The old plane keys I press
In random chords—until I bear
Your voice, your rustling silken dress,
And smell the violets you wear.

I do not weep now any more, I think I hardly ever sigh, I would not let you think I bere The kind of wound of which men die.

Believe that smooth content hes grown Over the ghantly grave of pain; Content! O lips that were my own, That I shall sever kim again! —E. Keshit in Longman's Magash

THE WOMAN IN GRAY.

My friend Jenkins drew another of my office chairs toward him, laid his feet across it and emitted a long drawn spiral of smoke from the lips from which he had just removed the stem of a meerschaum which was my chronic envy. I had in vain endeavored to beg, purchase

or purloin the said pipe.
"No use, old boy," had been his invariable reply. "This pipe belonged to the old 'Studenten Lagen,' and I cling to it as to a sort of relic."

"Ach! those old Vienna days! How merry they were, and how full of work!" Jenkins, M. D., lay back in his chair and watched the spirals expand and grow dim until they blended with the general murky tint of the atmosphere in my inper office and mused. We had spent the preceding two hours or more preparing specimens for the microscope, and, now that the evening was well on its way, had laid aside work for our customary good night smoke. Our friendship had been a strange enough one. Meeting first at Bilroth's Klinik in Vienna, the exchange of a casual remark inspired by the feeling of camaraderie among students of the same sciences had led to an acquaintance full of pleasure to both. I had left him there, with face pointed

to the Orient, when I turned my reluctant steps Parisward on my return to America. "Good-by, old fellow. I may write to you some time, but not now." "When I have made the welkin ring

with the name of the famous Dr. Jenkins

you will surely hear from me; until that correspondence. 'Peace be unto you.' He wrung my hand in parting, while the merry look in his eyes, that made one forget for the nonce that life was

not all a joke, dimmed a little. "'And to you, peace,'" and I turned Three years passed, and walking rapidly around the corner of Chestnut street in the early dusk, on my way to my

office in Twelfth, I ran unceremoniously into a pedestrian coming with equal momentum from Twelfth to Chestnut. "I beg pardon, sir! I didn't see you." said I, hastily, as I recovered from the rebound and was rushing past him. "It's only fair to suppose you wouldn't have bumped yourself against me to your detriment if you had seen me, sir,

so I accept your apology in its entirety.' I turned in amazement to see what manner of man was my late opponent who should answer my amende honora-

ble in this wise, and we both burst into a hearty laugh. "We were both a bit shaken in the concussion, I believe," continued he. laughingly, "but it did, if you'll pardon me, sound a little asinine in you to ex-

plain that you didn't see me. May I

ask, sir, if you run into people that way when you do see them?" As he had spoken I had turned a little. and the light from the street lamp on the corner had fallen on my face. "Brown, as I live! Old boy, how small

the world is!"

A hand clasp followed that bridged the silent years and made us chums again.

"You shall come home with me for th night," said L. "Come; no refusal. I dwell hard by. By the way, which hotel are you at, Jenkins, and I'll send around

for your traps?" "I'm not at a hotel-my 'traps' are too numerous for transportation-and I can't remain away from my office tonight, even for the pleasure of staying with my long lost Brown."
"Office?" I had stammered. "I don't

quite comprehend. In Philadelphia?" "Precisely. You grasp the situation with amazing clearness. Sixteenth and Girard. Been there two years."

And so it was. For two years we who believed each other at the antipodes had walked the streets of the same great city, scarcely more than a stone's throw apart. How odd it all seemed. We took up the old friendship where

we laid it down, and again plodded on our way together. We studied, we investigated, we made elaborate chemical and physiological experiments and researches. And yet the welkin had not rung with the name of Jenkins. The

our story opens. Jenkins watched the mined this afternoon to talk with Dr. X. rings of smoke blend with the surround- (naming one of our most celebrated ing haze for a while-then spoke, as one who had been wrestling with a mighty

qually divided in this world, Brown. Do they to you? The rich are too rich

and the pour are too poor," continued he "Oh, come, now! Don't let us have Jenkins' prophecy-shall I confess it?-

who come to see poor Lazaruses, or Lazari, or Lazaroni—hang it, what is the plural of Lazarus, anyhow? Well, whatever it is, you and I belong to it, professionally, you know."

that), w that), w think?"

"Cert "No.
Did I I laughed in spite of myself, while I re-

"Monsieur Jenkins, you love to talk, but you know as well as I that Dives, as you call him collectively, has, nine times so she extended her daintily gloved hand.

How small it was and how neatly fitting cut of ten, made his way up to his present eminence through the same channels you and I are steering our craft slowly

"Where would be the justice in ex-ecting a man who had patiently exhed his way, and slowly built the putation on which he now stands,

"L for one, wish the patients and the reputation, and incidentally, of course, the shekels, for which I labor and wait, rouldn't tarry so long in the coming."
"What sort of material do you and I get on which to build that you

which we pine?"
"Why, there's the washer indy's boy
with his broken leg—a good piece of
surgery, too, by the way, but who'll over
know of it?"

"And then there's Mistress Mahoney's little girl with the plaster jacket—professional services gratultous, and, as a matter of course, fine showing for two and a half years of patient and conscientious 'labor of waiting,' isn't it?" What can you show to offset it, my professional friend?' and Jenkins laughed lazily.

"An equally distinguished and promising list: The colored woman's rachitic

child, and her paralytic husband—a be-dizened house maid with wrist drop from using lead cosmetics, although she vigorously protests her complexion was her own and a few others of the same

"Yes, I confess, Jenkins, I do begin to long for a call, at least to a patient living in a good street, in a good house, wearing good clothes and with a com-fortable bank account. I'm getting a little weary of hunting up and minister-

ing to distress in alleys, I admit."

Jenkins half closed his eyes and blow a long puff of smoke from his pursed up lips. He watched it a moment dreamily, and said:

"Ah, beatific vision! I see the renowned Dr. Brown tripping up the steps of a Broad street mansion. A liveried servant admits him. He is shown into a darkened chamber, where, on a couch of pain, etc., a white haired man tosses uneasily. White haired man sinks rapidly-but that is owing to no lack of skill on the part of the renowned Dr. Brown-it is but bowing to the inevitable. White haired man dies, but so great has become his love for the good Dr. Brown that he makes him his heir. Dr. Brown places a becoming token of mourning on his hat, sets up a handsome carriage and rides on to fame and

fortune." "Cheering enough, surely, but, Jenkins, you've forgotten that 'a prophet was not without honor save in his own country,'" returned I idly.

Jenkins started up suddenly, upset-ting the chair on which his feet had re-

The door had opened noiselessly and slight womanly figure, stylishly clad in a dark gray costume, stood hesitatingly on the threshold. "I beg pardon-but the servant said I

should find Dr. Brown in his office. Finding the door ajar I entered. Do I intrude?" looking inquiringly from one to the other. "By no means, madame. Be seated.

I had sprung hastily to my feet, and was proffering her a chair. Her voice was soft and low and gently

hand, the quiet, tasteful costume, the very manner with which she dropped into the proffered chair, bespoke the Turning to my friend, who was hastily preparing for departure, I said-I know

shall be forgiven for it: "I'll meet you there, then, in consu tation at-let me see, to-morrow is a pretty full day-how will 10 o'clock

"Finely—suits me exactly." I accompanied him to the street door. "It has come, old fellow. The prophe claims his honor. A little blunder re garding the sex of your patient and a few of the minor details, perhaps; but you can't expect a novice in prophecy

o get all the minutiæ straight." "Adieu! Come and report to me at 10 to-morrow." And he ran down the steps. I watched him for a little down the dimly lighted street, while I collected my wits, which the sudden advent of the lady had somewhat scattered, and returned to her presence. She sat where I had left her, with the same graceful, unconscious pose. She seemed lost in thought as I entered, but glanced up half sadly, half timidly, as I seated myself

pposite her. A little woman of perhaps 30, with a sad, refined face. "I came in to consult you regarding my husband, who is an invalid, and wishes you to come to him," she began. "It may seem strange to you that I come to you myself at this hour instead of sending a servant, but having scarcely left my husband's bedside all day, I felt that I must come out and get a breath of air outside the sick room or stifle, and Thomas, the footman, waits for me outside, so I am quite safe in

coming, you see," she said, looking up at me with a sad smile. "Ah, yes! I saw. She was quite right"—this while I mentally added the footman to the other evidences of he

social status. "My husband suffered from sunstroke in August and since that time had unfortunately been failing steadily in health. The end, we feel, cannot be far off," she faltered while she pressed ber handkerchief for a moment to her

you, but as we had already employed the best medical skill to be had in the city, we could see no sufficient reason why a new physician should be called to

the case." After a short pause: "My poor husband has always been man of strong likes and dislikes and it rung with the name of Jenkins.

modest patronymic, Brown, had not reached out its octupus arms and drawn you. The last few days his constant wish for you has had such a depressing that I determine that I determine that I determine the processing the processing the processing the processing that I determine the processing the process time before his unfortunate illness be-Things were in this stage the evening effect on his constitution that I deterpractitioners), who is in attendance, and his advice at once was to call you. You understand we have no hope or expectation that you can save my poor husband," with a sob, "but it will please him to have you do for him what re-

I acquiesced. I understood perfectly.

that), would that be too early, do you Detroit Free Press. "Certainly not. And the address?"

"No. - Broad street." Did I visibly start, I wonder? I did not know; but the coincidence was most singular. What would Jenkins say to it all? I thought.

"You will do all you can for the comfort of my poor sufferer, doctor? But I do not need to ask." The door closed on her only when, a little down the block, Thomas had appeared from the shadows in answer

ng to compete on equal terms with her beckening hand, and joined her.

I returned to my office, which someho seemed commonplace and dull now that she had left it, and threw myself into a gathering in my office is composed?"

"Well, possibly there is a moisty of truth in your philosophy, my friend, shough it is not always easy to reason it say. As I gased long and absently into the coals, now growing dall and ash covered, what visions of the future floated York News.

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HE BOSTON, ONE-PRICE CLOTHING HOUSE.

At the beginning of the fall season, an entirely new and elegant stock of

Clothing for Men & Youth &

Which I am now offering to the people of Columbus and vicinity. Not a dollar's worth of old clothing can be found on my tables, everything is fresh, stylish and bought of the largest manufacturies.

and HEAVY WEIGHT OVERCOATS

The evenings growing chilly, you all feel the need of one of this class of coats. My stock is complete. I shall be pleased to fill your wants in this line. I will offer you bargains in suits. I scarcely know which one of the many beautiful styles to mention. I will offer you a NICE STYLE SUIT FOR \$5.00, you can't get elsewhere for less than \$8.00. My \$9.00 suits, worth \$12.50. are all wool, stylishly made, and will compare with any suit bought elsewhere for \$12.50. A nice, fancy plaid or stripe sacks or freeks for \$12.50 is worth \$18.00; the nicest dress suits for \$17.50, cheap at \$22.50; \$20.00 suits are cheap at \$27.50.

Now is your time to buy children's suits, age 5 to 12 for \$3.25, age 5 to 12 for \$3.00, cheap at \$4.50 and too

Parents now is your time to purchase. I also carry a LARGE LINE OF BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S HATS A BIG LINE OF BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S OVERCOATS.

AND CAPS that will be sold at the very lowest prices.

TALKING ABOUT GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, you can find any style for less money than was ever offered to you before. You can buy a good undershirt for 50 cents, cheap at 75 cents; a full line of GENTS' AND BOYS' OVERSHIRTS in flannel and all styles. I have too large an assortment to mention prices in this line. A COMPLETE LINE OF MEN'S AND BOYS' BOOTS AND SHOES, at the very lowest prices, and everything is warranted or money will be cheerfully refunded. things move. My prices are bound to bring you to me, and if you value your money and if you want to save it, call at THE BOSTON, ONE-PRICE CLOTHING HOUSE.

MY MOTTO IS: OUICK SALES AND SMALL PROFITS.

REMEMBER ONE PRICE TO ALL THE BOSTON, ONE-PRICE CLOTHING HOUSE. A. SANDS, Prop'r.

hazily through my brain. I was a young man. I know my older brethren will How long I dreamed I do not know. I

noticed at length that my mantel clock had stopped. "Ah, those wretched French clocks! shotgun, and wished to distinguish Forever out of order! I must speak to himself. He concluded to try his Jurggemen to send a man to the office to-morrow to put it in order for me. Heigh teen miles below here on the Ohio

we had been busy with our microscopic ing before day. He hired a country-work.

will perhaps be a lesson to me. What an interesting face that little woman had, anyhow. Confound it, I wish Jenkins had left my watch alone. But I'll be sure to get it before going to Broad street to-morrow. A fine figure I should make visiting a patient without a watch."

I went to bed and slept. The nature of my dreams I will spare the reader. At 10 I called at Jenkins' office to tell him of my luck and to get my watch.

I found he was out—a sudden call.

"A plague on the luck! So I must go without the watch after all. I wish Jenkins weren't quite so full of pranks sometimes—but that prophecy of his was queer any way."

I walked rapidly down Girard from Sixteenth, turning into Broad. A couple of blocks or so along Broad street. "How long a Philadelphia block is, anyhow! What a magnificent eye for distances Penn must have had when he planned the old city. I must be near my patient's residence now. The houses are few along here." I scan the numbers eagerly-I reach the spot.

- is-a church!" Light slowly dawns upon me. call in vulgar parlance an entry thief?

"What is this? Am I mistaken?

Horrible thought! But her story-the coincidence with what we had been talking! I said to Jenkins, when a half hour later I had burst into his office to find him returned from visiting a patient, "how do you

account for that, pray?" "Easiest thing in the world," said friend. "Stood in the hallway and overheard my brilliant augury, and 'adapted it,' as the story tellers sav. to

"And Thomas, the footman, whom saw waiting outside?" "Bah! a pal."

My patients, my reputation and my shekels are still "making haste slowly." —Olive Grier in Detroit Free Press.

It is rather curious to note the differ-

ent feelings with which different persons watch the Atlantic ocean in crossing it. Oscar Wilde crossed the Atlantic and was disappointed. Others have crossed the Atlantic and, to use the slang phrase, "It made them feel sick." Others again have looked upon the mighty waves with terror and admiration. Thomas A. Edison, however, crossed the ocean, and he says that it made him sad to think of the tremendous waste of energy which the tumultuous moving of the waves indicated. He thinks that the time will come when all this will be utilized, and when electricity will be manufactured so cheaply that the work of the whole world will be done by that lively fluid .-Detroit Free Press.

The Greatest Effect of Ris Life. Professor Cadenza-Do not disturb me. I am engaged on a work of pro-

found importance.
Pupil—Opera, oratorio or prelude!
Professor C.—Neither. I am think ing over an overture to her father. He has red hair, a quick temper and don't like me. Leave me for the present.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

thought you had some sense," said I.

"It's so, though, all the same," continued he. "Just by way of illustration—as a study in social science, say, look at the patients who flock to the Dives of our beloved profession, and then at those who come to see poor Lazaruses, or who come to see poor Lazaruses, or

A Mound of Antiquities Recently there have been some valuable "finds" of antiquities belonging to the iron age in Rorway. At Rottero, on the Christiania Fjord, there was found in a mound some bosses, as iron pot with handles, a sword two fact six inches long, the handle having knobs of a yellow metal, an anvil and a pair of smith's tongs. The mound, Nature says, was no doubt at one time situated close to the sea; it is now some 300 yards inland. At Laurvig a large number of similar articles were discovered in two mount.

A Veining Ramin nt-Can you belp an

evolent Lady-Poor fellow! Here's dollar for you. Were you wounded? Applicant (pocketing the bill)—No, mum, but I wus 'mongth' missin' twice.

Benevolent Lady—How terrible! When

Applicant—Jer afore th' battles of An-

SYKES' TALE OF WOE.

Out with a New Gun.

Henry Sykes, a young man of this town, went hunting a few days ago. He had a fine new double barrelled ho! I must to bed. I wonder what time it is anyhow. Must be near 12."

I go to the table on which I had laid my watch earlier in the evening, while it, and Sykes went down in the morning. "What is this? Gone? My watch not lere? Ah! a trick of Jenkins to teach me to be more careful. Well, the fright quietly for about two hours, but saw and the timber was rotten. The countryman incautiously ran it against a snag. A big hole was stove in the bottom, and it immediately filled and sank. The water was not over waist deep, but Sykes in his tumble drop-ped his fine gun. After a half hour's oping in the muddy water it was

ound and they waded to land. Sykes dried his clothes and his gun, out in a new load and concluded he had enough of duck hunting. He thought he would try squirrel shooting, as the forest ran down to the water's edge, and his boatman told him squirrels were abundant in it. Ho entered the forest and hunted until noon without seeing a squirrel. Then he found that he was lost. After two hours' wandering and nothing to eat he came to a house and was told how to get to the railway station. He was also informed that in the fields on the way there was some good quail shoot-

scribed, and thought that he might yet redeem himself by popping over a few brace of quail. He climbed over the fence and made his way through some watch? The little lady in gray? Was it stubble, expecting to scare up some possible I had been duped by what we game. A herd of sheep was feeding in the field. An old ram was at the head of the herd, and when he saw Sykes he opened hostile demonstra-tions. With head down he started on a run for the hunter. Sykes was badly frightened. He thought it would be better to kill the ram than be killed by him. So he raised his gun and discharged both barrels at the coming catapult. His hand trembled so that all the shot flew wide. Then he turned to run and the ram struck him a glancing blow, which tossed him into the stubble on his face and sent his gun flying from his hands. Abandoning his weapon he sprang to his feet and ran for the fence, pursued by the ram.
He was knocked down again, but finally managed to reach the fence and scrambled over into safety. He

found that he was considerably bruised, but not hurt. Sykes threw stones at the ram for a while and wondered how he was going to get his gun back. After considerable searching he found the house of the man who owned the field. The farmer sent the hired man back with him, and they obtained the gun. It was two miles to the railway station. Sykes shouldered his gun and started for it, still aching from his adven-tures. He determined to sell his gun as soon as he got back to the city, and never go hunting again. He came in sight of the station just in time to see the last Louisville train pass. He yelled and worked his handkerchief, but the train did not stop. At this last misfortune Sykes broke down. He sat on the depot platform and actually shed tears. There was no hotel at the little station, and he spent the night at a little farm house near by. He did not sleep any, for the musqui-toes riddled his unprotested face, and it was covered with bumps the next morning. He got up at daylight, de-termined not to miss the first Louis-ville train, although it was not due for three hours, and waited in the depot until it arrived. Then he came to Louisville, hunted up a doctor, sold his new gun for half price and related his tale of woe.—Louisville Telegram.

A Chinese Physician A celebrity among the Chinese of San Francisco is their great doctor, Li Po Tai. He has been in this country nearly thirty years, and has a larger income from his profession than any white practitioner in the city. His pawhite practitioner in the city. His patients all come to the office when able, and Li Po Tai sits, habited in gorgeous silk and brocades, in a little den of an office overlooking the plaza, and feels pulses all day long. The patients are mostly white people, who come to him after a varied round of their own physicians or at the instinction of some cians, or at the instigation of some resurrected and enthusiastic patients.

Li Po Tai rests the patient's elbows on a blue silk cushion, and proceeds to feel their right pulse with his three hooked and long clawed fingers. He feels the right pulse to ascertain the condition of the brain, stomach and condition of the brain, stomach and kidneys, and then grasps the left wrist to find out about the heart, liver and lungs. Although he knows practically nothing of conditions the left wanting any slopping over. If you do not wanting any slopping over.

Li Po Tai has many notions that -San Francisco Letter.

CURIOUS CATALOGUING.

Queer Errors Which Librariess Make. "Heine's Songs" and "Hea's Lays." The whole world has heard by this time of the Bostoman's claim to have seen a book catalogue containing this

Which, he adds, is quite as good in its wave as the entries:

and the excerpt from the catalogue of a country library: Patti . . .

Mill on the Flore

The French binder's error in labeling two volumes of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "L'Oncle, Tome I," and "L'Oncle, Tome II," is also historical, but hardly more deservedly so than that of the cataloguer who entered "Heine's Songs" as "Hen's Lays."
"Celebrated Criminals Bound in Morocco" appears to indicate that a ust retribution has overtaken a body f nefarious persons among whom it would be a pleasure to number the printer who caused the types to make mention of Professor Beers' "Thank-less Muse" as the "The Thankless

Nurse." "French Cathedrals, by Winkles, is possibly a correct entry, but "by Winkles" sounds unpleasantly like a substitute for profanity. We can appreciate the feelings of the cataloguer who wrote "One Hun-dred and Fifty Choice Masterpieces," and failed to observe in reading his proofs that it had been set up as "One Hundred and Fifty Choice Mantel-

'Poems by Chaucer very scarce states an undoubted fact; but when a set of Sterne is entered as having "the author's signature in nine volumes" to enhance its value one is disposed to

suspect that some one has been imposed There is a perfect Daniel come to adgment in the north of England His entry of Brough's "Falstaff" illustrated by Cruikshank, as "Cruikshank's Falstaff," written up by Brough, is eminently just.
The author of "Belgie" be glad to see the volume refe as "571 Paines," even though it should turn out that the works of Paine were

numbered 571 in the catalogue, and were given a companionable sound by the oversight of the proof reader and the cussedness of the typesetter.

It is easy to picture the consternation of the librarian who found under the classification of "Works on the French Capital" the volume "Parish Register of Kirkbarton County, York' an error which finds its parallel in the entry of "Paul and Virginia" under Americana as "Virginia (Paul and);" nor can we exclude here the classifi-cation of "Horati Flacci Opera" under operatic works. The proprieties were certainly observed when, as we learn from a recent catalogue, a life of Peter the Great was bound in Russia, which certainly cannot be said of the binding of "Burton's Anatomy of the Melancholy" in "full Salmon Mo-

One cannot but reflect that the au thor would be very angry were he to see his work alluded to as "Fleming's Rabies," nor can it be gainsaid that the probably mythical error, "Bing Ham-sandwich Islands" for "Bingham's Sandwich Islands" would have plung-ed its author into a gulf of dark de-

Another probably mythical slip is the entry of Michaelis' "Ancient Mar-bles" under the head of sport; but "The Emperor Napoleon slightly soiled" is bona fide. The "Manual of Chirosophy, well thumbed," "Cowes, in half calf," and "Jack Sheppard, with gilt edges," are mistakes heard of but not seen; but

the allusion to "Mrs. Beeton's Cook Book, extra illustrated with fine plates," is in existence.—J. K. Bangs in Harper's Weekly.

A generous man expects to be im-posed upon; but the satisfaction of re-lieving one deserving sufferer com-pensates for the mortification of being swindled by nine imposters. A sym-pathetic man often "slops over," in the judgment of cold, cautious men, and trusts men that were not worthy to be trusted. Henry Ward Beecher was once criticised for his sympathetic trustfulness by a friend who called it "gush," and

wrist to find out about the heart, liver and lungs. Although he knows practically nothing of anatomy as our physicians know it, he makes a wonderful diagnosis of a case. He charges \$10 a week for his services, including his medicines, and patients either come to his office and drink the tissanes or take packages of mysterious stuff home and make their own het drinks,

puzzle and interest his patients. He commands them not to eat shellfish or uncooked fruit, to let alone poultry, fried meats, eggs, watery vegetables, all liquors and everything sour. For thirty years Li Po Tai has made his patients drink hot water. His income from his profession is estimated at more than \$6,000 per month.

Sen Francisco Lettes. ably toward a man, and he goes away and acts meanly toward me, I am never sorry that I acted honorably toward him!"—Youth's Companion.

The Ber Harber Girl. A philosophic young man from the west has been recording his observa-tions on the Bar Harbor girl's aptitude for flirtation. She flirts in what might be called the sledge hammer fashion he says. There are no deli-

come near you."

ly her count is correct.)

bet and that the game is in her own hand, so she answers with her most intense look: thought I was hard hearted." Then the unfortunate, who doesn't care whether she is hard hearted or not, but thinks if she eats much more ice cream she will have to have a dose of ginger, responds: "Oh, no; but you have been cruel in not letting me

doesn't open and swallow him, for she has been running after him day and night until he has quite made up his mind to leave the place. If she knew how to be coy would be her opportunity, but instead she says: "Well, I will try and be kinder to you in the future. To-mor-row you shall go buckboard driving

with me in the morning, you shall lunch at our table, and we will have long, quiet afternoon."

This is too much—too much bliss for one man. And so he announces that he is sick and must go home. that he is sick and must go home.

She is perfectly willing to go with him and take care of him, but this he declines, telling her that she must think of what people will say about her. Once at the hotel that young man packs his clothes and takes the first train home, and when he gets there he says to his churn: "Charles if there he says to his chum: "Charley, if you love your liberty and your country never go near Bar Harbor, for a forbidden fruit. girl will marry you out of hand, and say yes for you at the altar before you have an opportunity for more than a bowing acquaintance with her."—New York Sun.

The lower mammals can live and flourish with comparatively little change of diet; not so man. He degestive processes depend, to be properly supplied, it has become necessary that a variety of afferent impulses (through the eye, ear, nose, palate) reach the nervous centers, attuning them to harmony, so that they shall act, yet not interfere with one another. Cooking greatly alters the chemical composition, the mechanical condi-tion, and, in consequence, the flavor, tion, and, in consequence, the flavor, the digestibility, and the nutritive value of foods. To illustrate: meat in its raw condition would present mechanical difficulties, the digestive fluids permeating it less completely; an obstacle, however, of far greater magnitude in the case of most vegetable foods. By cooking, certain chemical compounds are replaced by tance, but proteids and the extractives tractives, though it also contains a little gelatine, albumen and fats. Salt meat furnishes less nutriment, a large Virtue itself meat furnishes less nutriment, a large part having been removed by the brine; notwithstanding all persons at times, and some frequently, find such food highly beneficial, the effect being doubtless not confined to the alimentary tract.

Mest, according to the heat em-Meat, according to the heat employed, may be so cooked as to retain the greater part of its juices within it, or the reverse. With a high temperature (65 dega. to 70 dega. C.) the outside in roasting may be so quickly hardened as to retain the juices.—
Wesley Mills, M. D. in Popular Science Monthly.

"Thinkers," says Schopenhauer, "and especially men of true genius, without exception, find noise insupportable.
This is no question of habit, I have ever been of the opinion that the amount of unies one can support with equ is in inverse proportion to his menta! powers. This may be taken as a mee ure of intellect generally."

The Exception That Proves the Rule "Did you ever know any one to get rich through the smoking habit?"
"Yes I did. Knew two men."

"Who were they?" "George Smith and Harry Bright." 'Who are they?" "The largest cigarette manufactur-ers in the country."—Harper's Bazar.

Stranger (entering sanctum timidly)

—I have brought you something, sir,
for—the poet's corner of your valuable

Editor (sternly)-Give it to me, air. I am the poet scorner of this paper.— Pittsburg Bulletin

A Safe Investment.

Is one which is guaranteed to bring you satisfactory results, or in case of cate shadings or leadings up in her book of coquetry. She begins by saying: "Do you know, I really wondered whether you really meant what I heard you said about me." (The unfortunate man has probably said nothing, but she is counting on his forget-ting whether he did or not, and usualthroat, lungs or chest, such as consump-He says: "Oh, really, Miss De tion, inflammation of the lungs, bron-chitis, asthma, whooping cough, croup, about you that wasn't pleasant." Miss De Vere feels then that Casey is at the bet and that the came is in her own

be depended upon. Trial bottle free at David Dowty's drug store.

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