

A Strange Incident.
A curious accident, which unhappily has since proved fatal, befell M. Bontet, an artist residing in the Avenue Victor Hugo on Sunday morning. M. Bontet was working in his studio when, inconvenienced by the sun, he asked his house to get on the roof and pass a light linen covering over the glass. As the woman was arranging the covering she slipped and, falling through the glass, alighted on the table at which her master was seated. Oddly enough she sustained no injury worth mentioning. M. Bontet, however, was not so fortunate. A piece of the broken glass struck him on the neck, severing an artery. He tried to staunch the blood, and failing, ran out of the house in the direction of a neighboring drug store, but he had not gone far when he reached the place, and two hours afterward he breathed his last.

The American Coach Horse.
National Stockman thinks it is a misnomer to adopt this name for the larger horse now brought forward for market by breeders on every continent. It is a confusion of names. The coach class is a name that belongs to such horses as the best French coaches and Cleveland bays represent. The overgrown trotter or large sized trotting horse approaches them closely in size, but is a horse of a different type and a very different step. He is by breeding, conformity and inclination a trotter, and the coach step is but an artificial one to him. Rather it is to his advantage. Instead of being a coach horse he is a carriage horse, and there is a big place for him to fill. Call them carriage horses and demand a class for them. Let the trotting horse be what it belongs to them and which they fill so well.

All who use Hobbs' Electric Soap praise it as the best, cheapest and most economical family soap made; but if you will try it once it will tell a still stronger tale. Your grocer will supply you.

Sources of Light called Phosphorescence.
Sailors upon the ocean sometimes see at night pale, yellow gleams of light in the water. It is the glow worm imprisoned under a glass will show the dark, bright spots of light on his body. A piece of salted fish or a chip of decayed wood will sometimes give a pale cold light in the dark. When there are certain chemicals like phosphorus and compounds of sulphur, lime, strontium and barium, if placed in the sunlight in glass vessels and then taken into the dark, will give out dim colored lights. All these are the drops of fire in the sea, the glow worm, the bit of decayed wood and these chemicals are sources of the light called phosphorescence.

The Women of Sweden.
At the women's congress now in progress at the Paris exhibition, presided over by Mrs. Deane, an "ignorant" woman speaker in the world, is an interesting paper on the "Industrial women of Sweden" was read by Mrs. Fries. They are bank clerks and managers, even professors in boys' high schools, working jewelers, watch makers and engaged in every sort of wood carving. The education of nearly every Swedish girl who was not born to fortune was, the lecturer said, to a degree industrial. There is no doubt, the speaker added, that the Swedish woman will soon receive equal political rights.

Use of Oil in Heavy Seas.
Many hundreds of reports have been published on the "Atlantic Pilot Chart," and elsewhere, relative to the best benefit derived by means of the use of oil to prevent leakage from the seams of board vessels. By far the greater number of these reports have been received from merchant vessels, very many of which have undoubtedly been saved, with all on board, from the perils of galleons of oil in the manner recommended by the United States hydrographic office. But, says Science, reports from the United States naval vessels show that even the use of oil is the use of oil is regarded as of the greatest value.

Interesting Music Reading.
You can tell pretty well how a girl feels toward you by the way she takes you. If she doesn't care a cent you know it. If she loves you, she loves you. If she has a great confidence in you the pressure tells it, and friendship is as distinct from love in that mode of expression as in words or looks. A woman can take the arm of a fellow she likes very much with perfect composure, even if she is six feet high and he is four. But even if the two are just matched, she can make him feel disdain, contempt, dislike, or even dislike, by the way she does not hold on to him. I am told there is a great deal of difference, too, between the way a girl fits her waist to one man's arm as compared with the way she fits another. Believe it or not—San Francisco Chronicle.

For two recent stamps we would you one of the handsomest almanacs in the country. "Homestead," Omaha, Neb. Fifty colored men are studying for the priesthood in Rome.

Taking it altogether there never was a time when our country was enjoying greater prosperity than at the present moment, and yet there are thousands of people in the land who are suffering and famishing about their throats. No doubt but that many of them are honest in their complaints, and it is often because they have not found the right kind of work or the right way to do it. Now, if business is not moving along with you satisfactorily, take our advice and write to R. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va. It is more than likely that they can help you, at any rate it would cost you nothing but a postage stamp to apply to them.

The nineteenth century will end at the close of the year 1900.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became a Girl, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

The Cherokee Indians support over 100 public schools, with over 4,000 pupils.

The New York Grant monument fund now amounts to \$130,000.

The total life insurance of Johnstown victims amounted to \$287,360.

The Princess Growing Old.
I noticed for the first time these many years a change in the looks of the princess of Wales. It is said to have to do with the "sea king's" daughter from over the sea, Alexandra, is getting old. She has for years looked like the sister of her daughters, only fairer than they. But, now? Well, now, she is beginning—at last—to look like her mother. I do not go so far as to say that the face of the crown has marked the eye corners, but she is thinner and more worn in appearance and older looking than she was last Ascot. It may be that the care of the season is telling on her. The princess is as joyful as ever. Nothing seems to affect him.—London Letter to Philadelphia Bulletin.

J. A. JOHNSON, Medina, N. Y., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

LOVE THAT LIVES.
BY GEORGE PARSONS LATOUP.
Dear face, bright, glittering hair—
Dear life, whose heart is mine—
The thought of you is prayer,
The love of you divine.

In starlight, or in rain;
In the sunset's shrouded glow;
Ever, in joy or pain,
To you my quick thoughts go.

Like winds or clouds, that fleet
Between and find you, sweet,
Where life again wins grace.

Now, as in that once young
Year that so softly drew
My heart to where it clung,
I long for, gladden in you.

And when in the silent hours
I whisper sacred names,
Like altar-fire it showers
My blood with fragrant flames.

Perished is all that grieves;
And lo, our old-time joys
Are gathered as in sheaves,
Held in love's equivoque.

Ours is the love that lives;
Its Spring-time blossoms blow
Mid the frosts of Autumn give,
And its life outlasts the snow.

—Century Magazine

MR. JOSEPH CHILBLUD

From the London Truth.
Mr. Chilblud—Mr. Joseph Chilblud you will understand, not John, the happy, good-hearted, or do-well—entered the breakfast-room on a chilly Autumnal morning, and glanced critically at the table laid for the morning meal. Yes, it was arranged as it should be and as Mr. Chilblud always expected to find it—spotless cloth and china, the coffee-urn bubbling and steaming, the little silver spirit-stove boiling the water ready to receive the eggs, napkins properly folded, and finally the newspaper, ready cut and aired and spread across the arm of his easy chair. Everything being satisfactory, Mr. Chilblud crossed over to the fire, and his position on the hearth-rug causing him to front a mirror, he naturally glanced at his reflection therein. A long, broad face, with very neatly trimmed whiskers, no moustache to hide the wide, thin lips, light, penetrating eyes, an aquiline nose, and carefully brushed dark hair, formed a tout ensemble which, to one person at least, was altogether pleasing, and that person was Joseph Chilblud. It may be said with truth that Mr. Chilblud entertained a very high opinion of himself, both physically and morally, and it is equally true that he had grounds for doing so. Born in a somewhat humble position, he had, by steady perseverance and determination, raised himself gradually until he held the age of 42, the post of inspector of elementary schools, with a salary of between £400 and £500 per annum. And from boyhood to manhood his life had been exemplary, no temptations having had power to move him from the paths of virtue. Whether this was due to the coldness of his disposition or to the severe and extreme rectitude of his conduct, it is hard to say, but certain it is that Mr. Joseph Chilblud of 19 Propriety Square was deemed a pattern in the quadruple character of husband, father, house-holder and inspector. His marriage, too, has been perfect as a stroke of business and a proof of good taste. For the lady whom he honored with his hand was pretty, rich and good-tempered; and moreover she retained after seven years of matrimony the same respect for her husband and awe of his studious talents that she had carried in her fluttering little heart to the altar.

Mr. Chilblud was on the point of opening his water when Mrs. Chilblud entered the room. He replaced it in his pocket and took his seat at the table, while his scrutinizing eye involuntarily turned to survey his wife's gown. Observing that it was in her usual correct taste, he gravely deposited the eggs in the boiling water and placed his watch on the table to mark the time.

"Joseph," said Mrs. Chilblud, while the meal was proceeding, "I wish you would look at Ethel before you go out, she seems a trifle feverish."

"I suppose she has been running and overheating herself again," said the gentleman in a voice which was a natural concomitant of his whole person—clear, cold and searching. "I told Sarah that for the next offense of the sort she would receive her dismissal; the children must not be permitted to overtake themselves with exercise."

"No; it is not that; I am afraid it is Ethel's own fault. She will try to learn Arthur's lessons, though Dr. Sincler, as you know, strictly forbade her touching a book for another year at least. He said: 'Give her plenty of exercise and play, but no lessons until she is 5'; and yet she knows the whole alphabet, and can read little words." Mrs. Chilblud's face was a mixture of dismay and maternal pride in her child's capacity.

"Do you use your authority in the matter, my dear?"

"I endeavor to, but it is impossible to tell how often she picks up her knowledge. And she asks me such strange questions sometimes I scarcely know how to answer her."

Mr. Chilblud pushed back his chair, and took up his former position on the hearth-rug, only with his back to the fire this time. A little frown of uneasiness marred the customary serenity of his aspect.

"Marian," he said, after a lengthened pause, "we shall have to be extremely careful with Ethel. The child's preternatural quickness, her brain-power preponderates unduly over the fragility of her body. She must be kept back; as Sinclair says, nothing must be allowed to excite the activity of the mind, but every aid given to strengthening the delicate little frame. How is her appetite now?"

"Wonderfully good; in fact, as a rule, she appears to be in very fair health. I sometimes wonder at the constant surveillance we exercise is not as harmful as allowing her to learn what she can by herself."

"My dear Marian, in a case of this

description a medical man must be the judge; and my own opinion entirely coincides with that expressed by Sinclair. We must not allow Ethel's intellect to be forced, or grave consequences may ensue. With Arthur it is entirely different. He is of a quiet, unexcitable, somewhat phlegmatic temperament, and will plod steadily on without making particular brilliant shows. I think the wisest course we can take is to send Ethel into the country. It is, of course, impossible for me to leave London just now, so that we can not remove the household; but we can send the child to your sister's. The place is extremely pleasant and the health there are little ones near her own age, she would be out of doors the greater part of the day, and the food—fresh milk, eggs and fruit—is highly desirable. What do you say? Suppose you write to Mrs. Cole, and can talk the matter over with this evening."

"But Joseph," interposed Mrs. Chilblud, anxiously, "you do not think she is going to be ill?"

"Certainly not," answered her husband in his smooth, precise tone, "only I am a great believer in the old adage, 'Prevention is better than cure,' and with a child of Ethel's caliber one can not be too vigilant and careful. Now, my dear, we will have the children down; for I must go in ten minutes. I will try and see Sinclair later on to discuss our plans; in the meantime, do you try to get your lessons to-day, and could you not invite the little Howlands over and let them all have a good romp together in the nursery? It would do Ethel good."

"Well," said Miss Burton, in answer to the uplifted hand, "I am glad to hear that, Tommy Carter's asleep!"

Brought thus plainly under her notice, the teacher was compelled to see what she did not wish to observe at the moment.

"Tommy Carter, come here," and at the sound of his name the boy sat up and rubbed his eyes. "Why, Tommy, what is the meaning of this?" said Miss Burton in a kind voice, for the boy was one of her brightest pupils, and she knew something about his home life. He was ten years for his age, a little under 7 (all the children in Miss Burton's room were under 7), with a face that might have been any father's pride; such a handsome, open countenance, in spite of its grime, and the thick locks of matted unkempt hair which fell over his brow.

"Please, teacher, I didn't mean to go to sleep, but I was so tired!"

"How is that?"

"I didn't get to bed till long past 12 last night, and father he was so tired he didn't get up, 'cos she ain't well."

"What kept you up so late?"

"I had to mind the baby."

"Where was your mother?"

"Please, teacher, mother went to the Dolphin to get the coal, and she didn't come out till they were turned out, and then father and mother had a row, and he knocked her spinning, and she's had to-day, she is."

"And was there nobody to look after the baby but you?"

"No, 'cos the lady what lives in the next room she's gone away, and the baby cried so I took it and sat on the door-step till mother come in, and then it didn't stop. Father said he'd chuck it out o' window if mother didn't quiet it's row."

The boy spoke in a quiet, matter-of-fact tone. Why father he was used to his life; such scenes were of daily occurrence, and if the previous night's experiences had been a trifle worse than usual, there was one comfort to be derived from them—his mother was too ill to get drunk that day, at least.

"You may go to your place," said the teacher quietly. "I am going to give out the sums. Annie Blake, what are you crying for?"

The little girl addressed vociferously no reply, but after a little hesitation she said, "I don't know, 'cos she's sick."

The child shook her head. She was very clean and tidy dressed, though in woefully patched garments.

"What did you have for breakfast?"

"Nothing, teacher, 'cos the little girl, looking up with timid eyes, "Mother couldn't give us any this morning, because all the bread was gone."

"Is your father out of work?"

"Yes, teacher, he's got a bad foot."

Miss Burton led the child to the head-mistress' private room and gave her a roll out of the bag that contained her own lunch. "Sit down and eat that, and if I can manage it I will go round and see your mother after school."

The teacher's heart ached as she returned to the school-room. It was horrible to think of a child, little more than a baby, sent breakfastless to school.

She knew well the extreme destitution there was among many of the children, for she had seen them in a very poor neighborhood. She had what she could to relieve the most pressing cases in her own room, but she could do nothing for the children, but there were some to whom it was worse than useless to give—the children of idle, depraved parents, who would strip every tidy article of apparel off their own and their children's backs and pawn them for a few pence, to obtain what was more than decency or natural affection to them—drink.

The teacher did her best even in these cases. "Now, Mary," she would say, fastening a warm petticoat on a little girl, "tell your mother if you come to school without this to-morrow that I shall send you back. You are to wear it every day." Occasionally the hint had the desired effect, but not often.

Returning to the school-room, Miss Burton stood still for a moment at the open door. The children had taken advantage of her temporary absence to vacate their places, and were amusing themselves in various ways. And worse than all, at the other door, leading from the main corridor, stood the inspector, the man whom they all dreaded because of his influence in high quarters, and because of his cold, calculating nature, which regarded the maintenance of discipline as the first law of the universe. There he stood, his light, inquiring eyes calmly taking in the whole scene.

"Good morning, Miss Burton. I am afraid my call is rather inopportune."

May I ask, do the children often disturb themselves in this manner?"

By Sinclair. We must not allow Ethel's intellect to be forced, or grave consequences may ensue. With Arthur it is entirely different. He is of a quiet, unexcitable, somewhat phlegmatic temperament, and will plod steadily on without making particular brilliant shows. I think the wisest course we can take is to send Ethel into the country. It is, of course, impossible for me to leave London just now, so that we can not remove the household; but we can send the child to your sister's. The place is extremely pleasant and the health there are little ones near her own age, she would be out of doors the greater part of the day, and the food—fresh milk, eggs and fruit—is highly desirable. What do you say? Suppose you write to Mrs. Cole, and can talk the matter over with this evening."

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had managed to see the doctor, who highly approved of the country plan. Consequently, it was to be put into execution without loss of time.

"The blood is purified," said Mrs. Chilblud, with tears in her eyes.

"Of course we shall," asserted her husband, "but it is a case in which we must make our feelings subservient to the child's benefit, and with what sound like a sight he took out his tablets to look over some memoranda penciled on them."

Mrs. Chilblud bent over her work, and there was silence, save for the crackling of the fire and the subdued ticking of the timepiece.

It was a cold, chill evening, and the room looked very comfortable with its handsome furniture, rich, soft carpet, and heavy plush curtains, on all of which the firelight threw a thousand dancing gleams.

"The North-western Line," said Mrs. Chilblud, suddenly looking up from her work, "I want to ask you something."

"I am all attention," replied her lord and master.

"I was reading in the paper this morning about a child dying from overpressure. Is it true? Do they really make them work so hard in these Board Schools?" Mrs. Chilblud's eyes were full of pitying wonder, which her husband's cold orbs quickly quenched.

"My dear, pray do not you indulge in the absurd mood, sentimentality that is so much in vogue at the present time. These people—the parents whose children can for a nominal sum receive an excellent education—hate to be dragged from their wretchedness and ignorance. Born in vice and darkness themselves, they would rather oppress the same way they put forward every obstacle to prevent the children's attendance at school, and when forced to send them, they make complaints about the amount of work. These cases of which you speak are rank impositions to work on the feelings of the public."

"But there was a letter the other day, signed 'A Teacher,' stating that far too much is expected from young children. Did you see it?"

"I can not say I did; but I know the style of the thing. I came across a young woman only this morning who is, I should imagine, just the one to air her foolish notions in that way; but probably she will have leisure for reflection presently, for I doubt if she will be retained on the staff after I send in my report. Am I determined—fully determined—to do all I can to crush out this abominable spirit of resistance to the advance of education and the upholding of discipline."

"Yes, Joseph," said Mrs. Chilblud, returning to her work, convinced that her husband was, without exception, the wisest, most far-seeing and learned of men.

Killing of a Great Grizzly.
The largest grizzly bear ever killed on this coast was shot by old Trapper Hendrix, near the source of Battle creek, in Tehama county. The bear was famous throughout Northern California as old "Clubfoot" and was the terror of the Sierra. For 20 years he had seemed to bear a charmed life. Many human beings and hundreds of cattle, sheep and hogs have fallen victims to his appetite. Many parties started out to bag him, but returned without his hide. The beast weighed when dressed 2,300 pounds, the largest animal of this species ever seen on the continent. Hendrix feels justly proud of his achievement, and a purse of \$500 has been made up for his benefit by the residents of eastern Tehama county. The bear was in rather poor condition when slain, as old age had clogged his blood somewhat, and time had commenced to paralyze his former supple limbs, so that he was not able to capture his prey. The hunter is tanning hide, which he proposes to use as a cover for his winter hut in the foot hill.—San Francisco Special.

The Only Two Who Stood Up.
The illiterate whites in the mountains of Tennessee and Georgia, said President Spence, of Grant university, Sunday evening, have a keen sense of humor, and, despite their ignorance, are at times witty. It was related that Sam Small at the end of one of his breezy sermons requested those of his hearers who wanted to go to heaven to rise. Every one in the house but one man rose. Then Sam asked those who wanted to go to hell to get up. A tall, lean mountaineer rose and improving the opportunity for a joke, pointed a long, bony finger at Sam and said: "I'll spare, person, that you and me's the only fellers standin'."

President Spence asked Small what he said in reply. "What'd I say?" replied the whoop-it-up-like-fury preacher, "If I couldn't say a word, it took fifteen minutes to get the crowd quieted down." Probably only a few of the audience knew what Small had been preaching to them, but every man had just enough intelligence to appreciate the joke.—Buffalo Express.

Electrical Engineering.
The profession above all others for a young man now is that of electrical engineering. It is the great profession of this century, and it will be for another century. It offers a young man opportunities for original investigation and distinction that are afforded by no other profession. As for the money, while I don't want to encourage a young man to enter a profession merely for the money there is in it, yet I can say that electrical engineers will be in the future the wealthiest of professional men.—Interview in Globe-Democrat.

Wilhelm and Umberto.
The route along which the emperor of Germany, accompanied by the king of Italy, went from the Anhalt station to the Schloss, via the Brandenburger gate in Berlin, on the occasion of the late royal reception, is a mile and a half long. It had been softened with sand and carpeted, thickly with evergreens, interspersed with flowers. Then it had been covered into a living lane of splendid troops of all arms, who stood ranked up in motionless array as the monarchs came abreast of them.—Chicago Times.

There is a man in our town
And he is very wise, sir,
When he or he does not feel just right
One remedy he tries, sir,
It's just the thing to take in spring
The blood to purify,
He tells his friends, and nothing else
Is he induced to try
Because, having taken Dr. Pierce's Golden
Medical Discovery to cleanse his system,
He felt it up, and enrich the blood, and finding
that it always produces the desired result,
he considers that he would be foolish
to experiment with anything else. His
motto is, "Prove all things and hold fast
to that which is good." That's why he
pins his faith to the "Golden Medical Discovery."

Walking advertisements for Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy are the thousands it has cured.

Thirty-three years is reckoned the average of human life.

August 6th and 8th, Sept. 10th and 24th, and October 8th, the Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley Railroad Co., the North-western Line, will run a series of "Harvest Excursions" to points on that line in Nebraska, the Black Hills and Central Wyoming at one half regular rates, and if you desire some further information, communicate with J. R. Buchanan, General Passenger Agent, at Omaha, Nebraska, who will fully advise you.

Each season are used in the place of coal in California.

A 340-mile railroad is to be built across Virginia from Parkersburg.

Dropy.
We call the attention of those suffering with dropy to the fair proposition of Dr. Oliver's Remedial Medicine. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy for dropy, and it costs you nothing to do so.

There is no worse joke than a true one.

JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK
THE GREAT
REMEDY FOR PAIN
IT CONQUERS PAIN.
Believes and cures HEADACHE, RHEUMATISM, TOOTHACHE, SPRAINS, NEURALGIA, BRUISES, Sciatica, Lumbago, Burns and Scalds.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Positively cured by these pills after I sent in my report. Am determined—fully determined—to do all I can to crush out this abominable spirit of resistance to the advance of education and the upholding of discipline.

"MOTHERS' FRIEND"
MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY
LESSENS PAIN—SHORTENS LABOR
DIMINISHES DANGER TO LIFE OF MOTHER AND CHILD
BROADFIELD REGULATOR CO. ATLANTA, GA.

Smith's Bile Beans
Are invaluable for Liver and Stomach disorders. Act on the bile, drive away the blues. They are the great Anti-Bile Medicine or Cure for Biliousness, Dysentery, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, etc. Pain in the liver and sides, Malaise, Costiveness, Chills and Fevers, Dropsical, Obstructive Breach, Gall stones, etc.

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