BALLADE.

"Is marriage a failure?" he flirtily said;
"Well, often its annals are fraught with woe,
But I can't help thinking if maids who wed
Were a little more yielding and sweet, you know,
Would welcome their lord, as they did their beau,
With a pleasant smile and a loving kiss—
Why, life, like a poem, would onward flow,
And marriage could never bring aught but bliss."

But Majorie answered, "Ah, dearest Ned!
The women are never at fault, ah, no!
But often you men are so badly bred—
You have such queer ways, and you vex us so,
And then, to your clubs you must always go—
You can't be persuaded a one to miss!
But if you would only reform, you know—
Why marriage could never bring aught but bliss."

"But consider," he laughed, "if we were fed
With muffins that weren't so much like dough,
With the clearest coffee, the sweetest bread,
All such as our mothers made long ago;
If the household affairs would always flow—
It's easy for women to manage this—
With scarcely a ripple or jog, you know,
Then marriage could never bring aught but bliss."

Whereat she was angry: "You wicked Ned!
You twist things about, and you change them so,
Nay, happier far were the lives we led
If you'd give us a little more cash, you know,
And if, every day, we could shopping go
With a purse that wasn't a dark abyss,
Then seldom we'd murmur of 'wedded woe,'
Then marriage would never bring aught but bliss."

envoy.

So if women were angels here below,
And men would do just as they should, I wis,
And all the conditions were right, you know,
Why, marriage could never bring aught but bliss.
—Nelly Booth Simmons in Washington Post.

The Lover's Coat.

A tale of disaster to a young business man's pride and spring overcoat was told at the Midland the other night by a friend of the victim. This young man is the personification of modesty, or bashfulness, but he has by diligent and heroic efforts managed to lead a young lady of Troost avenue to the understanding that she is to be his. Twice a week or more he has gone to her home to impress upon her the existence and importance of the contract. Sunday evening the young man went to the home of the young woman to have a reiteration of the whole matter, and the session was not completed until 10:30 p. m. by pa's watch. As young ladies will sometimes do, this one followed the receding form of the senior partner of the "steady company" organization to the front door, and after a series of dilatory motions an adjournment was agreed upon. He stood on the threshold to fasten his gloves, and she swung the front door shut.

As the spring lock snapped the door nipped the skirt of his coat and held it against his greatest strength. He was a prisoner, and she who was to be his had floated up the stairway unmindful that he who was to be hers was impaled by his coat tail on the veranda. This bashful young man had no inclination to ring the bell, for pa would answer it and he and the old gentleman were not on particularly sociable terms. He knew the only recourse, and he slid from the coat and left it fanning in the wind like a scarecrow in a corn field. Then came the family's favorite young dog and had a few rounds with the garment.

When the maid servant answered the milkman's bell Monday morning she beheld a wreck that caused her to arouse the family with the information that a tragedy had been enacted at the front door. Pa's immediate examination and diagnosis partially explained matters, and cost the young man, besides the loss of his coat, a serious backset in that family. All would have been well though, aside from the coat, had not the young man forgotten to unload a pocket half full of useless baseball pool tickets, which lay spread out on the floor, and which he should have torn up in disgust, as baseball enthusiasts do, instead of harboring them to bring ruin to his cause.—Kansas City Times.

Chances of Life.

These life insurance tables that show the expectation, the average, the probability of life are very curious and interesting. In a million births the males outnumber the females 22,000, but the girls don't die so fast, and by the time they reach 50 years the females begin to outnumber the men and outlive them. Nine thousand more women live to see 70 years than men, taking a million as the basis. Two thousand more women than men live to see 90. At 100 years there are 79 men to 144 women. The males start out most numerous, and this is right, for it gives every girl a fair chance for a lover and a husband—and it certainly was intended by a kind Providence that she should have one. She is entitled to one, and if I had my way I would make every old bachelor marry or support one.

If he wouldn't marry according to nature, I would make him work for one. In youth and middle age the males outnumber the females, because it takes a good number to defend the country and do the fighting. But the old women outlive the old men because they are needed to nurse us and raise the grandchildren. They have no bad habits that shorten life. They do not drink nor chew tobacco, nor smoke, nor expose themselves, nor eat in a hurry. They take life calm and serene. One hundred and twenty-five thousand children are born every day. What a squalling and rejoicing if one could hear it all at once. Just think of it—45,000,000 of brand new human beings in a year. But they don't stay long, not many of them. One-fourth of them die before they are six years old. While 125,000 are born in a day there are 100,000 funerals going on at the same time. What weeping and wailing, what grief and sorrow if we could hear and see it all. Verily the increase of the human family is mixed with great tribulations. Births and deaths, births and deaths, with the births only a little ahead, and sometimes, when war and pestilence and famine come, the death rate is ahead.—Bill Arp in Atlanta Constitution.

Time Between Sentence and Execution.

The rule in England, even in cases where there is no doubt that the sentence will be carried out, allows three Sundays only to intervene between the trial and the execution—so that if a man is tried on a Saturday, he has very little more than a fortnight allowed him to prepare; but where there is hope of a reprieve the delay of the announcement that the man is to die till within a few hours of his execution not only adds a torturing element to his punishment which he has not legally incurred, but it limits the time of his real preparation to the one last agitating day when his friends come to take a final leave of him. The matter is not one of minor importance, as was keenly felt, we believe, by the saintly Abbe Crose, the chaplain of La Roquette, in Paris, who ministered to all the culprits that during a period of twenty-five years expiated their crimes on the guillotine.

The French system of leaving a man in complete ignorance of the time when his execution is to take place until the fatal hour actually arrives told very heavily against that good priest's efforts to bring such criminals as Tropman, Avignon and Billoir to a fit state of preparation for their entrance on the dread eternity. The strange laxity of French prison discipline allowed some of these men to be engaged in playing cards with their jailers till within a few hours of their death, but it may be doubted whether the more decent provisions of our English custom, which dedicates a condemned man's last day to farewell interviews with his friends, can avail to render that brief space of time sufficient for the heavy responsibilities with which it is weighted.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Gallery Critics.

The well-to-do man who goes to the theatre in a dress suit and sits in a box, or in a seat just back of the orchestra, has a good view of the play and the players, but I doubt if he gets as much pleasure therefrom as the ragged newsboy who sits in the gallery, just under the roof.

At the boy's distance the illusion is complete. The footlights are not too bright, and the music becomes a low, indistinct melody. I have heard more criticism in the gallery of a Broadway theatre during a single performance than I could write in an entire day.

"The Silver King," with a well known actor in the leading role, was played on the east side some time in the beginning of the season. My neighbor was a lad of 14 years, who answered to the name of Rocksey. His chum arrived at the close of the first act, but he had evidently seen the play before, for he knew it by heart.

"Hey, Rocksey, how's he a-doin't it?" was the first question.

"Oh, he's overdoin' it horribly; he can't act till he gets t'ree or four drinks into 'im. The villain's the worst stuff I ever saw. He just stands around waitin' for his time for gettin' killed. I'd like to see a play where the villain gets killed before the curtain goes up."

The gallery gods can furnish an untold amount of gossip about the personality of people on the stage, and the tales have as much truth in them as the stage stories which emanate from more important sources.—New York News.

A Famous Chateau.

Of Adelina Patti's latest acquisition, the famous Chateau de Chenonceaux, a correspondent writes from Paris: "It was here that Francis I conversed with Bayard on the happiness and glory of France, and it was in the sitting room that the monarch, the friend of letters, received into his friendship Rousard and Clement Marot; it was under these trees that Marie Stuart and Anne Boleyn, then brilliant in youth and beauty, walked in their sweet dreams of happiness; it was in this mysterious oratory that Claude of France, daughter of Louis XII, had so often prayed. Here are also the subterranean passages where, at the time of the conspiracy of Amboise, Diane of Poictiers, concealed the chief of the French nobles from the rage of Catherine de Medici. Finally, it was on these beautiful banks of the River Cher that Delville wrote some part of his poem 'Des Jardins;' Thomas, a few of his 'Eloges Historiques;' Marmontel, his prettiest 'Contes Morceaux;' Barthelemy, the introduction of his 'Anarcharsis,' and there is that delightful sylvan walk which J. J. Rousseau speaks of with such intoxicating delight, where he loved to meditate and where it is thought his immortal work on education had its foundation."—Chicago Herald.

A Frequent Occurrence.

"The next time I give a woman my seat in a car she will have to be old or lame or have a baby or a bundle in her arms, or look ill, or be in a worse condition than ordinary," said a well known politician. "I had a choice seat in a Brooklyn elevated car a few nights ago. A big crowd got in at one of the stations, and I reluctantly surrendered my seat to a healthy looking woman. I was dead tired, and I hung on to a strap for several stations. Then the man who occupied a seat next to the woman who had benefited by my courtesy vacated his place. Before I could wink, this woman, for whose sake I had stood up in a jerky car for a mile, pulled her callow escort, who was evidently her son, into the vacant seat. This same thing has happened many times, but it will never happen again to me."—New York Sun.

That Close Shave.

Whenever a man comes into my shop and asks for a clean shave, I wish that I knew him well enough to show him a piece of his skin under a microscope after he has had his shave and is feeling his smooth face in a satisfied way while the boy brushes him off. The hair of the beard, in growing, raises little hills of flesh around each root, and in shaving a man smoothly the razor cuts these off, leaving the blood vessels exposed. Under the microscope these bleeding vessels can be distinctly seen, and the flesh is seen to be entirely without the covering of skin it should have. The natural result is that the close shaver is always troubled with colds and affections of the throat. Close shaving is so much a western habit that eastern barbers say they can tell a western man by his dissatisfied look when he gets out of the chair and feels that he has some of the skin still left on his face.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

That's All that Saves the Poems.

The "elocutionist" has hid his light under a bushel as long as he can. He is now determined to let his light shine, to lift up his voice and spare not and to magnify his office for all it is worth and toot his horn if he doesn't sell a clam. A Chicago elocutionist, discussing in The Voice the elements of a successful recitation, speaks of "other pieces like 'Mother and Poet,' 'The Raven' and like productions of no great literary merit that produce marvelous effects when well rendered." Often wondered what kept those mediocre jingles alive so long, when some of my own finest efforts, worthy to go ringing down the echoing aisles of the copy dummy, stranded on the shingly beach of the cold and sullen W. B. It's the "reading" that has rescued Mrs. Browning and Poe from the insatiate maw of that relentless monster, O. B. Livion, Sr.—Robert J. Burdette.

Anxious to Get the News.

Don't forget the editor when you have a news item. If your wife whips you, let us know of it and we will set you right before the public. If you have company tell us—if you are not ashamed of your visitors. If a youngster arrives at your house and demands food and raiment, buy a quarter's worth of cigars and come around, and if you are a cash subscriber we will furnish a name for him or her, as circumstances warrant. If you have a social gathering of a few friends bring around a big cake, six or seven pies and a ham—not necessarily to eat, but as a guarantee of good faith. You needn't bother to invite us as it may be a little too cool for our wardrobe. We mention these little things because we want the news, and we will have it. —Mifflinburg Times.

New Firm.

"Where did you buy your new oxen, Bridget?" asked a lady in suburban Roxbury the other day of her newly imported Irish domestic.

At Push & Pull's store on Washington street, it was, ma'am," replied the girl.

"'Push & Pull's?'" queried the mistress. "I really do not recall any such firm in Boston. Are you not mistaken as to the name?"

"I think not, ma'am," said Bridget, confidently. "At any rate that's phwat it said on the door."

LOVE ROMANTIC, YET MOST TRUE.

Three men, who were good and great,
Favored by fortune and fate
Loved one woman; but she
Loved none of the three.
They were friends and they loved each other
As friend loves friend, or brother brother;
But no one ever spoke
The name his heart awoke.

The first his love to the woman told,
In poem's verse, by hope made bold,
"Darling, I love you!" he said,
More than life itself.
I love you, I love you!" he said,
She listened, but she shook her head,
And answered, her eyes tears:
"I love not; love not you."

The second said: "I love you well,
More than through life my lips can tell.
Living, I'll love but you,
In death to you be true."
Why, she did not understand,
But she held in his her hand;
And throughout all her life
She lived his faithful wife.

Of his love for her, the third
Spoke never a single word;
Yet was his love's degree
The highest of the three.
He watched her live and saw her die,
But his heart never voiced a cry.
Somehow, when her life was past,
He knew she was his at last.
—Gertrude Garrison.

THE WORLD'S LARGE BELLS.

One That Weighs 432,000 Pounds, and Others Not to Be Sneezed At.

For 900 years after the Bishop of Nola first set up his church bell in Campania, no attempts were made at casting large ones. The bell presented to the church at Orleans in the Eleventh century weighed but 2,000 pounds, being then the largest in the world. In the thirteenth century bells of one, two and three tons weight were not rare. In the year 1400 the Jacqueline was cast at Paris, the first of the great bells, weighing, without the hammer, 15,000 pounds, or seven and one half tons.

The rage for big bells soon became a passion. Seventy-two years later Paris almost doubled her first effort in the big bell line by casting one of twelve and a half tons. The big bell of Rouen was cast in 1501. It weighed 36,364 pounds.

The largest bell in the world at the present time, or that ever has been, is the famous King of Bells, now at Moscow, Russia. It was cast in the year 1733, partly from fragments of another great bell called the Giant, which was broken in the early part of the Seventeenth century by falling from its support.

The Giant, although not as large as the one of which its fragments now form a part, was, nevertheless, no pigmy, as the reader may infer upon being informed that its weight was not less than 266,000 pounds! It is said to have taken the combined strength of twenty-four men to ring the Giant in his palmy days. The King of Bells, like the Giant, has had the misfortune to get broken. Five years after it was cast, in 1737, during a great fire, a heavy timber fell against the King and broke an immense three cornered piece from its side, leaving a gap wide enough to admit two men walking abreast. It is now on the ground and is said to have been used about ten years ago as a place of worship, the gap in the side serving as a means of ingress and egress. The writer is aware that this sounds like a fairy story, but surely there is nothing about it in the least improbable, inasmuch as the monster is 19 feet 3 inches in height and 60 feet 9 inches around the margin! The weight of this colossal folly has been variously given, but never less than 443,000 pounds! Think of it, 220 tons. By some gross carelessness several hundred pounds of gold were said to have been incorporated in its composition. Russia leads the world in the matter of great bells, Moscow also claiming second place in the world's championship in its St. Ivan's, which weighs 127,830 pounds. It is 16 inches in thickness, and 40 feet 9 inches in circumference.

China has several large bells, for, according to Father Le Compte, Pekin has seven bells, each of which weighs 120,000 pounds.

The great bell at Vienna, Austria, weighs 40,200 pounds. The largest bell in Bohemia, that at Olmutz, weighs exactly 40,000 pounds. "Big Ben," the pride of London, would look like a farm house dinner bell compared with the monster of Moscow above mentioned, weighing but fifteen tons. "Big Ben" is not the largest bell of London, however, St. Paul's cathedral having one which weighs 38,470 pounds. The largest bell on that wonderful piece of architecture, St. Peter's cathedral at Rome, weighs but 18,600 pounds; hardly two-thirds the size of the largest bell in America, that at Montreal, which weighs 28,560.—John W. Wright in St. Louis Republic.

Poison in Milk.

According to Professor Vaughan tyrotoxicon does not develop below 60 degs. Fahr., and is anaerobic—grows when air is excluded. Some very simple measures, then, are preventive:

Scrupulous cleanliness. A little dry milk on the rim of a can or vessel may breed the germ which will find a culture ground in fresh milk.

A low temperature—below 60 degs. Fahr.

Ventilation in an untainted atmosphere.

It is but just to say that these precautions are generally observed by careful dairymen and cream manufacturers. There is grave reason to fear, however, that they are not generally observed after the milk reaches the consumer's hands. Also, the slightest carelessness may affect seriously that class of the community which does not speak for itself—the very youngest.

Statistics prove with increasing testimony that all artificial feeding is not only unnatural, but hazardous, and to be successful requires the most intelligent attention. However, if all mothers and nurses could learn that milk exposed to foul or warm air for any length of time may not only sour, but become the vehicle of a virulent poison, perhaps the summer months would bear a better health record.

One word of warning may not be amiss. Whenever a young child is fed upon cow's milk, and this causes symptoms of disagreement, the diet should be changed at once either to meat or rice, for if the chief mischief maker be at work the best milk will only furnish it with the medium in which it flourishes, and deprived of this it will inevitably perish.—Alice B. Tweedy in Popular Science Monthly.

The Cocoanut Crab.

On the Agala Islands, in the Indian ocean, there is a very strange crab. He is known to science as the Birgus latro, or thief crab, and his depredations are carried on in the cocoanut groves which abound on these islands. This crab grows to be twenty-two inches long, measuring from the tip of the tail to the end of the long claw, and resembles in general appearance the hermit crab. The abdomen is fleshy and not covered with a shell, and in order to protect this it is the habit of the thief crab to take forcible possession of a shell of the Trochas family, in which it lives. It is nocturnal in its operations, and has the faculty of selecting the trees having the finest cocoanuts upon them.

Climbing up the trunks frequently for twenty-five feet, it reaches the limbs and severs the stems which attach the nuts to the branches. These are frequently as thick as your three fingers, and would require a strong knife. Having brought down the nut, the crab now descends to the ground, digs a hole and rolls the cocoanut into it.

He then commences to tear off the husk, fiber by fiber, until the nut is completely exposed, and then breaking in what is known as the eye he eats the meat completely out. The fibers stripped off the cocoanut by this crab will frequently fill a bushel basket, and they are gathered for making mattresses, and are also twisted into ropes. Cocoanut groves are cultivated by those who make a business of extracting the oil from the nuts to be used for illuminating purposes, and the depredations of this crab are of a very serious character, in many cases the efforts of the natives to exterminate them proving fruitless.—New York Telegram.

Common Cause of Dyspepsia.

One of the most common causes of dyspepsia is eating heartily when the system is tired and jaded. When exhausted by either mental or physical work we are usually ravenously hungry, and, of course, turn to food as the means of restoration. The fact is seldom appreciated that the stomach shares in the depression caused by overwork, and hence at such times is unable to perform its ordinary duty. The food taken then is but very slowly digested, and before the process is completed fermentation often takes place. If it does the consequence is that we are in a worse state than if the food had not been taken, for the fermentation generates acids and gas, which in turn not only interfere with digestion, but excite other disturbances. In a very strong and healthy person the ill effects of eating when the system is much fatigued would not be so marked as in one below the standard of health. Very nervous individuals invariably suffer from the habit, and if deliberated they are quite sure to grow more so if it is persisted in. When very "tired and hungry" it is always best to rest for a time before eating, or to take some such simple "pick up" as hot milk, which should be slowly sipped. That is very refreshing, indeed, and usually meets the requirements quite as well as an alcoholic stimulant.—Boston Herald.

Dead Letter Money.

There is in the United States treasury vault a brown wooden box, 8 inches long, a foot wide and 18 inches deep, which contains paper money of the nominal value of several hundred thousand dollars. It is not worth a dollar. The queer thing about it is the manner in which it was collected. Every bit of it came from the dead letter office of the postoffice department. Some portion of it is counterfeit, but the most of it was genuine money many years ago. The banks which issued it and the officers who signed it are gone and forgotten. It was all sent over to the treasury department several years ago, and Assistant Treasurer Whelpley undertook to trace up the various banks and get as much as possible of it redeemed. Occasionally he found descendants of some of these old bank officials, themselves bankers, who were willing to redeem some of the notes for the sake of the signatures of their fathers, and in this way he succeeded in getting several hundred dollars' worth of it redeemed. A little of it is Confederate money, but most of it is of banks, state and private, that went out of existence many years ago. The oldest notes are dated back as far as 1812.—American Banker.

A Considerate Governor.

There is a well authenticated old story of a governor at one of our penal settlements, who, having fixed the date when two of his convicts were to be hanged for stealing, remembered, a few days before the date named for the execution, that he had an important social engagement for that same afternoon. He sent for the men and explained to them his difficulty. "It cannot matter much to you," said he, "whether you are hanged on Tuesday or Wednesday next. It is, however, a matter of some moment to me, and you would greatly oblige me if you would consent to be hanged on Tuesday instead of Wednesday, as named in The Gazette." The men were inclined to stand on their rights, so he told them to think over the matter. They came to him the next morning and agreed to his wish on certain terms, which he readily accepted. The conditions were so much rum and so much tobacco for each day previous to their execution. A few days thus rendered happy were better to them than one more day of dreary existence on prison fare.—Gen. Wolseley in The Fortnightly Review.

Healthy.

Personal illustrations are usually in doubtful taste, and sometimes are positively dangerous. A farmer was complained of for maintaining a nuisance in the shape of a piggery; the neighbors asserted that said piggery was detrimental to their health.

At the trial the rustic gentleman argued his own case and summed up as follows:

"The neighbors say, your honor, that hogs is unhealthy; I say they ain't. Look at me! Ain't I healthy?"—Youth's Companion.

Unterrified.

"I'm told," said George to Mabel, "that tyrotoxicon has been found in remarkable abundance in ice cream this season."

"Does it hurt one much?" she asked apprehensively.

"Oh, I guess it poisons you," he replied.

"Is it alive?"

"Ye—yes; I think so."

"Oh, George, how I would like to see one."—Merchant Traveler.

An Ungainly Creature.

Man is an ungainly creature at the best. His head is an irregular spheroid, his eyes are not alike or of equal efficiency; his whiskers won't grow uniformly. One shoulder is higher than the other, one hand or foot larger than the other—and this is on opposite sides—his hips (if he has any) are unequal in shape. The calves of his legs are not twins in anything but age; and without his tailor, hatter and bootmaker he is a sorry looking animal.—Ogden Argus.

How They Work.

Baking powders are mixtures of chemicals which, when moistened, liberate carbonic acid gas. They are added to the flour used in breadmaking, so that the gas, as it escapes, may puff up the dough, rendering it spongy and light. Yeast serves the same purpose by causing a fermentation in the flour, which also develops carbonic acid gas—Boston Budget.

Had the Figures to Show for It.

"You never loved me, John!" sobbed Mrs. Billus hysterically.

"Maria," exclaimed Mr. Billus earnestly, "you are mistaken. If you will look back over the family expense account you will find that it cost us $27.50 for repairing rocking chairs during the first three years of our married life."—Chicago Tribune.

Thou mayst be sure that he that will in private tell thee of thy faults is thy friend, for he adventures thy dislike and doth hazard thy hatred; for there are few men that can endure it, every man for the most part delighting in self praise, which is one of the most universal follies that bewitcheth mankind.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

TEDDIE'S CHASE.

"O mamma, mamma, did you say
I may have the eggs I find today?"
And Ted, with glee,
To the barn ran he,
Where he thought old Toddlekins ought to be.

He hunted high and he hunted low
Everywhere that a hen could go;
Over the mow,
Behind the plow,
And into the shed of the mulley cow.

He moved the barrels and things about;
He emptied the boxes inside out;
He looked in the narrow,
Behind the barrow,
And into the oat bins, dark and narrow

He searched the crib and the woodpile through,
Then down to the brook where the alders grew;
Along the edge
Of the soft green sedge,
And in cosy nooks of the osage hedge.

And where was Toddlekins all this while?
Well, I really think if a hen could smile,
'Twould be at the race
And fruitless chase
Of Teddie to find her hiding place.

'Twas up in the roof, on a broad old rafter.
And Teddie may take his turn at laughter
When her chickies try
To walk or fly
For what will they do up there, so high?
—Mrs. J. M. Dana in Youth's Companion.

Italians in the Argentine Republic.

During the last thirty-three years about a million and a half immigrants have reached the Argentine provinces. Of these, 65.35 per cent. are officially set down as Italians. These figures, however, do not sufficiently indicate their real preponderance. In the first place, a fourth of the total immigrants are not classified except as entering the state by way of Montevideo, where it is very common for transshipments of passengers from Europe to take place. Probably if the Montevideo returns were analyzed, the percentage of Italians would work out as not less than 75 per cent. of the whole. But there is another and still more important fact to be borne in mind. The Italians in South America increase with remarkable rapidity, the marriages made between them and the natives proving peculiarly fruitful—a circumstance not observed in such a high degree among the other immigrants.

In 1885 the Italian chamber of commerce of Buenos Ayres calculated that the inhabitants of Italian birth and parentage then residing in the republic numbered over a million, while at the present moment it is estimated that persons in whom Italian blood or Italian race influence predominates, constitute more than half the existing population, now reckoned to be over three millions and a half. Under such circumstances can it be doubted that in a very few years the Italianization of the Valley of the Plate will be complete?

The only fact that tells against such a supposition is the newly adopted immigration policy of the Argentine government, which has lately instructed its agents in Europe to do all in their power to attract immigration from among the northern races. The danger of being swamped by the most vigorous of the Latin peoples is fully realized at Buenos Ayres, and considerable numbers of Belgians, Hollanders, North Germans and Swedes have already been attracted by almost free passages and generous grants of land. We doubt, however, the continued success of such a policy. Emigration flows with difficulty in new channels.—The Spectator.

Killing Mrs. Proudie.

When Dickens was remonstrated with by hosts of London ladies for killing "Little Paul Dombey," a critic said, "If Dickens don't kill Paul, Paul will kill Dickens." The critic thought that if Dickens had allowed Paul to grow up into manhood, he, the author, would have failed in fitting him to his surroundings, and thus injured his own reputation.

While Anthony Trollope was writing "The Last Chronicle of Barset," he surprised a friend one day by saying to him, "There's the end of Mrs. Proudie!"

"Why?" asked the friend.

Mr. Trollope replied that he was writing one day in the —— club, while a group of young clergymen, gathered around the fireplace, were talking about the novel, which was appearing as a serial. He could not help overhearing them, as they praised the work, but agreed that Mrs. Proudie was becoming an intolerable nuisance.

"What did you do?" asked the friend.

"Well," replied Trollope, "I hesitated a good deal what to do; but I finally made up my mind and went up to them and explained that I couldn't help hearing what they were saying, and I added, 'I am very much obliged to you. I am Anthony Trollope, and I'll go home and kill Mrs. Proudie."

And so he did.—Youth's Companion.

Close Your Mouth.

"You snore, don't you?" asked a Pittsburg doctor of a patient who was afflicted with a throat trouble.

"My wife says that I do."

"And you laugh quite often?"

"Yes."

"And your mouth's open a good deal of the time—just as it is now—when you are not talking, laughing or snoring?"

"I suppose so."

"Well, that is what ails you. Break yourself of the habit and your throat will get well. Breathe through your nose—that is what it is made for. When you draw the air through your mouth you receive it with all the dust and impurities it contains. Professional runners understand this; they know they cannot hold out in a race unless they keep their mouths closed. The savages understand it, and an Indian mother who sees her babe sleep with its mouth open will press its lips together so that its respiration may be natural.

"You have heard the story of the Indian who was matched against a white man to run a race. 'Me beat 'em sure,' he said, before the race began. On being asked his reasons for so believing, he replied that he had no fear of a man, either in a race or in a fight, who kept his mouth open.

"If people generally knew how many diseases of the throat and lungs are brought on by wrong habits of breathing I think they would be more cautious. Why, even a horse can't stand it. I wouldn't buy an animal that kept its mouth open all the time, nor would any man who knew anything about horses."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Very Smart Cat.

The girl employes of the Ansonia Brass company have a cat which is an expert in catching English sparrows. The cat is fed from the dinner pails of the girls, and after dinner it generally brings in a nice plump sparrow as dessert. Curiosity as to how it caught the birds so regularly was aroused and the cat was watched. One of the girls had given it a piece of bread and pussy was seen to take it in its mouth and go out to the concrete walk in the yard, where it chewed up the bread and placed it on the walk. Then it hid behind some boxes in the yard. Pretty soon a flock of sparrows alighted to eat the crumbs, and it took but one spring to land in the middle of the flock and capture one.—Philadelphia Times.

The Cat a Diplomat.

There are those who declare that the cat is a treacherous animal and has not the absolute confidence in human nature possessed by the dog. I agree with such people to the extent that in every instance noticed out that I have examined this cat instinct its treacherous habits from motives of self preservation from some treacherously disposed member of the household. The cat is a diplomat, pure and simple. Its habits are formed from those of the human species in its environment with whom it has to deal and from whom it has to defend itself. I have never known an instance where kindness failed to go straight home to the mentality of the cat and was not reciprocated.—New York Star.

Millions of Cocoanut Trees.

A Rangoon (Burmah) correspondent of The Pittsburg Dispatch writes: Indo-China is still largely a jungle of forest, but its soil is as well fitted to support a great population as is that of India. In the south you find cocoanut trees by the millions, and I noted of the cargoes that were put on the ships in the harbors of the south that they were owned by the Chinese. Then there is also the teak-wood trees. The wood is as hard as ebony, and it takes a polish and has a grain like that of mahogany. It is used for ship timber as well as for furniture, and it is now exported from Burmah and Siam to all parts of the world.

Not So Bad as That.

Smoltok—You are becoming something of a writer, I hear, Miss Sylva. I understand that you write over a nom de plume?

Miss Sylva Penne (young and timid)—Oh! no, indeed. The last article I wrote was hardly over a column.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

A Practical Age.

Ours is a practical age. The old motto, "Trust in God and keep your powder dry," has been translated by an Iowa farmer thus: "Boys, don't touch these melons, for they are green, and God sees you."—Boston Congregationalist.

Eupepsy.

This is what you ought to have, in fact you must have it, to fully enjoy life. Thousands are searching for it daily, and mourning because they find it not. Thousands upon thousands of dollars are spent annually by our people in the hope that they may attain this boon. And yet it may be had by all. We guarantee that Electric Bitters, if used according to directions and the use persisted in, will bring you good digestion and oust the demon dyspepsia and install instead eupepsy. We recommend Electric Bitters for dyspepsia and all diseases of the liver, stomach and kidneys. Sold at 50c and $1 per bottle by David Dowty, druggist.

There is no grace in a benefit that sticks to the fingers.

Eureka.

The motto of California means, I have found it. Only in that land of sunshine, where the orange, lemon, olive, fig and grape bloom and ripen, and attain their highest perfection in mid-winter, are the herbs and gums found, that are used in that pleasant remedy for all throat and lung troubles.

SANTA ABIE the ruler of coughs, asthma and consumption. Messrs. Dowty & Becher have been appointed agents for this valuable California remedy, and sell it under a guarantee at $1 a bottle. Three for $2.50.

Try CALIFORNIA CAT-R-CURE, the only guaranteed cure for catarrh. $1, by mail, $1.10.

All great men are in some degree inspired.

A Scrap of Paper Saves Her Life.

It was just at ordinary scrap of wrapping paper, but it saved her life. She was in the last stages of consumption, told by physicians that she was incurable and could not live but a short time; she weighed less than seventy pounds. On a piece of wrapping paper she read of Dr. King's New Discovery, and got a sample bottle; it helped her, she bought a large bottle, it helped her more, bought another and grew better fast, continued its use and is now strong, healthy, rosy, plump, weighing 140 pounds. For fuller particulars send stamp to W. H. Cole, druggist, Fort Smith. Trial bottle of this wonderful discovery free at David Dowty's drugstore.

The greatest genius is never so great, as when it is chastised and subdued by the highest reason.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. Respectfully, T. A. Slocum, M. C., 181 Pearl street, New York. 30y

There is no great genius free from some tincture of madness.

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The ORIGINAL ABIETINE OINTMENT is only put up in large two-ounce tin boxes, and is an absolute cure for old sores, burns, wounds, chapped hands and all kinds of skin eruptions. Will positively cure all kinds of piles. Ask for the ORIGINAL ABITINE OINTMENT Sold by Dowty & Becher at 25 cents per box—by mail 30 cents. mar7y

How often we see the greatest genius buried in obscurity.

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Gaming finds man a cully, and leaves him a knave.

Sitting on the Safety Valve.

Many are they who have laughed at the story of the green steamboat fireman who sat on the safety valve to prevent its leaking. Yet thousand are repeating his folly every day. They are troubled with blotches, pimples, eruptions, salt rheum, boils, carbuncles, ulcers and old sores, and are contenting themselves with suppressing the symptoms without removing the cause. They sit on these safety valves by which Nature is driving out blood impurities, instead of using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which cures by removing the cause, which is in the blood. It is a wonderful blood purifier and invigorating tonic.

Do you think the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy would offer, as they have done for many years, a standing reward of $500 for a case of catarrh which they cannot cure, if they did not positively know that the remedy will absolutely and permanently cure catarrh. Sold by druggists at only 50 cents.

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Its great supplanter has been found at last,
Which saves your time labor and expense,
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Golden Medical Discovery cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating, and nutritive properties, if taken in time. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Catarrh in the Head, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. It promptly cures the severest Coughs.
For Torpid Liver, Biliousness, or "Liver Complaint," Dyspepsia, and Indigestion, it is an unequaled remedy. Sold by druggists. Price $1.00, or six bottles for $5.00.

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