What It Proved.

A patient in an insane asylum imagined himself dead. Nothing could drive this delusion out of the man's brain. One day his physician had a happy thought, and said to him: "Did you ever see a dead man bleed?" "No," he replied. "Did you ever hear of a dead man bleeding?" "No." "Do you believe that a dead man can bleed?" "No." "Well, if you will permit me, I will try an experiment with you and see if you bleed or not." The patient gave his consent, the doctor whipped out his scalpel and drew a little blood. "There," he said, "you see that you bleed; that proves that you are not dead." "Not at all," the patient instantly replied; "that only proves that dead men can bleed."

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CONVICT No. 18,600.

MY occupation a few years ago was that of a newspaper reporter. I worked a large part of my time in a penitentiary, where more than 1,600 prisoners were confined. My newspaper required of me three "feature" articles a week, the subjects to be taken from the lives and crimes of the men and women so imprisoned.

One morning, on entering the penitentiary and proceeding to the book which contained the routine items for the press, I found there this slip:

"No. 18,600, Edward Washburn, life prisoner, sentence commuted to twenty-eight years and six months."

Here was something to be investigated. On making inquiry I found that Edward Washburn had been received on a life sentence in 1870 and that now, after a lapse of over twenty years, the board of pardons—the eternal source of hope for all prisoners in that state—had acted upon his case, with the above result. Even in prison good behavior pays. Each convict has a certain number of days deducted from every month of his term, according to the length of his sentence, if he demeans himself properly. Thus it lies in the power of a "long-time" man to gain years of freedom. Allowing Washburn the deduction each month for good conduct during his entire twenty-eight years' sentence, it caused his time to expire on the following Sunday.

The next thing to do was to see Edward Washburn himself. The sensations of a man who has been a convict for twenty years, who has been as completely isolated from the outside world as if he were dead and buried, and who is then resurrected, called back to life and liberty, cannot be devoid of interest to the most indifferent. I found my man wheeling ashes and refuse from the cook house. In this occupation he had been engaged for seventeen years.

The long years of prison life had had their effect. The prisoner was an old man, broken in body and mind, although he told me his age was 42. I explained that I had permission to talk with him, and would like to hear about his history. He smiled the weak smile of enfeebled intelligence, sat down on his wheelbarrow and began with pitiful obedience, which plainly bespoke the prison discipline.

"How did I feel when I heard I was pardoned? Well, it was so sudden like I jus' had to sit down. I had give up all hopes of ever gettin' out long ago, but Mandy was true grit, she was, she never give up."

I SAW HIM LYING JUST OUTSIDE IN THE SNOW.

His next words were unusual. "I don't blame nobody but myself for bein' here," he went on. Who ever heard of a convict before who attributed to himself the blame for being in the penitentiary? Most convicts are the innocent victims of villainous conspiracies. They never did any wrong in their lives and especially they never even dreamed of committing the crime for which they are serving sentence. Such a virtuous, upright and deeply wronged set of men can be found nowhere else as in prison.

"It was all along of my bullheadedness, but I guess I'd better go back to the beginnin' of my story if you want to hear it all. When I was about 19 year old Jason Scott and me took the job of clearin' eighty acres of land close to where Pauldin' is now. In them days the town was only a clearin' with a few log shanties. Jase was a couple of years younger than me. His father and mine had come West from Columbianner county and settled in Pauldin'. We was the only boys in them parts then—the only young folks exceptin' Mandy Pilcher. We figgered on clearin' our land winters, as our fathers agreed to give us the time after corn huskin' was done, providin' we helped them good summers. Jase and me built a cabin and there we intended livin' while we was doin' our choppin' and clearin'. There was lots of snow that winter and it come early. Oh, how I hate the winter. The snow lyin' out there in the prison yard brings the hull thing back to me, and how happy Jase and me was, workin' and talkin' about what we was goin' to do. I can most see the cabin now, with the door open and the snow all around as it looked that winter mornin'. Jase and me was goin' out huntin' that mornin'. I took my gun and started out, leavin' Jase to follow. I walked out a little ways and then looked around to see if Jase was comin'. He warn't and I waited and hollered until I got all out of sorts wth him. A crazy idee struck me, and I jus' thought I'd shoot toward the cabin for fun and mebbe that would fetch him. God knows I didn't mean to do any harm. I was jus' a great big foolish boy and I got tired of waitin' and thought I'd shoot for fun, and mebbe that would fetch him."

I looked at the man, and he was as one in agony. His face was drawn, and a pallor was there which added to the prison tan and made it ghastly. His voice, puerile from the disuse of twenty years, had sunk into a hoarse whisper. He was staring at the great stone wall in front of him with dull, vacant eyes. He seemed oblivious to everything and kept repeating, "I didn't mean any harm. I only thought I'd shoot for fun, and mebbe that would fetch him."

I have looked into murderers' faces on the verge of eternity while the death warrant was being read, in order that I might tell the public next morning whether the lip quivered or the eye grew dim, but as I gazed at this picture of weakness and misery on the wheelbarrow in front of me, it made me sick. The victim of an act done in the name of "fun"—and this was fun!

The man presently came to himself and went on:

"As I shot, Jase come into the door, and when the smoke cleared away I saw him lyin' just outside in the snow, face downward. I 'member pickin' him up and carryin' him inside, and then startin' out to Pauldin' for help. After that I don't remember nothin' until I found I was lyin' down on the ground and a crowd of men standin' round me. I heerd one of 'em say: 'He must have tripped up on that dry grapevine and hit his head on the root of the tree. It 'pears as if Washburn and Scott must have had a racket—over that gal, most likely—and Washburn killed Scott.' I found out afterward that a huntin' party had stopped at the cabin and found Jase lyin' on the floor dead, with my bullet through his heart. They looked for me and finally saw my tracks in the snow and followed them. They found me a couple of miles away in the woods, lyin' at the foot of a tree where I fell.

Some believed my story and some didn't. Them as didn't b'lieve it said 'twarn't likely if what I said was true that I would 'a' tried to run away. All I know is I meant to set out for Pauldin', but it 'pears as if I'd gone wrong some way.

"The jedge, as he said, wanted to 'low me a fightin' chance and give me the privilege of enterin' a plea of manslaughter. I said it was all along of my bullheadedness that I am here now, and so it was. My lawyer wanted me to plead guilty to the charge the jedge offered me. I asked him what it meant. He said it meant that I killed Jase in a racket, and then give me a long lingo about malice aforethought, or something like that, but I didn't understand it. I only knew they wanted me to say I murdered Jase in a racket. I warn't going to say I done a thing when I didn't. I flared up and I wouldn't listen to nobody. I couldn't see things right. Well, the trial didn't take long. Everythin' went crossways for me. I told my story and pleaded guilty to nothin' except I didn't mean anything. I just shot to scare him. I didn't care much what they done with me for that. The other side showed how Jase had been found dead in the cabin, how I was found lyin' in the snow miles from Pauldin' as if I hadn't been goin' for help. Then they got witnesses who swore as how Jase and me were jealous 'bout Mandy, how I'd asked her to go to a gatherin' with me and she'd gone with Jase. It warn't so, I knowed it, but it wouldn't do no good for me to say it warn't. Mandy and me understood one another, though there warn't much betwixt us then. I s'pose she might have told what she knowed about it on the stand, but I wasn't going to have her mixed up in the thing. I 'lowed they couldn't convict me because what I said was true.

"The jury fetched in a verdict of murder in the second degree, and accordin' to law that meant for life.

"They carried Mandy out of the courtroom. Seems as though she thought it was her fault some way or 'nother. Mandy's been trying to get me out ever since. She said if it hadn't been for her they couldn't 'a' shown no motive and couldn't 'a' sent me for life. I don't see what good that would 'a' done when they was all a'gin me."

I made a note of Mandy. She was good material from a reportorial standpoint. When I went out I asked the warden who Mandy was. "So you've been talkin' with Washburn, have you?" said he. "Well, Mandy is his girl. They say she has been coming down here from Paulding once every year with petitions and signatures to place before the board of pardons. Yesterday Washburn's sentence was commuted, which, by the way, you will find by looking on the press book." A picture of a faded little woman who had asked me the year before in the capitol if I would please tell her what time the pardon board met, rose in my mind. I said to myself: "That was Mandy."

As a rule the world does not throw open its arms to released convicts. It sees that all the windows in the house are well secured at night and that all the doors have extra strong fastenings on the day the papers announce a new list of releases. The people have not time to go down to the prison and watch the men pass out through the big gate. They pay a small sum each year to have that office performed for them by big, burly policemen. The policemen accompany the convicts down to the Union depot and see them off on their trains. It would be such a pity to have them go alone.

The morning of the day Washburn went out there was one other person present besides the policemen and reporters. It was the worn little woman who had asked me a year ago in the capitol if I would please tell her what time the pardon board met.—Kate Field's Washington.

BETTER THAN PARIS GREEN.

An Insect Which Slaughters Potato Bugs to the Point of Extermination.

At last a bug has arrived which is a friend of the farmer. This stranger of the insect world is not only a friend, but it has begun a war of extermination upon the farmer's most relentless foe, the potato bug. The debut of this little beast has sent a thrill of joy from one end of Berks county, Pennsylvania, to the other. No more paris green to sprinkle upon potato crops, no more poisoned meal to feed the pests, and no more crops devoured in midsummer by the hungry hordes of potato bugs. John Rothermel, of Hyde Park, first encountered this noble little ally of the agriculturist and tells a Philadelphia Record man that when he first saw the insect it was slaughtering potato bugs at the rate of ten a minute. The genial hotel proprietor and farmer had a paris green kettle in his hand at the time. He stopped sprinkling and gazed. Before him was a bug of a species never seen by the Berks people before. It was twice as large as a potato bug, of longer and slighter build, and had red wings. This bug would pounce upon a clumsy potato eater, sting it in the neck, and produce a corpse almost instantly. Then Rothermel looked about and saw other creatures of the same kind, and all were killing potato bugs. So fierce and untiring were they in their onslaught that not a living potato bug was left in their path. They piled the ground with little winrows of their slain victims. They went down rows of potato vines and from one row to another with a force that was irresistable to the potato bug. The latter were swept to death before their strange foe as Napoleon's columns cleared the field of Austerlitz.

A Sweet Smelling Town.

Kezanlik is beyond all dispute the sweetest smelling place on earth. It lies on the upper Tundja, near the foot of the Shipka pass, in a valley full of rose fields. Kezanlik is the chief seat of the industry in attar of roses. It takes 20,000 of the roses that grow in that valley to yield, by distillation, as much genuine attar or otto of roses as equals in weight a fifty cent piece.

Longing for Royalty.

First Freeman, laying down a newspaper—It has been said that every American is a king by birthright; but after all there's nothing like being born to a genuine throne.

Second Freeman—What have you discovered?

First Freeman—The paper says that Emperor William has ordered the court chaplains to cut down their sermons to fifteen minutes each.

Never Out of It.

"Paper says she did it out of curiosity."

"Must be a mistake."

"How's that?"

"Know'd her fur forty years an' never heard o' her bein' out o' curiosity a minute durin' the hull time."

True Modesty.

A very modest man thinks it is a blessing that we cannot see ourselves as others see us. "Because," he says, "if we could I should be in danger of becoming conceited."—Youth's Companion.

DARING OF DINOCRATES.

The Story of the Genius Who Was the Architect of Alexandria.

Dinocrates was a Macedonian, the Lesseps of his time, a genius of daring design, and, it is to be hoped, quite out of accord with the popular feeling of his day in his craving for self advertisement. He had perhaps contracted the corrupt practice from Herostratus (or Eratostratus), the scoundrel who had destroyed the Temple of Diana at Ephesus upon the first birthday of Alexander, in order, as he himself confessed, that future ages might not be ignorant of his name, such being his passionate lust for notoriety that he cared not whether his fame were good or evil, says the Nineteenth Century.

Dinocrates had been called upon to restore this temple, which, in order that the earthquakes might not ruin, had been placed in a marsh upon foundations of charcoal and goat skins. Our architect, after completing his work at Ephesus, and moved by the vivid art of the portrait painter, determined to personally interview the great monarch, and therefore, setting out for his camp as he returned from his Eastern triumphs, he cast about for a device by which he could gain his audience and likewise flatter his soverign.

Now there was one weakness, or it may have been a noble yearning, in the great conqueror's heart; just as his own reputed father had claimed the god-like hero Hercules as sire, so Alexander desired it might be proved that no earthly parent had begotten him (Alexander). Some men did, indeed, say he was not Philip's son, but of Nectanobo, an Egyptian image and lover of Olympias, and, perhaps, it was to solve all doubt that Alexander thought he would remove his parentage beyond human reasoning.

However, he had not as yet finally fixed upon Jupiter Ammon, and the crafty sycophant Dinocrates deemed that he would best flatter the great king by a reference to the grandfather. Anointing, therefore, his body with oil, and wreathing his temples with Herculean poplar, with the skin of a Nemean lion over his shoulder, and flourishing a club, he approached the court of the king and stood prominently forth in this singular garb.

"Who are you?" must have said his majesty, to which the unabashed self-advertiser replied. "I am Dinocrates, the Macedonian architect, and bring to your majesty thoughts and designs worthy of your greatness."

When Alexander heard that it was he who had restored the Temple of Diana of the Ephesians, he asked him what next he proposed to do.

"I have laid out Mount Athos," responded he, "to be sculptured as one block, and to be hewn into the fashion of the limbs and features of your majesty."

"In your left hand I have designed a city of 10,000 inhabitants, and into your right I have conducted all the rivers of the mount, and formed them into a sea, from whence they flow to the ocean. Thus, sire, shall a memorial be left worthy of your greatness." Alexander was amused at the audacity of the man, and dismissed him; nevertheless he remembered him when he wanted to build Alexandria, and the tradition of its planning is quite in keeping with the theatrical character of the clever fellow.

He cast his Macedonian cloak down as the design, giving it a "circular border full of plaits, and projecting into corners on rightand left," as Pliny says, and made the new port the sweep of the neck and the Pharos and Lochias promontories the jeweled clasp.

BABY AND HIS CAT.

The Unwonted Sight Which Attracted All Eyes on a Crowded Street.

The sidewalk was filled with hurrying people, says the New York Times. Three peddlers stood on the curb, one with shoe laces, another with candy, another with gold paint. Neither looked as if he expected to sell anything. Nobody paid the slightest attention to them. A man without legs came stumping over the sidewalk. People merely hurried out of his way. A man passed dressed in outlandish garments, advertising a patent medicine. Nobody looked twice at him. An old woman whose tangled gray hairs were blown in the wind shuffled feebly along and nobody saw her. A pair of Chinese, an Italian woman dressed for a fete, a negro nearly seven feet in height, a Turk swaddled in turban and baggy trousers, a drunken woman, a man with locomotor ataxia — all passed within a few minutes and no body stopped for a moment to look at anybody else, except the beggars, and they were utterly disregarded.

Then appeared from somewhere, as if out of a hole in the ground, a child about two years old, ragged and smeared as to its hands with mud and as to its face with traces of bread and molasses, besides plain dirt. Its hair was tousled and its large blue eyes were fixed straight ahead with all that sweet unconsciousness of childhood written of by poets. In its hand it carried a gray striped cat. One little fist grabbed the loose skin at the nape, the other grasped it firmly over the hind quarters. Each particular leg of the cat stuck out straight and rigid; each claw showed its shining curve. The cat did not appear to be uncomfortable, and the child was gloriously unconscious of everything but its own baby thoughts. The child was so young that it went unsteadily tottering down the middle of the sidewalk, with the cat held up in front of it like a drum-major's staff. There was not one hurrying wayfarer—man or woman—who did not pause and laugh. A number stopped short and followed the child as it staggered along. By the time the baby had traveled half a block it had an escort of twenty grown persons besides the swarm of boys. The baby tottered along, its magnificent gravity undisturbed, and when a breathless, bareheaded woman came running and snatched up the young explorer (still holding bravely to the cat) each person in the crowd looked sheepish and hurried away.

Eating From the Same Dish.

In former days it was usual for a couple seated together to eat from one trencher, more particularly if the relations between them were of an intimate nature, or again if it were the master and mistress of the establishment. Walpole relates that so late as the middle of the last century the old duke and duchess of Hamilton occupied the dais at the head of the room and preserved the traditional manner by sharing the same plate. It was a token of attachment and tender recollections of unreturnable youth.

An Excellent Way.

Jones—Good morning, Benson. How do you find business?

Benson—By judicious advertising. —Life.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

RESULTS OF OLD AGE WITH NOTHING TO DO.

Leaving the Farm—About Hilling Potatoes — Fruit Trees on Their Own Roots — Raspberries — Horticultural Hints and Household Helps.

Retired Farmers.

There comes a time in the farmer's life when he is strongly tempted to leave the farm. Growing infirmities remind him that he is not the man physically that he used to be. He feels that he has worked hard enough, long enough, and has abundant means to make his old days comfortable, and determines to move to town. He pictures before him a green old age with all the comforts of life, and rest from unceasing toil and grinding care. These expectations are seldom realized in full, and, as a matter of fact, we believe that most farmers who do this shorten their days, and after the first year or two, or perhaps after the first six months, are more discontented than they would have been under any circumstances on the farm. The reason is not hard to find. To a man who has been active either in mind or body for thirty or forty years, idleness is misery. No man of this kind feels satisfied with himself unless he has some responsibility to occupy both head and hands. When he has nothing to do, life ceases to have much interest. He misses the stimulus which work in the open air gives. He misses the healthful occupation of mind or interest in events of the farm. He ceases to read agricultural literature because he regards himself as no longer engaged in agriculture, and the result is with him, as a rule, a loss of happiness, and a visible shortening of life. There comes a time in the farmer's life when it is exceedingly difficult, to know how to manage the farm. That time is when he can no longer manage it without more exertion of body than he is capable of performing, and when he does not feel that it will pay him to procure efficient help even if it could be had. Happy is he who has a son or son-in-law on whose broad shoulders he can roll the burden, still retaining enough of his land and stock to occupy his mind and give him the exercise he needs. Under these circumstances he may spend a green old age and give to his children and grandchildren the fruits of his ripened experience. We always feel that our friends are making a serious mistake when they leave the farm for town.

There are unpleasant things in connection with farm life in old age, and especially the difficulty of attending church, but these are less than the evils connected with breaking up all the old associations, and attempting to form new ones. No man knows how intimately his life is connected with his friendship until he breaks up those of a quarter of a century standing, and undertakes to form new ones with people whose experience is in lines different from his own.

About Hilling Potatoes.

Most farmers hill their potatoes. They do this, as we have done ourselves, when convinced that hilling is always injurious, and in a very dry season is almost always fatal to the crop. It is impossible for a moderate summer rain, or even a violent rain, to penetrate the potato hill so far as to furnish moisture to the roots. A rain which fell slowly for 24 hours might do this, but summer rains are not often of that character.

The rain falls heavily, compacts the surface and runs off in the furrows between the rows made by hilling. These furrows are just where the feeding roots of potatoes should be if the loose soil were not earthed up around the hills.

Why do farmers thus run counter to the plain laws of potato growth? It is usually to keep the potato from growing out of the ground and sunburning until the larger part are worthless for marketing. Some potatoes naturally form tubers nearer the surface than do other varieties, even those sorts that were most objectionable in this respect we would not hill up as is usually done. It is comparatively a light task to go over a field that has had level culture and draw with a hoe a little earth above potatoes that appear above ground rather than to use a shovel plow, tearing to pieces the feeding roots of potatoes between the rows on which the future growth of the tubers depends. If, as usually happens, the shovel plowing is delayed until tubers are formed, the growth of these tubers is at once arrested, and the result at best is two crops of very small potatoes in each hill.

Too shallow planting of potatoes is the common mistake. The shallow-planted potatoes undoubtedly come up quicker, and if very early potatoes are planted deep on wet ground they may rot in the soil and not come up at all, especially if fresh cut. But by partially drying the cut potato seed it may be planted four or five inches deep in April and come up every time. This deep planting has its advantage in allowing early cultivation before the potatoes are up. We commonly talk of dragging the potato ground. A cultivator is set to scarify the surface fully an inch above the set. Then the harrow may be put on to leave the surface as smooth as possible and keep the ground moist.

The chief cause of light crops of potatoes is drouth, and this is always most injurious to potatoes that are shovel plowed and hilled. More than once have we seen acres of potatoes withering and dying in a few days after the hilling had been finished, even though heavy rains had fallen, which on a level surface would have maintained growth for several weeks.

It is probably true that hilling makes easier digging, and it is partly owing to the fact that in the hill the potatoes are fewer in number, and are necessarily bunched in a heap. When they have more room to spread the crop is increased, and proportionately the labor of digging. All kinds of potatoes, even those whose tubers are bunched, will spread their roots through the whole surface between the rows if the soil is not scraped out so as to leave furrows. In that case, of course, the roots are cramped and the crop is accordingly lessened.—American Cultivator.

Supply of Raspberries.

A writer gives it as his opinion that if the ease with which the raspberry can be grown were fully appreciated, there would not be a farmer in the country who would not cheerfully set out enough plants to supply his family with as many as they could eat at three meals a day during their season, and there is not a farmer's wife who would not rather pick the fruit than spend so much time in a hot kitchen, making cakes and pies. The children would come in for their share of the delight in connection with the care of the plantation. Most farmers do not realize how easily raspberries may be grown, and how little land it is necessary to devote to their culture to have a supply. We have grown an abundance of them by simply straightening a rail fence at an end of a small fruit garden and putting the old bedplace to the fruit. Every farmer has some spot where raspberries may be grown and he should utilize it.—Farmer's Voice.

Pea Vines as Manure.

When a fall crop is taken after picking green peas for market it is a usual practice to gather the pea vines and cart them out of the field. They are often worth more as a fertilizer to be plowed under just as they are. If a few seed peas are left ripe enough to grow, it will be none the worse for the future crop. The pea vine is strongly nitrogenous, and makes a fertilizer richer than much strawy and fire-fanged stable manure. It has the further advantage of being somewhat wet, as the moisture has not had time to dry out. We have seen the best crops of late turnips grown thus, and they were seemingly not at all injured by the few pea vines that came up among them. The pea root gathers nitrogen from air in the soil, as the clover root does, and growing it as green manure adds more to the fertility of soil than does any other crop excepting clover.—American Cultivator.

Horticultural Hints.

All kinds of climbers need trellises.

Poultry and sheep in the orchard will consume wormy fruit and insects.

The peach will readily appropriate the virtues of lime and wood ashes.

Cultivating the garden frequently keeps the soil moist and cool, as well as clean.

Do not let the strawberry vines bear fruit the first year. Pick off the blossoms.

Do not prune your grape vines after the sap is started, whoever may tell you to do so.

Dissolve one ounce of hellebore in two gallons of water for application for currant worms.

A tablespoonful or two of ammonia to two quarts of water makes a good stimulant for plants.

Pack fruit so that it will not move about in the box, basket or barrel while on the way to market.

Remove undesirable limbs from the trees of the orchard as soon as they make their appearance.

The good gardener makes successive plantings so as to have a supply of vegetables all through the season.

It is money in the pocket of the fruit grower to know how to pack and send to market in the best condition.

The men on the large broiler farms who kill and dress the birds for market, get as their pay five cents a bird. Out of this amount they pay two cents a bird to women who remove all the pinfeathers.

A writer says that when boiled, the white of a duck egg is never curdy, like the white of a fresh hen's egg. Duck eggs are excellent for omelets, puddings and pastry, and for such purposes find a ready sale in the early spring.

An experienced orchardist has come to the conclusion that rye is better for an orchard than grass; and if the poultry yard is near it will often furnish good winter pasturage for the fowls. But it should be plowed under in the spring. Grass holds growth in check by its millions of roots which demand nourishment.

Household Helps.

The white of an egg, with a little water and sugar, is good for children with irritable stomachs.

A quart of milk in which the juice of three mandarin oranges has been squeezed is said to be a refreshing lotion for the complexion.

If a mirror be placed where sunlight or a very strong light falls directly upon it, the quicksilver will be liable to dissolve, leaving dark spots on the glass.

After the juice is squeezed from lemons the peels are used for rubbing brass. Dip them in common salt, rub the brass thoroughly, then brush with dry bathbrick.

Don't have too much of one kind of decoration in the house; two rooms upon the same general pattern are quite enough—an individual scheme for each apartment is better.

To clean black cashmere, wash in hot suds, in which a little borax has been placed. Rinse in bluing water—very blue, and iron while damp. If carefully done the material will look as well as new.

To prevent the cracking of fruit jars when filled, rinse the jars with clean cold water, then dip a towel in cold water, double it three or four times, lay it smoothly in a dripping pan, and set your cold jars on this to fill them.

To stiffen ginghams, muslins and calicoes, drop a piece of alum the size of a hickorynut into the starch. The alum is dissolved, then stirred into the starch. The fabrics so treated will retain their beauty of coloring for a long time.

By adding whisky to any quantity of common glue you will have an article that is always ready for use, says an English trade paper. Put both in a bottle, cork it tight and put it by for three or four days, when it will be fit for use without the application of heat. Glue thus prepared will keep for years and it is at all times fit for use, except in very cold weather, when it should first be set in warm water.

Let the Girls Run.

Running is the great beautifier of figure and movement. It gives muscular development, strong heart action and free lung play. The muscle comes where it ought to be, the shoulders go back, the loins hold the trunk well balanced, and the feet take their correct positions. It was running which made the Greek figure. The more active tribes of American Indians have been runners from time immemorial, and from the chest to the heels they are much more beautifully built than the average of white men. Running people have usually the firm but elastic texture which is the beauty of flesh.

When Men Wore Petticoats.

It will probably be a matter of surprise to the general reader to learn that the petticoat was first worn exclusively by men. In the reign of King Henry VII. the dress of the English was so fantastical and absurd that it was difficult to distinguish one sex from the other. In the inventory of Henry V. appears a "petticoat of red damask, with open sleeves." There is no mention of a woman's petticoat before the Tudor period.

Placer Mining.

Very few persons have any idea of the amount of placer gold now being taken out of the creeks, gulches and bars in the vicinity of Deadwood. The past week has been a remarkably successful one with the placer miners, as is proven by the amount of dust purchased at the Palace Jewelry store. The clean-ups ranged from one and three-fourths to twenty-two ounces. One miner cleaned up a fraction over 1½ ounces in one day, and his claim is in the immediate vicinity of that city. Considerable gold is being taken out at and around Mystic, one of the B. & M. stations below Rechford. In and around Central a number of men are now engaged working over abandoned claims which were considered worked out. The men, however, as a rule are making more than wages. Placer mining is by no means a dead industry in that section.

She Kept Accounts.

"Do you keep accounts, Jean?" asked one young woman as she and her companions finished the freightful mathematical computation involved in paying equally for a luncheon.

"Yes, I do," said Jean, virtuously. "It would worry me to death to have one cent uncounted. Don't you Dolly?"

"Oh, yes," said Dolly, indolently.

"I promised pa to, and so I do it. I put down on one page 'received $50,' and on the other spent $59. That's enough. How do you do Mabel?"

Mabel groaned as she answered:

"Oh, I put down on one page 'received $50,' and the other 'spent $75.' That's how I keep accounts.

Never Happy.

Wife—I'm so tired and wretched in this house!

Husband—Now look here. I consented to move up here to Harlem entirely on account of those sixteen closets.

Wife—That's just it. I thought I wanted more closet room; but now that I've got it, it takes all my time to hunt for burglars.—Puck.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Give All the Boys a Chance.

Lieut. A. B. Wyckoff, U. S. N. has written a paper on "The United States Naval Apprentice System," in which he proposes the extension of the system in the manner to gain recruits from the rural districts of the states, where good American stock is going to waste. He would have navy recruited from the good boys of the country rather than from the bad boys of the city. "Why should the navy be confined to the seaports, and not have representatives of all part of the country?" asks Lieut. Wyckoff. "Recruiting officers could be moved from place to place, advertising thoroughly in advance, and remain only a few weeks in each town. The personel needed could be restricted to three or four persons; and the expenses of each party would be small. When a dozen boys had been enlisted they could be sent to the nearest rendezvous. In this way the navy could be Americanized and popularized, for the poor boys of every state would have an equal chance."—Scribner's Monthly.

Utterly Useless.

"Why don't you go to work?" asked the benevolent woman.

"Well," replied Dismal Dawson, in a voice mingled with tears and pie. "I tried keepin' a hotel oneet, and I tried runnin' a newspaper oneet, and both of 'em fizzled. So I jist give it up. I knowed that a man who couldn't get rich in any one of them businesses wasn't meant to get along in the world."

HALL'S CATARRH CURE is a liquid and is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Write for testimonials, free. Manufactured by F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Curious.

"Of course," said Mr. Brown, a real estate agent, "curious things happen in my business, just as in every other. Now I fully expected to rent that top suit of rooms in the Perpendicular building to a society that wanted to hire some club rooms. But they voted not to take them."

"What was the trouble?" asked a listener.

"There's no elevator in the building, and the members would not climb the stairs."

"What did you say the name of the society was?" some one asked.

The real estate agent looked pensively at a letter which he held in his hand, and read, "The Eastern Branch of the American Pedestrian and Mountain-Climbing association."

A Book Brought Down From Heaven.

According to the Mohammedan belief the first copy of Koran, or Alkoran, their sacred book, was brought down from the highest to the lowest by Gabriel on the mysterious night of Al Khade in the month of Ramadan. The wonderful book written in heaven and bound in satin, jewels and gold, was communicated to Mohammed at different times during a period of twenty-three years. This was done, according to the Mohammedan belief, either by Gabriel in human shape or by God himself. When Gabriel acted as translator and communicator he "did so with a great sound of music and bells;" God appeared either "veiled or unveiled during Mohammed's waking hours, or during dreams at night."

Hogeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Tender or Sore Feet, Chilblains, Piles, &c. C. G. Clark Co., New Haven, Ct.

The witchcraft laws of England were not repealed until 1736.

The bastinado is still a favorite punishment in Turkey and Egypt.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve." Warranted to cure, or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 25 cents.

Egypt has every year 33,000 arrests for some variety of crime.

Nearly one-half the murderers of this country are unmarried.

FITS—All fits stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fit after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Pride kills more people than the smallpox.

The Persians did not punish murderers for their first offense.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth, Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

Hope's best pictures are made for contented people.

The Gulf Coast of Texas Has the best and cheapest land in the United States and more even climate than California. Rain enough to raise four crops a year. Plenty timber and prairie. Lumber $6 to $7 per thousand. For further information, write to Gulf Coast Land and Improvement Co., 1524 Farnam, St., Omaha, Neb.

There can be no such thing as the right use of a wrong thing.

Three Harvest Excursions South via the Wabash Railroad.

On Aug. 22nd, Sept. 12th and Oct. 10th the Wabash will sell round trip tickets to all points in Arkansas, Texas, Tennessee (except Memphis), Mississippi and Louisiana (except New Orleans), at one fare, plus $2.00, good returning 20 days from date of sale. For tickets or folders giving a description of lands, climate, &c., call at Wabash office, 1502 Farnam