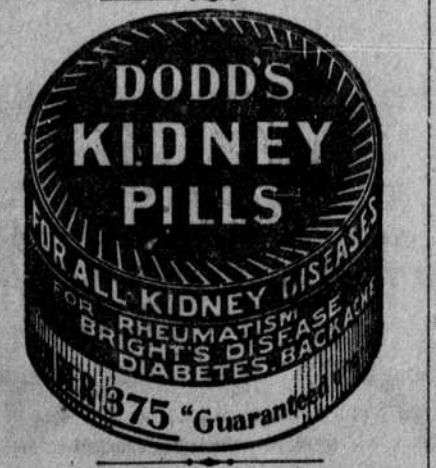


The Nigger Baby.
From the London Standard.
Matrons of the West may be interested to hear the details of the Nigerian native baby's morning toilet. Anything over three months old is no longer a "baby" to the native mater familias, and is bathed with the other children (generally a numerous brood) in the chill morning air before sunrise. The little mite wallops lustily while the cold water is splashed over its brown body, and generally continues the chorus when put aside to dry (towels do not form part of the household equipment.) The bathing process finished, the infants are subjected to a sort of water cure treatment. The mother seizes a child, scoops up a handful of water, and, using her thumb as a kind of spout, squirts it with extraordinary dexterity into the youngster's mouth and down its throat. Protests in the shape of loud gurgles, horrible chokings, and desperate struggles are quite unheeded; the steady stream of water continues to pour down the child's throat until the mother's practiced touch on the patient's distended stomach tells her that the limit of capacity has been reached. All babies are submitted to this treatment, which is believed to have a most strengthening effect.



The Penalty of Reputation.
I guess I'll run away from here an' sail across the sea;
For no one any longer seems to care a bit for me;
I want to be a pirate or a cowboy on the plains,
Or I'll be a bandit an' I'll hold up railway trains.
I'm sick of runnin' errands an' a-doin' of the chores,
I'm sick of wipin' off my feet an' closin' open doors;
I'm sick of everything there is, but what makes me feel blue,
Today I got a lickin' for a thing I didn't do.
It's pretty tough to be a boy that's got an awful name,
For doing tricks, coz then it seems you allus get the blame.
Becoz I've broken windows, an' becuz I chased a cat,
An' becuz I threw a snowball once at Deacon White's plug hat,
Whenever anything goes wrong they allus look for me,
I guess they think no other boy can climb an apple tree.
An' at school they call me an' so it seems most every day or two,
I have to take a lickin' for things I didn't do.
There's Stubby Green, as bad as me; he stoned a peddler's horse,
An' when he ran away they came an' looked for me,
An' when somebody put a snake in Grandma Perkins' bed,
That's one of Dicky Watson's tricks, an' was what the neighbors said,
An' when somebody wheeled away Brown's baby cab an' hid it,
That's nothin' to it, they declared, "but Dicky Watson" all the time, as though they allus knew—
Today I got a lickin' for a thing I didn't do.
I ain't complain' after all, maybe it's just as well,
I'd rather take a lickin' than on other fellows tell,
But just the same, I wish I'd get awful sick some day,
An' have to lie up there in bed an' not get out to play,
Then maybe something would be done an' maybe the neighbors said,
That there are other boys around that are as bad as me;
Then maybe they'd be sorry, an' p'raps they'd promise, too,
That they'd never lick me for the things I didn't do.
—Detroit Free Press.

Mrs. Mary G. Baker Eddy, who, of course, has no faith in medicine, told a western Christian Scientist, at one of her latest audiences, as anecdote about a friend of hers.
"This friend, a thin and nervous woman, could not sleep. She visited her physician and the man said:
"Do you eat anything just before you go to bed?"
"Oh, no, doctor," the patient replied.
"Well," said the physician, "just keep a pitcher of milk and some biscuit beside you, and every night the last thing you do, take a light meal."
"But doctor," cried the lady, "you told me on no account to eat anything before retiring."
"Pooh, pooh," said the doctor, "that was three months ago. Science has made enormous strides since then."
—Detroit Free Press.

EAGER TO WORK.
Health Regained by Right Food.
The average healthy man or woman is usually eager to be busy at some useful task or employment.
But let dyspepsia or indigestion get hold of one, and all endeavor becomes a burden.
"A year ago, after recovering from an operation," writes a Mich. lady, "my stomach and nerves began to give me much trouble.
"At times my appetite was voracious, but when indulged, indigestion followed. Other times I had no appetite whatever. The food I took did not nourish me and I grew weaker than ever.
"I lost interest in everything and wanted to be alone. I had always had good nerves, but now the merest trifle would upset me and bring on a violent headache. Walking across the room was an effort and prescribed exercise was out of the question.
"I had seen Grape-Nuts advertised, but did not believe what I read, at the time. At last when it seemed as if I were literally starving, I began to eat Grape-Nuts.
"I had not been able to work for a year, but now after two months on Grape-Nuts I am eager to be at work again. My stomach gives me no trouble now, my nerves are steady as ever, and interest in life and ambition have come back with the return to health.
"There's a Reason."
Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pks.
Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

The Crime of the Boulevard

By Jules Claretie

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.
"We photograph a spurious bank note. It is magnified, and by the absence of a tiny dot the proof of the alteration is found. On account of the lack of a dot the forger is detected. The savant Helmholtz was the discoverer of this method of detecting forgeries. Two bank notes were placed side by side in a stereoscope of strong magnifying power, when the faults were at once detected. Helmholtz's experiment probably seemed fantastic to the forger condemned by a stereoscope. Oh, what today could not a like experiment on the retina of a dead man's eye give a like result?"
"Instruments have been highly perfected since the time when Dr. Bourion made his experiments, and if the laws of human psychology have not changed the seekers of invisible causes must have rapidly advanced in their mysterious pursuits. Who knows whether at the instant of the last agony that the dying person does not put into all the intensity of his mind into the retina, giving a hundred-fold power to that last supreme look?"
At this point of his reflections, Bernardet experienced some hesitation. While he was not thoroughly acquainted with physiology and philosophy, he had known so many strange occurrences and had studied many men. He knew—for he had closely questioned wretches who had been saved from drowning at the very last possible moment, some of whom had attempted suicide, others who had been almost drowned through accident, and each one had told him that his whole life, from his earliest recollection, had flashed through his mind in the instant of mortal agony, yes, a whole lifetime in one instant of central excitement.
Had savants been able to solve this wonderful mystery? The resume of an existence in one vibration! Was it possible? Yet—Bernardet still used the word.
And why, in an analogous sensation, could not the look of a dying man be seized in an intensity lasting an instant, as memory brought in a single flash so many diverse remembrances?
"I know, since it is the imagination, and that the dead cannot see, while the image on the retina is a fact, a fact contradicted by wiser men than I," Bernardet thought on these mysteries until his head began to ache.
"I shall make myself ill over it," he thought. "And there is something to be done."
Then in his dusty little room, his brain over excited, he became enthused with one idea. His surroundings fell away from him; he saw nothing—everything disappeared—the books, the papers, the red and white, the visible objects, as did also the objections, the denials, the demonstrative impossibilities. And absolute conviction seized him to the exclusion of all extraneous surroundings. This conviction was absolute. "Ah, M. le Juge," cried the agent, the renown or the possibility of advancement which urged him on. It was the joy, the glory, of aiding progress, of attaching his name to a new discovery. He worked for art and the glory of art. As he wandered about his sole thought was of his desire to test Dr. Bourion's experiment, of the realization of his dream. "Ah, if M. Glinory will only permit!" he thought.
As he formulated that hope in his mind, M. Glinory descended from the floor. He hurried up to him and saluted him respectfully. Seeing Bernardet so moved and the first one on the spot, he could not repress a smile.
"I see you are still enthused," Bernardet said.
"I have thought of nothing else all night," M. Glinory replied.
"Well, but," said M. Glinory in a tone which seemed to Bernardet to imply hope, "no idea must be rejected, and I do not see why we should not try the experiment. I have reflected upon it. Where is the unsuitableness?"
"Ah, M. le Juge," cried the agent, "if you permit it, who knows but we may revolutionize medical jurisprudence?"
"Revolutionize! Revolutionize!" he cried. "Would the examining magistrate yet think of an idiotic idea?"
M. Glinory proposed to him the building and entered at a small door opening on the Seine. The registrar followed him, and behind him came the police agent. Bernardet wished to wait until the doctors delegated to perform the autopsy arrived, and the head keeper of the morgue advised him to possess himself with patience and while he was waiting to look around and see the latest cadavers which had been brought there.
"We have here in sight days a larger number of women than men, and these women were nearly all habitués of the public halls and race tracks."
"And how can you tell that?"
"Because they have pretty feet."
Professor Morin arrived with a confere, a young Pasteurian doctor, of a singular mind, broad and receptive, and who passed among his companions for a man fond of chimeras, a little retiring, however, and given over to making experiments and to vague dreams. M. Morin saluted M. Glinory and presented to him the young doctor. Erwin by name, and said to the magistrate that the house students had probably begun the autopsy to gain time.
The body, stripped of its clothing, lay upon the dissecting table, and three young men with velvet victraps, with aprons tied about their waists, were standing about the corpse. They had already begun the autopsy. The mortal wound looked redder than ever in the whiteness of the naked body.
Bernardet glided into the room, trying to keep out of sight, listening and looking, and above everything, losing sight of M. Glinory's face—a face in which the look was keen, penetrating, sharp as a knife, as he bent over the pale face of the murdered man, regarding it as searchingly as the surgeons' scalpels were searching the wound and the flesh. Among those men in their black clothes, some with bared heads in order to work better, others with hats on, the stretched out corpse seemed like a wax figure upon a marble slab. Bernardet thought of those images which he had seen copied from Rembrandt's pictures—the poet with long anatomical pinchers and the shambler. The surgeons bent over the body, their hands busy and their scalpels cutting the muscles. That wound, which had let out his life, that large wound, like a monstrous and grinning mouth, they enlarged still more. The head oscillated from side to side, and they were obliged to prop it with some mats. The eyes remained the same and in spite of the hours which had passed seemed as living, as menacing and eloquent as the night before. They were, however, veiled with something vitreous or of the pupils, like the amaurosis of death, yet full of that anger, of that fright or that ferocious male-

diction which was reproduced in a startling manner in the negatives taken by Bernardet.
"The secret of the crime is in that look," thought the police agent. "Those eyes speak. Those eyes speak. They tell what they know; they accuse some one."
Then while the professor, his associates and his students went on with the autopsy, exchanging observations, following in the mutilated body their researches of truth, trying to be very accurate as to the nature of the wound, the form even of the knife with which it was made, Bernardet softly approached the examining magistrate, and in a low tone timidly, respectfully, he spoke some words, which were insistent, however, and pressing, urging the magistrate to quickly interfere.
"Ah, M. le Juge, this is the moment! You who can do everything—"
The examining magistrate has with us absolute power. He does whatever seems to him best, and he wishes to do a thing because he wishes to do it. M. Glinory, curious by nature and because it was his duty, hesitated, scratched his ear, rubbed his nose, bit his lip, listened to the suppliant murmur of the police officer, but decided not to speak just then and continued gazing with a fixed stare at the dead man.
This thought came to him moreover, insistent and imperious, that he was there to testify in all things in favor of that truth the discovery of which imposed upon him—and suddenly his sharp work interrupted the surgeon's work.
"Messieurs, does not the expression of the open eyes strike you?"
"Yes, they express admirably the most perfect agony," M. Morin replied.
"And does it not seem," asked the examining magistrate, "as if they were fixed with that expression on the murderer's face?"
"Without doubt. The mouth seems to curse and the eyes to mence."
"And what if the last image seen—in fact, that of the murderer—still remains upon the retina of the eyes?"
M. Morin looked at the magistrate in astonishment. His air was slightly mocking, and the lips and eyes assumed a quizzical expression. But Bernardet was very much surprised when he heard one remark. Dr. Erwin raised his head, and while he seemed to approve of that which M. Glinory had advanced, he said: "The image must have disappeared from the retina some time ago."
"Who knows?" said M. Glinory.
Bernardet experienced a profound emotion. He felt that this time the truth would be officially settled. M. Glinory had no feared ridicule when he spoke, and a discussion arose there, in that dissecting room, in the presence of the corpse. What had existed only in a dream in Bernardet's little study became here, in the presence of the examining magistrate, a member of the institute, and the young students, almost full fledged doctors, a question frankly discussed in all its bearings. And it was he standing back, he, a poor devil of a police officer, who urged the examining magistrate to question this savant.
"At the back of the eyes," said the professor, touching the eyes with his scalpel, "there is nothing, believe me. It is elsewhere that you must look for your proof."
"But," said M. Glinory repeated his "who knows?"—what if we try it this time? Will it inconvenience you, my dear master?" M. Morin made a movement with his lips which meant "pshaw" and his whole countenance expressed his scorn. "I see no inconvenience," said the end of a movement he said in a sharp tone, "it will be lost time."
"A little more, a little less," replied M. Glinory. "The experiment is worth the trouble to make it."
M. Glinory had proved without doubt that he, like Bernardet, wished to satisfy his curiosity, and in looking at the open eyes of the corpse, although in his duties he never allowed himself to be moved by the sentimental or the dramatic, yet it seemed to him that those eyes urged him to insist—nay, even supplicated him.
"I know, I know," said M. Morin, "what you dream of in your magistrate's brain is as amusing as a tale of Edgar Poe, but the fact is, in those eyes the image of the murderer—come now, leave that to the inventive genius of Rudyard Kipling, but do not mix the impossible with our researches in medical jurisprudence. Let us not make the experiment, I made, you the examinations and I the dissection."
The short time in which the professor had spoken did not exactly please M. Glinory, who now, a little through self conceit (since he had made the proposition) and through curiosity, decided that he would not be a retreat. "Is there anything to risk?" he asked. "And it might be the one chance in a thousand."
"But there is no chance," quickly answered M. Morin, "none."
Then, relenting a little, he entered the discussion, explaining why he had no faith.
(Continued Next Week.)

GROWING THE YOUNG STOCK.
From the Nebraska Farmer.
Confronted with high priced feeds the farmer and stock grower is compelled to feed judiciously. There is a way to feed even 60-cent corn profitably when \$8 and \$7 per hundred may be had for it when turned into beef or pork. The one way to do this most effectually is to make the young stock grow from the start.
There is no money in "roughing" young stock. Such treatment of pigs, calves and colts will be found a losing proposition if any figures are kept on the operation. It is much better to do the thing right from the start, to concentrate feeds will give their maximum feeding value when blended with that very plentiful food, grass. Now is the time to grow the young things cheap and rapidly.
Pigs of April and May farrow are now ready to leave the dam and they should be taught to eat so that when they are weaned they will not lose a day in growth. This may be done by keeping before them the foods which they shall be expected to live upon after weaning. We find that the feeders who derive the best results grind such foods as corn, oats, barley, alfalfa, or whatever foods seem to be handiest and feed these dry, except for having a bit of milk or water poured over the dry, ground feed after it is distributed in the trough. We know of a great many feeders who do the feed but we are led to believe that the one who mixes the least water with feed for young stock will derive the best results. It is really not necessary to grind the corn, as the young pig is abundantly capable of grinding his own corn.
Alfalfa, if it was green and nicely cured at time of putting into the stack is a splendid thing to grind with oats and corn. It may be ground in any of the ordinary burr mills by first chopping it in short lengths in an ensilage cutter, or a machine made for the purpose. This is the ideal feed for either calves or pigs, and we presume that it would do full well for the colt.
To meet the deficit in the budget the French minister of finance suggests the doubling of the licensing fees of vendors of beer and distillate. This taxing of the "green pest" will, it is thought, be popular; the minister anticipates that it will bring him in \$2,000,000.

TIME TABLES FAST BY WHOLE MINUTE

The Man With the \$700 Chronometer Says Engine Drivers Are Given Leeway.

"We're one minute late in starting," observed a man to his seatmate on an outward bound train at the Grand Central the other afternoon, according to the Chicago Inter-Ocean. "Either the train is late or my watch is slow. I don't think it's my watch, for it's as absolutely accurate a chronometer as there is in America. I paid \$700 for it," he added proudly.
"Your watch is all right and so is the train," replied his companion. "It is something that is not known to the public, but it is a fact that most of the great railroads nowadays make their published time cards—those that it issues to the public at large—exactly one minute faster than those they furnish their train employes. For instance, this train, according to the time table, is due to leave the station at 4:59. The time card the engineer runs by gives the leaving time as 5 o'clock, and at 5 o'clock to the second he gets out."
"The reason for that is this: I get to the gate at exactly 4:59. I am agreeably surprised to see that the train I want to take is still there and slide through the gate just as it is closing. I get aboard and in my seat just as the train starts. I look out of the window and see no one hastening down the platform trying to make a swift sloop and land on the rear step at the last moment."
If there is any one left behind he is on the other side of the gate. The railroads have adopted this plan of having their public time tables 60 seconds faster so that the gate leading to the train may be closed at the moment the train is scheduled to start, and so that those who get inside at the last moment can have exactly one minute to get aboard, which is ample if one is at all nimble."

IRISH SHILLELAHS ARE GROWN IN AMERICA

Chicago, Special: Weirasthrul Weirasthrul Blackthorn shillelahs are now grown in America and shipped to Ireland, where they are sold on the quay at Queenstown as the genuine Irish article.
Police Sergeant Maurice Crotty, who has just returned from a six weeks' visit to the Emerald Isle, is responsible for the assertion that counterfeit shillelahs are sold extensively in Queens-town and other Irish cities. He brought half a dozen blackthorns back with him, but he knows they are the real thing because he cut them himself in the Cratlowe woods, County Clare.
"Many a man in America who thinks he is carrying an Irish blackthorn is in reality lugging around a stick that was grown in this country," he says. "Many thousands of these counterfeit blackthorns are sold annually in Ireland, principally at the quay in Queenstown."
"The genius blackthorn is scarce in Ireland on account of the great quantity that has been cut in recent years. Limerick, my native county, was invaded a few years ago by a syndicate of Chicago and New York merchants, who bought every blackthorn in sight. Anybody who is at all wise will not buy a blackthorn from the peddlers on the dock at Queenstown. You might get the genuine article, but you run a chance of getting a stick that was grown in Illinois."
"People in Ireland who are out on the game told me that shiploads of these counterfeit blackthorns are brought from America every year. They are shipped over in gunny sacks from New York, and on arrival in Queenstown are taken to the shillelah factory, where expert workmen make them into blackthorns that defy detection. The wood is stained to the proper shade and the ferule is put on—the genuine old country ferule—and I'm told when the stick is finished it would fool a Connaught ranger."
"A certain Chicago man had a fake blackthorn stick factory. He ships the sticks to a New York agent, who in turn ships them to Ireland, where they are sold to Americans, and even to Irishmen."

THE FUNNYBONE.

From a Disappointed Man.
From a truth.
Few men reach 50 without being grateful that they did not get the women they wanted.
The modern woman gives the husband the honeymoon, and takes the rest of the life for herself.
The more we cultivate reason in woman, the more unreasonable she becomes.

Cause and Effect.

She was willing quite to marry; In fact didn't care to tarry In a state of spinsterhood, they say, But she had a little brother; That's the reason, and no other, Why she's traveling in the single way.

A Draw.

Old Grouch—So you had a fight with Clarence. He claims he kicked you.
Cholly—Oh! the bostah! It's twice he wumped my cwovat dweadfully, but when it was all ovah his collah was fightfully willed.

Wise—I should say so. Why, he was pitching and tossing all night.

In Society.

Phoebe—Which man are you going to marry?
Natica—I don't know; but it doesn't make any particular difference, any way, one man's alimony is as good as another's.

Few and Short After That Period.

Book Clerk—"The Love Letters of a Husband to His Wife" makes a very bulky volume.
The Proprietor—Oh! well, I guess they were written during the first year of their married life.

A Good Substitute.

De Witt—Lawn mowers are so high priced I wish I could think of a good substitute.
De Witt—A few children to play on the lawn will make one entirely unnecessary.

Bad Blunder.

Miss Rambo—So de wedding was a great disappointment?
Mr. Sambo—I should say so. We wired to town for a hundred razors, "rush," an' de fool merchant sent all safety razors.
The United States has the greatest variety of postage stamps.



Nothing I Ate Agreed With Me.

MRS. LENORA BODENHAMER.
Mrs. Lenora Bodenhamer, R. F. D. 1, Box 99, Kernersville, N. C., writes:
"I suffered with stomach trouble and indigestion for some time, and nothing that I ate agreed with me. I was very nervous and experienced a continual feeling of uneasiness and fear. I took medicine from the doctor, but it did me no good.
"I found in one of your Peruna books a description of my symptoms. I then wrote to Dr. Hartman for advice. He said I had catarrh of the stomach. I took Peruna and Manalin and followed his directions and can now say that I feel as well as I ever did.
"I hope that all who are afflicted with the same symptoms will take Peruna, as it has certainly cured me."
The above is only one of hundreds who have written similar letters to Dr. Hartman. Just one such case as this entitles Peruna to the candid consideration of every one similarly afflicted. It is true of the testimony of one person, what ought to be the testimony of hundreds, yes thousands, of honest, sincere people? We have in our files a great many other testimonials.

The Superstitious Moslem.

From Harper's Weekly.
The Moslem faith lays much stress upon rites and incantations for propitiating evil spirits, which are supposed to be in constant attendance upon all daily concerns in the life of man. These spirits, called jinnee, may become visible by a change in the density of their composition. Supposed to consist of minute particles, they become visible or invisible by a rapid expansion or diminution of their volume. The jinnee are not all spirits of darkness, but comprise the good ones as well. These latter may be easily recognized on sight by their resplendent beauty, though the former type are hideous and disgusting. Many cultivated and highly educated Mohammedans claim to have seen jinnees, and to have conversed with them, and they display charms and talismans for summoning the good and warding off the evil demons. During the feast of Ramadan, all evil spirits are supposed to be strictly confined within the bowels of the earth, and unable to cause any disturbance. At all other times, the sons of the faith seek to exclude these undesirable attendants from the houses by scattering salt or iron filings about the floor, especially if the room be an empty one. The favorite lurking places of jinnee are supposed to be crossroads, vacant houses, bathhouses, covered jugs or pails and yawning mouths. This necessitates the covering up and thorough sprinkling of receptacles which might harbor spirits, whenever the household leaves home. Special prayers for such preventions are also authorized by the Koran.
The Moslem is constantly repeating pious phrases, such as "In the name of God, the compassionate, the merciful," to drive away evil presences whenever some business transaction is undertaken. This is the custom before entering or leaving a house, meeting or parting from a friend, partaking of a meal, taking a bath or killing any animal for food. By the time the jinnee are averted, supposedly for a similar reason a continuous antiphonal chant is kept up by the watchers at a deathbed, from the moment the last spark of life has departed continuing until the burial has taken place.
"Virtue is its own reward, as the fable of the cat who owned the Philadelphia Record, when it got it in the neck for the prodigal son."

"A girl can marry a man because he is a good dancer and then blame him for it," declares the New York Press.

FOR SALE—184-acre farm, improved, adjoining town, north Missouri. John Billington, Meadville, Mo.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Positively cured by these Little Liver Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heartily Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. PURELY VEGETABLE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

PISO'S
Beware of the Cough
that hangs on persistently, breaking your night's rest and exhausting you with the violence of the paroxysms. A few doses of PISO'S Care will relieve you. PISO'S Care is the only cough remedy ever advanced or serious. It soothes and heals the irritated surfaces, cleans the clogged air passages and the cough disappears. At all druggists, 25 cts.

CURE