

There Was a Mistake.
"I think," he began as he halted a pedestrian. "I think I made a mistake with the cabman who drove me to the Corcoran Art gallery. I am quite sure I gave him a \$10 bill, but he must have mistaken it for a \$2 bill."
"And you hope to find him again?" asked the man of the stranger to the city.
"Why, yes. I have hopes."
"Well, you are about as green as they make 'em. That cabman deliberately swindled you out of many dollars."
"I can hardly believe it. He looked so honest and truthful that I—"
"That you ought to have asked him to hold your watch and the rest of your money! My dear old Josh from the cornfields, let me say!"
At that minute a cab rattled up, and the driver dismounted and said:
"See here, old man, there is a mistake. You probably meant to give me a \$2 bill, and I thought it was one when I gave you \$1 in change."
"But I think it was a ten, my friend."
"No; it was a twenty, and I have been driving about for half an hour to find you and restore the money. Here it is."
"And what was it you were going to say to your dear old Josh from the cornfields?" asked the old man as he turned to the wise person.
But the wise person was there no longer. He was flying for a car as if running for his life.—Washington Post.

Green Not Restful to the Eyes.
It seems as though cherished notions were no sooner on an apparently firm foundation than some inconsiderate iconoclast comes along and throws them down. People have for many years supposed that the color green was restful to human eyes and have been referred to the green grass and green foliage that nature has been so prodigal with for the benefit of wearied vision.
Now, according to a German professor of Berlin, nature wasn't thinking of human eyes when she made her profuse verdant display and that her color scheme was carried out absolutely regardless of the visual needs of humanity. He says that green does not protect the eye, and he denies that it has any beneficial effects whatever.
He declares that green paper, green shades, green glasses, green decorations and green umbrellas are all a mistake and that by increasing the green light we are simply provoking a nervous disturbance.
He says that each of the colors tires a different set of nerves of vision, and therefore looking at one particular color saves one set of nerves at the expense of another. The best method, he says, is to dim all of the rays of light by smoked or gray glasses, which rest all of the optic nerves.—New York Herald.

Safe Way to Watch Fights.
The colonel and I sat talking under a shade tree in front of the town post-office when a dogfight started down the street.
"Come on!" I said as I sprang up.
"Come this way," replied the colonel as he seized my arm and drew me into a doorway.
"But I want to see the dogfight," I protested.
"Yes, I reckon you do, but you also want to keep clear of the shooting."
"Why should there be any shooting?"
"Because one dog has got to lick 't'other, and the owner of the licked dog ain't goin' to let it rest that way. There they go!"
Ten minutes later we stepped out, to find one man lying on the ground with two bullets in him and some people carrying away a second with half a dozen.
"Dogfights are bewtiful affairs," said the colonel as we walked away, "but the safest way to see one in Kentucky is to wait till it's all over and the dead carried off."—Chicago News.

Put Money Aside.
Take 10 cents to the nearest available savings bank and deposit it to your credit. Keep it up until you have a dollar.
Don't wait to do this until you have a situation. Do it now. If you have change for car fare, walk.
This is the only way to save money. If you wait until your salary is raised, or until you happen to have an errand near the savings bank, you may be dead before you lay by a cent.
There is only one way to save money. That is to begin now.—New York Journal.

A Little Short.
At one of the railway construction works in Glasgow the other day a clergyman who takes a great interest in the members of his flock engaged at the cutting saw one of them entering a drinking place. He hailed him, but Pat simply looked and walked in. Waiting till he came out, the reverend gentleman accosted him thus, "Pat, didn't you hear me calling?"
"Yes, your ravinence, I did, but—I had only the price of one!"—Exchange.

Couldn't Do the Impossible.
No, the citizen would positively not buy any of the hair restorer.
"Do you think you can make a monkey of me?" he hissed, with asperity.
"Oh, not at all," replied the vender cheerfully. "We don't pretend to be able to restore the hair lost in the process of evolution!"
An innocent bystander cracked a faint smile, but otherwise all was still.—Detroit Journal.

An Odd Epitaph.
A visitor to a cemetery at South Vernon, N. H., will find the following upon a gravestone there:
Oh, he went, and am she gone
And left poor I here all alone?
Oh, cruel fate, to be so blind
To take the 'fore and leave I 'hind!
I can never come back to we,
But us must surely go to sie.

Another Romance Spoiled.
"Tell a good story and stick to it," is an old maxim that is illustrated in a story that is going the rounds along the Rhine. A certain well known actor floated into his home one morning about 2 o'clock. The wife of his bosom was waiting up for him. He told her he had been out all the evening with one of their friends, Charlie B., and then related an interesting fairy story of how Charlie had taken a crowd to supper, how funny Charlie had been all the evening, how well Charlie looked in his new suit, how he said this, that and the other. After telling a 15 minute story, to which the gentle partner of his joys and out of work periods listened with respectful attention, but cynical mien, he paused for breath. Then she, in a confident now I've got you tone, said:
"That's a lovely romance you've been giving me, and I hate to spoil it, but Charlie has been here nearly all the evening waiting to see you about an engagement. He left only about half an hour ago."
The teller of the tale looked rather dazed for a moment as if he had been struck. Then quickly gathering himself together he assumed a bold front, with hands in his pockets, head thrown back and, in defiant innocence and emphasizing each word, said:
"Well, that's my story, and I'm not going to change it for anybody."—Clipper.

Army Jokes With a Moral.
"During the civil war," said an ex-army officer, "the authorities for some reason were anxious to move troops up the Tombigbee river. Word was sent to the engineer in that district asking what it would cost to run up the Tombigbee. That official got gay and reported that the Tombigbee ran down and not up, a joke that promptly landed his head in the basket, as the matter was serious.
"At the bombardment of Charleston it was extremely desirable to bring to bear on the city an extra heavy gun called by the men the Swamp Angel. The gun took its name from the swamp in which it stood, and to move it through that boggy morass was an engineering feat of extreme difficulty. However, the commanding officers were determined to have the gun brought within range of Charleston and issued orders to that effect. At the same time they sent word to the engineer having the matter in charge of requisition without regard to trouble or expense for anything necessary to accomplish the desired object. His first requisition called for men 26 feet 6 inches in height. Another officer promptly took the matter in charge, from which it can readily be deduced that it is not a paying investment to make jokes in the army at the expense of your superiors."—New York Tribune.

A Contrast in Cooks.
In an article contributed to a London paper John Strange Winter, who has been living for many months past in Dieppe, compares the French to the English cook, rather to the detriment of the latter. "In the French kitchen," she says, "there is no waste. It would seem that the French mind does not run to waste or revel in it as the lower class English mind invariably does."
The French cook will not only do a bit of the housework, but she will do it cheerfully and as a matter of course. "You cannot buy your French cook too many pans, and her soul loves copper in her kitchen. Certainly an English cook would grumble if she was expected to keep a kitchen full of copper pans bright and clean, but a French one has them in a condition akin to burnished gold. Her pride is gratified if her kitchen walls are hung with these ornaments, and even if she does the greater part of her small cooking in little enameled pans she will gladly rub up the copper ones which hang on the wall."

She Guessed It.
He was descending with vigor on the exceptional quality of the dinners that are served at one of the fashionable clubs of Brooklyn at a very low figure for a first class meal on Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays. Equally toothsome luncheons could be had on other days of the week, but dinners in course only on those days.
"And why on only those three days?" queried the New Yorker, to whom the delights of life in Brooklyn were being rehearsed.
"Wash day, ironing day and the girl's day out," quickly responded one of the ladies of the party. "That's no sort of a conundrum to a woman who has ever had the care of a house. Better try a harder one next time unless you happen to be in a stag party."—New York Times.

"All Fish."
Mrs. Thurlow says that Cardinal Wiseman went to dine with some friends of hers. It was Friday, but they had quite forgotten to provide a fast day dinner. However, he was quite equal to the occasion, for he stretched out his hands in benediction over the table, and said, "I pronounce all this to be fish," and forthwith enjoyed all the good things heartily.—"The Story of My Life," by Augustus J. C. Hare.

Misunderstood.
Uncle Reuben—I jes com' t' town t' git a couple o' sideboards an' thow' I'd drap in t' see you.
City Niece—Why, Uncle Reuben, what do you expect to do with two sideboards in your house?
Uncle Reuben—Say, I'm talkin' about my farm wagon. What air you talkin' about?—Columbus State Journal.

Prussian blue does not come to us from Prussia. It is a chemical product of which England makes her full share. Irish stew is not an Irish, but an English dish, and Turkish baths did not originate in Turkey, but in Russia.

The Story of a Mean Man.
This is the story of a mean man. He may not be the meanest on record, but he carries a very fair brand of close fistfulness. He had a contract to supply a certain amount of crushed stone. The machine he used could turn out all the work he could get by running eight hours a day.
The mean man had an engineer who was a genius. The genius went to his employer one day and said he thought he could make some improvements in that machine so it would do more work in less time. The genius was paid by the month.
He worked on the machine for several days, taking it apart and putting it together again. When reconstructed, it proved to have greater efficiency than before, so much so that it did the same amount of work in one minute and a half that it used to take four and a half to do.
The mean man, however, could get no more contracts than before. He could fill all his orders by running about three hours a day. The mean man then went to the genius and said:
"See here, Henry, I've been paying you by the month, but there isn't as much work as there used to be—not enough to keep you busy. I shall have to pay you by the hour after this."
Henry demurred. He had been too faithful, but he didn't think that ought to reduce his earnings over one-half. His employer was firm, however, and Henry resigned.—New York Mail and Express.

An Experiment in Journalism.
Once there was a really radical paper, in London it was, but the man who made it now lives here and tells the tale. It was one of those papers which are a tragedy. They represent the wreck of the enthusiasm of strong men who must find the outlet for their apostolate. This paper began by being at odds with all that was established, and it had readers. But as time went on the man who made the paper drove off singly and in groups all those who had begun by being his supporters. It was found a little too radical for them, and they no longer kept step with its newest march.
"Of course I now can see that such a paper was doomed to failure," the editor said after he had recited the early history of his venture. "I confess it was pretty strong even for British radicals. After the circulation had dwindled down to the extremists I succeeded in alienating about half of them by denouncing social democracy as feudal oppression, and the other half left me when I attacked atheism on the score of its superstitious tendencies. After that I ran the paper as long as I could without any subscribers. But I had to give it up. Nobody would read it except myself, and toward the end I had to give up reading it myself. I found it too unsettling. So it stopped."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Longest Word.
"Rob," said Tom, "which is the most dangerous word to pronounce in the English language?"
"Don't know, unless it's a swearing word."
"Pooh!" said Tom. "It's 'stumbled,' because you are sure to get a tumble between the first and last letter."
"Ha, ha!" said Rob. "Now, I've got one for you. I found it one day in the paper. Which is the longest word in the English language?"
"Incomprehensibility," said Tom promptly.
"No, sir; it's 'smiles,' because there's a whole mile between the first and last letter."
"Ho, ho!" cried Tom, "that's nothing. I know a word that has over three miles between its beginning and ending."
"What's that?" asked Rob faintly.
"Beleaguered," said Tom.—Pearson's.

His Accent and His Country.
On one occasion during a visit to America Michael Gunn, who assisted Gilbert and Sullivan in bringing out many of their operas, was trying the voices of some candidates for the chorus. One of them sang in a sort of affected Italian broken English. The stage manager interrupted. "Look here," he said, "that accent won't do for sailors or pirates. Give us a little less Mediterranean and a little more Whitechapel."
Here Gunn turned and said: "Of what nationality are you? You don't sound Italian."
The other suddenly dropped his Italian accent and in Irish said, "Shure, Mr. Gunn, I'm from the same country as yourself."

Military Pomposity.
Quinn—Such pomposity in the army is disgraceful.
De Fonte—Pomposity?
Quinn—Yes. Since Finn has been promoted to corporal he objects to his letters being marked "private" for fear people may think that that is still his rank.—Chicago News.

Odors and Deafness.
"Here," said the observant boarder, who had a newspaper in his hand, "is a writer who asserts that odors can cause deafness."
"Well," added the cross eyed boarder, "musk is pretty loud."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Diplomacy Wins.
"Yes, that cheeky young Wintegreen made a friend of the naughty Mrs. De Young the very first time he met her."
"How did he do it?"
"He asked her if her hair wasn't prematurely gray."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Benefit of the Doubt.
Sister's New Beau (to Freddy, staring)—Well, Freddy, how do you like my looks?
Freddy—Oh, yer long hair makes you look awful silly, but maybe you ain't.—Indianapolis Journal.

FACTS ABOUT DOLLS.
CAUSE OF THE ORIGIN OF THE WAX AND CHINA VARIETIES.
They Were First Used to Show Off Models of Costly Dresses and in the Seventeenth Century Were What Fashion Papers Are Today.
The origin of the word doll is curious. Centuries ago, when saints' names were much in vogue for children, St. Dorothea was the most popular, and her name the best and luckiest that could be given to a little girl. The nickname was Dolly, or Doll, and from giving babies the nickname it was an easy step to pass it on to the little images of which the babies were so fond.
The word doll is not found in common use in our language until the middle of the eighteenth century, and as far as can be discovered, first appears in The Gentleman's Magazine for September, 1751, in the following: "Several dolls with different dresses, made in St. James street, have been sent to the czarina to show the manner of dressing at present in fashion among English ladies."
Previous to this the word used to describe the favorite plaything of all girls in all countries and in all ages was "baby," which is to be found, together with "poppet," or "puppet," in this sense in the works of most of the earlier writers.
The wax and china doll originated in the middle of the seventeenth century. There were no fashion papers as now, and in order to show what was being worn on the continent dolls were beautifully and expensively dressed and sent to the various European countries, and from the model orders were taken. The dolls, to show off their costly garb, must be made of more precious stuff than wood, so wax and china and even ivory ones were made.
Thuringia is the land where most dolls are born—puppetland, as it is called on this account. About 200 years ago most of the dolls were made in Flanders, and they were called not dolls, but Flanders' babies. There used to be an old English couplet which ran thus:
The children of Holland take pleasure in making
What the children of England take pleasure in breaking.
At one European doll factory of the present day 100,000 dolls are produced annually, some 500 men, women and children being employed. To make one talking doll requires the joint labor of 30 men. Dolls' eyes are made in underground rooms, into which the sunlight rarely peeps, and violet orbs are the most difficult to color. There is one town in Germany where three-fourths of all the dolls' eyes in the world are made. Only in the case of the most expensive dolls is real human hair used.
In a doll factory are wood carvers, headmakers, leg and arm makers, eye-makers, portrait artists, hairdressers, doll sewers and doll stuffers; also a small army of fashionable dressmakers and milliners.
The Hindoo child is probably the only doll-less child in the world. The little Egyptians have their wooden "Ushabi," the same in style as 4,000 years ago. These were sometimes made of porcelain. When a child died, its dolls were buried with it, in the expectation that their spirit forms would rise and do service in another world.
The paradise of dolls is Japan, where they are most elaborately and gorgeously attired affairs. So are the dolls of Kioto—"genroku." As they are called. They are often valuable wood carvings, enameled in colors or statuettes of great artistic merit.
One of the most interesting collections of dolls in this country is that belonging to the bureau of ethnology, Washington. They are dolls of the Uni Indians of Arizona and are made from the roots or subterranean branches of the cottonwood tree, whittled out with knives. They are decorated bright red, yellow, green and represent the gods of the tribe—the god of the snow, the god that eats up the rainclouds, the fire god, the sun god and the corn goddess. The Uni children play with these dolls as other children do. Any one who goes into a Uni habitation is certain to see a row of these dolls suspended from the ceiling. When not in use, they are hung up until wanted.
La Infantila is a doll with a history. It is made of clay and is considered by its owner, a Mexican lady, and by hosts of other persons to be a worker of miracles, and quantities of costly gifts are constantly offered to it. A room in the house of its owner is set aside for its exclusive use. Here it reclines in a canopy bed of solid silver. It has beautiful dresses and rich jewelry, valued at thousands of dollars. Among its latest gifts is a magnificent piano, which is played upon by those who visit the doll, as a part of the service of adoration.—New York Sun.

Quasi Relationship.
In Franklin county the other day a couple bearing the same name were married. When the license was applied for, the probate judge asked, as the law requires, if the bride and bridegroom were related. "Well, judge," responded the bridegroom, "we kinder are, an we kinder ain't just what you might call relations. You see, we were married together for quite a spell, but ma thought she wanted a divorce, an now we are goin' to try it over again."—Kansas City Journal.

As With Others.
She—Were you ever troubled with dyspepsia?
He—Yes; that's the way it affects me.—Yonkers Statesman.

In his better moments stormy Carlyle used to say, "Kindness is the sum of life, the charm to captivate and the sword with which to conquer."

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Paid Dear for His Leg.
A Pawnee county, Kansas, maiden has just married A. Woodman, but perhaps it was the best the poor girl could do.

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