A FRENCHMAN has invented a phonographic clock which talks the hours instead of striking them. Time is money, and money talks: thereby, why not time?

THE doctors announce a new disease which is designated as relevator sickness." It is probably contracted by people who have been witnessing recent attempts to elevate the stage.

THE worthless Wilkesbarre husband who, in order to satisfy his cravings for drink, stold the urn containing the ashes of his wife's first husband and sold it in New York. at least had the sense to know that what was left of his predecessor, even after cremation. was of more value than his own living

TRIALS of a new diphtheria cure at Vienna are said to have demonstrated its success. The diphtheria was eliminated, leaving to the patients the felicity of dying from some less distressing malady. However much the tients.

THE Japanese were wise in waiting thing as sociability in the small circle until the fortune of war was virtually decided before investing in duck tents, fine boots and other items of military luxury. They have earned the right to enjoy the very best that American the Chinese can now be made to pay for it.

The heirs of a California millionaire, who hope to break the will through a legal point touching the charitable disposition of his wealth. may gain a little money by that means. but will gain it at the expense of the deaf, dumb, blind and paralytic of the state, whom an ordinary thief would scorn to rob.

The dowager duchess of Mariborough, formerly Mrs. Hammersley of New York, it is announced, is engaged to Lord William Beresford. Many an ambitious American heiress will consider that Mrs. Hammersley should a chance at the lord.

rected by the courts to pay \$5,000 damages for publishing a poem without the consent of the author. The safest place to publish poetry without consent of the poets is in the wastebasket, and the experience of the World will deter editors from departing from that ancient usage.

NEW YORK has discovered that a real Russian countess, once a belle at the court of St. Petersburg, is selling more than hunt for a title-loving heiress, for a count amounts to more in Russia than a prince in Italy.

THE new post office museum which was opened at Washington recently, will be an object of interest to all who visit the national capital. The postal cariosities in the government display at the World's fair were alone equal in importance to many more pretentions exhibits, but the Washington collection is said to contain, in addition to these, many valuable objects which were not seen at Chicago at all.

THE new style of commencement at Yale, which abolishes speaking and nearly all of the other public exercises, will thrust into obscurity the painfully self-conscious young man who has been the most conspicuous tigure on such former occasions. Like the sweet girl graduate, the young man graduate, with his wide cuffs and beartened at these repeated failures torturous collar, big hands and feet and have settled down into the ordinand squeaky voice, is vanishing into thry found of duties of the ordinary the past.

In his encounters with the Chinese Captain Masao Matsugata of Japan must feel that he is enjoying only the light recreation of a furlough, compared with the supreme hardships he endured about a year ago while a student at the university of Pennsylvania, where he was one of the foremost football players. What is fighting the pig-tails with cannon and ball compared to fighting in a football match? It is the effort of adjusting a necktie compared with the labors of Hercules.

In justice to Emperor William it is to be hoped that his hymn to Aeger is not as bad as its translation into English would indicate. The line in the concluding stanza, .. To honor Thee, O Mighty God," conveys a wrong idea to the orthodox mind. Aeger was a fine old pagan, but in this enlightened day he does not deserve to have his title capitalized. And it may be presumed that the rendition of a pagan hymn on Sunday afternoon, will, like Deacon Simpson's boil, cast a gloom over a devout community.

Loxpox society women have a new fad-the wearing of an immense ring on the first finger of the right hand. The ring has to be big and aggressively solid, so that it may contrast and dust, and scrub; he gave the post be sure, it has a tendency to steady the antipodes of each other, are probawith small and delicate hands. But where will they get the hands?

A MILWAUKEE couple who had sought for relief from their marital woes in the divorce court, were reunited when it came to dividing their pet dogs. Thus has the old saying. ·Love me, love my dog," been vir dicated at last.

ANY young man who will now encase himself in a soiled piece of canvas, rub his face with coal dust, muss up his hair and then walk through the streets with a football under his arm can win all the admiring glances he may crave.

MISS MONROE is said to have read ner Columbian ode at New York with great dramatic effect. The circumstances recalls the fact that there is a Miss Monroe and that she did write a poem, and excites a fear that she may old West Point days. The bop was to now,

In his he held her tiny hand. The fingers soft he pressed. And as they walked along the strand

I love you, dearest one," he said; "I love you more than life; The secret in my face you've read, No doubt-then be my wife."

His passion he confessed.

From lip and cheek the color fled. And pale became her brow. As with a long-drawn sigh she said; "Oh, do not ask me now."

Why should not I an answer seek Just now, my sweet?" tsked he. Because," she said, "I-1-this week I am engaged to three."

# A HOWLING SUCCESS:

Being an Account of Young Barton's Attempt to Enliven the Post.

Barton was young, and as enthusiastic as only a second lieutenant can be. Moreover, he had theories, which, except in pepular novels, are very bad things for young officers to have; if they are not absolutely useless, they are apt to be worse than useless, very much in the way. He came straight from West Point to a fort near a goodly sized town in the Western States physicians were pleased, it is not re- and brought with him, besides his own lated that they congratulated the pa- acceptable presence in a community including five girls and two bachelors, the idea that there should be such a

of an army post.

Being a young person of determination, he meant to put his theories into practice, and at first even went so far as to hope that he might bring the nonspeaking families to terms again and genius has produced, and in addition act the beautiful role of peace-maker. It is in fiction, and in fiction only, that everybody in a garrison is as sweet as strawberry jam and lives in perfect harmony with his neighbor. Remember that the army is a fighting institution; if it has not Indians or fairer foes to battle with, it will set up a system of civil strife wonderful in its complexity. What do they find to quarrel about, you wonder? How is it possible to ask ask, knowing that a handful of people, all with more or less natural energy to be disposed of, are shut up, year after year, within the narrow limts as a resiervation, without ever a change of scene and rarely having new blood infused into their veins. Familiarity is said to breed contempt. In this one phase lies the reason of it all. These dozen or two of congenial and uncongenial people have been content with a ducal coro- are for at lime on a footing of the nice little tale, calculated to bring net, and allowed one of them to have greatest intimacy and familiarity; no

THE New York World has been di- After a very little experience, Bar- advancement, read in an idle moment ton gave up the role of peace-maker. this harrowing story; burning with a He found that it was most likely to serve of the poor soldier's wrongs, he end in his inheriting not the earth, but cut out the slip and sent it (with his a corner of Coventry. So he tried to work out his theories on the few remaining mortals who were not yet on strictly official terms. It was astonishing to his young and

could be so entirely lost to a sense of the pleasures to be gotten out of this world, such as moonlight rides and walks, picpies, private theatricals, and hops. He suggested rides. The two fruit and newspapers at a little stand bachelors were cavalrymen and said near the postoffice. If she had been they rode for a living and not for fun; a count there would never have been two of the girls could ride, but one any necessity for her to do anything hadn't a habit; the other two were afraid to try it. Barton got up some riding parties of two-himself and the one girl; but she was the least charming of the quartet, so he found them dull. He ventured upon suggesting some walks, but the idea was scouted. Walk in that alkali dust, with covotehowls the only sounds in the air! They mocked at this youthful ardor. The board-walk around the parade ground was good enough for them, if they wanted to stroll; but as that was perfectly within the range of vision of some two hundred and fifty enlisted men , it was not agreeable to saunter along with a nice girl under their eyes. Barton gave that up and tried pienics. All the world knows that a picnic is trying to the sweetest temper, to the most complacent souls. The outcome of this particular one was that it put one more family on the "official terms" list. No one could be worked up to

> to have the star role Anyone else would have been dislieutenant. But Barton had the making of a general in him, coupled with a desire to be a leader of men; he could not reconcile himself to getting up a reveille; going to bed again and sleeping until breakfast at the moss at nine o'clock; twirling his mustache and incidentally his thumbs in the satler's store all the morning; sleeping from luncheon to retreat; dining and retwirling his mustache and thambs until taps. Of course he could have put in his time at reading and thinking. being intellectual, but a man in his

the private theatrical point, for in

army, as in civil, life every one wanted

position should not be intellectual. No. Barton would make a last and supreme effort to awake these lethargic people from their stupor. He would get up a hop. Visions of old West Point dances arose before him and filled his soul with longings. He made it next the order of the day to find a room big enough to hold an ordinary set of lancers. There was no ball-room, nor was there the usual available library-room which so often does service. Of course none of the quarters would answer the purpose; he bethought him of one of the hospital wards, and got the doctor's permission to use it. It was not big-not and walked down the steps, still wonmore than twenty by thirty feet but dering wondering if that hop had it could be made to do; the floors were been a howling success.-Argonaut, rough, but sperm candles would make them slippery; the walls were bare and the plaster clacked; he would draw on private houses and the sutler's store

So he sent his own striker, to sweep. to smooth them down. It was lots of fun for the children, and Barton took pleasure in watching their pretty gamslipped and broke his wrist; when that happened, even this inexperienced youth knew that it was little short of a calamity for him: that it would be many a long day before the commandant's wife-therefore the commandant himself-would smile upon him again. He carried the child home, and submitted in silence to the stony glare from his mother's eyes. When he tried to explain, she walked away. It was evident that he was held as guilty of the sweet little fellow's mishap, and

he loved the child accordingly. When the hall was all draped in flags. bunting. Chinese lanterns, and parasols. Barton began to believe that fate was at last propitious: it looked very pretty, and the nicest girl told him so, with a shy glance which made the lieutenant feel as he had not felt since

IT WAS HER ENGAGEMENT WEEK. be on Saturday night. The band contributed fifteen pieces to make music for the flying feet. The nicest girl blushed and consented to let Barton take her and have the major part of the waltzes on the cards which he

himself had gotten up. It was during this midday glare of success that a cloud, small, but very black, drifted across the sun. One of the "men"-by which is meant the privates-developed a case of some sort of fever. Barton was not very clear as to what kind, but the doctor told him it was of a sort which noise would make worse, and the man was in the hospital, in the ward just below the one all decked for the hop, and that, therefore, the hon would have to be post-

Now Berton was not naturally unkind. but he was not the first ambitious man in the world's history who had sacrificed others to his ambition. This dance had to be a success after so many failures, if ten men had the fever. Barton pleaded, reasoned, coaxed. The doctor was obdurate. But the doctor had a weakness; it was toddies and that sort of thing. A deep scheme entered the lieutenant's head; he would decoy the doctor to the sutier's, he would get him 'full'-as he gracefully expressed itand when the old fellow should be sweet-tempered. Barton would make him consent to having the hop that

It all worked just as the West Pointer had foreseen. The doctor, after having given an off-reiterated consent, went back to his quarters for a nap. The nap, as Barton had expected, lasted all night. They danced into the wee, sma' hours, for, though there were only six men, the four girls and a chaperon, the thing was lots of fun. The fact that there were more musicians than dancers was no drawback. The nicest girl was radiant and gave Barton great hopes. Yes, at last, here was a success. And the fever patient was only a little worse for the noise. Barton was rather remorseful when he heard that the man had become delirious. He sent champagne up for him, that being his idea of an amende honorable. Having carried this hos through, Barton was too wise to risk another; he rested on his laurels.

But some things can never be foreseen, least of all what an enlisted man may do. The fever patient had a chum who thought it his duty to go about the world fighting what he considered wrongs; he was a German, and the garrison correspondent of a German newspaper in the city near by. He wrote up a most pathetic account of the heartless butterflies of fashion who danced and rollicked despite a dying man in the next room. It made a very tears to any eyes. So does a small wonder, then, that contempt follows thing travel. A doctor of the town, and is in turn followed by dislike. young and aspiring to public notice and own name in a conspicious place) to strike, Called upon for reasons, the the powers that be at Washington.

One day Barton was called by the commandant's or lerly from the peaceful perusal of a note from the Nicest untried spirit that so many people Girl, with the request to go to the adin his pocket-the one nearest his heart—and sailied forth without thought of harm. He even felt so secure that he planned how he should He had just hit upon a splendid speech

> beamingly happy. Fifteen minutes later he came out from the C. O.'s presence a sadder but a wiser man. He had been reprimanded have on the sadder but have on the sadder but all manner of profound subjects. pointed out to him that he was a neartless brute; that he had sacrificed sick man to his own whims. The colonel grew quite touching as he painted the poor private's miseries. Barton reflected that he wished the commandant's child hadn't broken its arm. He felt that it was the broken arm, not the soldier's fever, which rankled in

the Colonel's breast. Subdued and angered, Barton walked back to his quarters. He would re- pause, read the note to calm his raffled spirts, and would then go over to ask the icest Girl the question he had planned. It took him half an hour to work up the necessary courage, and then he

The Nicest Girl sat upon the vineovered porch, a novel in her hands. but her blue eyes filled with tears and looking at space. Somehow, Barton's spirits fell. They went still lower when her only greeting was a look of reproach. He had made up his mind, however; and, with consummate want of tack asked the carefully planhed question.

Then the blue eyes of the Nicest At the beginning of the last century Girl let fall their tears. She reproached him sobbingly. How could be, : man who had almost committed a murthat poor man with the fearful fever? She never would have danced, knowing of it. Oh, he was heartless, cruel! She could never marry a man so bad, so unkind as that. Never! never! nev-

In vain did Barton explain and plead she would not listen and she knew he was a wicked man; she wondered why she had not found it out before; she had liked him a little bit, and now to find out. Oh! dear! She put her handkerchief before her eyes and ran into the house, dropping her book.

The lieutenant picked it up and lookabsently at the title; "The End of Romance." He wondered if this were the end, he wondered if it had been a romance at all or only a come-Then he laid the novel on the chair

## Married Jockeys.

Horseian always hear with evident to decorate them. Nothing should regret the announcement of the intended marriage of their jockeys. To en old and haggard, two, which are children a jubilee by letting them shave them, but then turfmen claim marriage bly the most effective. They are selcowers a good boy. This seems to be bols until the C. O.'s youngest son may have been before, a great change been when in her youthful prime. One is always noticed after his marriage. of the saddest things that can be said of a woman of middle age is that "she more experienced youngsters. An owner doesn't like to see his horse prettiness departed with youth. pocketed or cut off, and that is why he prefers to have up an unmarried jockey, who is not bothered with wifely warnings before going to the post to be careful, for her sake at least.-St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

## All Signs Fall There.

Gothamite-How can you tell an honest man when you see him? Lakeside-I've almost forgotten. I've been a Chicagoan for nearly a year Not a Second to Spare.

Count Telkei, the African explorer, Went out one morning in pursuit of a buffalo which had been wounded the day before. Such wounded animals are always dangerous, as they are extremaly fierce and ready to charge any one they may happen to see. The native assistants, well aware of the fact, dropped behind, and presently the count found himself attended by a Single Masai.

At that moment the Masai uttered a cry of warning and took to his heels. A hundred paces from the count was a buffalo charging full upon him. What

was to be done? To take refuge in the thicket would be fatal. The buffalo would be invisible, and might charge in the rear. The only chance was to meet it in the open. This the count did-most fortunately, for nothing else could have saved him. With the long strides of desperation he advanced upon the buffalo, and only when the beast lowered its horns for a toss did he spring aside and fire. The bullet struck the buffalo in the neck, and with the death-rattle in its throat it rolled at his feet.

Count Teleki waited a long time for his people, who did not appear till they heard him shouting for them. They all knew the terrible danger he had been in, and hearing one shot, succeeded by absolute silence, had jumped to the conclusion that he had met his

It was touching to witness their delight when they found their mistake, They gathered about him, shaking his hand and feeling his arms and legs to make sure he was unhurt: then, after dancing madly round him in their glee, they fell with wild shouts upon the buffalo, and cut it up with their knives and spears.

### Why They Struck.

It has been customary for many people to consider the Southern laborer as slow, lazy and shiftless, yet a writer in The Engineering Magazine says that no stranger could enter one of the mills or pass a day in the pine-timber woods without being surprised by the vigor with which work is performed.

Work has become an instinct; the laborer knows but four conditionssleeping, working and, after a carousal or absolute idle-

lous story of a strike is told at one of the mills. The hours of labor are long-from dawn to twilight. In the winter the hours are fewer, but in summer the saws are buzzing and the whole community alive and at work before the sup has touched the tree-

A Northern foreman of philanthropic principles took charge of a certain mill, and sorrowed within his heart for the poor tellows wearing out their lives with the cant hook and saw. So he decreed that from seven o'clock in the constitute the labor of a day. There was a murmur in the camp.

and in two days there was a general spokesman stated the case of the men: "We all jus' doan like dis yar ter wuk at seben o'clock. Wha's de use ob sittled around fer two hours in the mawnin' fo' gwine to wuk? We jus' jutant's office, as the C O, wished to see him. Barton stuck the little note in his modest, the one powers like to stan' it, dat's all."

So the strike was declared off by the little note in his modest, the one powers like ent agreeing to allow all ands to so to work at dawn and keep as they could see.

ir. Weery, while at the sea-de the acquaintance of a m who persistently led the when he seached the office, and was to art and literature, "Are you foul of music?" she asked.

Her new acquaintance returned a non-committal answer, but she was net to be discouraged. "Who is your favorite composer?" was her pext inquiry. Mr. Weery, as it happened, was

somewhat at home in that field, though he had dittle relish for cross-examing-"Well" he said, after a moment's I think Franzl is perhaps the Praise the Lord." one whose works I enjoy most.' "Franzl? Franzl?" said the young

woman. "Who is he? What has he "He was a German. He flourished in the early part of the century, and wrote operas, concertos, songs and many other things."

"I don't remember that I ever heard anything of his." robably not. I never did. His sic is never performed in these days. In fact, that is why he is my favorite

## The Story of a Bell.

the only church bell at Grosslaswitz. Germany, was so small that its tones were not sufficient to penetrate to the ends of the village. A second bell was der, dare to ask her such such it thing? Why had be never told her of badly wanted, but the village was poor and where was the money to come from? One Sunday, when the school-master,

Gottfried Hayn, was going to church, he noticed growing out of the churchyard wall a flourishing green stock 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 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

Selfishness and Self Forgetfulness Of all the causes which, as life pro-

gresses, tend to make "ordinary" wonfishness and self-forgetfuliness. The woman who thinks of herself first; the turning point in his career, and no last and all the time, will become ugly, matter how courageous and daring he no matter how beautiful she may have Reckless rides around turns and dar- possesses the remains of beauty," or, ing rushes through big fields are sel- "when she was young she must have dom attempted by married jockeys. been pretty," sad, because of the im-They leave the dangerous work to the plications—"the beauty is in ruins, the

Mrs. O'Zone-Can't you get a move or that herse, driver? I'm afraid I'll be late for the wedding. Driver-Niver moind, mum! Even if we miss the wedding we will be sure to git there in toime for the divorce.

Final. Tom-You ought not to consider your ase as hopeless just because she said Jack-To be perfectly exact, what

she said was "rats."

THE ANGEL DANCERS.

QUEER ANTICS OF NEW JERSEY RELIGIOUS FANATICS.

trange Scenes Enacted by Huntsmen Mnason and His Followers-"John the Buntist Rides a Bievele Which "Silas the Pure" Gathers

Out on a yellow country road, some three miles from the village of Park Ridge, N. J., stands an old, unpainted farmhouse that has a history, All about it the bees drone among the hollybooks, and out in the ancient orchard the shrill cleadas are singing their autumn death songs while two withered and strange old women are gathering peaches says the New York

One of them sits astride a limb, while the other gathers the fallen fruit and loads it into a little handcart. "Where is the master of the house?"

"Glory to God!" replies one. 'Praise the Lord." exclaimes the oth-

The old man pegging shoes in an adining outhouse is Hermann Storms. and the two old women are disciples that strange fanatic. Huntsman Mnason, who claims that he is "God," and who is engaged in constant athletic fight with the devil. In this fight, somehow or other poor old Hermann Storms has been included with the dev-



il, and has lost his farm and all his possessions to Mnason, and his disci-

This self-made god and two or three ing to fanatic Mnason, worked in the breast of Mr. Storms, and he deeded all his worldly property to his daughter Mary, one of the most rabid of the long haired preacher's followers.

While Mnason and his "angel dancers" were in jail the life of old man Storms was calm and peaceful. Unfortunately, however, the crime of which they were convicted could not be punished by eternal banishment from the old farm. They were released from the Trenton jail a few days ago, and they again descended upon "Happy Valley" in a bunch. Since then the "angel dances" have been resumed, with more secrecy than formerly, perhaps, but with their old time vigor. So much for the history of 'Happy Valley" up to date. I paid a visit to the old farm house

last week. As I turned the corner of the house I came face to face with Mnason, the self-constituted Saviour. He bore an appearance of prison pallor. His once long and flowing gray locks were cut short, and his whiskers were as a stubby as a bath brush. He looked at me as though he had seen a ghost.

"Are you God?" I asked. "Alas! Alas! Glory to God," he replied, "people call me God; you may call me God. I shall not say nay, "I should imagine that you have

Mrs. Storms and Mary. had a pretty hard time of it since last year. Tell me how it happened."

"The Dutch Reformed Church is re-

sponsible for it. But God is my strength. He never deserts the weak. rate. I went back, and, as I stepped "If you are weak, how is it that you are God? Should you not defend yourself against the snares of the devil?

Ged prevails. Like Bibleal Characters.

"Yes; God prevails. I am everybody, I am like many other Biblical characters. I am like Jacob, I am like Samuel and others honored by God. I have come out of the wilderness of tempta-What do you propose to do?"

When you look at me you look at an augel. I will bear my cross and preach the truth. Hallelnjah." What is the truth "I am against an forms Marriage is a mistake. The laws of men are a

Praise God I will preach the truth.

mistake. The Lord is my shepherd and His laws shall prevail." Shall you continue the angel dan-

"I shall continue to fight the devil in my own way with the help of God." Then Hantsman Mnason strolled slowly away with beut head in the direction of the apple orchard, where the two old women, were gathering fruit. At this moment a tall, cadaverous individual, with hair that hung through the gate, I saw John the Bapdown to his shoulders, and whiskers a foot or so longer, sailed by on a bicycle. He looked like a human cormorant on a "bender." It was "John the Baptist." He gave me one look as he passed, and then he bent to his haunts the place. wheel and scooted away with a speed worthy of Zimmerman.

I met a man who was present at one ing an understudy? of the dances. "Mnason had tried to Miss Wings- Not much It's all wor get me into his way of thinking for a and no play.

long time," said he, "but I could never do it. I looked upon him as a harmless lunatic. I knew the Storms family before his arrival and I always looked upon them as quiet and hard working people, with a decided bent for religious subjects. On one occasion I was over to the Storms house one evening on business and was asked to remain to supper. It may have been that they wanted to show me the advantages of

augel dancing, so that I would join.

liest dances I ever saw right there.

"John the Baptist." After Mnason had said grace every body began to eat. It was like the mourners' bench at a revival. There was no meat on the table, although the folks looked as though they were suffering for it. Now and then one of

them would stop long enough to shout

'Praise the Lord," and 'Giory to God,"

Wild Dance at Supper. "Finally, when Mnason had enten enough he seemed to make up his mind that something was wrong. "The devil is among us," he shouted. 'Chase him away! Chase him away!" At this old Jane Howelis got up and began to prance around the table as fast as she

'Jump over it.' shouled Maason, She put her hand on "John the Baptist's' shoulder and sailed over the table almost without touching a dish. Then she commenced to cavort around us again until she had covered fourteen laps.

"During all this time the others were clapping their hands, 'praising the Lord,' and spurring the old woman to renewed efforts. She got wilder and wilder, and finally jumped up on the table and sloshed around among the vegetable dishes. She stepped on t big cake and smashed it flat. This was regarded as ag reat feat. "In the meantime old man Storms,

of his followers have just finished a who had not yet finished eating, grabyear's imprisonment in the Trenton bed some 'buttermilk pap' and fled. jail for an attempt to defraud old The old woman kept on dancing among man Storms out of his house and farm. the vegetables until she had overturn-While the precious worthies were in ed nearly all of them. Then she sat jail the "spirit of repentance," accord- down by 'John the Baptist,' panting



with exertion, amid the rapturous ex-

clamations of the disciples. "This was the ordinary angel dance, but it did not end here. Things would have quited down if 'John the Baptist' had not leaned over and made an affectionate remark to the panting Mrs. Howells. Musson heard it, and waxed wroth. He jumped up and kicked the table over.

Ended in a Row.

"Away went the turnins, potatoes, 'buttermilk pap' and dishes with a great clatter. In an instant Mnason and 'John the Baptist' were clinched like a pair of cats, and rolling over the floor among the debris tighting for dear life.

" 'Silas the Pure,' in trying to part them, received a quantity of mashed potatoes in the left eye. Then the women took a hand, and the dishes began to fly. You could have heard the noise of combat a mile away. When they got through there was masked turnips and buttermilk pap on the windows and walls and mashed potatoes on the ceiling. The floor was covered with broken dishes and the place looked as though it had been upturned by an earthquake.

"In their struggle the disciples had rolled over and over on the floor until their clothes were covered with provender. When quiet had been restored Mnason, said, 'Praise the Lord,' and the others said 'Amen." That settled it. I did not join the Church of the Living

That strange things still take piace in and around the old house was made evident as I took my departure. it was nightfall, and as I passed down the road I saw the light of a lantern flitting around the house at a great



tist," in a long, white robe, tearing around, grunting like a prize porker, When I hailed him he disappeared as by magic. He was probably exorcising the devil that Huntsman Mnason avers

Too Much Sameness. During my visit to the Storms house Manager Well, how do you like be

Misery After Meals. The oppressive embargoes levied upon the inner man by his inveterate enemy, dyspens a

after meals, are lifted and the yoke cast of that sovereign medicinal liberator from bod aliments, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Heart burn, flatulence, oppression at the pit of the stomach, the presence of bile where it does no belong, are alike remedled by this potent reformer of a disordered condition of the gasta organ and the liver. It is the prince of to: and stomachies, invigorating at the same time that it remedies. Both appetite and alcopace improved by it. A wineglass before of after At any rate they had one of the livemeals, and before retiring will be found an excient restorative of the ability to digest and assimilate and to rest tranquilly. Use it for malarial kidney and rheumatic trouble and toconstipation. For the aged and inform it highly beneficial.

A robin redbreast in a cage puts all hear en in a rage. William Blake

Humdrum people ead a humdrum life Avoid temptation by keeping out of had



"I feel very thankful for what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done forme. Thise taken three bottles and the modicine has made a great change. I was

All Run Down

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