

August Flower
Several accomplished young women are earning good salaries in New York by coaching society women in the topics of the day, the new books that are being talked of, new works of art that are attracting attention and interesting novelties even in more serious lines.

RES RISING BREAST

THE BABIES
The babies born in the world are five years old.

THE BABIES
The babies born in the world are five years old.

THE BABIES
The babies born in the world are five years old.

THE BABIES
The babies born in the world are five years old.

THE BABIES
The babies born in the world are five years old.

THE BABIES
The babies born in the world are five years old.

THE BABIES
The babies born in the world are five years old.

THE BABIES
The babies born in the world are five years old.

THE BABIES
The babies born in the world are five years old.

THE BABIES
The babies born in the world are five years old.

AS HIS TOOTH IS PULLED.
Some Observations of the Average Man's Behavior While in the Dentist's Hands.

It is said that the mill-stones, as King Solomon nicknamed the teeth, were regarded by the ancient Hebrews as the motive power of life and that their value was manifest in every aspect of social and religious existence.

But to a newspaper reporter who ventures into a dental office there is nothing suggestive of sacredness in sight. He takes mental note of the various little devices intended to make the room attractive and home-like to the victims of the "man of the forceps," while all around buzz different kinds of electric whirrigigs, ready to scalp out a hollow tooth or wrench some nerve or demolish some part of a man's dental anatomy.

And then dentists are not all alike. The reporter visited several. He saw the fat dentist, the lean dentist, the dentist who laughs and jokes with the patient sufferer and the dentist who looks serious even when he polishes the mouth-mirror, the dapper dentist who trips lightly and daintily across the room and hops airily around the chair.

Then there is the lady dentist, something of an anomaly as yet, but before whose adroitness and deftness conservatism is giving way.

Gossiping with the reporter, a well-known south-side dentist said: "Not long ago a lady called to have an impression taken for a set of teeth. She was well dressed and gave every indication of being a person of intelligence. I proceeded to do the work and told her to call in a few days to try the 'try-plate.' About eight weeks elapsed before she came back, and then she rushed into the office and asked 'Doctor, have you got my plate done? I'm going to New York and want them to-day—start to-night.'

"I told her it would be impossible to have them ready, and she replied: 'Oh, well, never mind, then, for I shall be in New York several hours and will have no difficulty in finding a set ready made better than any I could get in Chicago or any other western town.'

While talking the dentist coolly polished his crochet-hook instruments with an expression of cruel satisfaction.

In walked a delicate-looking creature—a lady who had been an invalid for years. "Well, doctor, here I am," she said. "I told you I'd come when I got my courage up. Now, go to work and extract every tooth in my head and make me a full upper and lower set." She calmly took the chair—the proffered chair—and displayed a surprising amount of heroism.

This was scarcely finished when a strong man in good health opened the door, glanced cautiously around, started to retreat, made a bold dash forward and sinking into the nearest chair panted out: "How I ever got up that flight of stairs I don't know. They seemed to grow wider and wider as my courage began to ooze away. I saw the number '13' on your door and knew my hour had come. Oh, dear, this tooth! Oh!"

To divert his mind the doctor commenced a long story about the experience he had with an actress who was so superstitious she wouldn't have her teeth filled in a room bearing such an unlucky number.

The poor man smiled dully and finally consented to have his tooth pulled.

After the last patient was gone, the doctor said in answer to a question: "No, it is out of the question to tell you who can stand pain the best. Sex has nothing to do with it, health has nothing to do with it, and strength has nothing to do with it."

A bright young Irish girl came in to have some teeth extracted. She stood aghast at the sight of the electrical apparatus at hand. The end of the chair-arms were of polished silver. She was told to grip these firmly. "No, she wouldn't like electricity, but wanted to know if there was something else. Had the doctor ever heard of oxide gas to prevent pain?" With the utmost gravity he said he had—would she prefer it? It seemed she did. The gas bag was full and everything was ready to proceed. The doctor placed the inhaler in her mouth, she began to beckon to him. She said she had something to tell him before she took the gas. Attention was given instead of the gas and she said: "Now, doctor, if I die send my corpse to—Loomis street."

After this no one came in for a long time except an old man to sell tooth-powder, and the afternoon seemed long and stupid.

When the mantle of darkness fell upon the earth, as the doctor, who was young, poetic and in love, said, and he was preparing to leave the office somewhat earlier than usual, in came a lady and her husband.

The lady was nervous. She was more than that. Her extreme nervousness verged upon hysteria. She complained of an ulcerated tooth. "No power on earth would induce her to take an anesthetic." Her husband fondly tried to soothe her fears, the doctor anxiously reasoned. She would not sit in that chair. She cried, she raved and walked the floor. Her husband exostulated. The dentist looked at his watch and wondered how long she would remain that way.

After much persuasion she agreed to sit down but no one must come near her. The husband became impatient, the doctor thought of his engagement and sighed and the moments flitted by. Still the lady would not consent to have the tooth extracted. For one hour this continued, each moment increasing the poor woman's terror, the husband's impatience and the dentist's ill-concealed anxiety.

At last she calmly arose from the chair, declaring that she would not have the work done that day and went away.—Chicago News.

Our English.
"I notice that Dr. J. M. Rice has been complaining in the pages of an Eastern magazine that Americans use faulty English," said Col. Frank Doremus as he settled himself in a sunny corner of the Lindell corridors.

"Now, in the name of Balaam's burro, who commissioned Doc to speak ex cathedra in such matters? What is 'faultry English?' The language is in a continual flux—is being constantly made and unmade. A hundred other languages are acting upon it from within and without. New words are being coined and old ones are drifting into desuetude. The circumlocution offices, presided over with such pompous pride by the old scholastics, are being permanently closed. A time and labor-saving language is the American ideal. Volumes are crowded into sentences and long-winded paragraphs into short, snappy words that strike like a solid shot. Writers and orators reject the theory that 'the longest way round is the shortest way home.' They cut across lots—make a bee-line for the bull's-eye—regardless of what the purists think about it. Life is becoming entirely too rapid to waste much of it hunting up grammatical constitutions and by-laws. It is the man with the idea, not the grammar sharp, who is master of the hour. The American newspaper writers are the most thoughtful, concise and vigorous to be found on the planet. They are pre-eminently perspicuous. You never need a diagram to ascertain what they are driving at. Their ideas are clear-cut and have handles on 'em. Yet it is safe to say that not one-half of the writers for the American press would recognize an adverb if they met it in the road. They write by ear. If a sentence sounds all right and sets forth an idea in the fewest possible words they let it flicker, and if the ghost of Lindley Murray desires to amuse itself with a cat spasm they file no objections. If they ever wasted any time studying 'grammar' they forgot it almost as quickly as the actor forgets the 'elocution' drilled into him by public school teachers and peripathetic professors." They become creators of language. Dr. Rice should not worry. The 'bulls' and 'bad breaks' of the idea architects is an evil that carries its own cure. Grammar was made for man, not man for grammar. There never was and probably never will be a grammar sharp capable of rising above the intellectual plane of a parrot. The question ever with them is, not what to say, but how to say it. Same with Pol."—Globe-Democrat.

Why Not?
An English gentleman and his wife who were visiting friends in Scotland were taken to see an interesting monastery not far from Cluny, the friend's estate. In that part of the country a man is known by the name of his estate. When they were asked to write in the monastery visitors' book, the Englishman noticed that his host, Mr. MacPherson, wrote "Cluny and Mrs. MacPherson."

Not to be outdone, the Englishman promptly wrote, "26 Lennox Gardens, Tont Street, and Mrs. Lockwood."

Another story is told of Mr. Lockwood, in which his part is not, one must conclude as innocent as it looks. He is evidently fond of a joke.

He often visits extremely wealthy and hospitable friends in the country. These friends have a room ready for him whenever he cares to occupy it. The house is seven miles from a railway station or telegraph office. He once telegraphed them from London, "May I stay over Sunday?"

His host paid ten or twelve shillings to the messenger, and replied, "Of course, but don't telegraph."

To this Lockwood innocently replied—by telegraph—"Why not?"

A Queer Madman.
In the insane ward at Blockley Alms-house is a man who, once a prominent figure in Philadelphia Councils, is now stark, staring mad. Although a man weighing in the neighborhood of 250 pounds, he is afflicted with the insane idea that he is a baby. One of his favorite pastimes is to lie on the floor, kick his heels in the air and laugh or cry as the mood strikes him. One day last week, while indulging in his favorite occupation, a guard accompanied by several visitors passed through the ward. Immediately the quondam Councilman began to raise an awful outcry. The visitors stopped. "What's the matter?" one of them asked in alarm. "Boo-hoo!" cried the 250-pound infant. "You ought to be ashamed of yourselves. All you big men standing there and letting a little baby like me lie on the floor. Boo-hoo!" Philadelphia Record.

Skunk 'Round Her Neck.
Women in the height of the fashion wear any little rodent that will reach around the neck. The longer and more attenuated it is the better. The little beast, ground squirrel or mouse, or, it must be said, skunk, is kept to resemble as nearly life as possible. Its perishable frame is gone, but it has its head, its four little feet and tail. It is worn by crossing its little paws above its head, and its shining eyes gaze in a fairly animated manner on the pageant of the street or theater. At the theater a sumptuous person had the eyes of her sable tippet replaced by diamonds that sparkled and flashed, and the little head seemed to be fairly revelling in the enjoyment of the play.—New York Sun.

A MAN can talk mean to a woman, and make it all right with an apology, but a woman can't.

Do You Wish the Finest Bread and Cake?

It is conceded that the Royal Baking Powder is the purest and strongest of all the baking powders. The purest baking powder makes the finest, sweetest, most delicious food. The strongest baking powder makes the lightest food.

That baking powder which is both purest and strongest makes the most digestible and wholesome food.

Why should not every housekeeper avail herself of the baking powder which will give her the best food with the least trouble?

Avoid all baking powders sold with a gift or prize, or at a lower price than the Royal, as they invariably contain alum, lime or sulphuric acid, and render the food unwholesome.

Certain protection from alum baking powders can be had by declining to accept any substitute for the Royal, which is absolutely pure.

Disabilities of Sex.
Little Dot—"I wish I was a boy."
Little Dick—"Why?"
Little Dot—"Cause a girl always feels so wicked w'en she does anything wrong, an' a boy don't. Boys just goes right along an' has a good time."

Drinking Under Difficulties.
Little Boy (in the country)—"Th' water in this spring is awful good."
Mother—"I hen I'll take some. Where is the cup?"
Little Boy—"There isn't any cup. You have to lie down an' drink up hill."

"How I Wrote Ben Hur," told by Gen. Lew Wallace, is one scrap from the voluminous and superb programme of eminent writers and interesting articles which The Youth's Companion announces. It retains its place in 550,000 families by the versatility and the instructiveness of its general articles, the high character of all its stories, the brightness of its illustrations. Then it comes every week, and one gets a great deal for \$1.75 a year. The price sent at once will entitle you to the paper to Jan. 1894. Address THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

A medical journal asserts that people who drink cow's milk are more prone to consumption than those who use the milk of the reindeer, the buffalo the ass, or the goat.

Small Blue Beans will cure U.
A submarine electric lamp, which was tested at Toulon, illuminated a radius of one hundred feet. It attracted fish in thousands, which flocked about it like moths at a candle.

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT is both a palliative and curative in all Lung Complaints, Bronchitis, etc. It is a standard remedy for Coughs and Colds, and needs only a trial to prove its worth.

A careful old lady in Southwark, Pa., concealed a ten-dollar gold piece in a work-basket which contained some rubbish. A tidy female relative threw out the rubbish and the gold coin with it.

Go twice as far as liver pills and cure oftener.—Small Blue Beans.
It is said that bicyclists who ride to excess become afflicted with catarrhal laryngitis, caused by rapid breathing through the mouth.

We eat too much and take too little out-door exercise. This is the fault of our modern civilization. It is claimed that Garfield Tea, a simple herb remedy, helps Nature to overcome these abuses.

Denmark allows every subject, male or female, who is sixty years of age, a small pension. Only criminals are excepted.

For Throat Diseases and Coughs, use "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Price 25 cts. Sold only in boxes.
An entire dinner, comprising several courses, was recently cooked by electricity in a hotel at Ottawa, Canada.

Restore the complexion by cleaning the entire system, Small Blue Beans.
The tallest man in the G. A. R. is Wm. P. Boyne, of Green County, Pa. His height is seven feet.

A bridegroom at Hammond, Ind., thought it prudent to begin married life economically. He gave fifty cents to the clergyman who performed the ceremony, and then had the audacity to demand a receipt.

A very pretty girl named Annie McTague, aged nineteen, of Wannamassa, N. J., was fondling a pet horse, when the animal suddenly snapped at the girl's face and bit her nose, almost tearing it off. She will be disfigured for life.

Do Your Own Repairing

By using Root's Household Repairing Outfit for half-soleing and repairing Boots, Shoes and Rubbers. Any one can use it. Price \$2. Weight, neatly boxed, 20 lbs. Thousands already in use.

STRAPE AND TOOLS for making and repairing all principal parts of harness. No sewing. Supplies A. H. C. with our slotted rivets.

WEAVERS READY TO MAKE UP any length or width you want, blacked and creased, ready to make up at home, at less than 50 cents.

SADDLERY HARNESSES, Saddles, Buckles, Leaps, Hobb, Rings, Spurs, Harness Clips and Staples, Rivets, etc., at a big reduction.

HALF SOLES good ones, at 10, 12, and 15 cts. a pair. Home-made. Hatters, Shoemakers, etc., at corresponding prices. Many of these goods can be sent cheaply and safely by mail.

ROOTS HOME IRON WORKER, a first-class kit of blacksmith tools, at a price low enough to suit the closest buyer.

ROOTS GREEN POLISHING CASKET, everything necessary for polishing Tarnish. Price, 65 cents. Every thing mentioned above is full-sized, complete and practical. In the Catalogue Free.

ROOTS Agents Wanted. ROOT BROS., MEDINA, OHIO.

SHILOH'S CURE.
Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. For a Large Size, Back or Child, Follow the Planter will give great satisfaction.—50 cents.

FIELD TEA
Cures Sick Headache
Field's Remedy for Coughs in the Best, Quickest, and Cheapest.

CATARH
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

SHILOH'S CURE.
Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. For a Large Size, Back or Child, Follow the Planter will give great satisfaction.—50 cents.

SHILOH'S CURE.
Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. For a Large Size, Back or Child, Follow the Planter will give great satisfaction.—50 cents.

SHILOH'S CURE.
Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. For a Large Size, Back or Child, Follow the Planter will give great satisfaction.—50 cents.

SHILOH'S CURE.
Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. For a Large Size, Back or Child, Follow the Planter will give great satisfaction.—50 cents.

SHILOH'S CURE.
Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. For a Large Size, Back or Child, Follow the Planter will give great satisfaction.—50 cents.

SHILOH'S CURE.
Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. For a Large Size, Back or Child, Follow the Planter will give great satisfaction.—50 cents.

SHILOH'S CURE.
Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. For a Large Size, Back or Child, Follow the Planter will give great satisfaction.—50 cents.

SHILOH'S CURE.
Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. For a Large Size, Back or Child, Follow the Planter will give great satisfaction.—50 cents.

SHILOH'S CURE.
Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. For a Large Size, Back or Child, Follow the Planter will give great satisfaction.—50 cents.

SHILOH'S CURE.
Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. For a Large Size, Back or Child, Follow the Planter will give great satisfaction.—50 cents.

SHILOH'S CURE.
Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. For a Large Size, Back or Child, Follow the Planter will give great satisfaction.—50 cents.