

A LITTLE IRISH GIRL.

By "The Duchess."

CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

"As you will, of course," says Eyre, very stiffly. Has all his chivalry come to this that she will none of him, of his aid, or sympathy, or affection? Surely he is as modern a Don Quixote as one may hope to find! "You really wish to return?"

"I do! I do indeed!" says the poor child, clasping her hands imploringly.

Mr. Eyre makes but one answer to this impassioned and distinctly unflattering appeal—he returns to her her bag. To the man in the dusk beyond, watching them with a livid face, this act seems unprecedented.

"Has it occurred to you how you are to get back?" asked Eyre, in a tone calculated to freeze a salamander.

"I shall be able to manage that," feverishly. "I shall, indeed! Oh! there is your train," as that snorting machine dashes into the station. "Go! go!"

"I shall go, certainly sooner or later," says he, sullenly. "Though considerably later than will please you, to judge by your manner. But before I oblige you I shall see you safe into your home."

"If you do, you will miss your train. Do—do you think of that?" says she, in a small agony. "See—they are shutting the doors, and—oh!" breaking off with a little gasp of hope that almost ends in a cry, "there is Andy! Andy!" calling out aloud. "There! Don't you see him? Just running into the station? I'd know his legs anywhere! Andy! Andy!"

It is, indeed, Andy, in the flesh and out of humor. All day long, ever since his memorable encounter with her in the vegetable garden he had decided to keep an eye upon her, and an eye he had kept, without blinking; that is, so long as the daylight lasted. But when 5 o'clock came and the short winter day was at an end, he had relaxed his vigilance, and decided to consider himself off duty.

He had been wondering would she come to tea with him, as usual, in the old schoolroom. Perhaps she would; perhaps, too, she wouldn't. As the hour struck he had gone there and waited.

He waited for quite an hour without a misgiving. He waited another quarter of an hour with considerable misgivings. At a quarter to six he waited no longer, but went three steps at a time up stairs to old Bridget to ask her if she knew where Miss Dulcinea was.

Mrs. Driscoll had no idea. She put down her knitting, and wrinkled her brows so strongly that Andy, who had not believed them capable of another crease, gazed at her astounded. Wasn't she down in the schoolroom, then? No; she wasn't. She hadn't come in yet, then?

Come in?

Andy's heart began to beat a little quickly. What was it she had said?—that she would let them see! Did she begin to let them see when she went out? But when was that?

"When did she go out?" asks he.

"Fais, not so long, thin," said the old nurse, in a little frightened fashion. "Have you anything on your mind, Master Andy? If you have, spake out! I mind me now she kissed me in a queer, mad, disturbin' sort of a way, when she was lavin'." I mind, too, that I told her it was a bit late for a ramble, an' she laughed strange like, an' said may be she'd never have a chance of a ramble ag'in, so she might as well have it now as not. Oh! werra! werrathru! What'll I do if harm has come to me beauty?"

Andy had cut her short. It was evident her mind ran on suicide. His mind ran on Eyre. He knew that latter was leaving this evening, and the suspicion that Dulcinea, in a mad, angry moment, had agreed to go with him, seized upon him and held him. He left the old woman rocking to and fro, and praying to every saint in the calendar.

It didn't take him two minutes to find his hat and rush out into the chill night air en route for the wayside station.

"Andy!" cries Dulcinea frantically, in a subdued and pleading tone that reaches not only Andy's ears, but those of Auketell in his distant corner. His are unnaturally strained.

"Well, here I am!" says Andy, calling out, too, in a distinctly indignant tone.

"He hears me!" says Dulcinea, with a little sob of delight, turning excitedly to her companion. "He is coming! Oh! before he comes, go! go! Do you hear me? See, the train is on the point of leaving! If you wait another moment, you will be left behind, and I—Oh! do go!" giving him a frenzied push. "I will write—I will explain—only go!"

"Write—explain!" Eyre feels as if his senses are deserting him. The girl has put herself in this false position to save from abominable tyranny is the one who now deliberately—nay, passionately—reputates his assistance. Explain! There is no explanation—none! stammers he, hardly knowing what he says. Righteous anger is burning in his breast.

"Oh! but I will write!" declares she, growing desperate as she sees Andy approaching. "There! be quick!" Again she pushes him toward the now almost moving train, and Eyre, confused, angry, puzzled, obeys her touch, and springs into the carriage no rest to him.

Almost unconsciously he had sprung into it, the door is banged by a passing porter, and presently he finds that he is under way, and leaving Dulcinea forever!

The train disappears into the night. Eyre, leaning back in his corner—the corner usually coveted, but undisputed in this empty train—gives him up to thought. It is a revelation to him to find presently that he is feeling far more angry than miserable. Pathos upon pathos!

Up to this, indeed, he had regarded himself as a preux chevalier—a Don Quixote. He had exulted in his role of Knight of Wofal Damocles, and here—here is his reward! Lo! when it came to the point, the captive maiden had declined to be rescued, and clung heroically, if unexpectantly, to the tyranny she might have escaped.

There must be something wrong somewhere. Eyre, enveloping himself in his rug, makes a mental vow to abjure distressed damsels for all time, and devote himself for the future to worldly reasonable beings who hitherto have been the solace of his existence.

CHAPTER X.

"Those who inflict must suffer, for they must see
The work of their own hearts, and that
Must be
Our chastisement or recompense."

Dulcinea, left alone upon the platform, turns with a quick breath of mingled fear and relief to Andy, who has only just joined her.

"Nice bit of business, this," says that young man.

"Oh! don't talk here, Andy! Come outside: come beyond the gate. I—"

"I don't see what going beyond the gate will do," says Mr. McDermot, looking like adamant. "May as well have it out here, where I can see you, as in the dusty road."

"I'm tired, Andy," says she faintly, with a vague but fruitless effort of softening him.

"Not too tired to come here in the middle of the night, anyway."

"In the middle of the night! Oh, Andy! Why, it can't be more than half-past six!"

"How well you know the hours of the train! Who? (malignantly) 'taught you? My word! all I can say is, that you have done it this time, at all events."

"Done what?" (more faintly still).

"Do you want me to put it into words?" says her cousin, regarding her in the dim dull light of the station lamps with a disgust hardly to be put into words. "You are a fool, Dulcinea!"

"You don't know anything!" says Dulcinea, taking all the courage she has into her hand and preparing to do battle with it. "You accuse me; you say things—but" (incoherently) "you know nothing! Nothing! I came out only—only—to" (desperately) "see if I could match some wool in the village down there, and I wandered on here, and—"

"What a banger!" says her cousin. "Is that the best you can do? To match wool by this light! Why not say you came to meet a young lady? There would be a pretty color about that, at all events."

"It was wool," persisted Dulcinea, dismally.

"With a pretty color about it, too!" with growing scorn. "Oh, no! it won't do, my good Dulcinea. Dye think I can't see how the land lies? Wait till you see Bridget! She's got a word or two to say to you, believe me! She's got it hot and strong for you, and no mistake."

"Bridget will say nothing to me," says Dulcinea. "She, at least" (unsteadily), "has always been kind to me."

"Your quarter's up, there," says Andy. "Expect no grace. She's only waiting to see you to give you the biggest bit of her mind on record."

"Take me to her," says Dulcinea, in a low tone, suggestive of intense fatigue, bodily and mental.

"What makes you so tired?" asks her cousin, trying to see her face.

"You seem done up. What?" as the thought dawns upon him, "do you mean to say that you walked here? Marched every step of the way through the cold and damp to meet that fellow?"

Dulcinea nods her head; words now are almost beyond her.

"By George! you must be fond of him!"

"I am not!" says Dulcinea, with a faint, a very faint return of her old spirit.

"You expect me to believe that, and yet you certainly come all this way for the mere sake of giving him a parting word, of seeing him safely off."

"Yes—yes," says his cousin, with such an over-eager confession that she opens his eyes to the full truth.

"To go off with him!" says he slowly.

"It that it, really? Oh, Dulcinea!"

There is such reproach, such surprised reproach in his young voice that Dulcinea gives way beneath it.

"Oh, it is all true, Andy—all! every word you have said. Father, Sir Ralph—even you, were unkind to me. And he—though I didn't care for him he was kind; and he asked me to come away from all this trouble!"

"You mean to say you spoke to him—you complained to him of Sir Ralph—of your father?"

"I did. I know now it was hateful of me; but—he was very kind and I was unhappy. And Sir Ralph was so cold, and so lecturing-like—and—She breaks off.

"Well, I wouldn't have believed it of you," says Andy, shaking his head gloomily. "And Auketell such a good sort! However," (pulling himself together) "the one thing now to be considered is how you are to get home. It will take a long time to get a car up here from that beastly hole below; and by the time we reach the house the governor will be in such a fume that there will be no holding him."

"Can't we walk?" (eagerly).

"That would occupy even longer. I suppose, I know what girls are—stumbling over every stone and shrieking at every shadow. No; that would take hours, and set the governor's back up an inch or two higher. He'd be all alive O, with a vengeance, like the cockies, if we didn't get home before that."

"What shall we do, then?" says Dulcinea, glancing round her.

"I wish I knew. Better stay here until I run down to the village and bring back a car of some sort. 'Pon my soul' (moodily) "you have done it for once, and handsomely when you were about it."

At this moment it so happens that Dulcinea in her remorse and grief and despair, changes her position. She had thought of escaping her cousin's eye—which is sharp, to say the least of it; but, not understanding the eccentricities of the station lamps, so turns that he can see her even more distinctly.

Perhaps it was a wise move, if unadvised. The dull, dead lamp over there shows Mr. McDermot such a pale, tear-stained and miserable little face, that all his wrath dies down before it.

"After all," begins he hurriedly, and in a considerably milder voice,

"there's one thing in your favor—I don't forget that. When it came to the scratch you didn't go with him. You caved in at the right hour; and no wonder, too. The barrel-organ business wouldn't be good enough for you. I say, Dulcinea, old girl, don't—don't cry, whatever you do! Keep up your pecker; leave it all to me, and I'll pull you through; I'll square it with the governor if he finds you out, and I'm afraid he's bound to do that, as you are very considerably out, not only of your house, but your reckoning. Ha! ha! that's a joke! D'ye see it?"

In this melancholy way he seeks to cheer her; but Dulcinea is beyond seeing anything. She is like Nobe—"all tears."

"You'll be in hysterics in a second, if you don't keep a tight rein," says her cousin in a horror-stricken way. "Look there!" (glancing apprehensively around him). "You'll be heard if you go on like that. I wish to goodness there was some way of getting you home in a hurry; we could then put it on the pins or the wool-work safely; but—By Jove!"—starting—"there's Sir Ralph!"

CHAPTER XI.

"To know to esteem, to love—and then to part,
Makes up life's tale to many a feeling heart."

"What?" says Dulcinea. She stands still, as if turned into stone. Her tears cease. She feels frozen. He—he, of all men, here! Had he seen—gessed—

"Sir Ralph, by all that's fortunate," "Where?"

"Just over there; evidently come this moment in answer to my prayer." In fact, Sir Ralph, who had been going away from the platform, having seen all he never wished to see, had turned at the last second to speak to a porter; and had, therefore, when Andy's eyes fell on him, all the appearance of one coming toward, instead of going away from him.

"Was there ever such luck? Of course he's got a trap of some sort. He'll drive you home. I say, Anketell!"

"Oh, Andy!"—grasping his arm—"Oh Andy! Don't don't!"

"Don't what?"—angrily.

"Don't make me go home with him!" (in an agonized whisper).

"But, why—why?"—impatiently.

"Oh, not with him! Supposing he was here all the time, and saw—"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FOUND AT LAST!

The American Citizen Might Be Scared, But Was True to His Country.

Some years ago, when Sir Charles Smith was traveling by special train in Dakota, he told his private secretary to instruct the conductor that he should not say "Mr. Smith," but "Sir Charles" in speaking to so great a man. Next time the conductor came round he said: "Well, sir—Charles—the next station is Glyndon." And always thereafter he continued to use the same form, "Well, sir—Charles."

Last year when Sir James Homlake and a number of other prominent Englishmen were traveling in this country as guests of the American Iron and Steel institute, the company had a special train. The porter of the car in which Sir James traveled for two days was a singularly polite, but slightly deaf negro. He always addressed Sir James as "Misser Omelette." After this had occurred several times, Sir James, who a sense of personal importance is well developed, said, in an appalling loud tone: "My good fellow, you must not speak to me in that manner. When you address me you are to say Sir James Homlake—Sir James Homlake—remember that!" "Porter, have you remembered to say Sir James Homlake?" asked one of the Americans the next day, when he happened to meet the darky where the knight was not. "Oh, no sah! I don't say no such thing. Dis yer's a free country."

"What do you call him, then?" "Jus' Misser Omelette, yessah. Jus' Misser Omelette, sah."

"Ar'n't you afraid?" "Yessah—scared mos' to deff, but I see a 'Merican citizen, sah."—The Argonaut.

Absent-Minded.

Professor Kunstler was an old German pedagogue, noted for his absent-mindedness. He and a friend, another old professor, used to take a daily walk together. One day, when walking was very bad, Professor Kunstler was on his way to the corner at which he and his friend always met, when he encountered a young student whose face he recognized dimly, having seen it every day for some weeks in his morning class. The professor hailed the boy, who was wading through the mud to get across the street. "Have you seen Professor Muller?" he asked.

"Yes, Herr Professor," replied the student, pausing in the midst of a mud puddle to remove his cap respectfully; "the Herr Professor Muller is at the corner, waiting for you."

"Good," replied Professor Kunstler, looking amiably at the lad over his spectacles; "I thank you; you may be seated."—Argonaut.

Height of the Atmosphere.

Curious evidence shows that a cubic inch of air at sea level contains about 350,000,000 molecules. If the law of regularly diminishing density holds good, a cubic inch of air at the height of 100 miles will contain about 350,000 molecules and at less than 222 miles only one molecule. Opinions differ, however, as to the actual height of the atmosphere's upper surface. Prof. Young declares that no definite upper limit can be stated, while Prof. Forster, of Berlin, contends that a thin air, connected with that of the earth, pervades the whole solar system.

The Fact in the Case.

Mrs. Kindly (meeting one of the twins)—My, my, how much you and your brother look alike. It is very difficult to tell you apart.

Twin—But it ain't so hard, ma'am, to tell us together.—Detroit Free Press.

THE AGRICULTURAL WORLD

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO THE FARMER.

Some Ways of Draining—Sunflower Seed for Poultry—Make the Land Richer—Exterminating Rats—Frozen Eggs—Straw Shelter.

Some Ways of Draining.

The kind of drainage for any particular land depends entirely on its natural consistency, and also on the nature of the subsoil. If the soil and subsoil are both tree and open, it is not necessary to have the drains very close together, as water will flow out freely if the pipes are laid a considerable distance apart. If the soil is stiff clay, resting on an impervious subsoil, it is necessary to place them close together. In all land which drains freely the water does not fall into tile from above, but rises up from below, entering the bottom. This is because there is in most land a level, below which all the spaces between the particles of soil are filled in with water, and this top, of which is known as the level of supersaturation says Prof. J. Maldon in Tillage; and it is this which must be kept from rising near to the surface. Above this level of supersaturation there may be an excess of moisture, which is held by capillary attraction, but the amount diminishes as it nears the surface. It is necessary to keep the level of supersaturation far enough from the surface to allow room for roots of plants to grow without having to come in contact with it. As the water is held up by capillarity, that which is far above the drains does not sink so quickly as that near to them; so as to make the drainage complete and rapid in its action, the drains should be laid lower than would be otherwise desired to keep the water level.

To obtain through under-drainage, the tiles must be laid at considerable depth. There is one point very commonly missed by those who follow low drainage by theoretical teachings, which practice refutes, and it occurs when dealing with some classes of very heavy land. Any soil with a subsoil which is at all porous may be benefitted by deep under-drainage, but there are subsoils so impervious that water does not sink into them, as may be proved by digging a deep trench and leaving it open, when it will be seen that little water finds its way in; and as this is the case it is obviously useless to open up frequent channels to become the graves of the tile through which no water passes. It would be no less foolish to drain thin soils resting on rocks by means of tiles four feet deep. But there is no land which suffers more from the effects of water, for, beyond evaporation, there is no outlet, unless it is conducted away by shallow channels, and the forms that these channels can most conveniently take are water gutters and shallow drains. It must not be forgotten that the general principles of drainage do not apply, and are not intended to apply to relieving the undrainable clays which are under consideration. The water must be got off the surface, and for this reason the land is laid up in ridges and furrows, so that the water can run into the mould-furrows, and on into the water gutters. The common signs of wetness are: Water standing on the land after rain; difficult working of the land as compared with the surrounding soil which is properly drained; poor crops when it is known that the land is otherwise in good condition; yellowness of the crops, especially in Spring; presence on grass land of rushes, sedges, water-grasses, haasock-grass, and other weeds and of willow weed, coltsfoot, etc., on arable land, frequent presence of insect-eating birds, such as plovers. Some very important practical points to bear in mind are: That tiles ought to be carted in slack time, but on heavy land injury is done by hauling when it is wet; therefore take advantage of cold weather; discard all bad tiles; the fall must not be less than 1 foot in 220; place main drains three inches lower than the furrow; turn the outlets slightly down stream and brick-face them, with a grafting over the mouth to prevent rats entering; see that ditches are cleaned out properly; the top furrow may be plowed out; make drains nearly straight, and only wide enough to allow men working room; springs must be drained a few inches lower than the rest of the field; in large systems provide main drains with settling tanks; work from the outlets, laying the main drains first; do the work by the piece; allow no filling-up until engineer or yourself see the tiles properly laid; fill in the drains carefully at first, so as not to dislodge the tiles; avoid accumulation of sediment; the side drains should never enter central main ones opposite each other; avoid hedge rows and trees where possible; have a plan of the farm, with every outlet marked, so that if they are lost sight of they may be found again.

Exterminating Rats.

A subscriber wishes to know of a remedy for driving away rats, as his mills are almost in possession of these "varmin'ts" exclusively. At one time when he had a storehouse, we were bothered very much with rats, as samples of fertilizers, fabrics, sugars, and all such truck were thrown carelessly in there, which furnished them good food, and plenty material out of which to make nests, etc., and we cleared the entire premises, permanently, of these vermin by making a whitewash yellow with copperas, and covering every exposed surface with it. In all crevices where they could get we placed some copperas crystals,

and scattered the same in the corners of the floor. The result was a perfect stampede of rats and mice. Since that time not a foot fall of either rat or mouse has been heard about the building, and we treated our residence, barn, etc., with same, and like results ensued. Every spring the cellar as well as the entire interior of out-houses receive a coating of yellow whitewash, and mice and rats, and the like have so far given us a wide berth.

In addition to the power of driving away these vermin possessed by the copper solution, it is an excellent disinfectant, and we have often prescribed it for buildings, tenement houses and blocks infected with malaria and typhoid fever with the best results, and we advise our querist to proceed at once to thoroughly wash all portions of his buildings where they have runways, with this solution. It is much better than poison as they are apt to crawl between the walls to die, and what smells worse than a defunct rat?

Make the Land Richer.

There seems to be no occupation in life wherein men are so generally averse to paying out money (or its equivalent) for benefits to be received a little later on, as in farming and especially in relation to feeding the land in order that it may produce more abundantly. Take green manuring, for instance. If a man sows a crop for this purpose, half the time he changes his mind when it has grown and harvests and sells it, and this notwithstanding the fact unless stock feeding enters largely into his system operations green manuring must be his main dependence for continued or increasing prosperity.

We do not begin to make use of this means for supplying fertility as we would if we could bring ourselves to pursue a more open-handed policy with our lands. We might often put in a catch crop of oats, rye or clover where land is left bare for months, and by turning them under put solid capital in our bank that will pay good dividends in future years. This general farmer is always on the safe side in green manuring, although he may be a stock keeper also, for, if he grows harvests and crops with the purpose of feeding them out and returning the manure to the land, the chances are that his appliance for saving the product are so inadequate that not half of it gets where it is needed. In turning under a green crop says a writer in Farmer's Guide there is no opportunity for the escape of the valuable elements. The crop decomposes completely in the ground which it is intended to enrich, and enters then and there upon its work.

Sunflower Seed for Poultry.

A correspondent for American Poultry Yard speaking of the sunflower seed as a poultry feed says it is the grandest poultry food on earth, being valuable for egg-producing and flesh forming, as well as for adding a beautiful luster to the fowls. As an egg-food, we believe it is fully equal, if not superior, to wheat, buckwheat or oats, and greatly superior to corn, as it is neither so heating nor so fattening as the latter grain. He says:

Sunflowers will grow on any kind of soil or in fence corners, but yield better when cultivated upon good land. They should be planted about the same as corn, two or three seeds in a hill; if they are planted two thick, they grow slim and tall, without making good heads. We prefer the short, thick stalks to the tall ones, as we think they yield better and are easier to gather. Care should be taken in cultivating them, as the stalks are very brittle and break easily. Though they will grow up again, if broken off, they will branch out and not make good heads. The heads vary in size from two to 18 inches in diameter, sometimes to even 22 inches with good cultivation; but 12 inches is a good average, a good head of this last diameter yielding about a quart of seed.

Sunflowers may be planted any time from the moment the frost leaves the ground until the middle of July. We believe when they are planted early enough say in March, that two crops could be raised from the same ground in a year, by planting the second crop between the rows of the first after they have matured, and cutting down the stalks as they get ripe. We planted two acres about June 20, of this year and though the season was an exceptionally dry one, we raised about six bushels to the acre, and we think would have raised four or five times as much, if it had not been so dry.

This grain can usually be had at seed-houses at about \$1 per bushel.

Frozen Eggs.

In the winter season quantities of eggs are frozen, and it is generally considered that such eggs are worth but little, or to say the least are much injured for cooking purposes. This, however, is not strictly true, for if properly treated are but little injured. Instead of (as was the custom) putting them into cold water to take the frost out and waiting several hours for the thawing to take place, and then finding the yolks in such a solid state that they can be used with no satisfaction in cooking, try the following method: Place them in boiling water and leave them there from five to twenty minutes, according to the amount of frost in them, when upon being opened, the yolks will be found in such a state that they can be used for almost any culinary purpose.—Poultry World.

Care of Street Trees.

Street trees sometimes need pruning. If, however, they have been well selected a small knife will move an occasional branch that is out in the wrong place. There is no necessity of cutting off any limb. If this necessity ever arises the limb should be cut off close to the trunk and the place smoothed and painted, so that the wound will be promptly covered with healing tissue. We have often explained that a stub is left this must inevitably and as the trunk grows about it will be a plug of rotten wood which branch originally grew, and this case will set inward and downward, the water soaks in from within, and street trees have attained maturity pruning is rarely needed beyond occasional cutting away of a dead limb or the removal of one which interferes with another.—Garden and Forest.

When a Man is in His Front.

The best half of life is in front of man of 40 if he be anything of a man. The work he will do will be done by the hand of a master and not of an apprentice. The trained intellect does not "see men as trees walking," sees everything clear and in just perspective. The trained temper does not at work like a blind bull at a hayrack but advances with the calm and steady pace of conscious power and deliberate determination.—Vick's Magazine.

Treating Snake Bites.

Sir Joseph Fayrer, who is the greatest living authority on the subject snake bites, holds that a person stung by snake poison is precisely dying of "nervous exhaustion," consequently when the victim is to be taken violent exercise in order to throw off by perspiration the poison that has been absorbed in his system, his end is in reality being hastened. Perspiration should be induced vapor bath so as to draw the poison of the system. Sir Joseph Fayrer's experience leads to the conclusion that at the present time there is no cure for the bite of either the cobra or the Dabola.

The Dog and the Watch.

A young lady had a beautiful watch which she was unduly proud of. The time-piece was exhibited on various occasions, and a few days ago some admiring friends were examining it, the watch accidentally slipped from their fingers. A cry of dismay was thrown when the party saw the watch disappear with a gulp in the yawning mouth of a dog which sat at their feet looking expectantly upward and naturally wagging its tail. Poor deceiver! He had received the morsel, and looked pleased with feat of catching it on the fly, but proved to be his death warrant. The watch was summarily dispatched, and all post-mortem the watch was recognized none the worse for the mishap.

\$100 Reward \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one drug store that science has been able to cure in all stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the mucous surface of the system, thus destroying the foundation of the disease, giving the patient strength by building the constitution and assisting nature in its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer \$100 for every case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address E. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

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The poker player does not use visiting cards when he is calling.

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A good credit is often as useful as a bank account.

Nobody can become rich by never getting away anything.

The man who is ruled by his feelings always travel in a zig-zag course.