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The Science of Life, or Self-Preservation, is a transure more valuable than gold. Read it now, every WEAK and NERVOUS man, and learn to be STRONG. — Medical Review. (Copyrighted.)

Sunset Cox in 1850. The first time I ever saw Samuel

Sillivan Cox, known as Sunset Cox was in 1850," said Thomas Ruick to a St. Louis Chronicle reporter.

"I was then superintendent of bridges on the national turnpike in Ohio and Cox was making a tour of

taverns on the road delivering political speechs. "The turnpike in those days was the great highway between the East and

wagon yards, were located ten miles "Every night these taverns were crowded with teamsters and travelers and Cox spoke at every one of them,

beginning at the Indiana line and end-ing at the Pennsylvania border. "Mr. Cox was a young slip of a fellow with real dudish ways, but his speech-es were so inexpressibly funny that he captured the hearts of the rough teamsters, who carried his fame to every part of the state, and as long as he lived they were always his solid friends.

"Ex-Governor Allen once made tour of those taverns and made friends that stood by him for years, and I have no doubt but that that influence still existed and aided in electing him governor thirty years later."

HUMAN NATURE.

A Beartless Man Trifles with it and Had a Little Quiet Fun.

There was a man at the Wabash depot the other afternoon who took a \$5 bill out of his vest pocket and spread it out on his knee and attentively examined it. Then he took it over to the window and held it to the pane seat and said to the man on his right, who had become much interested, together with half a dozen others. "Well they say there has got to be a first time with everybody, but I

cut my eye teeth." "Got stuck, ch?" queried the other.

pretty well gotten up." "Yes, fairly well, but feel of it. Does it feel like a genuine greenback to

"N-o, it doesn't, though I should never have stopped to feel of it. I can see how that it is rougher and coarser."

"They might have passed that off on me in the night," said a second man who took up the bill, "but never by his right eye. 'I am suffering fright-daylight. I should have spotted it at fully, doctor,' he said, with my eye. "Pretty well executed, isn't it?"

queried the owner. "I don't think so. The inks used were

man, as he took the bill in his hands. "Wall, now, I call that pooty well done. I'd a taken that bill anywhar'

fur a good one." "If somebody didn't take 'em fer good," said a man with a pair of steelbowed spectacles on, as he joined the

yahoos still alive." "Are you callin' me a yahoo?" demanded the third man.

"I'm only speaking in a general way.
I'd have spotted that bill among a thousand. Just one look at the back of it is enough for me. Where'd you "Can't tell," solemnly replied the

owner. "You ought to be more careful."
"Yes, I know."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"I think I'll try and pass it off on some one. Let's see if the ticket man will drop to it." He advanced to the widow, bought

a ticket for a town fifty miles down the road, and the ticket man pulled in the bill made change like chain lightning. Twenty people were watching, and each drew a long breath and opened his eyes. The owner of the bill coolly pocketed the change and ticket and calmly sat down and opened a newspaper and began to read. It was some time before the crowd tumbled to the fact that it had been guyed. Then one by one, they sneaked around or went out for fresh air. All but one. It was the man who resented being called a yahoo. He went over to the joker with a grin on his face, slapped him on the back in a hearty way, and said:

"It was a good joke, and it's jest such adventures as this that make travellin' around all-fired pleasanter to me! Come out and have some lemonade!"-Detroit Free Press.

Modern Witchcraft in Salem.

During a recent rainstorm in Salem, Portland Trunscript. On the roof of the building is a clothes-line. During time of rain they become torrents not the storm a towel blew from this line and lodged upon an electric-lighting wire below. Being wet, it wound passed through it and shot down into with the water-pipes leading into the

hing it encountered in the basement was a pot of hot lard, which was boiling on the stove. The lard was illuminated and the young man in charge thought it must be burning. He started to remove it from the stove and received a shock that sent him against the basement walls.

Pale with fright, he rushed up-stairs, where a fellow-workman, noting his get a glass of water. No sooner had he touched the faucet than he had oceasion to pick himself up from a far corner of the room.

For a few moments everything seemed turned into an electric battery. The nails in the wall became red, electricity flew from the waterpipes and flashed around the bands on the water-pails.

At length some one found the cause of the trouble and the towel was re- its bright oasis-ribbon on both sides.

AN ACE OF ABBREVIATIONS

"This," said the tall man contemplatively, "appears to be, at least so far as New York city is concerned, an age of abbreviations. Everything is abbreviated, even time, and I may say that is the case especially in the pay-ment of notes—the time is always too

"May I ask," said the short man, the West. It was thronged night and day with teams from every part of Ohio, and country taverns, with big man, and he pointed to the advertisement of a theater on which, after the names of the play and the star, was this mysterious announcement: "Ev'gs. Mats. Wed. Sat." "There," went on the tall man, "is a sample of one style of abbreviations. I can not but tuink that that advertisement must be a source of weariness to the foreigner who is studying our language and who attempts, as all of them do, to read the signs as he walks along the street. How in the world is he to know that it means that performances are given in the evening and at Wednesday and Saturday matinees? It certainly does

not say so."
"That's so," said the short man. "At the opera one night, I remember, a countryman and his wife sat behind me. The names of the ballet dancers were printed on the bill as 'Mlle.' So and So and 'Mlle.' So and So. The countryman, after reading the bill says to his wife: "This is funny, Mary; the front names of all these

gals is Milly.""
"Yes," said the tall man. "It's very misseading. But it's not only words that are abbreviated. Nearly every-thing is abbreviated. Take the patience of my landlord, for instance; that is abbreviated. And I was pained of glass and examined it still more | to notice this morning that the troucritically. Then he went back to his sers of my youngest son are abbreviated. Everything, in fact, seems to be abbreviated, except my appetite." He sighed. "Cheer up," said the short

man. "I'll cough." They rose from their seats in the thought I had travelied far enough to lobby of the hotel and walked toward the doors on one of which was the word "Pull" and on the other the word as he reached for the bill. "Well, you "Push." With one accord they pushed are not so much to blame. That bill is on the pull door and then pulled on the push door. Both swore, tried it again, succeeded, and disappeared.—

Grasshopper's Legs in His Eye.

Dr. Baldwin says: "One day a railroad engineer came into my office in great pain. He had a bandage ever There is something in it. I was running my engine at a high rate of speed, with my head out of the cab window, looking down the track to see that not first class, and the printing is bad. I could tell it was queer, even if held out at arm's length."

there was no obstruction. I passed through a lot of grasshoppers, and one of them struck me in the eye.' I ex-"Counterfeit, ch?" said the third amined the man's eye, and, sure enough, the legs of the hopper had penetrated the poor fellow's eye and were giving him great pain. The saw-like legs had almost completely filled up the eye. I placed him under the influence of ether and began the operation of extracting the grasshopgroup, "the counterfeiters couldn't per's legs. After a tedious job I sucmake a living. There are plenty of ceeded in removing the impediment. and the man got well without his sight being affected." - Globe - Demo-

the American Joke.

"America." said Darweesh to one of the ladies, "must be a fine place and very like Egypt. You have corn, tobacco, watermelons and a big river there."

"And crocodiles, too," she replied. "Wallah!" he cried in admiration; then, with a slight touch of jealousy that these blessings should be scattered broadcast, he added: "Do they eat

"No, only dogs," she admitted. "Ah!" he returned, exulting in the superior gastronomic taste of the Egoptian saurian. "ours eat men!"
"Of course yours will not eat dogs;
they are Moslem crocodiles." she

answered, referring to the Mohammedans' avoidance of the dog as an unclean animal.

As one of the most lovable characteristics of the Arab is his instant and intense appreciation of the feeblest joke, says a writer in Scribner's, Darweesh seemed much amused and rehis daily work.

The Rivers of the Great American

The few rivers of the American desert are as strange and as treacher-ous as its winds. The Colorado is the only large stream of them all, and the only one which behaves like an ordinary river. It is always turbid-and gets its Spanish name, which means Mass., electricity played some queer the "Red," from the color of its tide. pranks at Porter's market, says the The smaller streams are almost invariably clear in dry weather; but in & so much of sandy water as of liquid sand! I have seen them rolling down in freshets with waves four feet high around the wire and the electricity which seemed simply sand in flow; and it is a fact that the bodies of those who the ground, where it came in contact are drowned at such times are almost never recovered. The strange river All these rivers have heads; but hardly one of them has a mouth! They rise in the mountains on the edge of ome happier land, flow away out into the desert, making a green gladness where their waters touch, and finally are swallowed up forever by the thirs-

as bare a desert as that which borders -C. F. Lummis, in St. Nicholas.

The Children's Eyes.

The constantly increasing near-sightedness among school-children, and the very general need and use of glasses, ought to suggest to us whether or not we are sufficiently careful of the conditions affecting the eyes of the young. Do we see to it that the books they read and those they study are of a clear and large type, requiring no straining or forcing of the vision; and do we encourage a large and open script for their handwriting? Do we see to it that our school-houses are built with a view to the falling of the light in the right way for the children's safety? Do we have the lights at home so regulated that no blaze shall produce blindness and no dimness make sight difficult? Do we make sure that the child holds his book at the distance which gives a correct focus, that he holds his body properly in relation to his book or work, that he looks off frequently, thus changing the character of the demand on the eye, and that he is not allowed to continue long in any effort requiring the too intent use of his eyes? Do we keep ourselves on the lookout, too, for the first indication of feebleness or strain, in order that artiticial aids may be resorted to in season to prevent any positive evil? That precaution in all these directions is wise is evident from the fact, if we look for it, that in those living what might be called the natural life-that is, without books or fine work-there is very little trouble with the eyes where the conditions of good bodily health otherwise are maintained.

Of course, where there are unclean methods of life, like those in crowded Oriental cities, ophthalmia of various degrees is to be expected; but the free roamer of the desert, the dweller of the forest, the sailor on the seas, they who oxygenate the blood in constant currents of fresh air, and live wild lives that train the eyesight upon far distances, have little or no trouble with that eyesight. The eyeless fish of dark underground lakes are a perpetual example of the atrophy that akes place through non-use of an organ; but Just as fatal an atrophy can result from its over-use that is, from undue strain and effort - and too much attention cannot be given to the prevention of such possibilities. We may hate to put glasses on the fair free faces of children, but their future comfort is of more importance than the pride of our eyes in them; and it may be a burden to give the constant oversight that the prevention requires in other directions, but as we chose to assume that burden in the beginning, we have no right to shirk one of its responsibilities, and there is none of the physical responsibilities of more weight than the care of their eyes. - Harper's

A Fair Exchange.

In one of the big up-town boardinghouses they are talking about a certain married lady who sat on her hubby's knee the other night and stroked his side whiskers so tenderly that he blurted out: "Well, go ahead. What is it? A

new hat?" "O, no, you old darling. It's a sur-

prise I've got in store for you."
"How much does it cost?". "O, who cares about the cost? It's the sentiment of the thing."

"All right; let's have the sentiment." "Well, you see, you never wear those neckties I give you every Christmas, and it isn't fair that I should have all the benefit and you none, so I've made a change this year and got you a pair of slippers."

"That's very kind."
"I knew you'd appreciate it and want to give me something in return, so I though I'd arrange a surprise for you and I went and got something real nice in return."

"Ah, you did, eh? What is it?" "A beautiful diamond bracelet."

"Jehosaphat! A thousand dollars?"
"O, more. Twenty-five hundred.

You are surprised!" If he wasn't the people in the next room were when they heard the language he used .- San Francisco Chroni-

Married a Perfect Stranger.

In the diaries of the late Mr. Cope, R. A., published by Bentley & Son, the peated with many chuckles, "Ours are following story is given as told by his Moslem crocodiles," as he went about sister-in-law: "She met a farmer friend and said to him: 'I hear, John, that you're lately married; who is your wife? 'Weel, Miss Benning, I doan't quite know.' 'How so? Where did you meet with her?' 'Aweel, ye see, miss, I went t' market, and as I was going I seed a canny lass warking along t' road, and I says: "Will ye git oop and ride?" "Ay," says she. "So she gat oop," and I asked her: "Are ye gangin' to t' market?" "Aye," says she. "What for?" says L "To git a plaace." says she. So I set her down i' t' market and left her, and as I com' back i' t' evening there was this same lass warking t' saame way oop hill. So-I spak to her again and axed her: "Ha' you gotten yer plaace?" "Nay," says she. "I hanna." "Will ye git oop and ride?" "Aye." says she. So she got oop and I axed her: "D've think my plaace would suit ve?" "What buries them forever in its own sands, plaace is that?" says she. "Why to be my wife," says I. "I doan't mind," says sne. So we got wed, and she's a rare good wife, but she's a parfect stranger to me." - London News,

Murdered in Song.

"Say, Danny, it's tough on youse ty sands. The Mojave, for instance, is | te-a-ter blokies, an't it?" was the greeta beautiful little stream, clear as ing which recently met a londly ulstercrystal through the summer, only a ed member of the variety "profesh" foot or so in depth but some two hun- as he supplemented his morning "draw pallor, reached for the water-faucet to dred feet wide. It is fifty or sixty one" and "stack of wheats" with a miles long, and its upper valley is a classic pose on the Bower house cornarrow paradise, green with tall ner. "What's eaten' yer, my funny grasses and noble cotton-woods that friend?" was the haughty response. recall the stately elms of the Connecti- | "Come, now yer don't mean to say yer cut Valley. But presently the grass baven't heard de news? Why, the gives place to barren sand-banks, the Grand army men all over the country hardier trees, whose roots bore deep have signed der pledge to give variety to drink, grow small and straggling; shows ther cold shake." "Say, is this and at last the river dies altogether on ther dead level?" gasped the ulster-upon the arid plain, and leaves beyond ed one. "Yer bet it be." "But why?" "Oh on account of 'Comrades' bein' murdered every night see?" He saw. -N. Y. Herald.