

ANENT THE CHAIN FAD.

Quite Out of the Swim if You Don't Wear a Chain.

It is a season of chains—chains long, chains short, chains medium, but chains you must have if you would be in the swim, according to the New York Herald.

The very newest fad in these chains is one of medium length, which is hung around the neck and reaches to the bust, or just where the fancy yokes end. These chains have very artistic pendants attached to them, the pendants giving the finishing touch to the toilet. Certainly some of the pendants attached to these chains are works of art.

Some are Egyptian, in the red, blue and old gold colorings, while others are of the new "vert" or "green" metal effects. By the way, this new coloring for gold chains, greenish in hue, just a little tarnished and brassy looking, is at the present moment all the rage in Paris. It is creating a perfect furore, and everybody who pretends to be anybody is wearing jewelry in this "vert" coloring.

Then, again, another fad which will be very popular is that of wearing old coins attached to long and short chains. The rarer, the older and odder these coins the smarter they are.

The chain is made of gold or silver, in large or small links, according to fancy. It encircles the neck, and pendant from it is an old coin or talisman, whichever the wearer may chance to be the possessor of. It is a "good luck" chain. Therefore a talisman or lucky piece is de rigueur.

When a woman begins to wear a chain like this, she must never leave it off. It can be and will be worn twisted around the muff, taking the place of the "bunch of violets"; it can be twisted through the belt, after the fashion of a watch chain; it can be used as a girdle with a tea gown, but it must al-



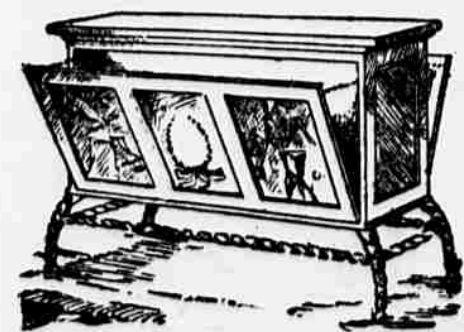
THE MEMORY CHAIN AND ANOTHER.

ways be in evidence after once being donned. Whether it is worn at night is a question too sacred to be asked unless the information should come gratis.

But the most popular chain of all with the young girls and widows will be the "memory chain." This is a long chain of fine weave, caught here and there with quaint little slides, some representing the four leaf clover, heads, coins, mistletoe, pansies or any fancy which pleases the wearer. To the end of this chain, which hangs straight down in front as far as its length will allow—they are usually a yard and a half long, which when doubled would make them hang about three-quarters of a yard in length—is attached a ring, and on the ring are hung an unlimited number of charms and keepsakes, souvenirs and all kinds of fancies.

These charms can be in any fashion, according to the taste of the giver. There must be a pig among them, a four leaf clover, a chestnut, a sprig of mistletoe, a coin. But why go on enumerating the fads? They are endless.

A Clever Bit of Furniture. The accompanying illustration shows a piano seat that has accommodations within it for the holding of a large



A PIANO SEAT.

amount of sheet music. Such a seat can be made by any skilled worker in wood. This pattern need not be followed, but only used as a suggestion if the design here given seems too difficult for the amateur worker in wood. Less elaborately turned legs would answer every purpose and would make the construction considerably easier.

A wood should be used that will harmonize well with the piano, using the same kind of wood when that is possible. Even common wood could be made to suffice if tastefully colored with one of the stains now so easily attainable. In constructing careful attention must be given to the height of the seat, as there is no arrangement provided for the raising or lowering of it, as in the ordinary piano stool, says The Ladies' World, which is the source of the design.

A Royal Road to Sleep.

A well known New York physician, who suffered from insomnia for many years, has found out a brand new method whereby sleep can be instantly obtained. According to The Herald, the doctor has tried it on himself and on his patients and has never known it to fail. It is essentially self-aphysia-tion, and yet there is no possibility of danger.

A long breath is first taken, and the air is kept in until positive discomfort is felt, when it is slowly exhaled. This is repeated a second and a third time, and in a minute or so the patient will be asleep.

The theory of sleep that finds the widest acceptance is that sleep is occasioned by the exhaustion of the nutrition of the brain, due to its functional activity when awake. During sleep there is a flow of nutrition to the brain, consequently an increase of blood to supply its deficiencies. By holding the breath the head and brain become intensely congested with venous blood loaded with carbonic acid. The carbonic acid and the other chemical products which venous blood contains act on the nerve tissues and, the same as ether and chloroform, produce artificial sleep.

Poteen. This wild west of Ireland is the natural home of "poteen," or illicit whiskey. This is because the loneliness and remoteness of the spots chosen for making it, almost inaccessible through the mountains and bogs save to those who know something about the country, are all in favor of the smugglers escaping detection, while its network of mountain lakes and small running streams affords the necessary cold water for condensing the distilled fumes to spirit during the cooling process.

Dear beyond any "parliament whiskey"—by which expression he denotes that sort which has paid the tax imposed by the brutal Saxon government—is this fiery fluid to the heart of every true peasant son of Connaught, and daughter, too, for that matter, for the fair sex, especially if at all up in years, takes its fair share. And, in the interest of truth, it must be added that those who inhabit the coast counties from Kerry to Donegal, inclusive, are also fully alive to its seductive merits. Indeed, many doctors—local, of course—will tell you that well made poteen is better in sickness than the adulterated whiskey usually met with in the small public houses in this region of poverty, for in the Connemara country at any rate the illicit whiskey is made of pure malt, though rumor has it that the less particular palate of Donegal, for instance, is satisfied with a fire water mainly made from molasses, potatoes—aye, sometimes from almost any other rubbish you please.—Chambers' Journal.

Patrols on Russian Railroads. The Transiberian railroad is very closely guarded, the management feeling personally responsible for the people they carry on their trains. The road is divided into sections of one, two or five-eighths of a mile. In a neat little log house, usually in a garden, live the guard and his people. The average family is a wife and five tow-headed children. The houses were built by the company and evidently with a view to meeting the demands of increasing families. The guard or a member of his family must patrol his section night and day. He steps to the side of the track as the train approaches and after it has passed steps back into the middle of the track, holds a small green flag in the air, at night a lantern, and stands like a statue until the train has entered the next section. Several guards do duty in the heavy curves, and frequently they are only a few hundred feet apart.

Much of the track patrolling is done by women, who have proved fully as reliable as the men. The women are nearly always barefooted, and as they stand on the track holding the flag aloft, a Siberian breeze toying with their short skirts, they are fine subjects for a sculptor after a unique model.—Siberian Letter in Chicago Record.

Seeing and Knowing. An eminent lord chief justice who was trying a right of way case had before him a witness, an old farmer, who was proceeding to tell the jury that he had "known the path for 60 year, and my feyther towid I as he heard my grandfeyther say."

"Stop!" cried the judge. "We can't have any hearsay evidence here."

"No!" exclaimed Farmer Giles. "Then how dost know who thy feyther was, 'cept by hearsay?"

After the laughter had subsided the judge said, "In courts of law we can only be guided by what you have seen with your eyes and nothing more nor less."

"Oh, that be blowed for a tale!" replied the farmer. "I ha' got a bile on the back of my neck, and I never seed 'un, but I be prepared to swear he's there, dang 'un!"

This second triumph on the part of the witness set in a torrent of hearsay evidence about the footpath, which obtained weight with the jury, albeit the judge told them it was not testimony of any value, and the farmer's party won.

His Paraphrase. "You often see the phrase 'Memphis, the Queen of the Valley, God bless her,'" remarked a newspaper man the other day. "The birth of that expression was the wherefore of one of the wittiest things Ned Carmack ever said. "It was in the lifetime of The Appeal-Avalanche and while Mr. Carmack was editor of The Commercial. There was a municipal election of minor importance on hand, and the editor of The Avalanche was just 'happy' enough to do a two column editorial of gush concerning the life and death issues of the election under the sentimental headline 'Memphis, the Queen of the Valley, God Bless Her!'"

"Mr. Carmack came out in the morning paper with no other comment on the all important subject under consideration than this epigram, which completely covered the case and made the phrase immortal. 'Blank, the fool of the Valley, God help him!'"—Memphis Scimitar.

Slow Work. "Maria, you let that young Bobster stay last night until 1 o'clock."

"But, mamma, you told me I must give him time to propose."

"But five hours!"

"Why, mamma, you know he stutters."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Varying Effects of Accidents.

"Years ago," said a Maine man, "I was standing beside a gun at a state muster at Augusta when a salute to the governor, who had just come on the field, was being fired. The cannon used was of the old fashioned kind, and it was prematurely discharged, with the result that the index finger of the right hand of the man ramming the load home was blown off. The shock, together with the lodgment of flying particles of powder, had the effect of driving the blood back from the wound, during which fragment of time the injured man calmly examined his mangled hand, but when the blood did come back it came with a rush and fairly bubbled out in a torrent. The man's calmness left him as if by magic at the sight of the blood, and, with a loud scream, he keeled over in a dead faint."

"They used to tell a story of two men who were working on opposite sides of a buzzaw. The attention of one becoming momentarily distracted, he ran his finger against the saw, and the severed piece dropped on the other side, where his partner was working. That worthy picked it up and, with the casual remark, 'Bill, you've dropped something,' handed it back to its owner. Bill didn't faint, but it is only owing to the superior burst of speed developed by his partner that he is not doing time for homicide."—New York Tribune.

Cabs Not Admitted.

Americans visiting London for the first time are more than likely to hail a hansom the day they arrive and start promptly to see the row. Half the books, stories, newspaper articles, etc., treating of English life make prominent mention of this the smartest driveway in the world. London society circles largely about Hyde park, and naturally enough tourists regard it as a good starting place from which to study British manners and peoples.

Imagine, then, the indignation and the disgust of a pair of pretty girls, accustomed to traverse home drives in any fashion they like, warned back from Hyde park entrance by a six foot arm of the law. No tips, no remonstrance, no pleading, has the slightest effect upon the stern "bobby," who simply orders cabby to depart and tells his fares to get a more correct equipage if they desire to take part in the row parade.

It is lively or nothing, and if the visitor continues to long for a glimpse of the Hyde park show she must have boots and breeches to drive her, thereby having at least the semblance of a private establishment. No admittance is the standing rule for the ostensible cab.—Boston Globe.

A Bad Man to Interrupt.

"Wen Moses tell de sun ter stan' still!" began the old deacon.

"Dat warn't Moses," interjected a brother in the amen corner; "dat wuz Joshua!"

"Ez I said," continued the deacon, "w'en Joshua tell de sun—" "Yoh didn't say dat at all!" said the brother who had corrected him. "Hit wuz me dat said hit! Hit wuz me dat tuck yoh up to hit!"

The deacon's patience was exhausted. He folded his brass rimmed spectacles, laid them carefully on the table before him, walked over to the amen corner, took the objecting brother by both arms from behind and, with the swish of a cyclone, swept him forward toward the door, landing him precipitately in outer darkness.

"Ez I wuz sayin foh dis little incident occurred," he continued, "w'en Moses told Joshua ter tell de sun ter stan' still!"

Some of the older, learned brethren moved uneasily in their seats. They looked as if they wanted to correct him, but they did not. They let it go at that.—Atlanta Constitution.

Two Views of the Same Man.

"Why did you take that man's case?" the fresh graduate of the law school asked after his father, the old attorney, had bowed a client out of the office. "There is no possibility that you can win it for him. One glance at his face shows that he is the briber and all around rascal he is accused of being."

"Is that so?" the old man replied. "I'm sorry to hear it—really sorry. I wish I had known it!"

"Why, you must have been able to see for yourself if you are any judge of character at all."

"I am usually pretty good at such things, but I must confess that I didn't notice it in this case. In fact, I didn't see his face at all."

Didn't see his face?

"No. He had a wallet in his hand that took my eye. Now you go to work and copy off that brief, and after this if you want to learn the business watch me, not the other fellow's face."—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Finger Nails.

In days when superstition was more prevalent than it is now the shape and appearance of the finger nails were considered to have reference to one's destiny. To learn the message of the finger nails it was necessary to rub them over with a compound of wax and soot and then to hold them so that the sunlight fell fully on them. Then on the horny, transparent substance certain signs and characters were supposed to appear, from which the future could be interpreted. Persons, too, having certain kinds of nails were credited with the possession of certain characteristics. Thus a man with red and spotted nails was supposed to have a hot temper, while pale, lead colored nails were considered to denote a melancholy temperament. Narrow nails were supposed to betray ambition and a quarrelsome nature, while round shaped nails were the distinguishing marks of lovers of knowledge and people of liberal sentiment. Conceted, narrow mangled and obstinate folk were

supposed to have small nails, indolent people fleshy nails and those of a gentle, retiring nature broad nails.

The Arab's Little Game.

In The Agricultural Journal of the Cape of Good Hope appears an article on the vitality of wheat from Egyptian mummy cases. It is often asserted that samples of wheat from the same crop as that which Joseph stored in Pharaoh's granaries has been taken from mummy wrappings and, when planted, has grown. This is very likely erroneous, as the Arabs have a habit of selling to tourists samples of grain which have in all likelihood come from the nearest field instead of from the ancient tombs. Indeed in many instances this "mummy grain" has been corn, and, as corn was not known until it was brought from America, the fraud is apparent.

Prail Historians of Severs.

Only 2 1/2 miles southwest of Paris, Severs is well known to tourists. Beautiful porcelain has been manufactured here since 1756, the royalties and republics which followed each other taking pains to have each period stamped on the back of every piece made. Initials of kings, the date and often the palace for which the service was designed were placed plainly on the plate. Thus in this silent but most eloquent way these frail historians indicate the changeful, brilliant story of their native land.

Early Prayers.

A certain guest who was staying at Hawarden castle asked at what time breakfast would be served and was told, "Prayers are at a quarter to 9."

The next morning he went down to the library and found Mr. Gladstone working away, with his letters neatly ranged in piles before him.

"Here is a very interesting pamphlet just received on the Irish question," said the host and, passing it to the guest, went on with his letters. Soon a servant appeared and told the visitor that the family was waiting for him at prayers. As Mr. Gladstone did not stir he went alone to the breakfast room and afterward said to the daughter of the house:

"I waited, thinking your father would come."

"Oh," said she, "my father was at his prayers long ago! He went to church as usual."

"This morning? Why, there's a foot of snow on the ground!"

"That makes no difference to my father."

"How far is it?"

"About half a mile."

And the old statesman, then at the age of 77, was sitting after his morning walk working away at his letters.—Youth's Companion.

Thawed the Donkey.

A woman living in the neighborhood of Hampton-in-Aden, having gone out for a walk one day last winter, accompanied by a little boy and girl, noticed standing in a ditch a woebegone donkey, and the little lad, anxious to make Nuddy run on so cold a morning, went up and flicked him with a twig. But Nuddy stood stock still and never moved a peg.

The woman, surprised at this, went up to look at the occupant of the ditch and discovered that the poor animal had been frozen fast in the mud, so that its indifference to the boy's whip was immediately explained. She immediately returned home and had a man sent to dig the donkey out. Nuddy was removed to the stable and was thawed effectively by the application of hot water.

The countryman who assisted at the removing operation suggested that the woman by discovering the donkey at the eleventh hour, as it were, had prevented the local country folks from witnessing what is traditionally one of the rarest sights—a dead donkey.—Birmingham (England) Post.

Conscience the Coward.

Murderers uncaught suffer awful agonies of fear when alone with their consciences, but when apprehended, tried, convicted, sentenced and incarcerated they become callous to fear. Jailers tell me this is the general rule. There is an acquitted murderer in this city, once a leading politician, who has not been able to sleep alone in a dark room these 29 years. A light must be kept burning and an attendant is constantly on guard. A Wall street broker, who has "done" every one of his most faithful friends, dares not go to bed in the dark. He keeps a light burning in his room and one in the hall, leaving the door open. In the small hours of the morning he awakens his family with pitiful cries. "The city man who is not afraid of the darkest alleys, who will brave thugs and stable gangs at any hour of the night, is in a panic when alone in a forest."—New York Press.

Pulpit and Pew.

In his "Lighter Moments" the late Bishop Walsham How tells of a lady, a great admirer of a certain preacher, who took Bishop Magee with her to hear him and asked him afterward what he thought of the sermon.

"It was very long," the bishop said.

"Yes," said the lady, "but there was a saint in the pulpit."

"And a martyr in the pew," rejoined the bishop.

"You are not one of those men who find fault with the cooking at home?"

"No," answered Mr. Meektos; "I don't exactly find fault, but occasionally I do feel called on to apologize for the way things taste when Henrietta gets home from the club. You see, I never could learn to make good coffee."—Washington Star.

near the city of Durban, South Africa, is the Place of Death, a funnellike cleft in the coast rocks, into which in times gone by the Zulu chiefs were accustomed to take the victims of their wrath to die.

And Yet He Had to Smile.

She was telling tales on her brother, who was an extravagant chap when he had money, which was only for two or three days each month after he received his allowance. "Bob was sweet on Jesse," she said "and wanted to give her something nice. So he went to the florist and ordered one dozen American Beauty roses to be sent to her address. They were 75 cents apiece, and that meant \$9, enough for Bob to pay. But what does the foolish fellow do?"

"He sees some extra long stemmed ones standing in a vase near by, and he prices those. 'One dollar and a quarter apiece,' says the man. Bob is feeling very generous that day. His allowance has just come in. 'Give me a dozen of those instead of the cheap ones I took,' he says and hands over the extra \$4."

"That night he calls on the girl to see the effect his present has made. She hasn't received the flowers yet. They come while he is there. This just suits him, because he will be able to see the expression of astonishment on her face. She opens the box, sees Bob's card and lifts up the roses with a cry of rapture and an 'Oh, Mr. Wentworth, how sweet of you!' Then she looks around everywhere for a vase tall enough. You see, she hasn't any of those that stand on the floor, but only an ordinary chrysanthemum jar. She takes that down and measures the flowers, then she lays them on the table, and with one skillful whack of her little pearl handled knife she chops off half the length of the stems. Bob says it turned him cold to see \$6 go into the wastebasket like that. We say at home it serves him right."—New York Herald.

Got to Be an Old Story.

Over 20 years ago an American civil engineer, who visited Calceera, in Venezuela, was asked by a deputation of the inhabitants, who had heard of his skill as a surveyor, whether he thought a canal could be made from their village to Procueve, which would save a very long river journey. He visited the district and found that by taking advantage of two small streams a canal of about a league would be all that was necessary.

The committee were delighted with this report, and they begged the surveyor to write an official letter to the government on their behalf, asking that they might be permitted to begin the work at once.

Ten years after this the surveyor was again at the village of Calceera, and the first question asked him was: "Do you not think a canal could be made from here to Procueve?"

On his informing them that he had been asked the same question ten years before and had taken some time and trouble about the matter, the chairman replied that on account of politics, the death of his father, etc., the government letter had probably been overlooked. Search was made, the letter was found and once more all was excitement. Nothing was talked about but the canal.

Some years later yet the surveyor was again at Calceera. Immediately on his arrival a deputation waited upon him. "Do you think a canal?" The speaker never got any further with that question.—Youth's Companion.

Little Willie Ate Everything. Until they are trained to eat properly youngsters are usually like little piglets. They "root" through everything and leave a mess after them. Willie, 6 years old, has a pair of parents who try to break him of the habit of taking things on his plate that he cannot eat and leaving much to go to waste. He is in a fair way to improve under their watchfulness.

"You must eat the crust, too, Willie," his mamma will say, and Willie will dutifully eat the crust.

"Don't take such a large piece of cake, Willie, unless you can eat it," his papa will say, and Willie will take it and stuff himself with it rather than to leave a crumb for his father to grumble about.

The other day Willie was invited to a birthday party. His mother dressed him in his best clothes.

"Now, mind, Willie," was the last thing she said to him; "eat everything you take on your plate."

Willie came home that evening with severe pains. The little girl in whose honor the party was given was 13 years old. Her mother had baked a birthday cake, and part of the scheme of ornamentation of it were 13 wax candles. There were three of them on the piece that was put on Willie's plate.—Pittsburg News.

They Hadn't Met.

A correspondent of the Hartford Courant tells of a news clipping bureau which sent a letter to John Bunyan, author of a work entitled "The Life of Mr. Badman," in care of a publisher, urging Mr. Bunyan to subscribe to the bureau.

"After the decease of the late P. T. Barnum," continues the correspondent, "the 'Greatest Show on Earth' continued for awhile to use the magic of his name. It was coming to Hartford, and it sent free tickets to clergymen here. Among the letters containing said tickets was one addressed to the Rev. Dr. Joel Hawes, who had died some years before. The letter was sent to Dr. George L. Walker, then the active pastor of the First church.

"On reading and pondering it Dr. Walker is credibly reported to have said: 'A letter from P. T. Barnum to Dr. Hawes! Mr. Barnum is dead and Dr. Hawes is dead. It is evident that they have not met yonder.'"

Spreading Happiness. "I have but one rule that I follow absolutely in this life, and that is to make other people as happy as possible."

"Well," he replied, "you ought to be gratified then at what I heard a young lady say the other day."

"What was that?"

"She said that whenever she saw you dancing she had to laugh."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Feeble Pulse,

palor, fainting, smothering or sinking spells all point in the same direction—an impaired heart action. A heart that is weak or diseased cannot do full duty and the circulation of the blood is interfered with. There is a medicine that gives new strength to the heart, new power to the pulse and puts new color into cheek and lip.

"My pulse would jump and beat at a fearful rate and then drop almost to a stopping point. I could not rest at night, feet swelled and had severe pains in chest. Took Dr. Miles' Heart Cure six weeks and was cured."

T. H. JONES, Pittsburg, Texas.

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure

regulates the heart's action, while it stimulates the digestive organs to make new, rich, red blood which gives strength to the whole body. Sold by druggists on a guarantee. Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.



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AT BUFFALO.

It was said when the World's Fair closed that this country would not see its equal in fifty years. In all but the space occupied, however, the Pan-American exposition at Buffalo this year will excel the great show of '93. This means that more can be seen in the same length of time at the Pan-American and with less of the fatigue and weariness that was unavoidable at the World's Fair.

The exhibits will be varied, interesting and instructive, and the improvement in their selection and the manner in which they are displayed, due to the experience gained by exhibitors at the recent great Expositions, will be very noticeable. In the variety, quality, novelty and number of its entertainment features, the Buffalo Exposition will surpass all others. There are different rates for tickets with different limits, and if you expect to visit Buffalo, and will send your address to the undersigned, the rates now in effect will be quoted you, and you will be kept advised of any changes.

An artistic booklet, beautifully illustrated, and giving a concise description of this great Exposition, will be mailed free to all inquirers. J. F. MERRY, Asst. Genl. Pass. Agent, Dubuque, Iowa.

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