

A Basis of Calculation.
She arose, smiling, from the dentist's chair.
"How much do I owe you?" she asked.
"Three dollars and a half," was the reply.
"Are you sure that's right?" she inquired, suspiciously.
"Quite sure."
"Well, it seems a good deal. The time I was here before you only charged me two dollars, and you hurt me ever so much more than you did this time."—Washington Star.

Forgetfulness.
The man who beats the lottery forgets that he's been poor.
The chap whose aching tooth is out remembers it no more.
The victor, crowned, forgets the strain it took to win the laurel.
The lovers, after all's made up, forget their bitter quarrel.
Likewise the ice man honest is, when he puts up the price.
He forgets the chilly winter, with its overplus of ice!
—Indianapolis Journal.

NOT SLANG EITHER.



Sick Man—Write me up a policy.
Insurance Agent—Not on your life.—N. Y. World.

Explicit Directions.
Young Tutter (who has been invited to call)—I hope I won't have any difficulty in finding your house, Miss Calloway.

Miss Calloway—Oh, no; I don't think you will, Mr. Tutter. You can tell the house in this way: Just before you get to it, on the first corner, is a florist's establishment.—Bay City Chat.

Tardy Penitence.
"Why won't mamma's little boy tell mamma what he's been stuffing himself with?" anxiously asked the maternal parent, bending over the couch.
"You have been in the pantry, Johnny, eating too much of something you ought not to have eaten at all, and you won't tell me what it is. It makes me sick at heart!"
"It makes me sick o' tart, too!" moaned Johnny, turning his face to the wall.
But mamma did not catch on.—Chicago Tribune.

Strictly Personal.
She—How is it you were not at Riedel's party?
He—I stayed away for a personal reason.
She—May I know what it was?
He—If you will promise to maintain it a profound secret.
She—I give you my promise.
He—I was not invited.—Neckarzeitung.

A Passionate Lyric.
"Is it true, my daughter, that you and Charles have separated, and that he has sent you an abusive poem?"
"Yes, father; we have parted forever. I don't mind that so much, but his poem was simply awful. He must have been very angry when he wrote it."
"I'm, no doubt; one of those 'poems of passion,' eh?"—Up-to-Date.

A Possible Reason.
"When Twilkens gets anything on his mind," said the busy man, "he is always speaking of it as 'the question of the hour.' I wonder what makes him do that."
"I don't know, unless it's because he expects to take up an hour a day of your time explaining it."—Washington Star.

As to the Journey.
Mr. Ferguson (who has been ready to start to the theater an hour or more)—Laura, if you had to take a train for heaven you would get left.
Mrs. Ferguson (buttoning her gloves)—I don't know whether I would or not, but if I did catch it I know I would have to travel without any escort.—Chicago Tribune.

Disproportionate.
Once more the clamorous chase for power sets all the watching world a-thrill. While leaders promise in an hour what centuries could scarce fulfill.
—Washington Star.

INDIAN FOLK LORE.

Legend of the Enchanted Swamp of Georgia.
In Ware county, Georgia, is a swamp once known as Eumfinocun, which contained an impassable quicksand. The red men who remained in Georgia in the beginning of this century declared that the swamp was enchanted ground; that within the vast morass were islands inhabited by a peculiar race of Indians who did no evil, and who were protected by beautiful winged women. It was the land of peace.
No hunter could ever reach these islands. When his boat entered the rivers which penetrated the swamp, the shores vanished and reappeared, flying before him until, despairing, starving and heartsick, he died, and added another shade to the ghostly multitude of the place.

In Union county, in the same state, is a mountain which also was held by the Indians to be enchanted. Upon the topmost peak is a rocky plateau, in which, 50 years ago, as local historians assert, were to be found the tracks of animal and human feet deeply indented in the rock. There were nearly 200 of these footprints, of every size, from that of a baby to a gigantic mark 17 inches in length.
The Indian legend was that there had once been a great flood, in which all living creatures had perished except one family, who escaped in a large canoe and found refuge on this peak. They asserted, also, that whenever a hunter succeeded in climbing the mountain and reaching the top, heavy rain fell. The Great Spirit wept, remembering the destruction of so many living creatures.

Modern civilization, railways, manufacturing and newspapers are rapidly destroying such traditions and superstitions as these which were familiar to our forefathers. It is worth our while to preserve them, for they have value. They furnish a clew to the past history and religion of the Indian.
In the legends we have just quoted are vague remembrances of the flood and of a promised Heaven. Nothing is useless which shows that, red or white or black, we are children of one Father, and therefore brethren.—Youth's Companion.

ON COMMON GROUND.

Phase of the Bicycle Craze Introduced in Reading a Verdict.

They were trying the case for the fourth time. Three times the jury disagreed, and neither judge nor counsel believed that the present occupants of the box would come to any understanding. The jury filed out and the parties interested in the case prepared themselves for a long wait. What was their surprise when, ten minutes after retiring, the jury signified its readiness to announce a verdict. When the verdict had been given and the excitement somewhat quieted down the judge turned to the jury.

"Gentlemen," he remarked, "this may be an unprecedented act on my part, but I want to express to you my appreciation of the willingness with which you came to an agreement. When I remember that three previous juries spent at least six days in determining that they couldn't harmonize, the promptness with which you agreed stands out in most agreeable contrast."

"We didn't have any trouble about agreeing," said the smiling foreman, and his 11 conferees smiled with him, "as soon as we established one point, your honor."

"And what point was that?" inquired the judge.
"A very simple one, your honor. It didn't take us five minutes to find out that every man of the 12 rode the same wheel!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE GENERAL MARKET.

KANSAS CITY, MO., AUG. 10.	
CATTLE—Best beefs	3 50 @ 4 35
Stockers	3 25 @ 3 85
Native cows	2 25 @ 3 00
HOGS—Choice to heavy	3 00 @ 3 25
WHEAT—No. 2 red	54 1/2 @ 55
No. 2 hard	50 @ 51
CORN—No. 2 mixed	21 1/2 @ 22 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed	18 @ 20
RYE—No. 2	23 @ 25
FLOUR—Patent, per sack	1 40 @ 1 50
Fancy	1 15 @ 1 20
HAY—Choice timothy	6 50 @ 7 00
Fancy prairie	4 25 @ 4 50
BRAN—(Sacked)	32 @ 33
BUTTER—Choice creamery	12 @ 13
CHEESE—Full cream	9 @ 12 1/2
EGGS—Choice	7 1/2 @ 8
POTATOES	10 @ 15
ST. LOUIS.	
CATTLE—Native and shipping	3 70 @ 4 40
Texas	2 40 @ 3 10
HOGS—Heavy	3 30 @ 3 55
SHEEP—Fair to choice	2 50 @ 3 25
FLOUR—Choice	3 00 @ 3 10
WHEAT—No. 2 red	54 1/2 @ 55
CORN—No. 2 mixed	21 1/2 @ 22 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed	18 @ 20
RYE—No. 2	23 @ 25
BUTTER—Creamery	12 @ 13
LARD—Western mess	3 10 @ 3 15
PORK	6 50 @ 6 65
CHICAGO.	
CATTLE—Common to prime	3 25 @ 4 50
HOGS—Packing and shipping	3 00 @ 3 40
SHEEP—Fair to choice	2 25 @ 3 00
FLOUR—Winter wheat	3 15 @ 3 40
WHEAT—No. 2 red	54 1/2 @ 55
CORN—No. 2	21 1/2 @ 22 1/2
OATS—No. 2	18 @ 20
RYE	23 @ 25
BUTTER—Creamery	9 @ 11 1/2
LARD	3 20 @ 3 30
PORK	6 25 @ 6 40
NEW YORK.	
CATTLE—Native Steers	4 10 @ 4 65
HOGS—Good to Choice	3 60 @ 4 15
FLOUR—Good to Choice	6 15 @ 6 55
WHEAT—No. 2 red	6 15 @ 6 55
CORN—No. 2	2 15 @ 2 35
OATS—No. 2	2 15 @ 2 35
BUTTER—Creamery	14 1/2 @ 15
PORK—Mess	9 75 @ 11 00



Little Marie—Mamma, when I grow up may I marry a Dutchman?
Mamma—Why a Dutchman, dear?
Little Marie—So I can be a duchess, mamma.

Wearry Wagglers, Diplomat.
Tramp—Wot a beautiful baby that is, miss. Your little sister, ain't it? Looks just like you.
Mrs. Gulling—No, that's my little daughter. Poor man! You look as if you had walked a long way. Do you take sugar and milk in your tea?—Cleveland Leader.

Safety Assured.
Mr. Winks (solemnly)—A noted physician says that deadly bacteria lurk in bank notes, and many diseases, especially smallpox, are spread that way.
Mrs. Winks—Mercy on us! Give me all you have right off. I've been vaccinated, you know.—N. Y. Weekly.

Any One of the Sex.
Mrs. Wickwire—These clairvoyants' advertisements are so ridiculous. Here is one that begins: "Mme. X tells everything." The idea.
Mr. Wickwire—Felis everything? Any woman can do that.—Indianapolis Journal.

Answered.
Ebbs—"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" asks the poet.
Hebbs—Oh, the undertaker usually comes in and buries the bone of contention.—Town Topics.

Willing to Divide.
Prestidigitateur (during his grand gold-piece act)—I could take \$20 gold pieces from your pocket all night.
Seedy Individual—Go ahead, pard; I'll give ye half.—N. Y. Weekly.

Jay's Conclusion.
Josh Medders—Huh! What the darnation is the sense of that rule of ettyket which says that a gent should always leave the parlor backwards?
Jay Green—That is so's the folks he has been visitin' can't git a chance to kick him, I guess.—Truth.

The Lesser Evil.
She—We should certainly move. There is so much malaria here.
He—My dear, the malaria is the only thing that keeps your mother from coming to live with us.—Town Topics.

A Hint to Doctors.
Invalid—I don't believe that this medicine is helping me at all.
"What makes you think so?"
"It does not taste bad enough to do me any good."—Texas Sifter.

Mannish in the Extreme.
Charlotte—Rose, at any rate, has no mannish tastes.
Jessie—Oh, yes, she has. She writes her letters without postscripts.—Town Topics.

When He Tells the Truth.
Miss Gossippe—Do you pay much attention to what your husband says?
Mrs. Jealous—Not unless he talks in his sleep.—Tit-Bits.

Hard on Paul.
Yeast—Do you ever borrow from Peter to pay Paul?
Crimsonbeak—No; I never meet Paul, now.—Yonkers Statesman.

Best of All
To cleanse the system in a gentle and truly beneficial manner, when the Spring time comes, use the true and perfect remedy, Syrup of Figs. One bottle will answer for all the family and costs only 50 cents; the large size \$1. Buy the genuine. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company only, and for sale by all druggists.

JOHNNY—"May I wake the baby, mamma?"
Mamma—"Why do you want to wake the baby?"
JOHNNY—"So's I can play on my drum."—Woonsocket Patriot.

DR. JALAP—"Let me see your tongue, please." Patient—"O, doctor, no tongue can tell how bad I feel."—Boston Transcript.

"With all thy faults, I love thee still," as the husband said to his scolding wife.—J. D. F. W.

"They say Barrows has writer's cramp."
"Well, I don't wonder, considering the literature he feeds on."—Harper's Bazar.

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Our I's and Other Eyes.

Our I's are just as strong as they were fifty years ago, when we have cause to use them. But we have less and less cause to praise ourselves, since others do the praising, and we are more than willing for you to see us through other eyes. This is how we look to S. F. Boyce, wholesale and retail druggist, Duluth, Minn., who after a quarter of a century of observation writes:

"I have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla for more than 25 years, both at wholesale and retail, and have never heard anything but words of praise from my customers; not a single complaint has ever reached me. I believe Ayer's Sarsaparilla to be the best blood purifier that has been introduced to the general public." This, from a man who has sold thousands of dozens of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, is strong testimony. But it only echoes popular sentiment the world over, which has "Nothing but words of praise for Ayer's Sarsaparilla."

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