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AS GOES THE WORLD.

But the thirst of soul soon learn to know
The moistureless froth of the social show;
The vulgar sham of the pompous feast
Where the heaviest purse is the highest priest;
The organized charity, scrippled and led,
In the name of caution, statistical Christ;
The smile restrained, the respectable cant,
When a friend in need is a friend in want;
Where the only aim is to keep aloof,
And a brother may drown with a cry in his throat.

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

THE WRECKERS.

The following story told me in my official capacity as chaplain in one of her majesty's largest convict prisons touched me very much at the time. The narrator having been dead some years, I see no harm in presenting his history to the public in as nearly as possible his own words. By way of preface I may remark that the prisoner was a quiet, well behaved and apparently inoffensive individual, entered in the prison books as H 51.

He had evidently received a fair education. At the time of telling me his story he had the greater part of a 10 years' penal sentence to run, his crime being a barefaced, well planned burglary at a large jeweler's shop in the west end. His constitution was not one to withstand the severe discipline of the prison, and he lay in hospital on what turned out to be his deathbed as he made his astonishing revelations without any reservation as to secrecy. He said:

I expect I don't seem to you, sir, quite the usual cut of the long term burglar, and you would be quite right in so thinking. I never did fancy the profession, and that jeweler's shop business was all a sham and an excuse to get here out of the world and safe from a worse fate at the hands of deadly enemies. Aye, sir, you may stare. Few people, I imagine, are so fond of prison that they will stretch a point to get there. No, sir; my offense was a much more serious one than ever transpired at my trial, and as I feel that I am not likely to trouble the prison authorities very much longer I might as well give you the true reason for my being in this place.

I started in life as a respectable middle class tradesman and in due time married the truest and best of women. Shortly after the birth of a son my wife was stricken down with illness, to which she succumbed. My grief was such that I could not go about my ordinary duties. I sent the boy to some friends. I gave up business and became a wanderer on the face of the earth.

I drifted to Paris, and there, destitute and starving, I made the acquaintance of a man who was a prominent member of one of the most extreme socialistic societies in the capital. He took care of me, and partly out of gratitude and partly out of sheer restlessness and a growing distaste for life I agreed to join his society. I found that the principles of this secret association were even more dreadful than I had supposed. It essayed to strike a blow at all monarchies or constituted governments, and the throned heads of Europe were especially marked out for its prey.

From time to time various attempts, though hitherto unsuccessful, had been made to assassinate some of the foreign rulers, and soon after I joined it happened that Great Britain fell under the ban of the society. At a largely attended meeting, secretly held in the outskirts of Paris, it was resolved that Queen Victoria and as many as possible of the high persons surrounding her throne must die. It was thought that a deadly and sweeping blow could be dealt if, while on one of its frequent journeys to or from the north, the royal train could be wrecked.

So it was decided.
It remained but to draw lots for the men to do the deed. By a strange fatality Scraggs (the name of my friend) and myself were deputed to carry out the vengeance of the society.

I received the intelligence with a callousness begotten of long enduring misery and want. What cared I now what befell me? Just at this time, too, I learned of the whereabouts of my son. He had entered the service of a well known Scotch nobleman in the capacity of page and personal attendant and was doing well.

Even this news did not awaken me to a true sense of my position. The instructions of the society were clear and to the point.

The train with her majesty on board had to be destroyed in any way we chose. Success would mean a handsome reward and a high position in the society. Failure—and there were no extenuating circumstances—meant sudden and certain death at the hands of the society. A certain period was given us to bring about the desired result, and we lost no time in arranging our plans. Her majesty was at this time, the autumn, staying at her usual residence in the north of Scotland, and we found we had some time before us ere we could hope to deal our blow on her return journey.

Crossing to England, we made a careful survey of the railway route and decided upon a likely spot on the system of one of the best known English railways by which royalty usually travels. The place in question was an unusually long bridge spanning at the height of 80 feet a broad but shallow stream. Just before the approach to the bridge the line took a sharp curve, which lent itself to our full purpose. Our plan was to prepare two short, handy pieces of rail faced at one end like points and the other end curving gradually outward. The thin ends of the rails would be pierced for bolts of the same size as those used to fasten (by means of a fishplate) the ordinary rails together. We should then, on the night preceding the passing of the train, loosen the bolts of the particular rails we pitched upon, trusting they would be overlooked by the patrolling surfaceman.

On the following night we should conceal ourselves in the recess of the bridge, and as soon as the pilot engine (which always precedes the royal train by 15 minutes) had passed we should take out the bolts, release the fishplates on the

outer side of one rail and on the inner side of the other, replacing them by our specially prepared rails.

The wheels of the engine of the coming train would take those short rails like points, and as the ends curved off toward the parapet of the bridge the whole train would leave the rails and be precipitated from the frightful height into the stream beneath. There would be no escape for a single soul in that train. And so, calmly and in cold blood, we arranged the wholesale destruction of the south bound train which would contain the head and many important members of the royal family.

We knew that every precaution was taken by the railway company and their servants to observe a clear and safe passage for their royal patron, and that extra patrolmen were out along the route, while to prevent the risk of accident all less important trains were shunted to one side. The contents of all goods trains on the down line were carefully inspected in order that no projections should endanger the safety of the special, and signalmen were more than usually put upon the alert.

The greatest obstacle we had to contend against was the pilot engine. We could do nothing till it passed (the loosened bolts would not affect its passage), and that left only 15 minutes to prepare the rails for the doomed train. Still, we practiced the screwing process on dummy metals and soon got very expert. The night arrived. The previous evening we had managed, unobserved, to loosen the bolts necessary for our purpose near the middle of the bridge, and we could only trust they would not be tampered with before our arrival next evening.

The fateful night was dark and stormy, which favored our purpose. Disguised as railway laborers at a village in the vicinity, and having previously concealed our tools near the bridge, we made for the scene of our enterprise. Ensconcing ourselves within the shadow of the parapet, we waited for the pilot engine to come along. At last her lights appear in the distance, and she thunders safely over the bridge.

Now to work.
Hastily securing our respective rails, we make for the selected spot and commence to withdraw the bolts. While thus engaged my companion with a bloodcurdling chuckle remarks:

"We shall bag more of the high and mighty than we first expected. The Duke of K—and his suit are, I understand, on board the train."

"The Duke of E—" I started and dropped my rail in my excitement. "My boy's master," I gasped, "and he never travels without him."

"So much the worse for your boy, then," said the heartless brute as he proceeded with his work.

In an instant my horrible position flashed upon me. Here was I calmly preparing to slaughter the heads of England (to whom before I had never given a thought), and with them my own flesh and blood. I nearly swooned as the awful revelation burst upon me, but in a moment I recovered, and then my decision was prompt. True, the failure of the scheme meant certain death to my companion and myself, but what of that? There was still time to save ourselves from becoming wholesale murderers. I shouted, while I replaced my bolt, to Scraggs to drop his rail and fly. He, however, had no such scruples and had too great a regard for his own skin and the promised reward. When he saw I was determined to spoil his plans, he dropped his rail and made for me with a knife, the glitter of which as he closed with me I saw just in time through the darkness.

As we struggled the roar of the approaching train was heard in the distance. Making a frantic effort, as the train was close upon us, I managed to throw Scraggs off. He fell across the off rail. With a rush and roar the royal train swept safely over the bridge, while a stifled shriek from Scraggs prepared me for his fate as I fell in a faint against the stonework of the bridge.

I revived in what must have been a few minutes after the passage of the train. The headless trunk of my late companion was the first object that met my eye. I shuddered to think how nearly the occupants of the train had escaped an equally certain death.

The train had not pulled up, the driver evidently not having felt the obstruction. I hastily replaced the bolts on the other rail, threw the tools into the stream, and with a last glance at the remains of Scraggs fled from the spot. Unsuspected, I made my way to London, but only to live in deadly fear of the swift and sure vengeance of the secret society.

The failure of the enterprise must be already known to them, and hide as I might I knew their hand would ultimately reach me. My money exhausted, I conceived the desperate idea of the daring burglary of which I was convicted. If I failed to enrich myself, my life would at least be safe in jail. I failed miserably enough, got caught red handed and received my sentence.

Before I threw away my liberty I saw from the papers that at the inquest on Scraggs' remains a verdict of "accidental death" was returned. The dastardly attempt therefore remained unsuspected by the general public, and since I came here I have heard that the secret society has been broken up and its members scattered. I feel now that I shall escape them after all, but I shall be happy, knowing that my boy's future is assured, and that he will never know (I was convicted under a false name) how near to annihilation his own father had brought him and his country's queen.—London Tit-Bits.

Two Once Happy Men.

W. H. Vanderbilt, some time prior to his death, spoke of himself as a goner and said: "All this money isn't worth a rap. I would give it all for your health," to which a friend half laughingly and half seriously replied: "Well, too much money is a nuisance. The happiest time in my life was when I was worth \$300,000." "And the happiest time in my life," rejoined Vanderbilt, "was when I was working on my Staten Island farm." —San Francisco Argonaut.

ALWAYS INVENTING.

AN INGENIOUS MAN WHO IS USUALLY DOING SOMETHING.

A Story That Shows What a Terrible Affliction the Disease of Unprofitable Ingenuity May Be—Two Evenings in the House of an Inventor.

Had it not been that my family went out of town a short time ago and left me homeless and despondent, I would never have been able to write this story. As it was I was won over by the entreaties of a friend and went to live with him and his little family—for awhile.

It pleases me to meet geniuses. I like to touch shoulders with men of ideas, and that is just what this friend of mine might be labeled—a man of ideas. I did not know it before I went to his house, but then I discovered he is an inventor.

What he invents is immaterial; suffice it to say he invents in the full sense of the word. If he works out an idea, and when the model is perfected it doesn't do what he thought it would, he makes it do something else.

It's a double back action style of inventing that is destined to fill long felt wants or leave an aching void. The inventor is not to blame for either of these happenings, his business being exclusively to invent.

We were sitting in his dining room the first evening I was at his house. The servant had just cleared the dinner table, and my friend's wife was looking after the youngsters and keeping their nurse out of mischief.

George was looking intently at one of the gas tips, and his brain machinery was grinding exceeding fine material, I could see.

"Well, what is it?" I asked, looking up and around for a stray June bug or some other bird of plumage.

"I'm just thinking," George said rather dreamily, "I can improve on that gas tip. I'll do it. I've got it sure." Then he began drawing things on a piece of paper that looked like deformed church steeples. He said they were gas tips.

For a day or two George ate very little. I afterward learned this is common with inventors, as they are able to go for weeks at a time without touching a morsel. Their brains stop working when their own eats. There's no money in eating except for the dealers in edibles.

When George came back to earth and food, he had a model in his pocket. It was the tangible outcome of his thinking.

"Isn't that splendid?" he said, with ecstasy, holding it up before me. His black eyes glistened.

"Yes, it's very pretty," I replied. "Will it work?"

"You bet it'll work. The user will get a large and steady flame, with no waste of gas and with one-third the usual pressure. I'll show you."

George got up and adjusted it to the chandelier. He got out matches and then turned out the remaining gas jet. Fully 14 matches were struck while we sat in the dark. I held my breath because my hold on solemnity befitting the occasion was fast losing.

He said many things which I could not be led to repeat. The sanctity of a private home should not be invaded. It was his right to say things, as he paid the rent.

The thing did not work. I could see that, even though it was dark. He re-lighted the gas and sat down. You can never tell what an inventor is going to do, so I said nothing. Oh, I believe I did ask him if there was an opening in the end for the gas to ooze through. I'm not sure, though, but I know George didn't answer.

He finally secured a couple of feet of small rubber hose that he had used in another experiment and fastened the gas tip on one end. He thought perhaps there was an obstruction that water would clear away. The other end of the hose he attached to a faucet.

I stood by like any well behaved invited guest. George turned the water, and it shot through in first rate shape. The fact was the gas tip was a splendid sprinkler. Even George's wife acknowledged that, and she gave up acknowledging anything but his inventive failures years ago.

"By gracious!" George exclaimed, "isn't that a dandy sprinkler? I'll get that patented." Then he laid it down.

It was the next evening George's wife said that her expensive music box was out of order and would not play. The valuable instrument was put on the table, and George peered into it for about five minutes.

"No wonder; I see what's the matter," George remarked as he left the room. He returned with four or five implements that for all I know belonged to a kitchen range.

He unfastened a couple of screws and then—yes, and then! The case was full of snarled up springs, things that looked like comb teeth and various odds and ends that one would never suspect having been within 10 miles of the house a minute before. Tears ran down the cheeks of George's wife and dropped in on the cylinders.

"What are you trying to do—spoil and rust the works?" George asked. Then he dickered and dickered until he had about a bushel of pieces of machinery strewn about. George's wife retired, and I fell asleep on a lounge. My host worked until 6 o'clock in the morning and then gave it up.

I left the next day. It was impossible for me to remain longer in the house with George's inventive brain. It fairly crowded me out. The music box is now in Geneva being fixed, the gas tip sprinkler keeps papers from flying about, and George is working on something that can be used as a self adjusting car coupler or a seltzer water siphon.—New York Herald.

It is a law of good society in China that young widows never marry again. Widowhood is therefore held in the highest esteem, and the older the widow grows the more agreeable does her position become with the people.

Sensible Points About Tips.

The greatest abuse of the tipping system in New York is in the fees to janitors and other servants connected with apartment houses. It has become a custom almost too strong to ignore in some apartment houses to pay the janitor, bell boy, elevator boy, etc., certain amounts every month or fortnight—this without any regard to whether the servant has rendered any particular service or not. The result of this indiscriminate tipping is quite natural—you get no particular service.

Not a few tenants of apartment houses have had an experience with janitors which makes blackmail preferable to the risk of the repetition of these experiences. As in the case of waiters, there are a good many annoyances to which tenants may be subjected which cannot be cured with a club and which do not even form a substantial basis of complaint. And they are not less aggravated because you can't get away from them or resent them. But to simply pay a man indiscriminately just because he is there is a plan which releases him from any obligation whatsoever.

I make it a rule and can recommend it after some experience to pay with reasonable liberality for any special service—that is, any service above and outside of that which the man is employed to render to every tenant in common. And I never tip such men on general principles—that is, indiscriminately. If an understanding to that effect is established at once upon going into a new flat, you will avoid all the ills to which others are subjected and have at call those who are not only ready and willing, but eager to serve you. Begin at once to compensate liberally every person about the place who renders you special services and pay nobody else a cent. Follow this rule, and you will invariably get excellent service and plenty of attention. This rule will work equally well with the waiter if you are a regular customer.—New York Herald.

A Patriotic Daughter.

A young lady, the daughter of a western farmer, whose heart overflowed with patriotism, quietly left her comfortable home, cut off her beautiful hair, donned male attire, enlisted in a company and went directly to the seat of war.

During the home life she had been the milkmaid, and her kind treatment of the bovine tribe of the farm had made her a special favorite. But one of the lactated trials was her special favorite and whose reciprocal love at meeting was always demonstrated. When mustered out of service, she returned to her paternal home, her habits being those of the heroes of the war, and politely requested permission as a stranger for entertainment over night, which was readily granted by the kind host to a returning soldier.

On the following morning she arose, and still regarded by the entire family as a perfect stranger she proceeded in her soldier garb to her old milking quarters, and she had not entered the gateway till she was at once recognized by her pet cow, which proceeded to meet her and greet her with all demonstrations of a loving animal to a dear friend. Then the soldier returned to the household, and instead of possessing the recognizing powers of a cow it was hard work to persuade them that she was really their daughter.—Cor. Pittsburg Commercial-Gazette.

The Shell of the Pearl Oyster.

Very few people are aware that the pearl oyster is not in any way like the oysters which we eat. It is of an entirely different species, and as a matter of fact the shells of the so called pearl oysters are of far more value to those engaged in pearl fishing than the pearls. There are extensive pearl fisheries in the gulf of California, and some of the finest pearls have been taken from those waters. In 1881 one pearl—a black one—was sold for \$10,000, and every year since that time many pearls have been taken from the beds in the California gulf valued at over \$7,500 each. But such "finds" are very rare, and as a rule the pearls which are brought up are of very little value. The shells, however, are very valuable. Most of them are shipped to Europe, where they are manufactured into ornaments, knife handles, buttons and the hundreds of other articles for which mother of pearl is used.—Harper's Young People.

Rare American Coins.

Coin collectors have long appreciated the difficulty of making a complete collection of American specimens. The United States coinage of 1793 is very rare and a dollar of the year 1794 has often sold for as much as \$100. A 1796 half cent is so rare as to sell readily for \$15, and a half dollar of the same year is worth 60 times its original value. While the half cent of 1804 is common enough, all the other coins of that year are rare, the dollar of that particular date being the rarest of all American coins. Only eight are known to exist out of the 19,570 that were coined. The lowest price that one of these now changes hands for is \$800.—London News.

Sweetheart Abbey.

There is in Galloway, Scotland, an ancient ruin known as Sweetheart abbey. Within its ivy covered, storm battered walls lies buried the affectionate and devoted Dervorgill, with the heart of her husband, John Baliol, embalmed upon her breast. Lovely in their lives, in death they are not divided. The crumbling masonry is still and must ever be a romance in its symbols of death and decay, telling every day, as it has for 600 years, the thrilling story of a woman's tender love and devotion.—Exchange.

Consumption Not Always Fatal.

It must not be supposed that every one inheriting a consumptive tendency succumbs to it. It is during the years preceding maturity that the danger of poor, unhygienic surroundings is greatest, but if such persons can be kept strong until their forms have developed they may become the very strongest of the strong.—Youth's Companion.

BLACKMAIL IN RESTAURANTS.

How the System of Tipping Has Degenerated in Many Eating Houses.

Complaints of the tipping system, or rather want of system, are growing more and more common. It is the opinion of those who are in the habit of getting their meals here and there and patronizing the cafes about town that insolence among waiters has visibly increased. Everybody who knows anything about New York knows what that means—an exceedingly disagreeable state of affairs.

"The evil is worse in proportion to the respectability of the place," says a man about town. "In other words, the more expensive the meal the more liberal the tip, and the more insulting the waiters if it does not come up to their ideas of what the amount of the tip should be."

I have been making some personal investigations in this line myself and unhesitatingly indorse the above opinion. I have found that in every instance the waiter expected a tip whether he had served well or not, and that this expectation is made so baldly apparent that the attention of everybody in the vicinity is called to the fact to bear unwilling witness as to the extent of your liberality. Also that too small a tip will subject you to more pronounced insult than none at all; that any effort to correct abuse of this character by reporting the servant is more likely to multiply your bad treatment than to reduce it.

If the executive clerk or proprietor does not recognize in you a valuable customer of the place, the chances are two to one you will be received with more contempt than you got at the hands of the waiter. No one man in 500 thus offended ever complains—he simply doesn't go back. Most city men and travelers are not easily offended by waiters. Familiar with the ways of the waiter, they either pay up or ignore the intended offense. It is the sensitive man who is the more readily blackmailed, or who, resisting the levy, feels more keenly the insolence of the menial.

In my experiments, conducted at six different respectable restaurants, I found that the poorest waiters, the men who gave the poorest service, were the most offensive. At one place where, at the suggestion of a friend interested in this class of human nature, we went back to the same waiter on the next day, there was such a visible reluctance to serve us that we were compelled to call the head waiter before we could get anything to eat. As my rule is to reward a servant proportionately for extra service and attention, and as some of these men rendered this service and got nothing, I cherish no hard feelings against them for the look of cold disappointment with which they greeted our departure. Indiscriminate tipping has made tipping useless practically, so far as good service is concerned. It has become merely so much blackmail, and the poorest service demands and receives the same reward earned by and cheerfully paid the best. Men are awful cowards and would rather be robbed outright than thought mean, even by a waiter.—New York Herald.

How Professor Blackie Apologized.

Professor Blackie was lecturing to a new class, with whose persons he was imperfectly acquainted. A student rose to read a paragraph, his book in his left hand. "Sir," thundered Blackie, "hold your book in your right hand!"—and as the student would have spoken—"No words, sir! Your right hand, I say!" The student held up his right arm, ending piteously at the wrist. "Sir, I have nae right hand," he said. Before Blackie could open his lips there arose a storm of hisses, and by it his voice was overborne. Then the professor left his place and went down to the student he had unwittingly hurt and put his arm around the lad's shoulders and drew him close, and the lad leaned against his breast.

"My boy," said Blackie—he spoke very softly, yet not so softly but that every word was audible in the hush that had fallen on the classroom—"my boy, you'll forgive me that I was overrough? I did not know—I did not know!" He turned to the students, and with a look and tone that came straight from his heart he said, "And let me say to you all, I am rejoiced to be shown I am teaching a class of gentlemen." Scottish lads can cheer as well as hiss, and that Blackie learned.—San Francisco Argonaut.

For Strangers Only.

"I stopped at a small town in West Virginia not long ago," remarked the drummer, "and as I stood on the platform at the station looking for somebody to tell me something about the place a native passed along."

"Is there a hotel in this town?" I inquired.

"Thar ain't," he replied quite to the point.

"Isn't there any place for strangers to stop at?"

"Well, yes," he said hesitatingly, "thar's a boardin' house whar nobody but strangers stops. Anybody that knowed anything about it wouldn't stop thar."

The drummer sighed.

"I tried it," he said in conclusion, "and the native was right."—Detroit Free Press.

He Won't Mention It.

A gentleman in this city was recently visited by a justice of the peace from an adjoining town who wanted to be enlightened on a point of law. The gentleman gave the desired information. When the visitor started to go, he said, "I am much obliged to you for the information." "Oh, don't mention it," replied his informant. The justice by this time had closed the door, but he came back and with the greatest sincerity assured his friend he would never say anything about it.—Hartford Courant.

Generalship and Epileptic Fits.

A remarkable historical fact which has frequently been noticed by scientific writers, but never accounted for satisfactorily, is that Julius Cæsar, Wellington, Napoleon and the Archduke Charles of Austria, four of the greatest generals the world has known, were all subject to epileptic fits.