THE CONDOR IN CHILI.

A HERD OF CATTLE STAMPEDED BY THE BIG BIRDS.

Ravenous Pirates of the Air Attack a Steer—A Brute in the Agony of Death. Victory for the Vultures—Vindictive Villagers.

The little village where I was staying in Chili lay at the very base of the Andes, with about a mile of plain stretching away to the ocean. At sunrise on the very first morning I was in the place I was awakened by a great commotion among the populace. Springing from the palm mattress on which I had been sleeping, I looked out of the low window of my apartment. Men, women and children were running through the narrow streets yelling wildly, and men on horseback dashed away across the plain, in which direction the excited mob of villagers was tending. A roar as though a hurricane were passing came up from the plain, and there was a tremor in the earth that alarmed me. I inquired what the trouble was, and was told that it was nothing but the condors, which had come down that morning in large force from the mountains and were even then engaged in selecting cattle from the village herd. Looking across the plain I discovered for the first time that a great cloud of dust covered it for a wide area, from which came the roar and the tremor that had alarmed me. The cloud and the roar and the tremor were made by the herd dashing furiously about on the plain, fleeing in terror before the pursuit of the condors. Quickly saddling my horse, which was quartered in the small inn yard, I dashed away across the plain to enjoy a close view of the disturbance and see what its outcome would be, passing on my way jabbering and shouting groups of villagers hurrying on afoot toward the flying cloud of dust, in which were hidden the common property of the place and its ravenous and determined foe.

As I rode up to within a dozen rods of the stampeded cattle, one of the herd burst suddenly from the dense volume of dust. Four immense condors followed it, and, swooping down upon it, tore at its flesh with their great claws and punctured and lacerated it with their strong beaks. The animal's eyes were bloodshot and were wild with terror. Its bellowings were terrible to hear. It lashed its tail in agony against its torn and bleeding sides, and rushed aimlessly in all directions, while the huge vultures beat against it and slashed and ripped it with beak and claws. While I galloped along and watched this sickening mutilation of this helpless steer the herd dashed on, and every condor that was following it seemed to abandon it, and, whetted by the scent of the blood that flowed from the wounded steer, joined in its mad pursuit. Although the poor beast sped over the ground like the fleetest racer, the attacking birds kept close by its side, plying their terrible beaks and talons. The herd, free from the assaults of the condors, came to a stop a mile or so away, and the mounted herdsmen dashed back to the scene I was watching. They carried lassos and spurred their horses after the steer, which was now closely followed by the whole field of vultures. The procession of following villagers had also arrived at the spot and, huddled about in noisy groups, hurled many Spanish curses at the bold flock of condors that was butchering one of their best animals before their very eyes.

Following the beleaguered steer, and circling around it as it dashed here and there in its vain attempts to escape from the torture to which its cruel pursuers were subjecting it, the herdsmen cast their lariats again and again, and after several attempts each lassoed a condor. Once the poor steer, as if looking to us for assistance in his extremity, rushed in among the horsemen and crowds of spectators. Regardless of our presence the desperate condors clung to his bleeding sides or dashed along in his wake. The doomed animal was black with dust and streaming with blood from a hundred wounds. The excited crowd scattered before the advance of the steer, and the lassoers, having strangled to death the condors they had captured, advanced again to cast their lariats.

The steer circled around in a stumbling and unsteady way. He carried his head high, and once staggered and fell. With a great effort he regained his feet and once more moved toward the crowd of spectators. Bloody foam dropped in great masses from his mouth. His loud cries of agony had changed to husky moans. His tongue, red and swollen, hung at full length from his mouth. As he passed me a huge condor dashed forward, seized the steer's tongue in its beak and wrenched it out by the roots. The steer threw his head up with a heartrending cry, and then I saw two hideous, sightless cavities, dripping blood, where his eyes had been plucked from their sockets.

The spot where the steer had been separated by the condors from the herd was not more than an eighth of a mile from the sea shore, and the animal had been dashing madly about on the plain, circling and zigzagging here and there without drawing any nearer to the water. Suddenly, tongueless and sightless, and tottering and rapidly weakening under his myriad wounds, he wheeled, turned his head toward the ocean and, gathering himself as if for a last desperate effort, dashed madly away in that direction. Plunging and reeling onward and still pursued by every ravenous vulture, the dying steer rushed straight for the surf. He reached the margin of the sea and fell dead with his head in the waves. Instantly a score of beaks were tearing the dead animal's flesh from his bones. I spurred my horse forward and galloped to the spot where the vultures were stripping the carcass. When I reached the beach the great birds rose lazily, one after another, from the feast and floated upward in oblique circles until they were mere specks against the snowy summits of the Andes. A skeleton, half submerged by the tide, marked where the tortured steer had fallen. When I returned across the plain vindictive villagers were kicking the three lassoed condors about and stamping them into the ground, hissing curses between their teeth at every kick. In the distance the lately disturbed herd was grazing quietly, as if no condor had ever threatened the peace of its domain.—Ed. Mott in New York Mail and Express.

A "CUSTOM" OF DAHOMEY.

Sickening Sights for the Eyes of Civilized Man—A Serenade.

Evans informed me that in a few days one of the "customs," as the Dahomians call them, was to come off in the court yard of the palace, and that I could witness it if I chose. I did choose, but I wished afterward that I had not. These customs, which have existed as long as Dahomey has—they claim a thousand years—are of various kinds, and with names. The one I was to witness was called "Throwing of the Presents," others, "Watering the King's Graves," "The Feast of the Troubadours," "The Day of the King," "The Milking of the Palm," etc.

The day came off. Evans, with a shudder, declined to attend. He had seen it the year before. In the center of the court yard a platform was erected, hung with silks, velvets and flags, including that of Dahomey—a white ground, with a figure in black holding aloft a decapitated head in one hand and a cimiter in the other. On this platform stood the king, surrounded by his nobles, among whom I had a prominent seat, while below struggled a mass of 50,000 or more people, kept in some order by the woman guard.

The affair began by the king personally throwing into a sliding trench various packages of goods, consisting of cottons, clothes and cloths, knives, muskets, pipes and tobacco, all of which were fought fiercely for by the crowd below. Then came the grand point—the slaughter.

The victims were brought forth lashed into boat shaped baskets, in a sitting position, with knees drawn up to the chin, and lifted into the slide, from which they went down to the crowd below. Then there came a horrible scramble. Thousands with long and bright knives threw themselves on the victim and in a moment he was hacked to pieces, as well as were some of his hackers, the victor being the one who came off with the head. This was kept up for three hours, the number killed amounting to about 200, until the crowd below was reeking and smeared with blood. A more horrible sight was never witnessed, and it did not lessen the horror with me to be told that this is not a mere useless slaughter, as civilized nations suppose, but a day of execution, the decapitated being criminals, traitors and prisoners of war, who have been "offensive political partisans." It is the highest holiday in the year, and the only one where much slaughtering is done, and there is no doubt, according to Mr. Evans, that the king himself wishes to abolish that part of it, but he dares not.

That night, perhaps as a soother to my nerves, the king gave us a serenade by his own private band. I was awakened about midnight by a noise that I can compare to nothing but a thunderstorm in scales. They ran from high to low, and got terribly mixed in the middle. It was not really unpleasant, but, like the chiming of bells, should be heard at a distance—the greater the distance the better. I sprang to the window, to find that this band consisted of twenty-two men, each with a log, or piece of wood, the largest so heavy that it took four men to carry it. These were set, one end on the ground, the other supported by a wood trestle, and beaten on the high end with wood hammers, of all sizes, from the hand hammer to a sledge, each stick or log emitting its sound, but no distinguishable air resulting.—J. W. Watson in North American Review.

A Lucky and Accidental Find.

Some years ago Edison, the electric wizard, was convinced that platinum existed in North Carolina. He sent William Earl Hidden, an accomplished mineralogist, in search of it. Professor Hidden little knew at the time how full of results to him that pursuit of platinum would be. He could not find the desired mineral, but he found something far better. Being in Alexander county, a quiet part of the state many miles from a railway, he was directed by Mr. J. A. D. Stephenson to gem bearing ground, and looking a little more narrowly found some of the gems. He purchased some land, returned to Edison and reported his vain quest of platinum, then came back to North Carolina. He went to work to develop his mine. Sinking a shaft in a simple way he gradually made the opening larger and larger until superficially the mine presented the aspect of a stone quarry. Out of this rude pit in the earth were taken unnumbered gems—one hitherto unknown. To this Mr. J. Lawrence Smith, of St. Louis, an eminent scientist, gave Hidden's name, and "Hiddenite," the equivalent of the diamond in value, became instantly the fashion. Its tender tinted green crystals, its intense hardness and its new beauties when cut were only some of its charms. From the day of its discovery to the present it has been a hopeless task to supply the demand for it. Every Hiddenite found is already purchased long in advance.

But strange as is this flashing green miracle of the earth, the place of its birth is yet stranger. The laborers who are working in the mine handle their picks with the greatest care. They are on the watch for "pockets." Possibly for an hour the digging goes on and no "pocket" is struck. Presently the pick goes into an opening, with tender fingers the earth is partially removed, and finally the miner feels with his hands every portion of the walls of the opening. It may happen that his search is in vain, but it is oftener the case that his fingers touch little crystals that are so imbedded in the sides of the pocket that their points project outward. They are carefully picked out. Perhaps all are beryls, perhaps there are a dozen kinds of gems, or yet again it may be that there are only Hiddenites. Sometimes gems worth hundreds of dollars are thus taken from one pocket.—Raleigh (N. C.) Cor. Globe-Democrat.

A Noted Musician's Beginning.

Gounod's parents did not at all fancy his becoming a musician. They took counsel on the subject with the head master of the school which their son attended, with the following result:

"Your son become a musician? Never, sir!" replied the worthy M. Poirson. "He has a decided aptitude for Latin and Greek!"

The next day Master Charles was called into M. Poirson's study.

"Well, sir, they tell me you've been caught scratching down notes on paper."

"Oh, yes; I want to be a musician."

"You a musician? Why, that's no profession at all. But let me see what you can do. Here's some paper and a pen. Write me a new air on the words from 'Joseph,' 'Scarcely emerged from infancy.' We'll see what you can do," said the good professor, delighted at the cleverness of his device.

It was the noon recess. Before the bell rang to resume studies, Gounod was back with his page black with crochets and quavers.

"What, already?" said the professor. "Well, sing it."

Gounod sang. He sat down at the piano and soon tears came into the head master's eyes. He embraced his pupil and exclaimed:

"Ma foi! let them say what they please. Study music."—Paris Cor. New York Star.

The Mother of Dickens.

The childhood of Dickens was so shadowed by poverty, and his sensitive and imaginative mind was so keenly alive to his position, that it is hardly possible that he could draw an absolutely impartial picture of his parents. His mother had a keen appreciation of the droll and of the pathetic, and likewise considerable dramatic talent. She was a comely little woman, with handsome, bright eyes, and a genial, agreeable person. From her Dickens undoubtedly inherited his temperament and intellectual gifts. She possessed an extraordinary sense of the ludicrous, and her power of imitation was something astonishing. Her perception was quick, and she unconsciously noted everything that came under her observation. In describing ridiculous occurrences, her tone and gestures would be inimitable, while her manner was of the quaintest. Dickens declares that to her he owed his first desire for knowledge, and that his earliest passion for reading was awakened by his mother, who taught him not only the first rudiments of English, but also a little of Latin. Poverty saddened and darkened many years of her life, and her children were early compelled to leave her and earn their own living, but they all honored and loved her as she deserved.—Woman's Argosy.

Some German Students.

One mark of German brutality I saw with indignation and disgust. Three gross looking students, with their heavy faces gashed with saber cuts, embarked on the Rhine steamer at Bonn. Bardolph himself would have looked a decent fellow in the presence of the leader of the set, who was swollen with beer and freshly scarred on his hideous face. One of his comrades had cloths bound round his neck and head. They at once called for beer, and sat down to play at cards. Their insolent faces showed how proud they were of their brutal, stupid persons. An American gentleman who was standing by me, looking at the grossest of the three, said that if such a fellow were at a university in the states they would stick pins in him. I should have been content with getting him well into the middle of a "scrimmage" at football in the parks at Oxford.—Macmillan's Magazine.

The Nonsense of Science

Sanitary science has worked much good, but it has disseminated much nonsense. Now it is the manufactured article which is big with the germs of death; now the water; now the air; now the milk. If half that has been written of these subjects were the truth, there would be no further need for agitation. All the people would have been dead long ago. As a matter of fact, purity is an essential in any article of popular consumption. Everybody knows this, and, as a rule, an effort is made to procure that which is pure. When such end cannot be accomplished, sickness and perhaps death may result. But the theory that everything known is full of germs of fatality seems incompatible with the fact that people continue to live.—Omaha Herald.

THE TOP FLOOR LODGER.

MUSINGS OF THE TENANT OF THE SMALL ROOM.

How the People of Small Means and Independent Minds are Lodged in a Great City—Demand for Furnished Rooms.

"Gentlemen on the top floor, look out for paint."

This was the notice pinned, in big letters, on the wall of the front hall that attracted a young disciple of Schopenhauer as he entered a house given over to the occupation of small rooms by young men, and then ascended to a coffin shaped, dingy receptacle, containing an iron bedstead and haggard washstand, called his room. He sat down on the iron bound trunk and meditated upon the notice he had read.

He knew well that it meant a smell of raw paint and an upturned house for a couple of weeks. He knew the sign would next warn occupants of his own floor to look out for the oily and adhesive mixture, and that so it would work down stairs. He knew that it meant preparation for the winter reception of similarly situated young men, but who had been more lucky in getting away for the summer. He could prophesy to a day when the buxom landlady would inform him that the time of summer prices was over, and that in order to hold possession to the 10 by 8 box which he designated his home he must submit to an increase of rent. With the thought of winter clothing, the overcoat and the extra gloves and shoes, the young man pondered until the pangs of hunger drove him off to the cheap restaurant around the corner, where a continued wrestling with dried up steak and elastic bread at least revived the circulation.

UNHAPPY AND SPIRITLESS.

The young man formerly lived in the country, where high mountains had towered over a bright and cheerful home. He had been supplied there with all the necessaries of everyday life in abundance, and the society of straightforward, honest and pretty girls had kept far away every idea of a pessimistic nature. But in the changes of time he found himself alone in the great city, without friend or even enemy, and the great loneliness from being among so many strangers who cared not a straw whence he came or where he went had come over him as a great cloud of snow in a winter gale, shutting out from view all the beautiful and throwing around him a mantle of selfish dreariness. His thoughts turned naturally to the unhappy and spiritless, and his mind had become a muttering mass of cynical tendencies and unwholesome growlings. Every ambition and the first animation of thought of future success had been blotted out. The silent life in the dreary lodging house had much to do with this, and the young man knew it.

But the young man had the consolation of knowing that there were thousands of others in the same boat. These are the young men who receive small salaries and are either working their way up in the world or else down. Many are unable to live in better rooms, while others, with a desire to save money, choose to live in restricted quarters. There are thousands of such in this town. The room will cost $2.50 or $3. For twenty cents the young man gets his eggs and coffee for breakfast, a sandwich at lunch time is ten cents more. For dinner his roast or sirloin steak and coffee comes to thirty cents. He walks to and from his work, so that his expense is little over $7 per week. He may get board for a little less, but it is doubtful if he can average much lower than the above.

A BRIGHT SIDE.

But there is a bright side to life in a lodging house, and its popularity is on the increase in this great city. Of course by lodging house is not meant those east side rookeries in which beds are piled in layers as berths in a steamer, in which a crowd of half dressed, half washed tramps are huddled together, but that class of houses found all over the city upon whose door posts in modest print or writing is announced the fact that furnished rooms are to be rented at low prices. Certain parts of the city are becoming more generally used for this business. The section of town below Twenty-third street remaining free from the encroachment of business firms is almost wholly given over to boarding and lodging house landladies, and the lodging houses are increasing. There are houses for young women only, and there are big, tall apartment houses in which only men can secure rooms, in different ranges of furnishment, and, consequently, different ranges in price. The places set aside for young women are a benefit that few who have not tried them know of. The young typewriter or dry goods store employe is free from all annoyances. There is no scanty brained youth to be always forcing his unwelcome attentions, and she is free from the stares and sheep's eyes that often meet her glances around the big boarding house tables.

"Yes, the demand this fall for furnished rooms is fully up to that of last," said an agent who keeps a list of boarding and lodging houses, and vouches for them to the anxious inquirer for a winter's home. "There is a certain class who are always on the lookout for comfortable rooms—those who have become tired of boarding house fare and think the restaurants will supply their wants in better style. Clerks and salesmen who do not care where they eat, as long as the bed is not far from the store, look with favor upon the free and easy life in hired rooms. Those whose employment is irregular in its hours must adopt this kind of life."—New York Times.

THE SAMOANS' FAMOUS DRINK.

How the Beverage Is Manufactured. Story Told by a Traveler.

The mode of living of Samoans is very simple, and days pass sometimes without a Samoan partaking of any hot food. Cocoanuts, bananas, pineapples, yam and more particularly the bread fruit, once in a while some fish and a piece of hog, especially when it happens to be one of your white neighbor's hogs, conclude the simple bill of fare. One of the greatest beverages among the Samoans is "ava." The ava (macropiper methysticum), which grows in clusters from six to ten feet in height, is a species of pepper. From its dried root is made an intoxicating beverage which, when taken in small doses, is a delightful soporific. To drink ava is all very well if you do not see how it is manufactured. But if you witness the process, as I did on one occasion, when I first sampled this native drink, I feel assured that your taste for ava will be somewhat changed.

While taking a stroll over Samoa one fine afternoon I came across a large number of Apians, men and women, who were sitting on the ground around one of the native huts, apparently engaged in some very interesting work. Having lost my way and being anxious to see all there was to be seen, I approached the crowd, greeted my friends with a "Kalloffah," and, with all the Samoan at my command, explained my errand. The natives treated me very kindly and at once invited me to take a seat in their family circle, offering me the best place, between two charming young girls, who wore nothing in the shape of dress but the usual "lahpahlahpah." I noticed that all the women and young girls were engaged in chewing at a root, while on their laps rested small cocoanut bowls, which I took to be spittoons, as they allowed the juice of the roots to drop into the bowls. In the center of the circle stood a larger bowl, and whenever any of the women had chewed enough on the root she would empty the contents of her bowl into the larger one. I watched these proceedings with great astonishment, and could not imagine to what end these damsels exercised their jaws on those gray roots.

After the bowl in the center had been about half filled with this brownish fluid some limes and oranges were produced and mixed with the rest, and the milk of a number of cocoanuts added to the whole completed the Samoans' famous drink called "ava." To see its manufacture was bad enough, but now came the hardest part. I was supposed to drink this stuff. I was at a loss what to do. I knew that if I refused to partake I would be insulting my host. I tried to make believe that I was not thirsty, but this did not seem to work at all, and to my great horror I was offered the first drink after the mixture had been pronounced by the oldest chief present to be all right. My fair neighbor to the right offered me quite a large bowl filled to the brim with ava, and I had to partake. I took a sip and tried to return the balance because I did not like its peppery taste, but it was no go. I had to finish. It was all that my life was worth. I managed to get through as best I could, and washed the whole down with some cocoanut milk. I afterward learned that had I refused to drink with my Samoan friends I certainly would have been compelled to quit their presence in disgrace.—Gus. C. Roeder in New York World.

The Sons of Their Fathers.

A gentleman who has long been a resident of Maine and New Hampshire was speaking the other day about the degeneracy of the young men in these states. He went back over the whole history of that section and spoke about the sturdy life of the pioneers and their independence of everybody and everything. It was amid such surroundings that Nathaniel Hawthorne grew up in Maine and Daniel Webster in New Hampshire. Hawthorne was from Bowdoin college and Webster was from Dartmouth college. Each of these institutions has made the exploits of its notable son a part of its stock in trade. But my friend declares that in the case of both Webster and Hawthorne it was not the institution of learning but the early surroundings that made each man what he was. The third generation, the sons of these two and other distinguished men, seems to have subsided completely except in the case of Julian Hawthorne. The study is an interesting one and it might be extended to other parts of the country. For instance, Joshua M. Giddings and Benjamin F. Wade were sons of pioneers in Ohio, but no one ever hears of their sons in these days.—New York Graphic.

Something New in House Building.

"What is the newest kink in improvements for apartment houses? Pneumatic tubes. Now they are mainly used for shooting letters and papers to the upper stories; but soon we shall have them perfected to the extent of doing away with the elevators."

The speaker, a well known architect, took down a drawing. "Here you see I have laid out two of these pneumatic tubes. They are made of paper. There is nothing like it. Pipes of this kind have been in use in Vienna for carrying gas and water under ground for months. Although only about half an inch thick, they will resist an internal pressure of 2,600 pounds per square inch. They are light, cheap, easily adjusted or repaired, and are made after the manner followed in the manufacture of fireworks. They are rolled from sheets, and while the rolling is in progress are treated with asphalt. When completed they are lined with an insoluble enamel. They will, I think, some day supersede lead and iron pipes entirely."—New York Mail and Express.

Senator Sumner and Wendell Phillips.

Wendell Phillips was one who had criticised him severely, not to say bitterly, in his speeches and letters, for his course in finally voting for the confirmation of one officer; but as Phillips was a man who was nothing if not frank, candid and outspoken, his personal letters to the senator were still more difficult to bear. It was Phillips who wrote the last letter before their estrangement and Sumner who wrote the first letter after their reconciliation. During that time a mutual friend of the two, making a final call on Sumner when about leaving for Boston, asked:

"What shall I say to Phillips for you?"

"Give Wendell my love," said the senator, "and tell him if it does him any good to hit at me in his speeches to hit away." And resuming his conversation he said: "It seems to do him good to pitch into me, and it does me no harm."

But it did all the same. No man felt such stings more, though he gave little sign. After their old intimacy in all its sweetness and tenderness was renewed, Phillips came to Washington to fulfill lecture engagements, and Sumner would allow him to stop nowhere except at his house where the room that he occupied came to be known in the household vernacular as "the Phillips room."—Arnold Burges Johnson in The Cosmopolitan.

A Costa Rican Prejudice.

Every woman wears a "reboza" of a texture suitable to her rank and wealth, and as it is not considered proper to expose their faces in public the scarf is generally drawn over the features so as to conceal all but their ravishing eyes. And it is well that this is so, for they plaster their faces with a composition of magnesia and the whites of eggs that gives them a ghastly appearance, and effectually conceals, as it ultimately destroys, the freshness and purity of their complexions. This stuff is renewed at frequent intervals and is never washed off. There is a popular prejudice against bathing. A man who has been on a journey will not wash the dust off his face for several days after arrival, particularly if he has come from a lower to a higher altitude, as it is believed that the opening of the pores of the skin is certain to bring on a fever.—Harper's Magazine.

The Sultan at Prayer.

The sultan stands erect with his face to the east and his feet on his praying carpet, and, placing the thumb of each hand under each ear, he spreads his hands like wings, lifting his ears upward as if to catch any sound from heaven, and with his hands in this position must turn first to the right and spit, then to the left, and then, dropping his hands to his side, hold them rigid while he bends his knee and then his whole body forward from his knees until his forehead touches the floor three times. He repeats his prayer in this position, and gets upon his feet again without touching his hands to the floor, and again makes wings of his ears, and again spits right and left, and his prayer is over. Every Turk believes that he has two attendant spirits, one good and one evil, and as he is not sure which side the emissary of Satan has pre-empted he spits at both to make sure.—Charleston News and Courier.

Individuality of Razors.

Barbers declare that razors are even more capricious than fickle woman, and the gentlemen who shave themselves recognize the individuality or idiosyncrasy of razors. Some razors need a rest after using, and no amount of strapping will make them efficient unless they are humored, while others will be the better for constant use. Some razors will be better if strapped immediately after using; others require the edge to be put on before application. Many gentlemen who shave themselves have a set of razors—one for each day in the week. The more expensive the razor the more capricious is the finer tempered steel blade. As a rule a new razor is not as profitable as a well tempered old one, and barbers declare that the breaking in of a razor is a matter of skill as important as the training of a colt. Once ascertained the temper of a razor can always be relied on.—New York Times.

Monkeys as Opium Eaters.

Dr. Jammers, in a memoir sent to the Academie des Sciences, states that monkeys, unlike other animals, unless it is the human animal, readily acquire the habit of taking morphia. When monkeys live with opium smokers, as they do in eastern countries, where the habit is more prevalent than elsewhere, and become accustomed to the medicated atmosphere, they acquire a taste for the pipe. One particular monkey, it is said, would wait for his master to lay down his pipe and would then take it up and smoke what remained. If not allowed to do so for several days it would fall into a state of depression and inactivity which would disappear as soon as it was allowed to "hit the pipe."—Pall Mall Gazette.

Corliss, the great engine builder, made no attempt at invention until he was 35 years old. His first effort in this line was a machine for sewing shoes, which was a failure.

In Alsace-Lorraine the velocipede is universally used by the foot service orderlies.

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise.—A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove all Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum and other affections and prevent as well as cure all Malarial fevers.—For cure of headache, consumption and indigestion try Electric Bitters—Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.—Price 50 cents and $1.00 per bottle at Dowty & Becher's drug store.

A crooked log makes a straight fire.

Mr. Ed. F. Bourne, the efficient and worthy cashier of the United States Express Co., Des Moines, Iowa, says: "From the lack of exercise and from close confinement to office work, I have been troubled with habitual constipation I have received more benefit from St. Patrick's Pills than anything I ever tried. I gave them a thorough test and am now in perfect health. I hereby recommend them as a pleasant and reliable medicine." They do not grasp nor cause the sickness occasioned by the operation of almost all other cathartic pills or medicines. Sold by Dowty & Becher.

All came from and will go to others.

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.

Who gives to all, denies all.

Is Consumption Incurable?

Read the following: C. H. Morris, Newark, Ark., says: "Was down with Abscess of lungs, and friends and physicians pronounced me an Incurable Consumptive. Began taking Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, am now on my third bottle, and able to oversee the work on my farm. It is the finest medicine ever made."

Jesse Middlewart, Decatur, Ohio, says; "Had it not been for Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption I would have died of lung troubles. Was given up by the doctors. Am now in best of health." Try it. Sample bottles free at Dowty & Becher's drug store.

The devil is not always at the door.

Worth Your Attention.

Cut this out and mail it to Allen & Co., Augusta, Maine, who will send you free, something new, that just coins money for all workers. As wonderful as the electric light, as genuine as pure gold, it will prove of lifelong value and importance 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 anything 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 harm is done. 4-1y

Great strokes make not sweet music.

Try Moore's headache cure, it beats the world. For sale by Dr. A. Heintz.

Every day brings its bread with it.

The Delightful Liquid Laxative.

Syrup of Figs is a most agreeable and valuable family remedy, as it is easily taken by old and young, and is prompt and effectual in curing Habitual Constipation and the many ills depending on a weak or inactive condition of the Kidneys, Liver, and Bowels. It acts gently, strengthens the organs on which it acts, and awakens them to a healthy activity. For sale only by Dowty & Becher.

Look not for musk in a dog's kennel.

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The house shows the owner.

He that gets out of debt, grows rich.

The scalded dog fears cold water.

How Horses Rest.

"Horses can get some rest standing," said an old trainer, "provided the position be reasonably easy, but no full rest except recumbent. It is known of some horses that they never lie down in the stall, though if kept in pasture they take their rest habitually in a recumbent position. It is well to consider whether the habit has not been forced upon the horse by some circumstance connected with the stall he was made to occupy, in that it had a damp earth floor, or one made of dilapidated plank, uncomfortable to the horse that had been accustomed to select his own bed in the pasture.

"If the horse can have the privilege of selecting his own position for resting on his feet he can sleep standing; but while his muscles may be to a certain degree relaxed, and get rest in that position, what can be said of the bearings at the joints? Without relief through the recumbent position the joint surfaces are forced continuously to bear a weight of from 1,000 to 1,800 pounds. This must act unfavorably, especially upon the complicated structures within the hoofs, which nature intended should have periods of rest each day."—Golden Days.

Hearts of Great Men.

The relic preserved as Shelly's heart is now commonly believed to be his liver, and the assertion is made that Napoleon's heart at the Invalides is, in fact, no part of the "Little Corporal's" anatomy. The doctors who made the autopsy of his body were interrupted, so the story goes, by nightfall, and on returning found that his heart was devoured by rats, whereupon a sheep's heart was substituted. This story, however, is pronounced entirely untrue.—New York Sun.

On Mount Katahdin's Summit.

A cone of burnished tin, twenty inches in height and twelve in diameter, has been placed on the summit of Mount Katahdin by the Bangor (Me.) Appalachian club, in order to note the distance from which the peak can be seen.—Chicago News.

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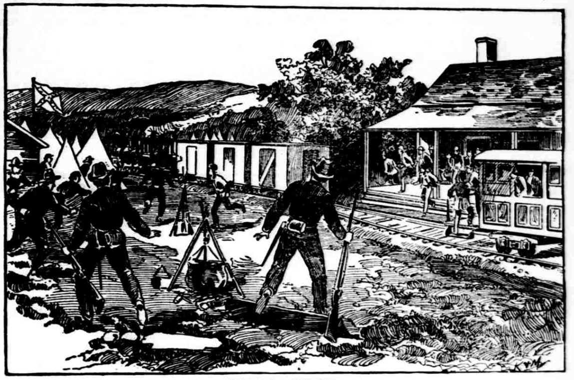

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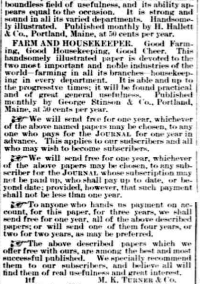

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