not depressed by this. They went manfully to work like little beroines in a play, the mother did sewing and the daughter did whatever she could get to do. They prespered, as they deserved to prosper. The older heroine in time established a millinery store, which captured all the trace, while the younger became principal of the schools. They had money in the bank, and could eat ice-cream whenever they wanted to.

The other day a seedy tramp called at the back door of the lady's residence and asked for a drink and some thing to cat. The good woman looked at him intently and recognized her husband. And now the really beautiful part of this story comes in. Did lady kill the fatted calf for the predigal and bld him welcome and forget the past? Not to any great extent.

She called the family dog, a large creature, with a penchant for human remains, and no man ever climbed a tree quicker than did the erring husband. - Nebraska State Journal.

No Tips in Japan. In Europe a traveler is compelled to everybody connected with a train or a rallway station if he wants to protect him from annoyance. He has to fee the baggagemen, the porters, the con- are hardened, the eye grows quick and ductors, the guards and all hands, and the treatment be receives is governed by his generosity. In Japan you are expected to give a penny to the porter who carries your luggage from the finrikisha to the baggage room, for that is his "pldgin," and he receives no pay from the railroad but if you offered a fee of any amount to any one else he would be grossly insulted. The same is true of policemen. As an illustration, I carelessly left a note-book of the Seat of a car in which I had traveled from Tokio to Yokohama, and did not discover my loss thati the train had left the next station. I went to the station master, who immediatesent a telegram to the man in charge of the train, and I found my notebook awaiting toe when I returned to the hotel at Tokio that evening. Afterward I offered to pay the station master and the telegraph operator for their trouble. They made very polite bows and assured me that they felt greatly honored by having an opportunity to do me a service, but declined to accept money. Correspondence of the Chicago Record.

The Prince of Wales and His Pers Concerning the specimens of wild animals which the prince of Wales has been presenting to the Cromwell Road Museum, it may be interesting to state that his royal highness observes a very wholesome rule in these matters. Many of the domestic pets which endeared themselves by long years of association to the Prince and Princes are carefully stuffed immediately after death, and find a permanent place in a corridor or apartment of the roy-al residence. In this way there is not solitary zoological specimen either at Sandringham or in Mariborough House which does not possess some reminiscent value in the eyes of its owner. Anything whose interest is strictly sei atific is sent to an appropriate public collection, and in this way the Prince of Wales has, in the "Thirrty, love! list loike that. considerable denor to the great ra-"Will, 'twas welld Ol was that min-ticial museum.—Pall Mall Gazette

PRIZE FIGHTING THERE A DAN-GEROUS ART.

The Gentlemanly Science of Conquering by Seeming to Vield Includes ticips. Feints, Throws, and Broken Boues-Muscles of Steel.



T has been well pointed out, in Lateadlo Hearn's delightful book, "Out of the East," that Japan has adopted nothing for merely imitative remons. This country has, ever since its eartiest connection with

the outer worlda connection which began with the shipwreck of Pinto in 1542- approved and taken only that which was calculated to increase its strength, writes John A. Cockrell from Tokyo. Silently. but surely, Japan has been profiting by the intellectual advance and vigor of foreign lands, until she has learned all their secrets, and, despite her size and comparative weakness, become every whit their equal. And all this, Lafendto Hearn claims, is nothing but a most marvellous national Jiujutsu; a sysetm of intellectual self-defence that has not its equal in any other land, as the real Jiujutsu is incomparably superior to any other known system of physical selfe-defence.

But what is Jinjutsu? Outside of a few essays in the Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan where an elaborate description may be found which is vexatious because of its want of lucidity to any but an initiate and one or two articles in the Japan Mall that deal with the history rather than with the practical aspects of the art, there is no literature on the subject accessible to foreigners. And yet the art is unquestionably one of profound interest, for by a thorough comprehension of its rules a man of greatly inferior physique may successfully cope with an opponent possessed of much strength, size and combative skill,

The whole teaching of Jinjutsu is summed up in the two ideagraphs composing the name; it is the "art of conquering by yielding," or literally the



RESUSCITATION OF AN UNCON-SCIOUS MAN.

liarly adapted to those of less nowerful physiques, and hence supposititiously "gentle," the name is not a misnomer; but in reality Jinjutsu teaches how to an enemy, including the quickest and surest modes of killing with the naked hands. It is thus one of the deadliest of all methods of self-defence.

Some days ago it was my good fortune to meet a foreign gentleman in Tokyo who after long years of practice has grown to be an adept in this difficult and most valuable art. I am indebted to him for an interesting explantation of Jiujutsu. The ordinary course is one of three years, but he who wishes to learn the art thoroughly must give seven or even more years to its constant practice. For Jiujutsu is not one of those things that, once learned, is not readily forgotten; a mere acquaintance with its intricate rules, its throws and counters, its attacks and foils, is by no means sufficient, although such knowledge is not without value. What is required is keen and each nerve, every fibre-makes

Instant response to the will. A certain degree of facility and skill acquired, and the possessor is better armed than if he carried weapons, for in the case of a trained Jlujutsu-ka the hands are ever ready to be used with instantly fatal skill. A lithe body, a quick eye and a keen perception of what an opponent is thinking of or intends to do-like some musters of fencing, who seem to divine by intuition what will be the next thrust, whether in tierce, quart or what not these are indispensable adjuncts in the acquisition of this art, which, perhaps, more than any other athletic exercise, brings every muscle into play and strengthens the entire frame.

To the onlooker a group of youthe engaged in Jiujutsu contest is surprising in many ways. Each combatant is dressed in a thick wadded cotton coat, with short, broad sleeves. The coat reaches half way down to the knees, and is firmly kept in place by a stout girdle of cotton cloth, both this and the coat being of exceptionally strong make. Before beginning a bout the contestants prostrate themselves and touch the mats for mats of special thickness and make are used in Jiujutsu-with their foreheads. Taking arm hold of each other's girdle with the right hand and upper part of the coat with the left, the struggle begins, Pruclically speaking. Jiujutsu seems to forsign eyes to be a combination of Bracco-Roman and catch-as-catch-can. but with scores of other grips, feints and throws, which would be considered foul in foreign lands. The contestants 'ry, in a hundred ways, to gain the mastery, which consists not merely in throwing one's opponent, but, once thrown, in pinning him to the ground and keeping him hors de combat until se sues for mercy.

In the regular schools of Jiujutsu the the limit of endurance, for if his pow- now trainers.

THE RING IN JAPAN, ers of resistance are greater than those of his more skilful adversary he may yet stagger to his feet and begin the bout anew. Should be acknowledge himself completely worsted he has only to gently par the back or shoulder of his victor, whereupon the vise-like grip is at once relaxed and the fallen fighter assisted to his feet. Jiujutsu thus aims at rendering an adversary completely harmless, and this is done by scores of strange tricks and sleights which demend years of study in order to be thoroughly comprehended. The art includes strangling, hitting at the most vulnerable places of the body, kicking -indeed everything that human in-genuity can invent. Yet to each attack, to every sleight, there is a perfect counter, and what is still more remarkable and of high practical importance is that those who have lost consciousness in consequence of a blow, kick, strangling, etc., may, so long as no vital injury has been inflicted, be promptly re-



LAST MOVEMENT IN RESUSCITA-TION.

known only to initiates of the highest rank

And just here Mr. Hearn's summary of the art is really very good. jutsu," he writes, "is not an art of display at all; it is not a training of that sort of skill exhibited to public audiences; It is an art of self-defence in the most exact sense of the term; it is an art of war. The master of that art is able, in one moment, to put an untrained antagonist completely hors de combat. By some terrible legerdemain he suddenly dislocates a shoulder, unhinges a joint, bursts a tendon, or snaps a bone-without any apparent effort. He is much more than an athlete; he is an anatomist. And he knows also touches that kill—as by ligtning. But this fatal knowledge he is under oath never to communicate except under such conditions as would render its abuse almost impossible. Tradition exacts that it be given only to men of perfeet relf-command and of unimpeachable moral character."

Valkyrie to Winter Bere. Valkyrie III, will remain at her berth in Eric basin until the opening of next

season. In a recent interview, H. Maitland Kersey, Lord Dunraven's representative, sald: "There has been so much talk of a series of races being arranged between the Valkyrie and the Defender that Lord Dunraven finally decided to leave the yacht here during the winter so that she would be ready in case any such races should be de cided upon. She might also be used as a 'trial horse' for the Distant Shore, Mr. Rose's challenger, next year, which would give that boat an advantage which the Valkyrie did not possess and which would have been of great benefit to her if she could have had it."



Mme. Cassine, "the Australian Nightingale," who is appearing this season with the Abbey-Gran Opera Company long enjoyed the distinction of being a favorite at the court of Emperor Franz Joseph of Austria. The emperer is said to have lavished gifts upon her to the extent of \$100,000. She is a Jewess.

THE TURF.

Edward Ayres, a prominent trotting horse breeder, was stricken with papalysis at his home in Lexington, Ky., recently. He bred Brauzetta, this sea-

son's sensational traveler. Peggy Woods, a brood mare, died recently at the farm of her owner, James P. Muiligan, near Lexington, Ky. She had foaled a number of good horses and

was highly prized. Frederick Tribe, a horse owner and trainer, was killed by an electric car at Paterson, N. J., last week. He was well known in racing circles and leaves three sons who have been jockeys, but are going to be right with se with the country. uished man keeps up struggling to sons who have been joekeys, but are

PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

Girls, Do Not Neglect the Little Details of Your Toilet. "I should like to call a halt," said a

woman, "on the lack of thought and care that most women put upon their personal appearance. Now, I know very well that the average woman pays a great deal of attention to such things. but the trouble is that what attention she does pay is of the wrong sort; it's directed toward things that are of no vital consequence, if not absolutely wrong. She's like the man who had a great deal of taste only it was all bad. The average woman that one sees upon the streets, in the shops and aboard the street cars is first and foremost rarely dainty-a criminal set where a woman is concerned. Daintiness, however, does not imply costly frocks, loves of hats and lots of lace and jewelry. It doesn't even include, although it is undoubtedly enhanced by the severity and simplicity that are so admirable in a tailor-made costume, but which, as every woman knows, cost like everything. It does imply and include, however, absolute cleanliness from top to toe, absolute neatness and an unswerving regard for the eternal fitness of things. No matter how plain or even poor the attire may be from necessity, so far as choice goes, it may always keep clear of pendant skirts braids, frayed edges, run down boot heels and spot and soil. Just look at the army of working women that the elevated trains bear down town daily. Typewriters, stenographers, clerks or whatever they be, they are, as a rule, tricked out in finery, instead of the sober, sousible garments suitable for business wear. It's fluffy white vells and feather boas and flower and feather-laden hats. The very same girl, too. whose hat is heavy with the biggest and brightest of roses; whose once white kid gloves are the grimlest, and who flourishes a coarse-embroidered handkerchief redolent of cheap perfume is also sure to be the girl whose shoe buttons are conspicuous for their shsence, whose collar is soiled, and whose dress skirt and shirt waist are losing their connections. If that same girl, however, would take a tithe of the money and care that she wastes upon her roses, her laces and her perfumery and put it upon repairing, cleaning, and, above all, seeing to it that her garments are sultable for the occasion on which they are worn, the gain would be immeasurable. Therefore I say that it would be better for most women if they gave more care and attention to their personal appearance."

USED A LADDER TO GET IN BED. Remarkable Experience of an American

Tourist in Ireland. An American who lately visited Ireland writes: In the hotel at Dublin was a bed so large and so high that it seemed a tableland of mattress over-shadowed by a cliff of headboards. It seemed preposterous that any one should monopolize a bed of such size and attempt to warm it. By proper division it would have supplied a family. When it came time to retire the question was not how to get "into" bed, but how to get "on" the bed. The top tress was almost chin nigh, and it seemed that to reach it there would have to be a hard climb or a desperate leap. While the problem of retiring was under consideration a dark object was seen in one dim corner of the vasty bedroom, which was imperfectly lighted by a solitary candle. This object proved to be a movable stairway, mounted on rollers. When it was pushed against the behemoth bed the problem of how to retire was immediately solved. One had only to ascend the stairs and then fall off into the embracing depth of this most remarkable

Canar's Statue Changes Color Chicago Tribune: If Augustus Caesar could come to life and see his statue as It now looks, down in front of the art institute, that warrior surely would "drop dead again." It and that of Hermes are painted a bright orange. The two statues, together with the larger one of Flora, have stood in a niche over the entrance almost since the first opening of the art institute. But it is safe to say that not half of the people who entered the doors ever gave them a thought and scarcely a glance until yesterday.

She, too, stood out in bold relief against the smoky background of the building yellower than any of the fall crop of pumpkins. People who went hurrying along the street stopped the Instant they beheld them.

"Talk about impressionism," said a man who apparently knew something of art, "not the most rabid piece of work in Europe could compare with

that." Those inside, who understood that the bright yellow was only a priming preparatory to a coat, of bronze, enjoyed the joke immensely. Like the boy with the trick on All Foo: Day. they stood behind the glass doors and waited to see the effect on every news. comer.

Many a poor victim of dyed hair would be happy to know how to bring back the natural color after having been an artificial blonde or brunette. Dr. Morin-gives them the following recelpt, the ingredients mixed in equal parte:

Alcohol of roses. Oil of bitter almends.

Tincture of cantharides. Tincture of citron. Boston Traveller.

"Well," said the Kentucky cam-paigner, "I have left absolutely nothing andone to win friends for our cause. I have considered no personal sacrif