

LIKE HIM, The Youth Who Potatoes. a-well-dressed years of age, at Main street was broke and says the Butte The genial struck with the the ap- man, and said: near fooling and potatoes you Why, what's returned the the boy that's the past year?"

Explain This, Bostonians.
The paper read by Mr. Edward S. Niles before the Christian Endeavor convention at Chicago, showing the proportion of church-going people to the total population in three of the large cities, is interesting. It reveals a surprisingly favorable condition of affairs for Chicago, in comparison with her two eastern rivals, and will probably modify a very general opinion that Chicago is a wicked city. The figures given by Mr. Niles show that in Boston, with a population of 600,000, the church membership is 25,000 or one person in every twenty-four; in New York, 90,000 out of 2,000,000 belong to church, or one in twenty-one, while in Chicago 100,000 out of 800,000 are religious, or one in eight. Something of this disparity may be accounted for on the theory that the young, fresh and vigorous west has not yet become infected with the vice of the older and more complicated civilization of the East. The people in the former section still retain more of the simplicity in taste and manners which belong to the farm than those of the latter. The corruption and degeneration which follow in the wake of wealth, accumulated and held for a long time have not yet made their impressions on the industrious and frugal inhabitants of the cities in the great agricultural states. Yet, there is something startling in the statement that the ratio of church members to non-communicants is three times as large in Chicago as in Boston. Mr. Niles is a resident of the latter city and would hardly discriminate against his own home. Is there some other more positive and calculable explanation for the difference? Has Culture taken the place of religion in the Hub city? Has education supplanted the desire or necessity for spiritual pursuits, at least inside the church walls? It can not be that the crimes and overt acts of wickedness are three times as numerous in Boston as Chicago. What have our esteemed contemporaries of the Hub city to say about it?—Henry Watterson in *Courier-Journal*.

Are We Snobs?
William D. Howells, who whatever may be his rank as a novelist, is one of the closest and most intelligent observers of human kind among us, created something of a sensation a few months ago by intimating that we Americans are a race of snobs. The American press and the American people almost to a journal and a man, rose indignantly to deny this slander. The same American press turned itself loose to give the American people all the information it could obtain about the career of the titled person who married the American heiress, with the minutest detail of the ceremony, and these same republican newspapers could not get "His Grace" and the ducal title in their head lines often enough. Thackeray, who made a special study of the genus, defined a snob as one "who meanly admires mean things." Most of New York was lost in admiration of mean things about the time of that ceremony. Mayor Hewitt, of whom we admit having expected better things, was perhaps the most ardent admirer among all the rest of the plain republicans. He never hesitated a moment about tying the nuptial knot that religion, as represented by the leading clergymen of the city, refused to sanction, and he has been publicly congratulating himself ever since upon the fortunate chance that brought about the opportunity for him to, as he puts it, "create a duchess."—*New York Life*.

The Cradle of Liberty.
The Buffalo *Courier* says: A Buffalo an of Massachusetts birth has been in some distress of mind over the proper pronunciation of the name of the Boston hall, which served as the Cradle of Liberty. In her native State she had never heard it called any thing but Fan-u-ll Hall, but in Buffalo a few persons who prided themselves on doing the correct thing when they know it called it in her presence Funnell Hall. Under the impression that Dr. Holmes employs the latter pronunciation in one of his poems, she wrote a little note to the beloved autocrat, begging for information. Promptly came the following reply, penned, unfortunately, in the hand of a secretary:
Some folks—Fannell,
O.d folks—Funnell.

He Despised the Zulus.
A military officer once engaged a car in Cork, and at the end of the trip paid the driver a sixpence. Now, sixpence was the exact amount due, but more gracious customers were in the habit of paying a shilling for the same distance. "Bad luck to the Zulus!" muttered Pat ruefully, looking at the same coin in his palm. The Zulu war was in progress, or had just ended, and the officer turned around sternly: "What is that you say 'Bad luck to the Zulus, sorri'?" "Why do you say it?" "Faith, yer honor, because they've killed all the shilling officers, and left none but the sixpence ones."

A Gross Error.
Customer: "Grocer, I have a bone to pick with you." Absent-minded grocer: "Very well, sir." "The last sugar I bought of you had a lot of yellow sand in it." "You are certainly mistaken. We use only the finest of white sand."—*Lincoln (Neb.) Journal*.

The Boston Idea of Heaven.
"Now, my dear little men," said Miss Daisy Denny, who had volunteered to teach a class of small boys in a Boston Sunday school, "you must sit real still and I'll tell you about what a perfectly lovely place heaven is, and what a perfectly beautiful time you'll have if you are dear, good little boys—real little gentlemen, and go there. You can't imagine how perfectly charming it will be. O, there'll be the mos. delightful music. As good, I have no doubt, as our own symphony concerts, and there'll be such lovely singing all the time. O, life will be a poem—a real Browning poem—forever and ever and ever. It will be just too beautiful for anything. Everybody will be so cultured and refined—you can't think how lovely it will be."

"What if we go to the bad place?" asked a wonder-stricken little fellow.
"O-o-o!" cried the teacher with a little gasping shriek. "O, the dreadfully horrid place! It will be full of all kinds of dreadfully coarse, common people, and they'll be doing and saying all sorts of vulgar things. Society will be so dreadfully, dreadfully mixed there—it will be too perfectly horrid to think about. Ugh! No, no, dear little boys, you must mind your papas and mammas and never do anything naughty and then you will go right to that dear delightful place which will be filled with the first families in all Boston, and it will be too perfectly lovely for anything."—Time.

The Queen's Cats.
The big houses in London have lots of cats about, which grow fat while folks are in town and starve when they go out to the country. This has caused much distress to members of the animals' institute, particularly as even the queen's cats were subjected to the same difficulty. But this year it was unkindly and loyally pointed out to the queen that her Windsor cats would starve while she was away, whereupon her majesty was graciously pleased to order them all put in baskets and taken along to Osborne with the rest of the court, which was done. This has become fashionable. Society papers solemnly inform us that prettily decorated cat baskets are in great demand, and the happy pussies may be seen by dozens at the railway stations going to mountain or seashore just like anybody else.—*London Letter*.

The Night of Deliberation.
"What thou doest, that do with all thy might." Not with the might of anger, haste or impatience. Not the "might" that grabs the door knob and tries to wrench it off if the door doesn't open readily. Not the might that is always breathless, in a hurry, "rushing things" and trying to do a dozen things in a minute. That is not "might" at all. It is a wasteful expenditure of might—of your force, your vitality, to store up which you have slept and eaten. The "might" that accomplishes the greatest and most profitable result is the might that will do and think of but one thing at a time; the might that will not allow itself to be occupied by other things, thoughts or efforts till the one thing is done; the might that, having forty things to do, immediately stops and thinks, sits down and does nothing for a time but think or let the thought come of what is the best thing to do to bring about the most prosperous result.—Prentice Mulford in *New York Star*.

Four Lucky Men.
Syracuse (N. Y.) *Herald*, July 21.
The United States Express company yesterday brought just \$10,000 in currency to the four lucky winners in the Louisiana State Lottery and who are at W. B. Soper & Co.'s store in North Salina street. The book-keeper, Charles H. Gaffey, receives \$3,750; Albert T. Van Antwerp, one of the firm, \$2,500; Alexander Harrison, salesman, \$2,500, and Caleb Morgan, the former butcher for the firm but now with Mahar & Handy, \$1,250. The tickets that won this sum, which was one-tenth of the second capital prize of \$100,000, was No. 53,480 and it cost these four men just two dollars, although they had more in the pool. They are in the habit of pooling fifteen dollars a month. Mr. Gaffey seemed very jubilant and justly so, when called upon by a reporter of the *Herald*-to-day. He thought that the Louisiana State Lottery was one of the squarest institutions he had ever seen, and was earnest in his praise of the promptness and exactitude of all its dealings. He and his three companions have frequently been winners of smaller amounts which have been promptly paid. The last drawing took place on the 10th instant and the moment the prize was drawn the result was telegraphed to this city. The winning ticket was then sent on, and in about two weeks the solid cash came. Mr. Gaffey said that there was not the least trouble or inconvenience in getting the money. His club will continue investing in the lottery. This is the second time that one-tenth of the capital prize has been captured by investors in this city. Clubs have been organized in all parts of the city, but especially in the rage the strongest in the Second ward.

Ignorance Kept Him Honest.
A story is told of a postmaster whose lack of knowledge of working his own "nest" lost him an increase of \$100 on his salary next year. When he sent his returns in he lacked \$1 cent of the amount called for by the law to permit an adjustment of his salary. His reports showed the yearly receipts of his office to be \$2,999.20. As the department allows a fraction over a half dollar to be counted as a dollar, the postmaster would have been \$100 more in his pocket if he had had shrewdness enough to buy \$1 cents' worth of stamps out of his own pocket. Since he sent his report he has learned his mistake, and everybody in the county now can kick him. His was the only case of the kind in the 2,500. It caused much merriment among the clerks at the postoffice department.

The New Style of Fiction.
The school of erotic fiction, of which Miss Rivers is regarded as the head and inspiration, is growing fast, according to the "Loungeur" of the *Critic* and that contributor adds: "I have in my mind now three young girls, none of them out of their teens, who have this summer given birth to imaginative romances the motive and treatment of which would have staggered George Sands in her most 'emancipated' moments. Of course, the reviewers pounce upon them, and then the unhappy young women burst into tears, and declare that they are the most miserable and misunderstood of human beings. One of these overwrought misses—with a remembrance, perhaps, of her predecessor's experience—is thrown by the critics' strictures into a state of nervous prostration."

Los OAHENS can hardly be considered handsome or elegant, but they were fit habitations for the rugged pioneers of America.
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Petroleum in abundance has been found near Galata, Roumania.

Nelly Grant's husband has become rich through the death of his brother.

The orientals do not know much, by what they do know they know by heart.

For constipation, "liver complaint," or biliousness, sick headache, and all diseases arising from a disordered condition of the liver and stomach, take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets—a gentle laxative or active cathartic, according to size of dose.

Russia's new military law will increase her army by 400,000 men. Hall to peace.

Chronic nasal catarrh positively cured by Dr. Sage's Remedy.

Sunday marriages are null and void in Pennsylvania.

Was America Ever Discovered?
At the time when Columbus started in search of the New World, every man, woman and child in Europe insisted that there was no New World to discover. When he came back, crowned with success, a large proportion of these good people adhered to their theory; and if they were alive to-day many of them would doubtless insist that American had never been discovered at all. A man will give up anything in the world more readily than a pet theory. For example, look at the individual who still maintains that consumption is incurable. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has cured thousands upon thousands of cases, and will cure thousands more, but these people can't give up their pet. Nevertheless the "Discovery" will cure any case of consumption, if taken in time.

Lightning can be seen by reflection a distance of 200 miles.

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Connecticut promises a slim apple crop this year.

"I WISH I could send something that would cure galls and prevent the hair coming in white," is an expression frequently heard. Veterinary Carbolic will always do it. Sold by Druggists at 50 cents and \$1.00.

Tan colored boots for men are becoming very fashionable in London.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
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When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

The quick and the dead—a slap and a mashed mosquito.

For The Nervous The Debilitated The Aged.
Medical and scientific skill has at last solved the problem of the long needed medicine for the nervous, debilitated, and aged, by combining the best nerve tonic, Ostry and Cook, with other effective remedies, which, acting gently but efficiently on the kidneys, liver and bowels, remove disease, restore strength and renew vitality. This medicine is

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