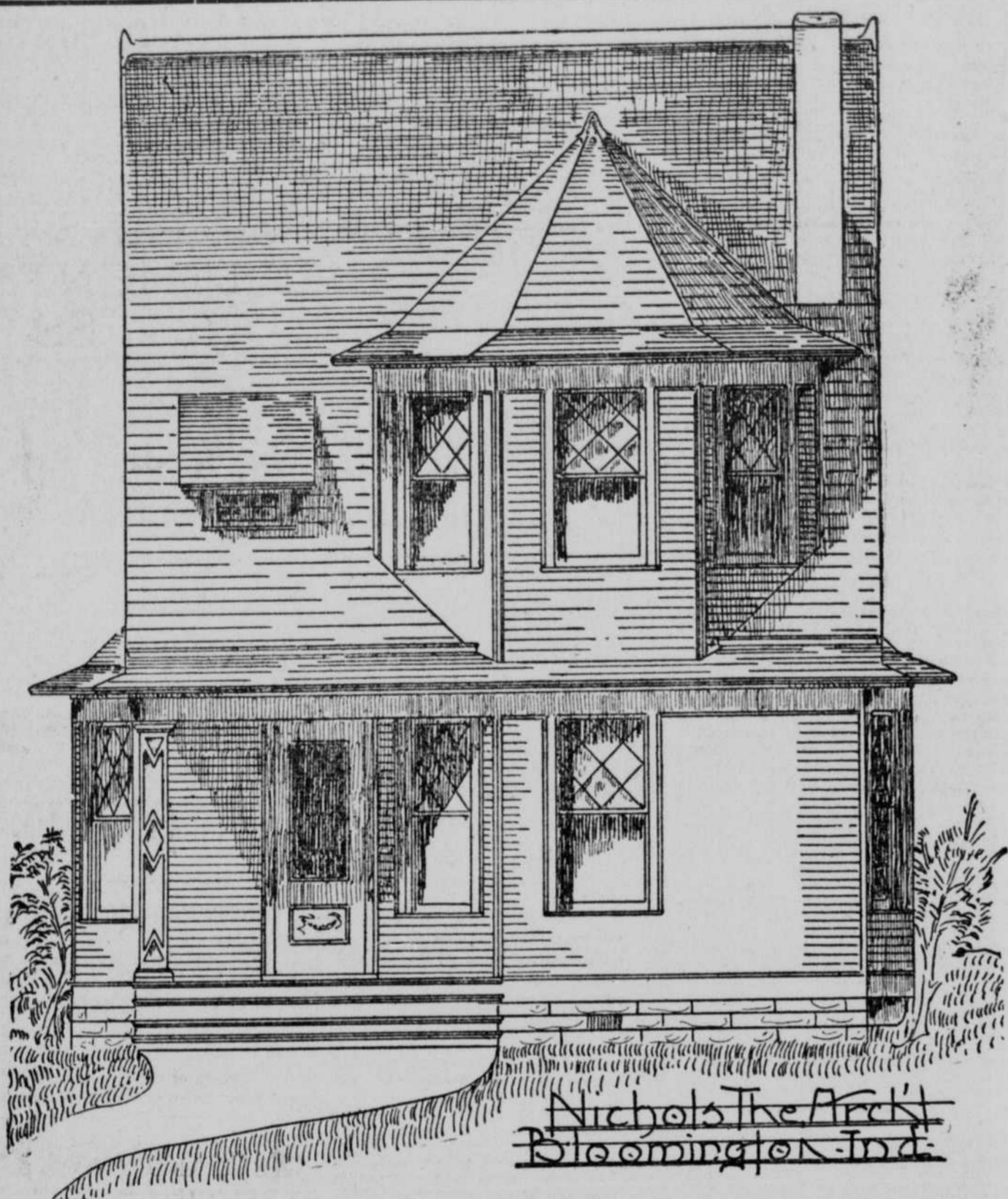


## Up-to-Date Architecture



This is one of the most compact plans published. Absolutely no waste space and at the same time neat and handy. This house having a frontage of 23 feet may be built on a city lot. Height of first story, nine feet; second, eight feet six inches. Solid stone

foundation. Hall and main room of first story finished in plain oak, with polished oak floors. Rest of rooms finished in white wood enameled. The large rooms and attached closets make it much admired by the ladies.

Furnace heat and modern plumbing. In fact, this house is modern in every detail. Cost, outside of heat and plumbing, \$1,500. John L. Nichols of Bloomington, Ind., is the architect.

### WHERE HE WAS LACKING.

**Railroad Man Makes Professional Criticism of Minister.**  
Ministers, as a rule, are not at all averse to telling a good story, even at their own expense. A Baptist minister was so much amused at a witty criticism of his own preaching as he would have been at a similar comment on another man's sermon.

One Sunday morning a well known railway magnate came in and took a seat in a pew. It was the first time that he had been seen at the chapel, and his presence created some little stir. The minister preached his sermon, and then, perhaps to make the most of his opportunity, he traveled over the same ground again in language calculated to be more impressive. Thus the discourse was spun out to unusual length.

When the service ended, one of the deacons waited for the great man and expressed the hope that he had enjoyed the sermon.

"Yes, it was all right," said the visitor. "There's only one drawback with your minister's preaching."

"What is that?"

"He doesn't appear to have very good terminal facilities."

### Personal Acquaintance Necessary.

Governor Stone tells of an eccentric resident of his county whose wife died after a long illness. They had not been a happy pair, perhaps; but there was some surprise when the widower, replying to the comment of a relative that "Poor Jane's gone at last! Well, she's better off!" roared: "Yes—and so am I!"

He went to a neighboring village to engage a favorite preacher to deliver the funeral sermon, and was told that his selection was no longer there, but had been replaced by a younger and equally efficient clergyman.

"No!" he roared. "I'll have Johnson or none! He knew her, and knows just what to say! If I can't get him, I'll do the preaching myself!"

### Both Were Handicapped.

On one occasion Bishop Potter was a guest at the Storm King club of New York. After a comfortable dinner he sent a telegram to one of the officials of the New York Central railroad asking him to stop the night express at Storm King station, on the opposite side of the river.

He drove down the mountain and hired a boatman to row him across. Arriving in good time, he and the boatman waited in the rowboat until the approaching train warned them to seek the station, only to see the train arrive, rush by, and disappear into the darkness.

The bishop was irritated. "Well," he said, "I am a bishop of the Episcopal church and I suppose my calling will not allow me to say anything."

"Well," replied the boatman. "I am a Methodist and my principles will not let me say anything."

### Mosquito's Hum Located.

The members of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, reports the Detroit News-Tribune, were interested, at a recent meeting, in the announcement by A. E. Shipley and Edwin Wilson of the discovery of an apparatus, heretofore overlooked or neglected, at the base of the mosquito's wings, whereby the characteristic humming of that insect may be produced. The species examined was the anopheles maculipennis, and the apparatus consists of a slightly movable bar provided with a series of well-marked teeth which, as the wings are raised and lowered, rasp across a series of ridges. The structure of the apparatus is described as very complex, but the music produced, as everybody knows, is extremely effective.

### BEGGAR'S NEAT COMPLIMENT.

Certainly Worth the Small Contribution Taken Up.

Speaking of beggars the other day, Judge Lee of Trenton told a story which is clever enough to bear repetition. On the night when the late Gen. Sewell was chosen by the Republican caucus as candidate for the senate Judge Lee and two other political friends were standing on a street corner, after the convention, discussing the nomination. While they talked a ragged and rusty specimen of humanity approached, and, with a courteous sweep of his tattered hat and a bow that would have done credit to a count, addressed Judge Lee.

"Sir," said he, "I trust you will pardon me for intruding, but I am in most straitened circumstances, and I would like to solicit your assistance in my distress. I have a small amount of money, sir, but not sufficient for my purpose. I wish to get to Newark to see my daughter, whom I have not seen for many years. You are a father, perhaps, and you can doubtless realize the heart hunger of a man in my position. Might I ask you in some way to assist me?"

Judge Lee was struck by the man's Chesterfieldian bearing and manner, and his hand sought his pocket. Turning to his two companions, he asked if they would care to assist the man, and they both contributed to the little fund. As the tramp bowed his thanks and voiced his gratitude he turned to Judge Lee again.

"Sir," said he, "are you the gentleman who was nominated to-night as a candidate for the United States senate?"

"No," answered the judge.

"Great heavens," replied the tramp, "what a mistake the convention did make." Then he ambled along.

### SAFE IN FIXING DATE.

Sister Took No Chances in Predicting Brother's Funeral.

Judge Pennypacker, in a public address, once predicted a certain popular movement as sure to occur within a given time. A friend asked the judge if it were not rash to make a positive statement regarding a specific date for any occurrence, arguing that nothing is certain. In reply, the judge told of a Celtic cook who asked her mistress one Monday for leave of absence the following Sunday to attend her brother's funeral.

"Why," exclaimed the mistress, "this is only Monday! Surely, nobody's going to keep a dead body a whole week!"

"He's not dead yet, mum," explained the cook.

"No? Well, he may die to-day or he may live a month. No doctor can safely say that a person will die at such a time that a day may be set for the funeral."

"The doctor's nothing to do with it, mum," was the further explanation. "O'm sure Sunday'll be all right, for he's stanniced to be hung Friday."

## SEA ENGULFS ACRES OF ENGLAND'S COAST.

The encroaching sea is steadily eating away the coast of England, says the Strand Magazine. It is stated that the annual loss of area by coast erosion in England alone is probably not less than 2,000 acres. On the other hand, marsh lands have been drained and other lands reclaimed, but these areas are insignificant as compared with those which have been lost.

Parts of the lost lands were low lying protected by dikes or levees, which were eventually breached; other parts were washed away by the floods and storms; but in many cases the sea is eating its way into tall cliffs, demolishing numerous towns and villages.

The line of anchorage for ships off Selsey, in Sussex, is still called "the Park," having been a royal deer park in the reign of Henry VIII, while the treacherous shoals known as the Goodwin sands formed in early days the estate of Earl Goodwin.

On the Yorkshire coast there are twelve buried towns and villages, and in Suffolk there are five. Submerged forests may be seen at low tide off

Bexhill and Wirral, and their remains have been found at numerous points along the coast.

Southwest from Land's End, toward the Scilly Islands, a peninsula of about 227 square miles has been carried away, and below the sand beach is a deposit of black mold containing indications of trees and deer.

At Wirral is Leasowes Castle, now on the edge of the cliff, but fifty years ago it was half a mile from the sea. Many historical towns, such as Ravensburg (mentioned in Shakespeare), where Henry IV. landed in 1399, and Edward IV. in 1471, having now entirely disappeared.

At Reculver the cliffs were gradually eroded until a church, originally two miles inland, was partly wrecked; this church, however, had two spires, forming a striking landmark for sailors, and trinity board (in charge of the lighthouse work) therefore had a sea wall built to prevent the destruction of the towers.

Culture will never eliminate the marks of the cross from Christ.

## SURF RIDING IS THE SPORT OF HONOLULU.

The best sport in Honolulu is surf riding. It beats tobogganing, it is yachting, canoeing, bathing, tobogganing and iceboating combined.

We invited some army officers to the fun recently, hired a couple of muscular natives and their handsome thirty-foot canoe, put on our bathing suits and paddled out into the breakers. The canoe is a dugout, made of the valuable koa wood.

It has an outrigger, a fair-sized log fastened parallel to the canoe by means of two curved braces of beams. Ours was at least forty years old, had been used by royalty, and was worth \$300.

We worked out against the stiff breakers for about half a mile and then turned and rested a bit, waiting the critical time to catch a big one and come in with its rush. That is the science of surf-riding, to catch the breaker at the turn. If you are too quick you find your canoe thrown aside or capsized or running in with a swell wave instead of the one you were after. If you are too late the

big wave breaks over or rolls under the canoe and on to its glorious finish and you have no part in it.

But if you catch it right—and the natives generally do—you all paddle for dear life at the captain's command, force the canoe to its top speed just as the breaker is forming and then come in with the great wall of water just back of you, everybody yelling, the spray flying, the waters roaring and rushing.

You live at the rate of a mile a minute. You seem to be going ever twice as fast as you are. Usually there are two or three other canoes out and you have all the excitement of a race. But even without other canoes it is a race—a race with the breaker.

You are wild with the blinding rush, the swirl and whirl of the spray. The sense of a great moving wall of water just back of you, the roar of waves all about you. It is immense!—Tacoma Ledger.

The bitterest rod may drive to the sweetest comfort.

## ENGLISH PRINCES MUST JOIN ARMY OR NAVY.

The princes of the English blood royal have never been allowed to saunter through life as mere do-nothings. Custom and monarchical dignity, of course, severely limit the number of things to which the heir apparent and his younger brothers may apply themselves. Practically two professions only are open to them—the army and the navy. But with at least one of these callings the future king is expected to ally himself. Bismarck once sneered at King Edward VII. when prince of Wales as being the only heir to a European throne whom one would never by any chance expect to encounter on a battlefield. It is true that English etiquette and opinion do not exact from a royal prince any very serious application to his profession; nor, however keen and capable he might be, would the nation countenance his employment in times of war.

The duke of Connaught was vehemently desirous of serving against the Boers, but for "reasons of state" which the people thoroughly indorsed was not allowed to do so. Those "reasons of state" are not likely to be held less imperative in the future, and one may with some confidence surmise that for members of the English royal family the days of active service are over. Their part in either branch of the national system of defense must necessarily be passive and ornamental, though not on that account idle or useless. If we may apply to them the scorching epigram in which an American officer proposed the toast of a regiment that did not volunteer for the civil war: "War like in peace, peaceful in war"—one has also to admit that a prince who is thrust into the strict democracy of the services is getting an invaluable education in orderliness, self-restraint and the prompt discharge of duty.—Harper's Weekly.

### SOME TRAITS OF THE COW.

**Bovine Family Has Many Human Characteristics.**

"Cows have their likes and their dislikes," said the milkmaid to the summer boarder who was curious to see every part of the farm.

"For instance, a cow admires a horse and will stand and watch one for a long time. She is sort of timid about him, but she admires him just the same. She has a contempt for a mule, and seems to be amused by his antics. Hogs she tolerates, that's all. And sheep she hates. She will not eat grass where sheep have been. She hates dogs, too, but will tolerate the shepherd dog, because she knows she simply has to, and that the shepherd dog will not bite her.

"Cattle go wild at being let into a fresh pasture," added the milkmaid. "It seems to go to their heads. Each is afraid that the other has got a better feeding place than herself, and tries to drive her neighbor away."

"Then there is a good deal of human nature in the cow, after all," mused the summer boarder, who had studied a year or two at a university, and was given to philosophical reflections.

"Well, I should smile," answered the milkmaid. "A single cow with a calf will boss a whole herd of steers," and, swinging her pail over her arm, she went down to the milking pens. —New York Tribune.

### Saved by Quick Wit.

In Germany recently a country preacher was preaching a sermon, when suddenly he lost the thread of his discourse, and do what he would, he could not find it again.

The congregation was greatly embarrassed and was wondering what the matter was when he started it off by exclaiming hurriedly: "Pardon me, my brethren, for pausing in my sermon, but it seems to me that I smell fire

somewhere—and—and it might be well to see that it has not broken out in the church or in any of the nearby houses."

Before the words were all uttered the congregation was pouring out of the church, each family being anxious to make sure that its home was not on fire. It need hardly be said that the fire existed only in the pastor's imagination.

### HEALTHY IN OLD AGE.

**How Altoona Physician Accounts for His Longevity.**

A physician at Altoona is 99 years of age and still keeps up his practice. This remarkable old man can thread a needle without the aid of a cane and walks without glasses.

He has voted for every president since he was 17 years old—some of them several times.

He chewed tobacco for three-quarters of a century and then eschewed it entirely. He also drank whenever invited.

He doesn't believe in medicine and has no use for doctors.

"The reason I have been enabled to outlive all my patients," said the doctor, "is very simple. I live a calm, well-ordered life. I am temperate in all things, perhaps a little more so in some. I can take my ax to-day, sir, and go out and split that cord of hickory wood yonder into as choice a lot of fine toothpicks as the law allows. And I can rattle the boots of any man in the county—boys under 75 barred. Oh, yes, I can put up my prescriptions all right. I always put 'em up by the sense of smell. Of course there may be fatal mistakes, but in this neighborhood nobody is ever much missed."

"Eh, what's that? How do I account for my extreme age? Ask me something harder. My age is accounted for by a continuous succession of years, months, weeks and days."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### Not His Kind of Library.

The late Lord Acton, whose remarkable range of scholarship was little known to the public until attention was called to it in his obituaries, had in his London house a collection of some 60,000 books, many of them old and rare. Joseph Chamberlain at one time rented the house by the season, and when he left to go into a house of his own someone said to him that he must miss that fine library. "Library," replied the member from Brummagen, "I don't call that a library. It doesn't contain a single book of reference."

### Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

The new lord lieutenant of Ireland is said to be the youngest man that ever represented the British government at Dublin castle. George N. Curzon was called youthful when appointed viceroy to India, but he is a patriarch in comparison with the Earl of Dudley, who has just passed his thirty-fifth year. Curzon is nearly 44. Dudley traces his lineage back to William Ward, a wealthy goldsmith of London and jeweler to the queen of King Charles I. His full name is William Humble Ward, but he is not at all humble. His father was immensely rich, owning 40,000 acres of land and many mines and collieries. His rent roll was returned at \$610,000 a year. The very highest education was given the young earl, who has proved himself one of the stanchest nobles in the United Kingdom. In 1891, when only 24 years old, he made a speech in the house of lords, defending that house, that would have done credit to a Pitt.

### Big Pay of Singers.

For the highest fees received among prominent male singers, M. Jean de Reszke, the famous Polish tenor, stands first. His contract for sixteen appearances during his last American tour amounted to \$7,200, and average of \$450 for every time he appeared on the platform. Madame Patti, however, can claim even a better record. For singing at Covent Garden in 1870 on sixteen nights she received \$9,600, an average of \$600 for each appearance. But the famous prima donna beat this record while on her American tour, for while in New Orleans in the '80s she received as much as \$1,200 per night.

### Unable to Rise.

Morenci, Mich., Sept. 8th.—Mr. J. S. Whitehead of this place has given the following letter for publication: "Unsolicited I wish to recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills and to return thanks for the great benefit I have derived from a few boxes of this splendid remedy.

"I had kidney trouble very bad, in fact, I suffered so much that for days at a time I could not get out of the chair where I had been sitting without assistance.

"I cannot describe the pains I suffered for they were something fearful. About seven or eight months ago I began using Dodd's Kidney Pills and very soon found that they were helping me.

"I can truthfully say that they have done me more good than all the other medicines I have ever taken.

"I have been greatly benefited by them and it is my desire to let others know so that if anyone is suffering as I suffered they may know where a cure may be found."


If you would introduce a fool to himself his compliments would be most profuse.

Is afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water

**CITY ADVANTAGES**

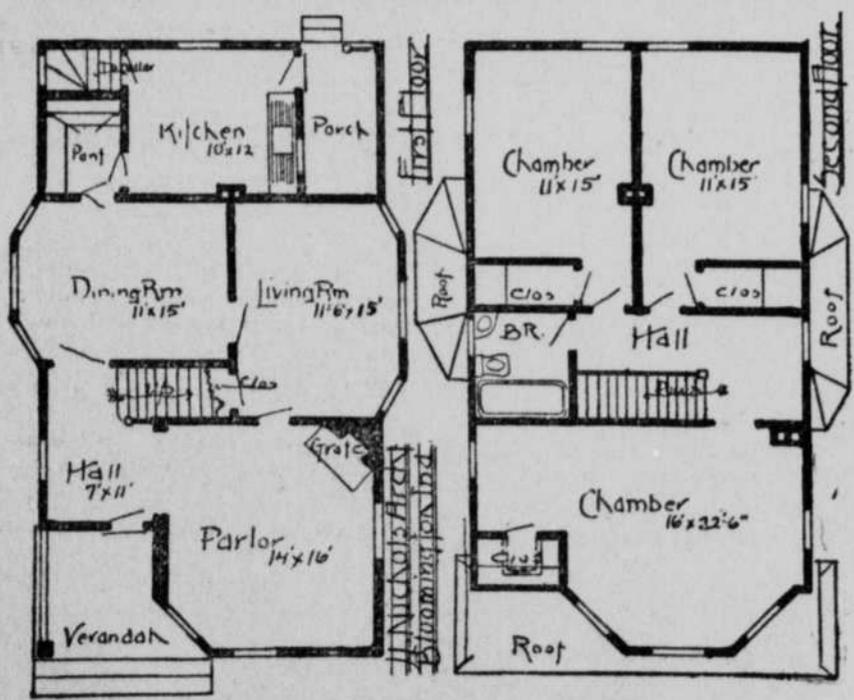
can be secured by all residents of the country or smaller cities if our catalogue is kept for reference. We sell every variety of merchandise of reliable quality at lower prices than any other house. We have been right here in the same business for thirty-one years and have two million customers. If we save them money, why not you? Have you our latest, up-to-date catalogue, 1,000 pages full of attractive offerings? If not send 15 cents to partially pay postage or expressage—the book itself is free.

**Montgomery Ward & Co.**  
CHICAGO  
The house that tells the truth.



Every housewife glows over finely starched linen and white goods. Conceit is justifiable after using Defiance Starch. It gives a stiff, glossy whiteness to the clothes and does not rot them. It is absolutely pure. It is the most economical because it goes farthest, does more and costs less than others. To be had of all grocers at 10 oz. for roc.

**THE DEFIANCE STARCH CO.,**  
OMAHA, NEB.



Plan of house to be built at cost of \$1,500.