Royalist's Opinion of the City Nantes takes a certain character from the sea, from the fishermen and from all the queer types of humanity who dwell along the coast of this department and of Morbihan well on up toward Brest. The costumes of these people are of the most eccentric description, so much so that it is said that nowhere else in France can there be seen such a variety. Some are strikingly picturesque. There is the peasant woman, for instance, whose business it is to cultivate early potatoes in the sand near Noirmontier and bring them to market. She wears a skirt coming just below the knees, a small cap, some sort of apron, checked or otherwise, and has the foot, ankle and calf entirely exposed, or shoes or sabots neatly polished and stockings closely fitting and often of intricate pattern. The shoes and hosiery are their special weakness, and it is not rare to see among them a well made foot and ankle. The entire costume is commonly in sober colors and neatly kept. On the contrary, you see little girls with long skirts coming to the soles of the shoe, who look as if they had just stepped from one of Vandyke's portraits.

As a specimen of the male costume of Morbihan, we have the low crowned, round topped hat of velvet, or of straw or felt bound with velvet, very jaunty, or, as the French would say, chic. The jacket is something like the voluminous exterior garment of our ancestors of the Seventeenth century, but a jacket all the same, and gay with rows of buttons so thickly set that they overlap one another. The collar of the shirt is as broad as a ship's mainsail. It is open in front and rises stiffly up behind the head, serving as a background to a face that is the picture of innocence and as quaint as the costume itself.

It is a pleasant relief to get away from the highly artificial life and the highly artificial articles of food and drink at Paris even to a stupid and not over cleanly place like Nantes. The country offers its treasures more generously than the city. It is pleasant to know that the wines, if they are not Clos Vougeot, Pomard, Chateau Lefite or Chateau Yquen, are at least all they pretend to be; that you are near the place where people produce their own butter and lay their own eggs; where they even put the butter on the table and sell their milk at four ceats a quart from the wagons in the street and at the corner eroceries. It is really with a homelike feeling that you sit down to breakfast or dinner in a hotel in a town in Anjou, or at the hotel at Nantes on which I bestowed my humble patronage. The stillness that pervades the dining room is solema. You hear two or three flies buzzing behind the lace curtains that drape the vindows. You look up to the ceiling not painted by Michael Angelo, but by some unimmortalized local fresco painter, in imitation of the sky. You don't remember ever to have seen exactly such shades of blue in the firmament before. But no matter. The chandeliers are attached to the ceiling with blue ribbons painted flat thereon, the ends drawn out sideways and held in the beaks of doves, the species and the school of art being alike unfa-

Into the room steal furtively from time to time representatives of the Nantals bourgeoise-solid, solemn, funereal-who tranquilly partake of the several courses and then steal away as stealthily as they entered. Perhaps there enters a whole Breton family - father, mother, sons, daughters and bonne-all of whom make the sign of the cross before taking their places. Their dress is quiet and their manners almost as reverential as if they were in church. The repast is served by the mature garcons-one gray haired whom you seem faintly to recollect as having seen in the opera of "The Huguenots." Their duty is performed decorously and entirely in keeping with the surroundings. There is none of bewardage so often seen at French tables. The cuisine is rather remarkable for its profusion than its fine quality, thus reversing the Parisian rule. Some dishes are even left on the table where persons can help themselves. Nothing could be more un-Parisian. The butter is of a character to attract attention. There are perhaps twenty persons at table comparatively few persons come to Nantes) and there are four rolls of golden butter distributed along the table, each weighin, at least a pound, and, like everything else offered you, it is "a discretion." Then you drink, if you are disposed, a whole bottle of white or red wine. The hotel is, I believe, the best in Nantes, and your breakfast and dinner cost you together only five Francs a day, while a good room costs only tiree francs more.

In coming from Cholet to Nantes I made the acquaintance of a young lawyer of Poitiers, a royalist by birth and political preference and a most charming and intelligent traveling companion. He said to me, "Nantes is a ville de luxe." As I have already remarked, this is not intimated to the stranger. There is nothing it. Then as I met him in the evening he conducted me through what he said was the principal business street-the only business street in fact—a thoroughfare narrow and crooked like the rest, half a mile in length and having on either side commonplace shops, badly lighted and with poor displays of goods in the windows. There were no carriages, but it was filled with a crowd of promenaders walking purposely to and fro and looking listlessly into the uninteresting windows, as I have seen them in the smaller towns of Italy or elsewhere in Europe. There was nowhere else to go, theatres being closed and summer amusements conspicuous by their absence. The rich were at the watering places; the poor were amusing themselves in low drinking houses, such as are seen in the pictures of Temers and Steen, of types that are universal and have been for

There are, however, at Nantes things that are solid, substantial and elegant in the way of art and architecture. The cathedral and other churches are among the finest in France, and there are statues of kings and other celebrities in them, or here and there in avenues and streets about the city. There is a library of 100,-000 volumes, and the museum of paintings and statuary, the finest in France outside of Paris and Versailles. It is well worth a visit. I went to the castle, which is not so massive and interesting as that at Angers, and better preserved, and from the top of the dungeon tower the concierge pointed out to me that great place of the famous nevades, one of the most infamous reminiscences of the revolution.-Albert Sutliffe in San Francisco Chronicle.

## THE QUEEN OF SALESWOMEN.

An Artist in Whose Hands the Custom Was as Helpless as an Infant. A conversation overheard; the speakers are feminine. "How did you come to buy those shoes? They are very handsome, but not at all your usual style." "Well, I've been pretending to everybody that I changed my mind about square toes, and that I bought them because I liked them. but I'll confess to you that it was no such thing; I bought them because the saleswoman was clever enough to make me do it." "She must have been clever indeed." "Yes. I don't wonder you say so; I generally take pleasure in declaring my independence of the usual sales woman's dictum. When she tells me what is the style, and what she is buying for herself, and what will just suit me, wouldn't buy what she recommends if I wanted it so much that I went to another shop and got identically the same thing: but the woman that sold me these shoes was an artist in whose hands I was but a

for her to do it. "Then she brought out these shoes with the remark that she was so glad she had this one pair of this kind, for she knew they would fit me, as they had been made to order, so much better than the regular stock. How did it come that shoes made to order were for sale to me? Why the

helpless infant. To begin with, she was a bright, cheery little thing, and struck

me dumb with amazement from the first

by waiting on me as if it were a pleasure

lady who ordered them had forced the measurer to take her measure too small, she was so anxious to have little feet, but when she came to try them they were impossible. She had gotten them so small that she simply could not stand up in them, but then what perfection they were on me; wouldn't I just stand up and walk about in them; did ever any one see such a combination of ease and elegance? 'Of course,' she went on, 'you never could wear a cheap shoe; they never make cheap shoes with that high arched instep.

Look at others? Oh, yes, certainly,' and she came back as pleasantly as possible with several pairs. But for them she had nothing in particular to say, and she had by this time, by her adroit flattery of my feet, inspired me with a respect for her judgment-you know we do so respect the judgment of the people that admire us-that I quite hung my decision on her

"The flattery was of the most artistic kind; it was all said with the simplest, most unconscious air of stating a fact, and when she said how these broad toes made a small foot look smaller still, though they were too conspicuous for a big one, I surrendered and bought a shee such as I never expected to wear. Of course, the fact is that they were ordered, and when they were thrown back on their hands they were too narrow to be generally sal-That queen of saleswomen knew that they were the ones above all others to get rid of, and willy or nilly, so far as I was concerned, she sold them to me. But I flatter myself there are not three others in New York who could have done it: and I am willing to put up with a purchase I don't altogether like in consideration of having found an agreeable woman."-New York Graphic.

The Latest Pashionable Gait. "Have you observed the new gait adopted by fashionable ladies while out on a promenade?" asked a Fifth avenue

modiste of a reporter recently.

Seeing a look of bewilderment on the reporter's face, she continued: "You know that fashions change in walking just as they do in everything else. Even young men change their manner of walking according to the whims of fashion. A short time ago it was the thing for fashionable young men to poke along on tiptoe in a sort of gingerly way. That was when the dude was in his glory. Now the dude has departed, and his walk has gone with him. I believe a brisk, businesslike stride is the proper thing now. The correct walk for girls, until very recently, was a kind of long, easy lope. I think that Mrs. Potter was the originator of this. It was quickly copied by many actresses. Pauline Hall and Patrice have it to perfection. Any how, it was awfully popular last winter on the avenue and has been all the go at the watering places this summer. It was very graceful and pretty, but it has got

The new walk is neither graceful nor pretty. It is a kind of a waddle. The would be fashionable young lady now walks as if she had no joints nor firmness to her. Every part of her anatomy seems to shake and wiggle as she goes. She then on the other, seeming to rest her body alternately on each of her nether limbs. Her cheeks wabble and so do her arms. I don't know any better way to describe it than to say she waddles like a fat duck. I don't know who is the originator of this fashion, but it is evidently going to be the thing this winter. All the girls put it on with their fall bonnets, and all over the streets you can see the little dears trying their best to be ungraceful in their efforts to be up to the latest 'fad.' ' -New York Evening Sun.

No False Teeth for Him.

"N', n', honey! Dis niggah dun hab no 'ficial teef tucked away in his mouf, yeah me? Fo' de good Lo'd want him fo' o hab teef, an him agoin' fas' to Canaan's lan', he dun gib him de good ole crunchers like what he had fo' de war, I

The old man who delivered himself of this opinion is an old negro in the Newark almshouse. He is very fond of tobacco, but whenever he wants a fresh quid he has to chip it off the plug with a knife, as he has no teeth with which to bite it. 'Deed, no sah. I can't take 'um; I can't take 'um," he continued, being pressed to ask the superintendent for a set of false teeth. "Mebbe youse gemmen is pokin' fun at de ole man an mebbe you isn't, but no matter what 'tis, de ole man kin dun gib y' pints on teef. He's mos' nigh onter ninety-five yeahs ole an' he ain't done had no crunche's fo' mor'n thirty ob em. Why bress yo eyes. honey, dis yeah ole carcase ud dun bin rottin' away in de omb long time since, if de ole man's teef didn't mow out. Long as de ole man dun need de grinders he had 'em-an good ones dey was too, yeah me. But de time kem when de coon an hoe cake got too strong fo' de ole man. Den de good Lo'd dun take away his teef. De ole man got no bizness chewin' coon and sich. His dimgestion n' hab use fo' sich strong food. Mush an' m'lasses, milk an' reglor pickaninny dishes 's wot he ought to hab. He couldn't chew nuffin clse, so he took de pickaninay dishes an' good fo' many a day yet. Ef de Lo'd meant fo' me to eat de same kine o' truck dat I eat when Massa Linkum dun set me free, why bress yo' poo' heart he dun gib me teef for to do it too."-New York Mail and Express.

A New Use for Apples.

A new use for apples has been discovered which may interest the drinkers of champagne and Rhine wines. A prominent apple grower of the castern part of Rensselaer county has for several years past been running a large evaporator on what are known as "cider apples," a small, gnarly variety which the farmers usually consign to cider mills. These machines slice the apples, skin, core and ail, very thin. These thin slices are then bleached white by the use of sulphur

When thoroughly dry the evaporated apples are put into sugar barrels and acked as tight as they can be pressed, so that a single barrel will hold 200 pounds, or twenty bushels of apples. These are then shipped to New York for exportation to Germany, where they are ground up for the manufacture of what is known as cider, and it is generally understood that nuch of it enters into the composition of champagne, Rhine and other wines. It is said that when these evaporated apples are cut up and properly "doctored" the finest eider is produced. Last year more than two car loads of dried apples were sent from one station alone on the Lebanon Springs railroad. - Albany Journal.

Emerson's Interest in His Children. Emerson gave much more of his time fancy, than was usual with busy fathers in New England forty years ago, or is, perhaps, now. "There is nothing the writes in his journal) that is not of the greatest interest in the nursery. Every tear and every smile deserves a history, to say nothing of the stamping and screaming;" and he kept a record of their childish doings and sayings, in which these "pretty oracles" are chronicled like the anecdotes of Plutarch. Their play and their work, their companions and their lessons, their out of door rambles and their home occupations, were objects of his constant care. The home discipline was never neglected, though it was enforced by the gentlest methods. The beginning of a childish quarrel, outbursts

miante.—Cabot's Memoir of Emerson.

of petulance and silliness, were averted

by requests to run into the study and see

if the stove door was shut, or to go to the

front gate and look at the clouds for a

Without a Compass. Says old Allen Thompson: "When I am in the woods I never use a compass; in fact I don't need any. There are three sure ways that I have for finding the points of the compass. You will notice that three-fourths of the moss on trees grows on the north side: the heaviest boughs on spruce trees are always on the south side, and, thirdly, the topmost twig of every uninjured hemlock tips to the east. You just remember those things and you'll never get lost .- Mount Washington Among the Clouds.

It costs a railroad company \$600 more to put up 1,000 signs reading "Look out for the locomotive" than the same num-ber reading "Danger." And the latter are the most effective, too. RUSSIAN NEWSPAPERS.

ONLY 600 JOURNALS PUBLISHED IN THE CZAR'S ENTIRE EMPIRE.

All the Noted Newspapers Conducted by Independent Writers Have Been Abolished-Official Statistics-Why Russia Is Almost Newspaperless-Warnings.

A complete stagnation threatens the Russian press. It is not because nowadays there are no able writers in Russia. The trouble is that the present minister of the interior, Count D. Tolstol, has succeeded in abolishing all the noted journals conducted by talented and independent writers. The list of the periodical publientions that have been suppressed during the last six years is far more interesting and valuable than all the papers now living. Now there is no originality about Russian journals, no freshness and none of that domestic scirring interest which in the days gone by used to so much attract attention in all parts of the great

The suspended Golos (The Voice) has left fully 50,000 subscribers without any paper to their taste, for none of them dare o defend the constitutional form of the government as The Golos did. In the sixties, when the czar-liberator tried to free the press from the iron grip of the censor, Nicholas Tchernyshevsky started The Contemporary Review, a monthly in which he taught the Russian public for the first time to conscientiously criticise the government measures. It is impossible in this country even to imagine what a whirlwind of public opinion he raised as by magic. But even the liberator could not long stand such freedom of discussion, and Tchernyshevsky was sent to Siberia for seven years and kept there for fifteen. But the martyrology of the Russian editors and writers is too long to e given here.

The number of periodicals issued in cussia amounts to a little over 600. As the population of the czar's empire is 105,000,000, it is evident then that it takes 175,000 Russian subjects to support one periodical, whereas in the United States every 4,000 souls support some publica-

RUSSIA'S 400 PERIODICALS. Putting aside 200 periodicals published in other than the Russian language, the 400 Russian periodicals are classified as follows: Daily, 55; weekly, 85; monthly, 7; several times per week, 40; several times per year, 133. Nearly one-half the Rassian periodicals are published in the capital of the empire, St. Petersburg, and one-third in seven of the largest towns, leaving for the rest of the great empire less

than 100 periodicals. In the czar's country

there are many towns of 10,000, 20,000.

or even 40,600 inhabitants which have not

a periodical of any kind. The whole of

Siberia, with 4,000,000 of population, has only two newspapers and bi-monthly of a geographical society. According to the official statistics ferabout 77,500,000 copies of Russian periedicals of all sorts, and 4,500,000 of fereign periodicals were received in Russia. Thus it appears that there is not for each

Why is the Russian press so insignificant as to its volume? Some say it is because fully 80 per cent. of the Russians are illiterate. But if the educated and schooled Russians would read newspapers as freely as Americans do, then in Russia there would be 5,000 periodicals instead of 600. There are other causes that make the czar's country almost newspaperless. In the first place, there is no political life at all, and the industrial life there is its embryotic state. Russians have not so much news to exchange as the people in other countries have. In the second place, the autocratic government systematically and most strenucusly opposes the growth of the press. Czars have always been aware that writers, even though in the clutches of censors and under political supervision, are apt to think for themselves, to argue and to criticise. Thus they develop in themselves and in their readers the qualities most decidedly objectionable in imperial subjects. Every job printer in Russia must procure a police certificate of good character and furnish bonds, and every publisher, besides these qualifications, must maintain an imperial inspector at his own establishment.

In Russia every editor of prominence must pass a part of his life in prison. If we add to that the fatal ministerial warnings, prohibition of inserting advertisements, heavy fines and suspension, we shall wonder not that there are so few periodicals, but that among Russians there are men and women ready to enter the career of journalist, which ranks in danger next to that of conspirator.-Mos-

## IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Dr. Holmes Writes of Some of Its We ders-How to See the Sights. I made but two brief visits to the British museum, and I can easily instruct my reader so that he will have no difficulty, if he follow my teaching, in learning how not to see it. When he has a spare hour at his disposal, let him drop in at the museum and wander among its books and its various collections. He will know as much about it as the fly that buzzes in at one window and out at another. If I were asked whether I brought away anything from my two visits, I should say, certainly I did. The fix sees some things, not very intelligently, but he cannot help seeing them. The great, round reading room, with its silent students, impressed me very much. I looked at once for the Eigin marbles, but casts and photographs and engravings had made me familiar with their chief features. I thought I knew something of the sculptures brought from Nineveh, but I was astonished, almost awe struck, at the sight of those mighty images which mingled with the visions of the Hebrew prophets. I did not marvel more at the skill and labor expended upon them by the Assyrian artists than I did at the enterprise and audacity which had brought them safely from the mounds under which they were buried to the light of day and the heart of great modern city.

I never thought that I should live to see the Birs Nimroud laid open, and the tablets in which the history of Nebuchadnezzar was recorded spread before me. The Empire of the Spade in the world of history was founded at Nineveh by Layard, a great province added to it by Schliemann, and its boundary extended by numerous explorers, some of whom are diligently at work at the present day. I feel very grateful that reany of its revelations have been made since I have been a tenant of the traveling residence which holds so many secrets in its recesses. There is one lesson to be got from a visit of an hour or two to the British museum—namely, the fathomless abyss of our own ignorance. One is almost ashamed of his little paltry heartbeats in the presence of the rushing and roaring torrents of Ningara. So if he has published a little book or two, collected a few fossils, or coins, or vases, he crushed by the vastness of the treasures in the library and the collections of this

universe of knowledge. I have shown how not to see the British museum. I will tell how to see it. Take lodgings next door to it-in a garret, if you cannot afford anything better-and pass all your days at the museum during the whole period of your natural life. At three score and ten you will have some faint conception of the contents, significance and the value of this great British institution, which is as nearly as any one spot the nœud vital of human civilization. a stab at which by the dagger of anarchy would fitly begin the reign of chaos.— Oliver Wendell Holmes in Atlantic

Manufacture of Counterfeit Jowels. Artificial precious stones have become an important article of trade. The pro ducts of some of the shops would almost deceive an expert, but the test of hard-ness is still infallible. The beautiful 'French paste," from which imitation diamonds are made, is a kind of glass with a mixture of oxide of lead. The more of the latter the brighter the stone, but also the softer, and this is a serious ton Budget. defect. The imitation stones are now so

Monthly.

perfectly made, and are so satisfactory to those who are not very particular, that their influence begins to be felt in the market for real stones.

By careful selection of the ingredients and skill and manipulation, the luster, color, fire and water of the choicest stones are to the eyes of the layman fully reproduced. There are a few delicacies of color that cannot be perfectly given, for they depend on some undiscoverable peculiarities of molecular arrangement and not on chemical composition; but the persons who buy the stones know nothing of that. Yet Sidot, a French chemist, has nearly reproduced these peculiarities, including the dichroism of the sapphire, with a composition of which the base is phosphate of lime. Two other French chemists, Fremy and Fell, have produced rubies and sapphires having the same composition with the genuine stones and nearly equal hardness.-Popular Science

A Boston Boy's Tops.

One top is named Stonewall Jackson, because of an unconquerable tendency to "ride ahead" of the rest. This name shows that "Barbara Freitchie" has stuck in the memory of at least one small boy. Another long legged top, which has a decided preference for a stationary attitude in spinning, and wears an aspect of patient, smiling dignity, is named Gen. Grant, because, its owner said, it suggested to him Gen. Grant "sitting in his window and smiling down on the children going by to church"-obviously an incident of the general's last illness which had impressed the small boy's imagination. There is a certain battered old top, seamed with lashings and perforated with hostile peg holes, which nevertheless lies very close to its owner's heart, and which proudly bears the designation, always quoted at its full length, of "Daniel Webster, the old war horse." One top has the name of Pegasus, a title which the "Listener" fondly fancied showed a classical tendency on the part of Tommy's tastes until, upon inquiry, he found that it was borrowed from the name of a highly approved locomotive on the Boston and Lowell railroad.-Boston Transcript "Listener."

Doctoring Wines in Paris. Of the hundred and odd millions of gallons of wine that yearly enter Paris all is as represented, the "doctoring" being done after the wine has paid its duties and passed into the hands of dealers. The most harmless of these tricks is the marking of ordinary vintages by the name of some wine of much higher grade the next is making, say, three barrels out of two by adding distilled water and increasing the color by mixing in a few quarts of a wine grown in the department of Loiret called "black wine," from its excess of natural coloring matter. Besides all this a large proportion of

the "sherries," and practically all of the "Madeiras" are made at Cette and elsewhere from rough native wines somewhat dectored up to suit; these are, howover, principally used in cooking, are entered at the custom house for what they nished by the post department last year are and so sold to dealers. In fact, the in Russia there passed through the mail names have come to be so well underclassed as deceptions. As for marking fair ordinary wine as Chateau Lafitte of Clos de Vougeot, it is probable that Noah did something of the kind when he asked subject of the czar during a year even a friends to dine with him who were not single copy of any periodical, Russian or experts in fermented grape juice.-E. J. Liddle in Globe-Democrat.

> The London correspondent of Le Mon iteur de la Photographic writes to that journal that in the middle of the winter which has just elapsed a student made lens of ice, with which he lit the pipes of some of the skaters on the Serpentine by means of the solar rays, an experiment, he says, which was first performed in the polar regions by Dr. Scoresby to the great astonishment of the sailors, for they could not understand why the ice did not freeze the beams of the sun. We may remark that Professor Tyndall at times would set fire, at the Royal institution, to a little heap of gunpowder with rays from the electric arc concentrated upon the powder by means of a lens of ice. His explanation was that although ice absorbs rays of certain wave lengths, and is gradually melted thereby, other waves it does not absorb, and these latter produce the heating effect at the focus of the lens. It is wholly a question of the relative motions of the molecules of frozen water and the motions of the waves of light; when there is discord between the two the discordant waves pass through the ice without absorption. — British Journal of Photography.

As Seen in Mexico. A traveler who has visited the various states and territories of Mexico presents condensed view of his observations Nothing could be more sententious and epigrammatic than the style in which the people of the several states are described. He found in Yucatan, farmers; Vera Cruz, merchants and travelers; Tabasco, plantation owners; Federal District, politicians and soldiers; Tlaxcala, ignorant people; Chiapas, Indians; Oaxaca, fanat-ics; Durango, mule drivers; Queretaro, priests; Morelos, fruit farmers; Guanajuato, liberals; San Luis Potosi, wealthy people; Mexico, conservatives; Tamaulipas, sick people; Chihuahua, savages; Jaisco, potters; Zacatecas, miners; Nueva Leon, Yankees; Lower California, adventurers; Colima, Germans; Aguascalientes, zovernment clerks; Sinaloa, fishermen; Guerrero, negroes; Sonora, horsemen; Coahuila, poor people; Tepic, mountain-eers; Hidalgo, Protestants and English.—

Boston Traveler. The Meaning of a 'Boom." Do not listen to the man who proposes "boom" your business. An excessive boom" means working at high pressure. The "margin" or "factor" of safety becomes too small to withstand the strain and your "boom" becomes a burst bubble. On the other hand, should the boom be carried out, a reaction is sure to follow. The higher the "boom" the lower the 'doom'' will be to which your business descends. "Booming" may well be compared with alcoholic stimulating. The latter will make things hum for a time, but the reaction surely comes, and things are equalized to a dead level. Then and there are the "boomed" and the stimulated found wanting. Force business with conservative pressure. It may not go fast bough, but it will surely reach the mark f persistence handles the throttle. - Bos-

ton Budget. Food of the Canary Islanders. The splendid physical development of the Canary Islanders gives special interest to their peculiar food. Five-sixths of the inhabitants, according to Dr. C. F. Taylor, subsist almost exclusively upon a fine flour made by grinding roasted wheat, corn or barley. This is called gofio. Being already cooked, it requires no preparation for eating except mixing to any desired consistency with milk, soup or any suitable fluid. Goflo is delicious, wholesome, highly nutritious and very convenient to use. For these reasons, and the important one that it seems to remove a tendency to acidity of the stomach, Dr. Taylor recommends the addition of this food to our own already large variety .-Arkansaw Traveler.

The Gas Meter Dangerous. The meters which gas companies introduce into our houses are put together with solder that melts at a low degree of heat. When a fire originates near a gas meter the heat very soon causes it to fall apart, and the unchecked flow of gas from the influent pipe quickly fills the premises with a roaring and devastating flame. After every fire, when there is a total loss of the building, a blazing stream of gas roars on beneath falling walls and debris, until measures are taken to stop the supply of gas from the street mains. With these facts before everybody's eyes it seems strange that no attempt is made to have meters differently constructed, or some way devised to prevent the loss that necessarily results from the present state of things.-The Engineer.

An Old Roman Pen. At Acosia a Roman metal pen has been found. It is a bronze pen slit in exactly the same fashion as the present steel pen. The Dutch invented a metal pen in 1717, but it was not until many years later that the hand-screw press, which made the first cheap steel pen, came into use. - BosWorth Knowing

Mr. W. H. Morgan, merchant, Lake City, Fla., was taken with a severe cold attended with a distressing cough and running into consumption in its first stages. He tried many so-called popular cough remedies and steadily grew worse. Was reduced in flesh, had difficulty in breathing and was unable to sleep. Finally tried Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption and found immediate relief, and after using about a half dozen bottles found himself well and has had no return of the disease. No other remedy can show so grand a record of cures, as Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption guaranteed to do just what is claimed for it,-Trial bottle free at Dowty & Becher's drug

Matinees of surahs are trimmed with a new kind of thread lace called dentelle

Its Delicacy of Flavor

And the efficacy of its action have rendered the famous liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs, immensely popular. It cleanses and tones up the clogged and feverish system, dispels headaches, colds, and fevers, cures Habitual Consumption, Dyspepsia, and the many ills depending on a weak or inactive condition of the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels. Manufactured only by the California Fig Syrup Company, San Francisco, Cal. For sale only by Dowty & Becher. Long Pine has voted bonds for the

purpose of erecting a complete system of waterworks.

Nome Foolish People

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond

the reach of medicine. They often say, Ob, it will wear away, but in most cases t wears them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which we sell on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial size free. Dr. A. Heintz.

J. E. Chapin, the republican candidate for county treasurer, died at his home in Sloan, Woodbury county, Ia., Sunday

A GOOD ONE. Mr. James Marsh, of Aten, Neb., after an experience of four years in using and selling Chamberlain's Pain-Balm, says: "It is the best and most reliable liniment ever produced." A fifty cent bottle will accomplish more, in the treatment of rheumatism, lame back or severe sprains, than five dollars invested in any other way. A great many cases have been cured by it, after being given up as hopelessly incurable It promptly relieves the pain in all cases Sold by Dowty & Becher.

Henry Young, 20 years old, a son of rich farmer, twelve miles north of St. Joe, was found hanging by a stout rope n his father's barn.

Worth Your Attention. Cut this out and mail it to Allen & Co., Au rasta, Maine, who will send you free, something new, that just coins mo: ey for all workers. As wonderful as the electric light, as genuine as oure gold, it will prove of lifelong value and mportance to you. Both sexes, all ages. Allen & Co. bear expense of starting you in business. It will bring you in more cash, right away, than mything else in this world. Anyone anywhere can do the work, and live at home also. Better write at once; then, knowing all, should you conclude that you don't care to engage, why no

Tommy Warren the feather-weight pugilist, arrested in New York for vagrancy, has been released. His friends claim the arrest was the result of spite

Renews Her Youth. Mrs. Phœbe Chesley, Peterson, Clay county, Iowa, tells the following remarkable story, the truth of which is vouched for by the residents of the town: "I am 73 years old, have been troubled with kidney complaint and lameness for many years; could not dress myself without help. Now I am free from all pain and soreness, and am able to do all my own housework. I owe my thanks to Electric Bitters for having renewed my youth, and removed completely all disease and pain." Try a bottle, 50 cents and \$1 at Dowty & Becher's drug store.

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Long waistes, short skirts and full blouse fronts are the features in little girls' frocks.

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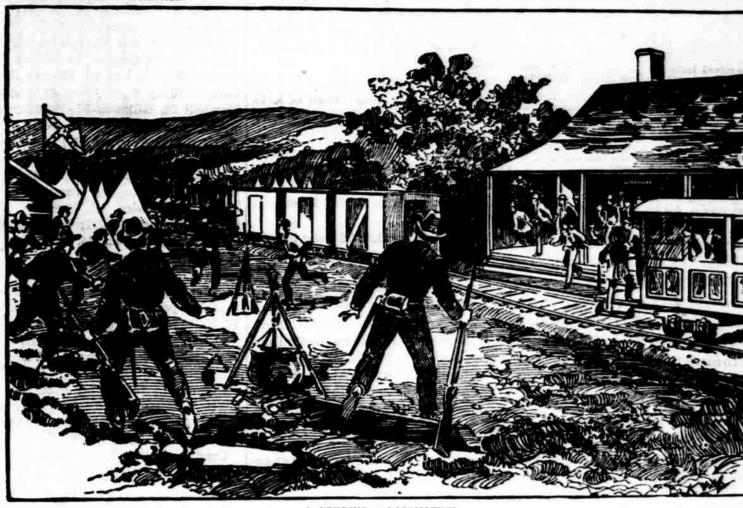
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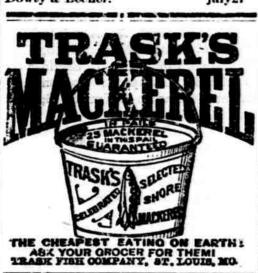
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