

AND YOU AWAY.

Bells that over the meadows ring,
Flowers that make the May,
But how can the world of the summer sing
And you away, away?

A Highwayman's Juliet

The house in question was what
Peter the Scholar (who corrects my
proof sheets) calls one of the rustic
sort—the front facing a street and the
back looking over a turfed garden,

"You mug! She's the original Sleeping
Beauty. I'm eloping with her, and
you've got her jewels."

"The poor old creature had halted, too,
three paces ahead of us and waited
while we whispered, with the moonlight
that slanted down into the lane
whitening her bare neck and flashing
on her jewels."

"One moment," I said and stepped
forward to her; "you had better take
off those ornaments here, my dear, and
give them to my servant to take care
of. There's a carriage waiting for us
at the end of the lane, and when he has
stowed them under the seat we can
climb in and drive off."

"No, I dare say not,"
"O, but my heart is not so cold.
Take my hand—it is firm and strong;
touch my lips—they are burning!"

Half a century ago omens were still
generally believed in. So, too, were
charms. I had a cousin who seriously
undertook to charm away warts and
was believed to have succeeded. She
was supposed to have inherited the
secret from her father, a Wesleyan
minister. My uncle, a farmer, and by
no means a credulous man, when about
to visit London for the first time, feel-
ing some trepidation, consulted a doc-
tor. The doctor handed him a small
vial of quicksilver, which was certain
if kept in the pocket to avert all harm.

"The prince?"
"Then, facing sharply around, she
held out her thin arms.
"You have come—at last?"
There was no much to say to this
except that I had. So I confessed it.
Even with the candles behind her I
could see her eyes glowing like a dog's,
and an uglier poor creature this world
could scarcely show.

was near the truth—that this was a mad
nun of the family below, and that the
game was in my hands if I played with
decent care. So I met her question with
another.

"What horrible, black depths?"
"It's as easy," said I, "as pie. You
could do it on your head. Look here!"
I climbed over first and helped her, set-
ting her feet on the rungs. We went
down in silence, I choking all the way
at the sight of Peter below, who was
looking with his mouth open and his
lips too weak to meet the curses and
wonderment that rose up from the
depths of him. When I touched turf
and handed him the jewel case, he took
it like a man in a trance.

"I've a firearm in my pocket," whis-
pered he, pulling up, "and I'm going to
fire it off to relieve my feelings if you
don't explain here and now. Who, in
pity's name, is she?"

"Pardon me, Jem," he says in his
gentlemanly way, "if I don't quite see.
Are you taking her off to melt her
or marry her? For how to get rid of
her else?"

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three paces ahead of us and waited
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A MATTER OF TEMPERAMENT.

"The day is fine," quoth Mary Jane,
"Yet, lest it should come on to rain,
My waterproof and umbrella
And rubber shoes I'll take as well;
For, though these may be troublesome
In case the showers do not come,
Methinks 'twere better, after all,
To be prepared, lest worse befall."

FLAVOR IN FOODS.

This quality is as much a necessity
as is Nutrition.
Chemists tell us that cheese is one of
the most nutritious and at the same
time one of the cheapest of foods. Its
nutritive value is greater than meat,
while its cost is much less. But this
chemical aspect of the matter does not
express the real value of cheese as a
food. Cheese is eaten not because of
its nutritive value as expressed by the
amount of proteins, fats and carbohy-
drates that it contains, but always be-
cause of its flavor.

Now, physiologists do not find that
flavor has any food value. They teach
over and over again that our foodstuffs
are proteins, fats and carbohydrates and
that as food flavor plays absolutely no
part. But at the same time they tell us
that the body would be unable to live
upon these foodstuffs were it not for the
flavors. If one were compelled to eat
pure food without flavors, like the white
of an egg, it is doubtful whether one
could for a week at a time consume a
sufficiency of food to supply his bodily
needs. Flavor is as necessary as nutri-
ment. It gives a zest to the food and
thus enables us to consume it properly,
and, secondly, it stimulates the glands
to secrete, so that the foods may be
satisfactorily digested and assimilated.

The whole art of cooking, the great
development of flavoring products, the
high prices paid for special foods like
lobsters and oysters—these and numer-
ous other factors connected with food
supply and production are based solely
upon this demand for flavor. Flavor is
a necessity, but it is not particularly
important what the flavor may be. This
is shown by the fact that different peo-
ples have such different tastes in this
respect. The garlic of the Italian and
the red pepper of the Mexican serve
the same purpose as to consume it properly,
and, secondly, it stimulates the glands
to secrete, so that the foods may be
satisfactorily digested and assimilated.

The Humming Bird's Flight.
The flight of the little humming bird
is more remarkable than that of any
other bird. We can understand the flapping
of the eagle's immense wing supporting
a comparatively light body. But our
little bird has a plump body. His wings
are not wide, but long, so he must
move them rapidly to sustain his
weight, and this he can do to perfec-
tion. The vibrations of his wings are
so rapid as to make them almost invis-
ible. He can use them to sustain him-
self in midair, with his body as motion-
less as if perched on a twig. In this
way he can sip the nectar of the deli-
cate, fine stemmed flowers without
alighting for a moment. He never
alights while so engaged. He moves
from flower to flower with a graceful
and rapid movement, sometimes chang-
ing away a bee or humming bird moth,
of which he is very jealous. Nor is he
much more favorably impressed with
any small birds that seem in his way.
He knows his power of flight, and he
has no fear of any other bird.—Henry
Hales in St. Nicholas.

Lemurs for the Zoo.
The National Zoo has just received
through an animal dealer in Philadel-
phia a magnificent pair of the large
black and white lemurs indigenous to
the island of Madagascar. This makes
the fourth pair of these animals
brought to this country, and in addition
to being highly attractive by reason
of their coat of long jet black and
snow white hair and their abnormally
large and lustrous eyes, they are of
very great interest from the viewpoint
of science and evolution.

The Retort Coquette.
A story oft told is that of Lord —,
who when a young man was opposing
Mr. Sugden, subsequently lord chancel-
lor of England, in a parliamentary con-
test. "He's the son of a country bar-
ber," said the noble lord.
Replying afterward, Mr. Sugden said:
"His lordship has told you that I am
nothing but the son of a country bar-
ber, but he has not told you all, for I
have been a barber myself and worked
in my father's shop, and all I wish to
say about that is that had his lordship
been born the son of a country barber
he would have been a barber still. That,
to my mind, is quite clear."—Household
Words.

He Had Great Expectations.
"How do you account for the fact
that Miss Bullion, the wealthiest heiress
of the season, is going to marry
Nodo, who hasn't a cent to his name?"
"Oh, but he has great expectations."
"Has? What are they?"
"His going to marry Miss Bullion."
—New York Times.

In Abyssinia the coffee plant grows
wild in great profusion and derives its
name from Kaffa, a district of that
country.

Can Cats Swim?

"Can cats swim?" was asked of an
old fisherman.
"Why, certainly," was the reply,
"and that reminds me of a cat I once
tried to drown that swim ashore. Sure-
ly there must have been hundreds of
thousands of people who have drowned
cats in the same way, but nevertheless
this was an experience of my own. We
had a cat that we wanted to get rid
of, and as humane a way as any to
kill it was by drowning. So I put a
couple of bricks in the bottom of an
old iron bucket and put in the cat and
tied the bag up carefully and securely
and walked down to the end of a
wharf, and stood there, and swung the
bag with the cat and the bricks in it
round like a sling until I could give it a
good momentum, and then let it go, and
the water it ought to fall and sink in the
slugging, I should say 20 feet away."

"I supposed, of course, that that was
the last of the cat, but the next morn-
ing the first thing I saw when I went
out of the house was the cat sitting on
the veranda.
"I suppose the bag had a weak spot
in it somewhere. The bricks were
heavy and sharp cornered, and swing-
ing the bag round that way started it
more, and the cat was desperate, and
with the bag that way it scratched and
tore its way out and got to the wharf
and clawed its way up and came ashore.
"Can a cat swim? Why, sure!"—
New York Sun.

A Russian Sleigh Ride.

George Fuller vigorously describes
his first sleigh ride behind a trio of Rus-
sian fiars: "After spending two weeks in
St. Petersburg in company with the
general in charge of the imperial stail
I proceeded to Krenovol, which is 800
miles southwest of St. Petersburg. We
were met at the railway station with the
regulation winter conveyance, a low
sleigh, with three horses hitched
abreast, a troika in the center and a
runner on each side. Then commenced
the journey to the stud, and I never
will forget that trip. After we were
seated in the sleigh and were comfort-
ably wrapped up in the fur robes the
driver, who drives his team standing
upright, gave an Indian warwhoop, and
we were off.

The first jump took away my
breath. The snow flew in every direc-
tion, and as we whizzed around cor-
ners the sleigh would ride on one run-
ner, and I expected every moment to
be spilled out and have my neck bro-
ken. The driver never ceased his
whooping, and altogether I think I
rode faster on that trip than I ever did
before in my life. When I finally landed
at the stud, more dead than alive, I
said, "No more Russian sleigh rides for
Uncle George!"—Breeder's Gazette.

Dangers of Illuminating Gas.

Numerous accidents of great annual-
ity in the use of gas for lighting, cooking
or heating through either carelessness
or ignorance. The largest number of
accidents probably occur from ignorant
persons either blowing out the gas or
turning it off and subsequently turning
the cock on sufficiently for the gas
to escape unnoticed.

Many other accidents are the result
of the bad practice of turning down a
gas flame, particularly in a bedroom.
This is always ill advised, for such a
turned down flame may be either blown
up by a draft of air from an open win-
dow, or else it may be extinguished by
a sudden variation or reduction in the
pressure. When this happens in a
small bedroom without ventilation,
there is great danger of asphyxiation
particularly so if water gas is used.
Much can be done to avert this danger
by a proper arrangement of the gas
piping in houses.

Another dangerous custom is to shut
off the gas at the main service or at
the gas meter during the night, and
numerous accidents, some of them fatal,
have resulted from it. It is almost
equally bad to turn off the gas at the
meter during the day.—Cassier's.

Used Dwoight L. Moody.

The late Dwoight L. Moody was fond
of telling how his picture once did duty
for that of Rutherford B. Hayes. Dur-
ing the Hayes campaign a big Repub-
lican rally was held in Fort Wayne,
Ind. Everything was ready when it
was suggested that the meeting would
be incomplete without a picture of
General Hayes. This brought out the
discovery that, although around the
walls of the room were hung the pic-
tures of many celebrities of the day,
that of Hayes was not among them.
One of the members of the committee
on arrangements was Joe Brimmer, a
sign painter, who had a natural gift
of drawing. In a copy of Harper's Mag-
azine on the table was a small cut of
Evangelist D. L. Moody. Brimmer de-
cided it was enough like Hayes to
make a copy from, and in half an hour
he had a good sized sketch and labeled
the product "Rutherford B. Hayes."
It was hung on the stage, and the
speakers of the evening pointed to it
as they referred to "that statesman," etc.
Finally the joke leaked out in the
crowd and almost resulted in breaking
up the meeting.—New York Tribune.

Clever Clay.

When Henry Clay was stumping
Kentucky for re-election, at one of his
mass meetings an old hunter of wide
political influence said:
"Well, Harry, I've always been for
you, but because of that vote"—which
he named—"I'm goin' ag'in you."
"Let me see your rifle," said Clay.
It was handed up to him. "Is she a
good rifle?"
"Yes."
"Did she ever miss fire?"
"Well, yes, once."
"Who didn't you throw her away?"
The old hunter thought a moment
and then said, "Harry, I'll try you
ag'in."

And Harry was elected.—San Fran-
cisco Argonaut.



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a full history of my case, to be read at your discretion.
About five years ago my right ear began to ring, and this kept on getting worse, until I lost
my hearing in my ear entirely.
I underwent a treatment for catarrh, for three months, without any success, consulted a num-
ber of physicians, among others, the most eminent specialist of this city, who told me that
only an operation could help me, and even that only temporarily, that the head noises would
then cease, but the hearing in the affected ear would be lost forever.
Then saw your advertisement accidentally in a New York paper, and ordered your treat-
ment. After I had used it only a few days according to your directions, the noises ceased, and
I could hear my wife's words, my hearing in the diseased ear has been entirely restored. I thank you
heartily and beg to remain Very truly yours,
F. A. WERMAN, 220 B. Broadway, Baltimore, Md.
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