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FOR SORENESS OR STIFFNESS FROM COLD, USE

ST. JACOBS OIL.

IT RELAXES, SOOTHES, HEALS, CURES.

Hops.

The cause of prohibition may be spreading and prospering, as its advocates assert, but the business of hop growing is doing both to a certainty, as the statistics show. One county alone in Oregon, Lane county, will increase its hop area by 1,000 acres by next season, the growers being encouraged thereto by the plentiful and profitable harvest this year. The Methodist ministers of Washington held a conference in Tacoma recently and decided to "wage a relentless war" on hops, though it was developed that quite a number of church members in that denomination own hop ranches, while many more find employment in the hop business.

The testimonials which the mail brings in every day run thus: "Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup cured the baby of croup." "It cured me of a most distressing cough;" or "it cured my little boy of sore throat." "We could not do without it."

A Good Fertilizer.

A very cheap and easy way to prepare bones to supply as fertilizer is by the use of ashes. Break the bones as small as possible. Then cover the bottom of a barrel or box with a few inches of ashes, then put in a layer of bones, and so on until the receptacle is filled. The time required for the decomposition of the bones depends upon the strength of the ashes, the size of the bones, and the amount of moisture in the mixture. The mixture should be made quite damp by pouring water on it, but not enough water should be used as to cause it to drain. Hardwood ashes which have not been exposed to the weather are best for reducing bones.

Should be kept at stables and stockyards —Salvation Oil is the best friend not only of man, but of dumb beasts as well. For swelled joints, strained tendons, old sores, saddle-galls, and wounds of all kinds there is no remedy like Salvation Oil. Price 25 cents per bottle.

Disease in False Hair.

Eight cars loaded with human hair arrived in Paris recently, consigned to dealers in that merchandise. The hair came from India and China, whence thousands of pounds are annually sent to England and France. This traffic, a foreign medical journal says, is the cause of the introduction of many diseases to Europe. The hair is cut from persons after death in China, and although it is disinfected upon arrival in France, it often carries the germs of disease. Asiatic hair, owing in part to its coarseness, can be purchased cheaply, it selling often as low as a franc a kilogram. The hair of Europeans, however, averaging about 100 francs for the same amount.

In Olden Times

People overlooked the importance of permanently beneficial effects and were satisfied with transient action; but now that it is generally known that Syrup of Figs will permanently cure habitual constipation, well-informed people will not buy other laxatives, which act for a time, but finally injure the system.

Eat, Then Write.

The Hospital advises "literary workers" to rise early, take a cup of coffee with toast at 5:30, write for a while, take breakfast at 8, write till noon, take lunch at 1 o'clock, smoke a pipe after it, take a cup of black coffee at 2, write a couple of hours, take a cup of tea at 4, write till 6:30, take dinner at 7, winding it up with a cup of black coffee, take things easy until 10:45, then take a small cup of cocoa and be ready for bead at 11. The Hospital takes for granted literary workers all like to "take tea" and "take coffee" and "take things easy."

The Puzzle Solved.

Perhaps no local disease has puzzled and baffled the medical profession more than nasal catarrh. While not immediately fatal, it is among the most nauseous and disgusting ills the flesh is heir to, and the records show very few or no cases of radical cure of chronic catarrh by any of the many modes of treatment until the introduction of Ely's Cream Balm a few years ago. The success of this preparation has been most gratifying and surprising.

Looking Before Tasting.

"Look before you leap," and also before you eat or drink.

It is wonderful how people will rise in the night, lay hold of a bottle in the dark and quaff the contents, too often to realize by taste or feeling that they have swallowed carbolic acid or some other deadly draught.

A friend had an experience the other night which she thinks will teach her to light the gas before she partakes of refreshments in the night. She had a brown stone bottle of imported seltzer water left in the bath room, in case she wanted a drink, and, feeling thirsty, she rose, fumbled about, found the bottle which she knew by its shape and the fact that it was not glass, turned out a goblet ful, got a mouthful of something so nauseous that the goblet fell from her hand, its contents saturating her night dress. After a good deal of spluttering and some delay she struck a light near the wash basin, over which hung a mirror; she saw herself and gave a shriek which roused the house as she did so, and no wonder. Her face, teeth, hands, feet and garments were covered with ink.—Kansas City Star.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

By local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars; free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

A Profitable Dairy Cow.

A profitable dairy cow is one that yields not less than 600 gallons of milk a year, the milk containing not less than 4 per cent of butter fat. A cow yielding 600 gallons a year ought to give during the twenty-eight earlier weeks of her milk-flow about 470 gallons, which at the rate of one pound of cheese to each gallon of milk, would amount, after allowing for shringage, to four hundred pounds of cheese. And if the milk is for the butter dairy, the produce of 600 gallons containing 4 per cent of fat ought to be 240 pounds of butter. The best means of developing and improving the milking capacity of cows is selection and breeding. The lives of good milkers should be preserved as long as possible. Statistics show that of all the animals subjected during the last eight or nine years to public test at milking trials those which were over six years old gave from 20 to 25 per cent more milk and from 20 to 25 per cent richer milk than those under that age.

A Cough, Cold or Sore Throat should not be neglected. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES are a simple remedy and give prompt relief. 25 cts. a box.

There must be love back of the hand that is reached out to save another.

Happiness is a roadside flower, growing on the highways of usefulness.

It costs about as much to be proud as it does to be stingy.

See Colchester Spading Boots adv. in other column.

The best education in the world is that got by struggling to get a living.

BALDER'S BALL.

BALDER had begged me to give him a bed for the night. He was going to a ball that evening and had business early the following morning in Berlin. He lived in such an out-of-the-way suburb that it would be quite impossible for him to go home to sleep. I was only too delighted to be of service to him. Although I could not offer him a bed, it would be easy to improvise a shakedown on which he could have a few hours' rest. I set to work at once and did the best I could for him, using a bundle of rugs for the pillows and my old dressing gown for the matress. When Balder saw it he declared that nothing could be more to his taste.

It was long past midnight when I was awakened from a refreshing sleep by somebody fumbling with a key at the lock of my door. Several bungling attempts were made before the key was fitted into the lock successfully. At last Balder walked into my room. He presented rather a comical appearance, with his crush hat on one side of his head like the leaning tower of Pisa, and a short overcoat, with his long tail coat peeping beneath. His face was flushed, partly with excitement, and he appeared possessed of a burning desire to relate his adventures to somebody. I had been looking at him with one eye; the other, nearest him, I kept tight shut, and did not move, for I had no desire to enter into conversation with him. But my friend was not so easily shaken in his purpose; he came close to my bedside, stepping on my bootjack, so that it fell over with a terrible noise, and held the lighted candle within a few inches of my nose. It was impossible for even the most shameless shammer of sleep to hold out any longer. I opened my eyes and said in the sleepiest tone I could assume:

"Enjoyed yourself?"

"Famously, my dear fellow," answered Balder, seating himself on the side of my bed, although I forestalled his intention and left hardly an inch for him to sit on. Then he entered into a long and not very lucid rigmarole on souls which are destined to come together. The story was rendered all the more difficult to understand from the fact that I kept falling asleep and dreaming between his rhapsodies, but I gathered that Balder had met with a young Spanish lady at the mask ball, who apparently possessed the soul which he was fated to meet, and that she was the only person on earth who could make him happy. He had spent the whole evening with her, and she had promised to meet him at the next ball. At his request she had lifted her veil for one instant, revealing a face of Madonna like beauty. It was a simple story, but when a man's brain is fired with love he lingers over it. The words grace, southern coloring, eyes like a gazelle, etc., must have been repeated very often, for I dreamed later on that I was repeating them to myself.

I bore it all patiently, for hospitality is a sacred duty, and, besides, the state which Balder's mind was in demanded and deserved consideration.

As he went on with his story he raised his voice, perhaps to rouse my flagging attention. Suddenly somebody coughed in the next room. It was not a natural cough, but an artificial one, evidently intended by my lady to serve as a gentle reminder that at 2 o'clock in the morning all respectable people should be in bed and quiet. My room was only separated from the apartments in which my landlady and her daughter slept by a door, which was hidden on either side by a high wardrobe through which, in spite of this precaution, voices could be heard very distinctly. I informed Balder of this fact, but, unfortunately, he utterly refused to take my advice and go quietly to bed. He said he could not sleep, and, unhappily, catching sight of my coffee machine, he added that he would like some coffee.

"Sleep if you can," he said; "I can manage it all for myself." He then removed his coat, dressed himself in the dressing gown which acted as his mattress, and started to get some water from the kitchen, knocking things down on the way, and opening and shutting the wrong doors. I became resigned and made up my mind not to waste my breath on fresh warnings. Somebody else coughed. It was the Fraulein Lieschen this time, my landlady's daughter. At any other time, Balder himself would have shown more consideration.

Most extraordinary noises proceeded from the water tap in the kitchen. At last the kitchen door banged, and Balder reappeared again. I expressed my regret that I had no methylated spirit, but he said it did not matter, and catching hold of a bottle of my expensive brandy, poured a lot into the lamp. Then he sat gazing into the blue flame without blinking.

Crash! went the glass of the globe, and the boiling water poured all over the table and put out the fire. I sprang out of my bed. "Good gracious!" I exclaimed, "the whole thing will explode." He said nothing, but began to pick up the hot pieces of glass patiently. The coughing in the next room became louder than ever.

"For heaven's sake," I went on, "try to be quiet if you can. The people in the next room want to go to sleep. Don't you hear them coughing?"

"Well! I never heard of such impudence! That coughing has disturbed me for some time. Anybody would think you'd got into an almshouse for old women—. Where is the sugar?"

"Up there in the cigar box. But don't knock that rapier down."

Balder climbed up on a cane chair. It gave way. Klirr! The rapier fell on the floor, and Balder with it.

"Confound you, do take care. Didn't I warn you?" An energetic knocking at the door of communication interrupted me.

"Herr Reif, I must really beg you to be quiet," called my landlady's daughter, not by any means in her sweetest tones. "We've been kept awake for the last hour."

"That's nothing to us," said Balder from the floor, where he was groping for the rapier that had rolled under the wardrobe.

"Do be quiet! That is my landlady's daughter, a very respectable girl—"

"Well, is nobody respectable but her? What did you pay rent for?" His face grew red with rage, and, placing his mouth close to the door, he called out, "What do you want with Reif? He's in bed. I only wanted to reach down the sugar, and the old rapier fell on my head—a thing that might happen to anybody! Just lie down quietly and go to sleep. Such a fuss about nothing! Are we in a hospital?"

"Do be quiet, Balder!" I begged and my pleading at least had the effect of silencing whatever else was on his tongue. He thought no more of the sugar, but sat at the table and drank his self-brewed coffee without it. When he had finished it he lighted a cigarette, at which he puffed away till the room was full of smoke. As I lay and looked at him I fell into that peaceful state in which dreaming and reality are so much mixed that it is hard to distinguish between them. And then Balder disappeared in clouds of smoke, and I heard and saw no more. I was awakened again by a light being held near my face. Balder was standing at my bedside with the candle in his hand. "Ah! I'm glad you've been asleep again!" he said, as I half opened my eyes and looked at him. "I want to make a poem to my Spaniard. Have you got a rhyming dictionary anywhere about?"

"There, on the lowest shelf of the bookcase, but do be quiet."

He got the book without knocking anything down, refilled his coffee cup and leaned back in his chair and murmured:

"Where shall I meet thee? On the Guadelquiver?
On the Sequara? On the fair Zucar?
Or any other far off Spanish river * * *."

Sleep again overpowered me, and I knew nothing till I was awakened by a noisy discussion taking place close to me. Balder stood with his face to the door, engaged in a hot dispute with my neighbors.

"The devil himself couldn't collect his thoughts with that coughing going on," he was saying as I woke up.

"I was coughing to make you quiet, that endless murmuring made me so nervous!" cried Fraulein Lieschen, her voice trembling with annoyance.

"I'm writing a poem, I tell you, and when one is composing a poem one must murmur. If you can't sleep through it you can't be healthy. You must have eaten too much supper or something. You can congratulate yourself that you've got such a lodger as Reif. Do you understand me? If you had me I'd teach you——"

Again and again, in as persuasive a voice as I could assume, I begged the orator at the wardrobe to put an end to the speech he was delivering on his views of a landlady's duties toward her tenants. At length my patience gave way, and, sitting up in bed, I commanded him in a voice of authority to give over his poetry and recitation and to blow out the light and get into bed. Balder at length seemed to realize that he was trespassing on my hospitality, and that a certain amount of respect was due to my wishes as his host. He became silent, put his manuscript carefully into my dressing gown pocket, cast one last fiery glance at the door and retired to bed.

I do not know if he saw the daughter of sunny Spain, with her gazelle like eyes, in his dreams, but I do know that he snored as if he were dreaming of a sawmill.

About three hours later the winter daylight struggled into the room. Balder got up and dressed himself as quietly as a mouse. He seemed as though he was trying to make up for the disturbance he had made in the night, or rather in the morning. He

"ON THE SIDE OF THE BED."

excused himself most politely for waking me up, but said he felt that he could not leave without saying goodby and thanking me for my kind hospitality. Then he left the room, closing the door softly behind him. At the same moment I heard the door of my landlady's room open. Half a minute's dead silence followed, and then Balder fell back into my room like one stunned.

"Who is that girl that came out of the next room?" he asked breathlessly.

"Fraulein Lieschen, of course, the daughter of my landlady, to whom you were kind enough to deliver a lecture in the middle of the night——"

"She is my Spanish girl!" he gasped, grinding his teeth and shaking his head disconsolately. He took a long time to recover himself. He sat down again on the side of my bed, as he had done on his return from the ball. But in what a different mood! He made me swear to him that I would never reveal his name to Fraulein Lieschen, but that I would excuse him without giving any clue to his identity for the disturbance he had caused in the night. This duty I willingly undertook.

Fraulein Lieschen, who was a good natured girl, looked at the matter from the comical side and readily accepted my unknown friend's apology; and whenever we met on the stairs after that she would say jokingly: "Please remember me to your funny friend!"—P. Von Schonthau in The Idler. Reprinted by special permission of S. S. McClure.

What Causes Rosy Cheeks.

The stimulus from the sun's direct rays and that arising from the friction of the fresh air causes increased activity in the capillaries supplying the surface with blood. When this stimulous is continued for any considerable time these vessels become gorged, and minute portions of the blood force their way into the layer immediately under the epidermis, or outer skin. It is the presence of the red corpuscles of blood which gives the ruddy flesh tint seen through the outer skin. At the same time the sweat glands and oil glands, whose function it is to lubricate the surface and keep it moist and cool, becomes exhausted by overstimulus; the outer skin gets hard and dry, and soon begins to peel off in the familiar way, taking the minute particles of extravasated blood along with it. Direct sunlight also has a darkening effect upon the actual coloring pigments of the skin, but this action is distinct from actual tanning, and manifests itself in the form of freckles. The permanent bronze or ruddiness of complexion seen in sailors and travelers in hot countries is the result of a long continued combination of the two processes.

A Gospel Canalboat.

A canalboat now on duty on the Erie canal is named the Good News. It is covered with gospel texts. Services are held three times a day in its cabin as it journeys from one town to the next on its missionary trips. A fish pole with tracts tied on the end is used to reach passing boats, and little boats with cardboard sails covered with texts are sent away to do what good they may. The International evangelical association has control of this floating mission house.

The Growth of a Word.

Tawdry came from St. Audrey. In old times there was an annual fair in several cities of Europe on St. Audrey's day. Incautious persons were frequently imposed upon at these fairs by worthless tinsel jewelry, hence the saying, "Bought at Audrey's" was equivalent to show without value.

Didn't Want It.

Warble—I kissed a girl last night and she treated it just like an editor treats my poems.

Fiddleback—Declined it?

"No. Returned it with thanks."

The Heathen Style.

Readem — Among the ancient Romans every public dinner opened with a ballet.

Headem—Ah, I see. Grace before meat.

FISHING FOR OCTOPODS.

NOVELTY IN ANGLING PRACTICED IN PUGET SOUND.

Easy to Catch Them and Safe to Handle Them When You Know How—Horrible Power of the Writhing Creatures—A Baby Devil-Fish.

Fly-fishing for the octopus is a pleasing novelty in the gentle art of angling, as practiced in Puget sound. Although this horrid cuttlefish in such high latitudes does not attain the monstrous size it reaches in tropical or even semi-tropical waters, the average weight of those along the shore of Washington state is great enough to make the sport both exciting and dangerous.

It is easy enough to catch them, and after you get the hang of the thing, safe enough to handle them with tackle. The boat, with only sail enough to keep steerage way, is guided over spots where the octopus lies in wait under shelving rock for his prey. As with the sponge fisherman in Southern waters, a headless barrel, half submerged in an upright position, is lashed to the bottom of the boat, and a boatman, thrusting his head into this barrel, scans the bottom closely with practiced eye, undistracted by the reflected glare from the surface of the surrounding water. With this simple device it is possible to see distinctly objects at considerable depth.

At a signal from the man on the lookout the boat is brought up into the wind and held stationary while preparations are speedily made to hook his octopusship, which has been sighted lying on the bottom, hideous and still, save for a reaching, swaying motion of one or more of its arms or feelers. A long sounding line is run through a pulley at the end of a boom swinging over the side, a piece of stout white canvas is made fast at the end for a lure, and the fun begins.

Directed by the man in the barrel, the canvas "fly" is lowered to within a few feet of the lurking devil-fish and kept constantly in motion by a series of sharp jerks, care being taken not to let it come within reach of the fish while he retains his position on the bottom, else it would be impossible to tear it loose from its anchorage, such is the immense strength exerted by the suction disks with which its eight arms, or legs, are plentifully supplied.

The men at the ropes are warned by the watcher of the signs of increasing interest manifested by the octopus, and when at last it makes a spring for the tantalizing lure and closes its beak-like jaws upon the piece of rag, strong arms heave in the line and the squirming organism, looking all arms and tentacles, is hoisted to the end of the outrigged boom.

It is an operation requiring tact, promptness and skill, for the creature must not come in contact with the hull of the boat to which it would attach itself like an unwieldy barnacle until such time as suited its pleasure to let go, a period altogether indefinite for the comofrt of either the skipper or crew.

Once dangling at the boom end, however, it is virtually secured, for surrender its hold on the rag it will not. The octopus holds fast to all it gets with a pertinacity which shames even the trusts and monopolies which have been likened to it. Now, however, the animal's own tenacity is turned against it, and this very quality made to assist in landing its possessor at the final stage. Boat hooks and poles are thrust toward it, and when it has fastened its unrelaxing grip upon these it is swung inboard, hurled upon the deck and dispatched with an ax.

No description can give an idea of the hideousness of this creature. To grasp it in its fullest detail one must watch it at such a time as this, as it sprawls about the deck before receiving the coup de grace, its eight, sometimes ten, arms sprouting about its head, each equipped on the under side with rows of cup-like suctorial disks, which by muscular action produce a vacuum, giving the fish its wonderful adhesive power, writhing hither and thither like a coil of serpents. Then its eyes! Ugh! The awfulness of those eyes; great, rolling, saucer like protuberances that fix you with a fierce stare that sends the cold shivers down your back, especially when you notice the cruel mouth, with curved, beak-like jaws, for all the world like a parrot's many times magnified. When the ax sinks into the grisly body and the twining arms become still you feel as the blue-water sailer feels when he dispatches a shark—that you have done a good action.

They are well named devilfish, this species of the cuttle family, to appreciate which it is only necessary to have seen one of the monsters of the Southern seas. There are well-authenticated instances of specimens weighing 500 pounds and measuring fifteen feet from head to tail and fifty feet in spread of tentacles. While such gigantic specimens are never seen outside the tropics, this fish grows to no mean dimensions along the Western and Southern coast of Florida, and many stories of strange adventures with the octopus are told by the fishermen and sponge-hunters of that region. That even the smaller ones are ugly customers to fool with this incident will show.

A shell gatherer, while at work on the west coast, came upon a young octopus among the rocks. It was quite small, measuring not more than three feet from tip to tip of its extended tentacles, while its body was no larger than a man's fist. It looked like a very big spider as it wabbled along on its arms, trying to reach the surf from the part where it was left by the receding tide, and the shell hunter thought he would try to capture it. Running up he planted his foot firmly on the end of one of the creature's "feelers," but with apparent ease the octopus pulled it free and resumed his march toward the sea. The man repeated the experiment several times with no better success. Then taking the advantage of a moment when the creature could offer comparatively little resistance, it being in the act of reaching out to lay hold of a rock on the other side of an intermining fissure, he seized one of the tentacles, and, giving a powerful jerk, tore the fish loose from the rock.

Up to this time the efforts of the octopus had all been directed to escaping. Now, however, it changed its tactics. Turning upon its pursuer, it laid hold of him by the arm, wrapping its tentacles about his body as well, and tried to fasten its beak-like jaws in his face.

Here was a predicament. The hunter hunted with a vengeance. Try as he would, the man could not shake off the creature, which clung to him with a clammy, vise-like grip, but, by a liberal use of a store club, he saved himself from being bitten until his cries for assistance brought friends to the scene, who killed the fish with a knife.

AGONIES OF THE TRANCE.

A Young Man Describes the Tortures of Suspended Animation.

"You have undoubtedly read now and again in the daily newspaper accounts of persons lying in a trance," said a well known gentleman the other day to a reporter of the National Labor Tribune. "I am one of those persons. It is very harrowing to me to read accounts of people lying in this condition and being put in a coffin, and even stored in a vault, before they came to. I have even read of where a few weeks after some necessity caused disinterment, and then the body was found turned face down, as though there had been a struggle for freedom.

"My experience went no further than fifteen hours, I am certain, but that was enough, thank you. The fact is, I awoke one morning in my room feeling quite rested. I know that I had spent a pleasant night in sleep and I lay speculating without moving or caring to open my eyes. Then I thought of getting up. I felt rather chilly, I thought, but still comfortable. When I wanted to open my eyes I couldn't. When I tried to put my hands to them I didn't move. Then I struggled to stir at all, but it was only a mental struggle. I then devoted my entire faculties to myself. I tried to call, but couldn't. My mind actually seemed to be ready to burst with rushing blood and confused thought. Then a relapse came and I felt stupefied. I didn't care whether I moved or not.

"Then came alternate periods of mental struggle and stupor. In the afternoon I was discovered by my landlady, who came to look after the room. It seemed astounding to me to think that I should be compelled to lie there and appear as one dead. I heard everything that went on—heard her calls, but couldn't answer. She called others of the family and a doctor. Burning my fingers and feathering my nose didn't disturb me. I couldn't feel it. I came around about 10 o'clock that night. When I did I came with a bound, and I was nervous for a week after. The thought of that probably coming again is a constant source of worry to me."

The English Channel.

There are about eighty days in the year when the dreaded English channel is nearly as smooth as a mill pond; though there will generally occur a slight ground swell. If a northeast or southwest wind blows hard it is quite true that the sea in the channel is one of the worst in the world, though relatively slight. The tides, which are very various, crossing the wind, combined with the shallowness of the water and the fact that the ebb and flood meet and part just off Dover, kick up at times an entirely peculiar and abominable ocean dance which even old salts cannot always stand. But at the worst the passage is nowadays only a matter of some eighty or ninety minutes—very different from those bygone times when lugger rigged smacks or heavy cutters used to roll the suffering passengers from coast to coast on such a wild sea as is depicted in Turner's famous picture, or as when in 1822, the first steam packet, the Rob Roy, of fifty tons, came over on May 22, bringing six adventurous persons.

A Mean Man.

"My dear," said Mr. Bloohumper to his wife, "I wish you would have some of these biscuits of yours when Mrs. Briscoe is here for dinner."

"I thought you didn't like Mrs. Briscoe, love," replied Mrs. Bloohumper, sweetly.

"I don't."—Judge.

MASCULINITIES.

Belle—I can't bear to think of my 30th birthday! Alice—Why dear; what happened?

The man who makes the most noise in a quarrel is usually believed to be in the right.

The newest skin rugs are fitted with an automatic head, the jaw of which moves with lifelike realism.

M. L. Henry and Miss Sallie Jesse were married at Louisville recently, the culmination of an engagement made thirty years ago.

Thomas Singland of Patterson, New Jersey, recently shot himself, and when death did not instantly come, calmly asked for a cigarette.

"And you have trouble with your wife?" "I have." "I suppose, like most other women, she believes everything she hears?" "Worse than that—she believes lots of things she doesn't hear."

"Your hair isn't wet," said Tommy to Mr. Flyer, who was calling. "No, of course not. What makes you think my hair was wet?" he asked, very much surprised. "I heard pa tell ma that you couldn't keep your head above water."

He—Life with me has been a failure. She—You must have had and wasted some opportunities. He—No. I have spent half my life raising whiskers to conceal my youth, and the other half dyeing them to conceal my age.

TITLES AND THEIR MEANING.

The Jewis title rabbi meant master or teacher.

The word captain so often used in the bible, simply means officer.

The most ancient title is that of king. It or its equivalent is found in every known language.

The title prince is from a Latin word signifying leader, and dates from the early Roman empire.

A curator was a Roman official in charge of various departments of the public service. The term nearly corresponds to our word superintendent.

Sultan, in its older form, soudan, was first adopted by Bajazet. The older title of the chief Mohammedan ruler was caliph, commander of the faithful.

Count dates from the later Roman empire. Before evacuation of Britain by the Romans a count of the Saxon shore was appointed to prevent Saxon invasion.

A duke during the middle ages was an independent sovereign. The first rulers of Austria were dukes. The title lost its idea of independence during the reign of Louis XIII. of France.

The only genuine sheikh is the governor of Medina. His office is said to date from the time of the prophet. It is now generally applied as an honorary title to the head man of an Arab village.

The royal title beg has now almost disappeared, and when used in the altered form of bey is applied to a military rank in the Turkish army. Originally it was deemed more honorable than that of sultan.

A Financial Transaction.

"Say, mister," said a boy who had just overtaken a market wagon after pursuing it four or five blocks, "do you want to know who hit you in the neck with that hard snow ball?"

"You bet I do," replied the man, slackening his speed.

"Will ye gimme a quarter ef I ketch him and bring him here?"

"Yep."

"Gimme 50 cents?"

"Yes," said the driver, lifting his whip from the socket, "but I won't give any more than that."

"Well, get the money ready."

"You haven't got the boy yet that threw the snow ball."

"Yes, I have. That boy is me. Dad's sick and me mother can't get work. The twins is too little to earn anything, an' if I don't hustle there won't be any Christmas tree at our house. I'll take a lickin' any day fur 50 cents."

"Sonny," said the market man, in a voice that was remarkably husky, "here's yer 50 cents. I'm in a hurry now—you need't bother about delivering the goods. We'll call it square."—Washing Star.

New Use for Electricity.

Trees are felled by electricity in the great forests of Galicia. For cutting comparatively soft wood the tool is in the form of an auger, which is mounted on a carriage, and is moved to and fro and revolved at the same time by a small electric motor. As the cut deepens, wedges are inserted to prevent the rift from closing, and when the tree is nearly cut through an ax or hand saw is used to finish the work. In this way trees are felled very rapidly and with very little labor.

In Torment.

Surely, if there are unhappy sufferers on earth upon whom the angels look down in pity, it is people agonized with rheumatism. They are in torment the year round, with little or no respite. Now, there is no evidence to which publicity has been given in behalf of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters more concurrent and convincing than that in behalf of its efficacy in incipient rheumatism. And since rheumatism and rheumatic and simple gout are among the most obstinate complaints to which this admirable remedy is adapted, and since they all have a fatal tendency to attack the vital organs, the advisability of an early use of the Bitters, when they manifest themselves, must be apparent. Efficacious, and most signally so, are the Bitters, too, in malarial diseases, kidney and bladder inactivity, constipation, dyspepsia, liver complaint and nervous ailments.

Women's Ways.

An interesting case for the student of the ways of a woman's heart to ponder, is that of an Oakland, Cal., woman who, a few months ago, brought suit for divorce, shot her husband in her jealous rage while the case was pending, nursed him through the illness that ensued, fell in love with him all over again, and is now living with him, happy as a dove.

NERVOUS and billious disorders, sick head, ache, indigestion, loss of appetite and constipation removed by Beecham's Pills.

Only 10 per cent of the sugar we consume is grown in this country.

The French army is three times as large as it was in 1870.

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

Asparagus was originally a wild sea coast plant of Great Britain.

IN EVERY Receipt that calls for baking powder use the "Royal." It will make the food lighter, sweeter, of finer flavor, more digestible and wholesome.

"We recommend the Royal Baking Powder as superior to all others."—*United Cooks and Pastry Cooks' Association of the United States.*

Eating Oranges.

Those who take an orange every morning may like to try the manner of eating them that prevails in the land of oranges. Take a thin-skinned, heavy orange, thrust a fork through it from the stem end, and with a sharp knife cut the rind away, beginning at the fork and cutting downward. Place the orange on ice for a half hour and bring it to the table with the fork still in it. If oranges are good they can be eaten from the pulp with perfect ease and with much more satisfaction than will be experienced in any other way of serving.

Schiffmann's Asthma Cure

Instantly relieves the most violent attack, facilitates free expectoration and insures rest to those otherwise unable to sleep except in a chair, as a single trial will prove. Send for a free trial package to Dr. R. Schiffmann, St. Paul, Minn., but ask your druggist first.

'Rah for Him.

A meek little man, who was answering in the Rochelle, Ga., police court last week to a charge of beating his wife, explained that he had been henpecked for many years. Whether from lack of pluck or excess of chivalry he did not venture to assert his dignity and resent her abuse, until, in desperation, he got drunk, which gave him courage, and then he went too far and thrashed her.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure

Is sold on a guarantee. It cures Incipient Consumption. It is the best Cough Cure. 25 cts., 50 cts. & $1.00.

A white penny of 1857, if in good condition, is worth $1.

Home Seekers' Excursion via the M., K. & T. Railway.

On Jan. 9, 1894, the M. K. & T. railway will have on sale from all its northern gateways tickets to all points in the state of Texas, at rate of one fare for the round trip. These tickets are limited to 30 days from date of sale and will permit a stopover on the going trip at any point in the state of Texas, only within the final limit. This is your opportunity to secure a home in the sunny south, where lands are cheap and harvests plentiful. JAMES BAKER, G. P. and T. A., St. Louis, Mo.

The king of Italy eats only one meal a day.

Go South Via the Wabash.

Tourists' tickets now on sale to all points. Homeseekers' tickets at half fare on excursion dates, Dec. 12th, Jan. 9th, Feb. 13th, March 13th, April 10th and May 8th. For rates or folders giving full description of lands, climate, &c., call at Wabash Ticket office, No. 1502 Farnam Street, or write GEO. N. CLAYTON, N. W. P. Agt., Omaha, Neb.

Russian troops are to be equipped with snow shoes.

Coughing Leads to Consumption. Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggist today and get a sample bottle free. Large bottles 50 cents and $1.00.

A female codfish will lay 45,000,000 eggs in a single season.

A craving for sympathy is the common boundary line between joy and sorrow.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. The original and only genuine. Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Cold Sores, &c. C. G. Clark Co., N. Haven, Ct.

Buy what thou hast need of, and, ere long, thou shalt sell thy necessaries.