"German Syrup"

I simply state that I am Druggist and Postmaster here and am therefore in a position to judge. I have tried many Cough Syrups but for ten years past have found nothing equal to Boschee's German Syrup. I have given it to my baby for Croup with the most satisfactory results. Every mother should have it. J. H. HOBBS, Druggist and Postmaster, Moffat, Texas. We present facts, living facts, of to-day Boschee's German Syrup gives strength to the body. Take no substitute.

Young Mothers!

We Offer You a Remedy which Insures Safety to Life of Mother and Child.

"MOTHER'S FRIEND"

Robs Confinement of its Pain, Horror and Risk.

After using one bottle of "Mother's Friend" I suffered but little pain, and did not experience that weakness afterward usual in such cases.—MRS. ANNIE GAGE, Lamar, Mo., Jan. 15th, 1891.

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CANDY Send us 75c, $1.25 or $2.50 and we will ship to you, charges paid, a handsome one-pound, two-pound or five-pound box of our Best Chocolates and Bonbons. Watch your friend's eyes when she opens the box. WOODWARD Confectioner, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

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MARRIAGE PAPER FREE. 500 ladies and gents want correspondents. GUNNETS' MONTHLY, TOLEDO, OHIO.

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Health Book FOR MOTHERS & DAUGHTERS only. Mailed Free. VIAVI CO., 601 N. Y. Life Building, Omaha, Neb.

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Wall Paper Retailed at Wholesale prices. Send 10c postage and we will mail FREE 100 beautiful samples and our guide how to paper. GOOD PAPER 4c PER ROLL. GOLD PAPER 8c PER ROLL AND UP. Paper hangers should have our sample book. HENRY LEHMANN, 1620-1622 Douglas St., Omaha, Neb.

DR. McCREW IS THE ONLY SPECIALIST WHO TREATS ALL PRIVATE DISEASES, Weakness and Secret Disorders of MEN ONLY. Every cure guaranteed. 18 years experience; 7 years in Omaha. Write for book, it tells all. 14th and Farnam Sts., OMAHA, NEB.

Quality of Corn Fodder.

There are many causes for variation in the fodder made by growing corn, some of them pertaining to the way it is grown, and others to the skill, or want of skill, shown in curing it. Corn that is grown so thickly that its stalks are thin and white is as nearly worthless as such feed can be grown. It has little sweetness and not enough nutrition to keep anything in good condition. For fodder alone corn must be be grown so thinly that nearly every stalk will have a nubbin on it.

The stalks from field corn that has borne a crop of ears have more nutrition than the average of corn thickly sown grown for fodder alone. Sweet corn stalks are better than those of the ordinary field variety. This may in part be owing to the fact that roasting ears are picked early, and as the leaves continue to gather more sweetness it goes into the stalk after the green ears have been removed. Plucking green ears from ordinary field corn makes the stalks richer, and such stalks are always preferred by cows when fed with others where the ears had been removed after being fully ripened.—American Cultivator.

An Unseen Enemy

Is more to be dreaded than an open and visible one. That subtle and lurking foe, which under the generic name of malaria manifests itself when it clutches us in its tenacious grasp, in the various forms of chills and fever, bilious remittent, dumb ague or a cue cake, can only be effectually guarded against by fortifying the system against its insidious attacks with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a thorough antidote to the poison of miasma in the system, and a safeguard against it thoroughly to be relied upon. In the event of a malarious attack, avoid poisoning your system with quinine, and use instead this wholesome remedy unobjectionable in taste and far more efficacious than any drug. Use the Bitters for dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, kidney complaint and rheumatism.

Things Told by Others.

The Farm Journal says: Bring the horse up to the hitching post with his head from the wind. He will not get so cold as if his head is toward the wind, and he will stand better. The horse will stand more quietly while you are hitching him if his head is from the wind.

Bore a small hole in the pump below the floor or bind it around with straw to keep it from freezing.

It is foolishness to give the cow ice cold water, squeeze warm milk out of her and expect her to keep warm.

To trap muskrats use the common steel rattrap set at the hole of the rat or in its trail along the stream. Bait it with fish or carrot.

When the icehouse is filled, do not put any sawdust on top of the ice until you have thrown the house open some stinging cold evening and poured water over the ice until the crevices are filled. Leave the house open three or four very cold nights and the ice will freeze into one solid mass and keep better.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

With LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, price 75c.

A mistake is apt to attract more attention to us than a virtue.

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.

The absence of temptation is the absence of virtue.

MILLONS OF DOLLARS

Are annually lost because poor seed is planted. Now, when you sow you want to reap. For instance, A. M. Lamb, Penn., made $5,800 on ten acres of vegetables; B. Bey, Cal., cropped 1,213 bushels Salzer's onions per acre; Frank Close, Minn., 100 bushels of spring wheat from two acres; A. Hahn, Wis., 1,110 bushels potatoes per acre; Frank Winter, Montana, 216 bushels 8 pounds oats from one bushel planted. This is what Salzer calls reaping.

If You Will Cut This Out and Send It, With 10c postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will receive their mammoth catalogue and ten sample packages of farm seeds. Catalogue alone, 5c postage. W.

A soft answer will kill where a club would not.

See Colchester Spading Boots adv. in other column.

Good fortune sometimes comes to see us in a very shabby looking carriage.

$4 to California.

This is our Sleeping Car Rate on the Phillips-Rock Island Tourist Excursions from Chicago to Los Angeles or San Francisco, via the Scenic Route and Ogden. You can go with Phillips, the best of all Excursion Managers, for he has each party accompanied by a special agent who goes the entire trip with patrons. These personally conducted Excursions leave Chicago twice a week, Tuesday and Thursday.

We have also a daily tourist car service, via our Southern Route, through the beautiful Indian Territory and Ft. Worth to Los Angeles and San Francisco. The Tourist car rate via this route, the same. Apply at Rock Island ticket office, 104 Clark Street. JNO. SEBASTIAN, G. P. A., C. R. I. & P. R'y, Chicago.

Englishmen are said to have $500,000,000 in our railroads.

ABOVE ALL OTHERS,

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, in every disease caused by torpid liver or impure blood. For Dyspepsia, Liver and Bowel derangements, and kindred ailments, nothing approaches it as a remedy.

PIERCE GUARANTEES A **CURE** OR MONEY RETURNED.

AURELIA VANZILE.

Mrs. AURELIA VANZILE, of *Hamilton, Ind.*, writes: "My friends said I would never be any better, for I had ulceration of the bowels. By the time I had taken a bottle and a half of Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the bleeding had almost stopped. My appetite was good, nothing seemed to hurt me that I ate. My improvement was wonderful. Several years have passed and my cure is permanent."

WELL MACHINERY Illustrated catalogue showing WELL AUGERS, ROCK DRILLS, HYDRAULIC AND JETTING MACHINERY, etc. SENT FREE. Have been tested and all warranted. THE PECH MFG. CO. Sioux City, Iowa. 19 S. Canal St., Chicago.

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40 BOOKS To introduce our Eight Page, Illustrated farm and literary paper we give away 40 Books, postage paid, to all new subscribers. Sample copy and List of books Free. Write this week. Homestead Co., 511 So. 12th St., Omaha, Neb. $1.00 per year. **FREE**

ENGINE Second Hand, 25 Horse. Will be sold at a great Bargain. Write H. C. AKIN, 511 So. 12th St., Omaha, Neb.

PEARL'S THREE LOVERS.

Margaret Raymond was the daughter of an intelligent well to do farmer in the Empire state; a farmer who did not dig and delve as did his ancestors, but one who, by reading and study, enlightened his mind, enabling him to improve on the old routine and to strike out new rotations in seeding and planting, which made his old fashioned neighbors shake their heads and predict failure; but somehow the failures did not come. He was prosperous; his herds increased; his buildings and farm improved, and he plainly demonstrated that scientific farming was not a humbug.

Very fair and pretty, yes, and modest withal, was his only daughter. He called her Pearl when she was only a wee, toddling thing, so when she grew up so wondrous fair, the name seemed so appropriate that it clung to her.

Her education, though mostly acquired at the "district school," would put to the blush many a graduate at Madame Blank's seminary. Apt to learn, her teachers took pride in illuminating so bright a mind; and when at the age of seventeen she left school, to be her mother's pupil in domestic affairs, she was indeed an ornament to society—a pearl of the purest type, whose charms were acknowledged by all.

We shall not attempt to describe her person, for though made up of a thousand charms, her chief attraction was an indescribable sweetness, in manners and disposition, which beamed out in kindness and love for her friends, of all ages, sexes, and conditions.

Pearl Raymond was scarcely out of short frocks when admiring swains began to court her favor. The newest books and choicest flowers were presented by her adorers. Still, Pearl did not grow vain, nor indulge in flirtations.

Many callers had they from fashion, rank and wealth, who came rather to patronize the Raymonds, but went away feeling "cheap," to use a slang word. Farmer Raymond's daughter was not awed or captivated by the proud dames or their exquisite sons, and did not seem at all anxious to court their favor. She, like her parents, was polite and friendly to all.

Matters continued thus until Pearl was 19, when the strife to win her became exciting and earnest to three of her suitors. The rest stood back and admired at a distance.

One was Thad Marsden, a millionaire, who had no business, but managed to kill time by dashing from sea side to the mountains and springs in summer, while in winter he attended operas and germans during the week, and going regularly to church, attending properly to the responses on Sunday.

At a picnic he met Pearl Raymond, and her matchless grace and loveliness completely captivated the hitherto indifferent Adonis. He raved of her charms in rhyme and blank verse; sent scores of perfumed notes; sealed and stamped them with the family crest—sent some of them by mail, some by his liveried servants, and the remainder he took in person. He took her to drive in his handsome turn-out, and endeavored to impress her with the honor done her, but he only succeeded in making her laugh, and he wasn't sure that her merriment was not at his expense. He flattered himself, however, that when he offered to make her Mrs. Thaddeus Marsden, he wouldn't have to wait long for her consent. He could pick and choose from all the belles in town, and, surely this rustic beauty, as he called her, would be only too glad to accept. There was only one hindrance, which was in the person of Harry Wells, a promising young lawyer in town.

He (Harry) was very elegant, very popular, very agreeable in manner and person, while his conversational powers quite threw the millionaire in the shade. Many thought the lawyer would win, but that was only a surmise, as Pearl kept her own counsel.

To be sure Harry had obtained a high standing among the legal fraternity, while his clients were numerous and his fees large. He was altogether a leading young man, and it was prophesied he would make his mark.

There was at times a little too much hilarity and dash about him, while at other times there was a very noticeable dullness. The truth was he drank wine and sometimes when urged, stronger drinks.

"It cannot be avoided you know," he said, when his friends remonstrated with him. "I only taste a little with clients."

Harry was assiduous in his attentions to Pearl Raymond, and made himself very agreeable to her mother, but the clear-headed farmer was observant, and cautioned his daughter not to be in haste to leave home, nor to engage herself to any one that made use of intoxicating beverages.

If Farmer Raymond had only known how matters stood, he needed not to hint to Pearl of Harry Wells' increasing fondness for stimulants. She knew his weakness long before, and was grieved for him.

When the city swell had been dismissed, Harry laid fresh siege, and hoped to win Pearl. If wealth had no attractions for her, perhaps she was ambitious. He was aiming high, and hoped to place himself among the noblest in the land. He surprised her by whispering his aims and wishes in her ear, but was coolly thanked for the honor, but must decline.

Mr. Thaddeus Marsden and Young Lawyer Wells were so much taken up with their own particular aims and hopes, that they never suspected that Pearl Raymond was having a little heart affair of her own in another quarter; but it was even so, and here is the sequel.

Everett Randolph, a fine, athletic, healthy young farmer, whose land adjoined the Raymond's, and who had been Pearl's assistant and champion at school, and her firm friend ever after, had gone on from liking to loving his pretty neighbor and schoolmate. He saw her courted and caressed by the world of fashion, which sunk his hopes below zero. It was of no use, he thought, to let her know how he adored her—no use for him to compete with the wealth and talent offered at her shrine. And yet his steps often led to her home, where he was always welcomed and kindly received. He kept on making friendly calls, and, like the silly moth, continued to singe his wings by daily intercourse with the beloved of his soul.

Now, Pearl really liked Harry as a neighbor, as a talented and intelligent friend, with whom she enjoyed discussing the world of literature. He was a friend, nothing more.

When he urged her to take time, and not make her decision final, she answered with tearful eyes, and begged him to forget his proposal, as she could not give him encouragement to hope for any other answer.

At sight of her agitation and tears he was greatly moved, and asked what was the reason she could not bid him hope.

"Is it not possible," said he, "that your feelings may turn in my favor?"

"No, Harry, we cannot be aught but friends. But, oh!" said she, falteringly, "if I might but speak my fears for you, if I only dared tell you how distressed I am when I hear of your increasing use of intoxicating drinks. Please, oh, please leave me now! Break off the habit at once, while you are still able to resist. It may soon be too late. Promise me, Harry."

The tears trickled down her cheeks, unchecked during this appeal.

Harry Wells looked at first surprised, then angry, and suddenly observed, as he took his leave, that he was no child to be watched over and reprimanded for occasionally taking a social glass with a friend. He was much obliged for the interest felt, but declined the further interference of his friends. He was irritated and annoyed, and coolly bade her good-night.

* * * * * *

A great sorrow came to Everett Randolph. His mother was suddenly removed by death, and when he buried her by the side of the father whom he lost in childhood, he felt bereft of all.

The Raymonds tried to cheer him up by sending often to have him meet company at their house. They succeeded by degrees in drawing him away from his melancholy. His attention was excited by the kindness and tenderness of Pearl, who was so mindful of his bereavement and loneliness. Was he mistaken? Did not her eyes speak to his? And did not the tell-tale blush when he addressed her, show at least an interest in him?

He began to hope—began to read in Pearl's downcast eyes something that nearly set him wild with joy. He could scarcely believe it, but so it was. He proposed and was accepted.

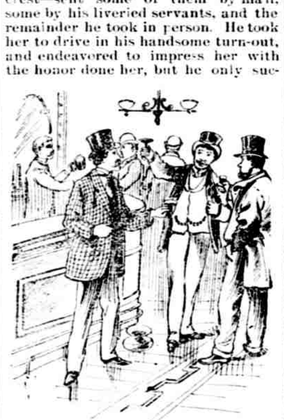
People wondered a little that she had not chosen the millionaire in preference to a simple farmer. Those, however, who were acquainted with the subject of her choice were convinced of the wisdom of her decision.

* * * * * *

After ten years, let us look again on the characters in this life drama.

Thad Marsden, the millionaire, had lost the bulk of his riches at the glambling-table. With him "mortgages" and "foreclosures" were the order of the day. His bloated face and bleared eyes told the sad story of his misspent life.

Harry Wells, went to the far West, where he for a time abstained from intoxicating drinks, and business was thriving. But, alas! he fell, and, with shame be it recorded, his lady friends were the cause. He had resolved to keep the pledge unbroken, but on New Year's day he was urged—yes, pressed—to drink wines, and when once he yielded, the burning desire for stimulants overturned all his good resolutions, and he soon lost all self-respect, and sank in the depths of drunken wretchedness.



"I ONLY TASTE A LITTLE WITH THE CLIENTS."

Contracts Awarded by Foss-Up.

There are times when the post-office department pitches pennies. It is not very often that this sport is indulged in, but nevertheless it is a recognized part of the official program. It is in connection with the star routes. When there is a new route established, at the regular four-yearly letting of the contracts, say, there is nearly always competition between would-be contractors. It sometimes happens that there are two lowest bidders. If these two men both live on the route, or live at an equal distance from it, the department tosses a penny. Mr. Stone does the tossing. He is the chief clerk in the second assistant postmaster-general's office and the contracts go through him. Mr. Stone has the contractors take seats in his handsomely upholstered office. He feels in his pocket for a penny. If he has nothing but large bills in his pocket, which is apt to be the case, he borrows a nickel from the young man who writes shorthand for him. Then he pitches up the nickel. While it is away near the ceiling he says to his young man: "Which shall it be?" And the young man answers: "Heads for Smith." And if heads come up Smith gets the contract. If tails, Brown gets it.—Washington Capital.

A Brick Baking Machine.

A new brick baking machine is to be noted among the recent mechanical novelties. It is a simple contrivance consisting of a table covered with iron brick molds, to which an electric current is applied, the table being eight by fourteen feet and holding 1,000 molds, joined together like pigeonholes. Each mold is the size of a brick which has been pressed but not baked, and each has a cover so fitted as to follow the brick as it shrinks. The bricks are taken from the presses and placed in the molds, the cover adjusted and the current turned on. The iron sides of the mold form the "resistance," and the bricks are virtually inclosed by walls of fire. The bricks having shrunk to the proper size the sinking covers of the molds automatically turn off the current, the baking is done and the bricks are dumped.

The American Plan.

Foreigner—What do you Americans do when the officials you elect fail in their duty to the public, and line their own pockets?

American—Do? Why, sir, we hold indignation meetings—yes, sir; and sometimes, sir, our righteous wrath passes all bounds of propriety, and we actually burn them in effigy—yes, sir.

"What do you do next?"

"Next? Why—er—we go back to our business, forget all about it, and elect 'em again."

Did Not Like That Style of Cut.

Rev. Ewald, the Lutheran minister remarked to his wife the other evening that his little four-year-old boy Ralph ought to have his hair cut.

"I don't want it cut like Mr. Streamer's," said the boy.

"Why, Mr. Streamer's hair is cut nice, isn't it? He was here last night and I could see nothing wrong with his hair."

"No, not that Mr. Streamer. I mean Grandpa Streamer. He has his hair cut off clear down to the dandruff."

Currency in Africa.

The wife of a missionary to Africa gives some amusing details of the mercantile value of certain articles among the natives, needles and cloth ranking highest. They are absolutely current coins. Three needles will purchase one chicken, one needle two eggs. Old tin and empty bottles are also much in request, old cans taking the place of drinking cups. A fowl can be had for two yards of cotton or a small piece of cloth.

BESIEGED BY JABALIS.

A SURVEYING PARTY'S THRILLING ADVENTURE.

Surrounded by a Drove of Ferocious Peccaries—Thirty-Nine of the Brutes Slaughtered Before the Rest Give Up the Fight.

In the fall of 1887 a party of surveyors left Fort Yuma, Cal., on duty in connection with the mile posts and other landmarks distributed along the international boundary line between Upper and Lower California. The first two days out were pleasant enough, but the third day proved anything but agreeable, for a drizzly, wet rain set in which kept every one closely confined to the camp. While the moisture was falling thick and fast a Mexican officer, accompanied by an escort, rode up and claimed shelter, which the surveyors were glad enough to grant for the sake of their company.

The officer related a startling story of having encountered four large Mexican lions not two hours previous, which animals seemed quite ferocious and hungry, and actually had disputed their passage through the chaparral. The men of the escort had fired and wounded two of the brutes, but the quartet of monsters finally carried themselves sullenly off and disappeared in the timber. He also said the country was full of black-tail deer that were racing through the timber and galloping over the hills, and as for smaller game, such as long-eared rabbits, sage hens and chaparral cocks, they were so numerous and tame that they could almost be knocked over with clubs.

Rain or no rain, this was an opportunity not to be lost, and three of the surveying party accompanied by one of the Mexicans, at once set out for the hills where the game was said to be. They rode on through a rocky, half-mountainous country, covered with stunted oaks and sharp-pointed chaparral, and then, far away in the distance, on the summit of a bunch of crags, they descried a dozen objects outlined against the sky which appeared to be mountain sheep of the Sierra Madre species.

It was decided to stalk them; so the party, after picketing their horses, divided, two going up a draw in the mountains to the left and the other two swinging around to the right, with a mutual agreement to keep on and finally meet at the base of the crags to compare notes, where the sheep had first been seen.

"I was with the Mexican sergeant," said Mr. Gaillard, one of the surveyors, "and we climbed to a ridge where, peeping over, I scanned the country for half a mile, but could see no living creature. Then, from the right where I was not looking, like a dream came five beautiful black tails, dashing swiftly down the mountain valley, and not 200 yards behind them were a full pack of timber wolves in hot pursuit. We both fired at once at the leader. Down dropped the buck, tumbling head over heels in the rocks and the others scrambled away at the top of their speed and soon disappeared around a bend in the canyon, notwithstanding the shower of lead we sent after them, the wolves at the first discharge, themselves took to their heels in an opposite direction, and we never saw them afterward.

"After dressing and quartering the game each of us shouldered a moiety and started off down the canyon to the left to find our comrades. Never shall I forget the scene that met our eyes after we had advanced about 400 yards into the timber. Even while skinning and preparing our own game rapid and continuous firing could be heard far off to the left, but now upon approaching nearer loud shouting and hallooing came to our ears, which told us that something unusual had happened or was going on. We dropped our meat and went forward rapidly, only to find our two friends snugly up a tree with only one gun between them, and surrounded by at least half a hundred Mexican jabalis, who held them close prisoners.

"As soon as this drove of jabalis spied us they abandoned their prisoners at once, and with loud snorts charged directly down upon us at railroad speed. We took to our heels and ran for our lives; but the sergeant, who was evidently used to their tactics, grasped my hand firmly and darting out into the canyon over the ragged rocks we ran at headlong pace until we reached a sort of butte or mound, up which we scrambled in a manner and style that I never thought possible.

"Here we in turn became prisoners, and amused ourselves by picking off our assailants, who had formed a circle around our mound, snorting and grunting viciously; but apparently without the sense or ingenuity of climbing up after us. Our broadsides had laid nineteen of them low, but somehow this did not seem in the least to discourage them, for they still grunted and snorted and circled around the mound, intent upon holding us securely until the last one of their number should be killed.

"We had now about run out of ammunition, but just then a shot rang out of the timber, and then another and another, in quick succession, each one of which settled the earthly career of a jabali. Our two friends coming down from their original perch and following our retreat, had mounted a second tree, where, at close range, they were able, to render us valuable assistance.

"Each shot told, and finally we counted thirty-nine jabalis lying dead at our feet. The remaining survivors, six in number, now gave up the fight in disgust, and with a last savage, angry snort, trotted away and were soon lost to view in the thick chaparral and stunted brush oak lining the timber. We descended, joined forces, and then started on the back trail. Our friends had lost their opportunity for a hunt so we picked up the venison, which still lay where it had been dropped, counted eleven dead jabalis lying about the tree which had sheltered our comrades, and just about dark resumed our march in search of the ponies.

"The copse where they had been picketed was found without much difficulty, but here a second and awful surprise was awaiting us. Two of the horses lay dead on the ground, and a third was so fearfully mangled that we shot him out of mercy. The fourth one was entirely missing. It was a plain story to be read, as plainly and as clearly as a written or a printed page. In the soft mud were innumerable huge tracks which indicated that the four lions mentioned by the Mexican officer had been at work. The poor, tied ponies, with possibly one exception, had no doubt been attacked and simply and literally torn to pieces by this quartet of fierce brutes.

"It was a dangerous situation for us, and so we felt it to be, and not waiting to secure bridles or trappings, only an additional supply of ammunition from the saddle pockets, without losing any more time than was absolutely necessary, we set out on the back trail and made all speed to reach camp. Marching in single file, the sergeant leading, carrying a resinous torch, about midnight a detachment from the camp met us, and from them we learned that the missing pony, badly frightened and fearfully scratched and clawed, had come galloping back to alarm them. It was the first and last hunt I ever experienced in Lower California," said Mr. Gaillard, "and I never want to try my luck in that fearful country again."

ACCURACY OF TOUCH.

Machinists Learn to Detect Inaccuracies With Their Fingers.

There are plenty of men who will, by the impression carried through a pair of calipers and the fingers' ends, determine within a very small percentage the amount of pressure which shall be required to be exerted by a hydraulic press in order to force onto its shaft an engine crank or a locomotive driving-wheel; a measurement in which a thousandth part of an inch variation in diameter causes much more variation in pressure than is permissible.

Indeed, on some kinds of work done in the machine shops, a thousandth of an inch has now become the most commonly employed unit of measurement, a unit which is divided and subdivided into at least ten parts in order to express the degree of refinement arrived at. This, of course, far surpasses the frequently mentioned but supposedly superfluous hairsplitting operation, since an ordinary human hair is about 2½-1000 of an inch in diameter. The paper upon which this page is printed is about 3-1000 of an inch thick, and 1-1000 part of an inch is, therefore, 1-3 the thickness of this sheet.

Considerably smaller variations of size can be detected by the trained sense of touch, says Scribner's, or rather the variations of the resistance of a pair of calipers passed over the work, and it is even possible for the sense of magnitude and the sensitiveness of the finger ends in relation to it to be so highly developed as to detect unaided, and by merely rolling a small steel ball between the thumb and finger, variation from true sphericity amounting to 1-12500 of an inch, or about 1-35 part of the thickness of the paper of this page. Ambrose Webster, a machinist of Waltham, whose business is the making of machinery and tools for watch manufacture, having demonstrated his ability to do this.

Second Nature.

Jessie—Max, are you sure that you never before loved a woman as you love me?

Max—Sure! As well ask me if I love the idolatrous creeds of the heathen as well as the pure religion of my fathers.

Jessie—How charmingly you say that.

Max, absently—I've said it often enough in my life to do it charmingly.—Texas Siftings.

Why He Laughed.

The spectacle manager was getting his force ready for the performance and was talking with the local manager.

"Can we get all the help we want?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," was the reassuring reply; "help is abundant."

"But we want it super-abundant," he said, with a haw-haw that seemed to come up through a trap.—Detroit Free Press.

His Idea of Economy.

"Rivers, you smoke to excess. That's the third time this morning I've seen you light a fresh cigar with the stump of the old one. I call that disgraceful extravagance."

"No, Banks, its economy. Saves matches."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

No Place for Exercise.

First Little Boy—Has your folks got a piano lamp?

Second Little Boy—No-o.

First Little Boy—What do you do when you wants to climb?

DAUGHTERS OF EVE.

The woman in the case—the photograph in the locket.

Drinking cups for picnic purposes are now made of paper.

A gilt wire basket is made for serving water cress at the table.

Mrs. Temple, wife of the bishop of London, is a shorthand writer.

Whenever we try to make others happy, we get paid for it in heaven's money.

There is nothing a man hates worse than to have his wife say she wants to have a private talk with him.

"Fweddy, we can't get through this crowd." "Wait a minute, Cholly. Here comes a lady with an umbrella. We will follow her."

Lady Florence Dixie declares that she knows three women disguised as men, one of whom is a ship captain and the others are pilots.

There are gracious, serene, hopeful and happy old women, who are more beautiful in their wrinkles than they were in their maiden roses.

Women who have babies don't look so pretty when they are young as those who have none, but they are better looking when they become old.

Personal in daily paper: "The young lady to whom I bear an engagement at the ball last night is hereby requested to send her name and address to the office of this paper."

Mamma, after the elderly visitor had gone (wary—You shouldn't have run out of the room when Miss Oldsiter tried to take you on her lap. Willie—She was not going to harm you. Willie—She wasn't, hey? She had her mouth puckered all ready for it, anyhow.

The czar of Russia is very fond of music, and he is an accomplished singer. The czarina also delights in hearing the well known Norse ballads of her childhood. All the children of the czar and czarina are likewise endowed with a deep love of music, particularly the youthful grand-duchess, Xenia.

Dr. Lankester has been searching the old newspapers and quotes the following curious advertisement: "Wanted—A woman, middle aged, to wait upon a young lady of great fashion and fortune; the woman must be of the church of England, have had the small-pox in the natural way, very sober, steady and well-behaved, and understand dress, getting up lace and fine linen, and doing all things necessary for a young lady that goes into all public places and keeps the best company. Inquire of the printer of this paper.—October 1, 1774."

Ceylon Tea.

It appears that some of the Ceylon tea planters are making an organized attempt to obtain a sale for their tea seed in the London market. A parcel of seven bags of that article was offered at the drug sales recently, but no one seemed to know what to do with it, and although the broker declared his belief that the drug was "a favorite medicine in China" the audience remained unmoved. Nevertheless the teaseed might have been worth purchasing for the sake of the blond oil wich it contains, to the extent of about 35 per cent by weight, and which resembles olive oil in color and somewhat in taste. The seeds are about the size of a cherry stone, subglobular in shape and of a deep brown color. The oil would be useful for burning or lubricating.—London Chemist and Druggist.

As to Giants.

There has been no subject concerning which more lies have been told than about giants. Until it was found that modern men could not be squeezed into the armor at the Tower, it was taken for granted that we had degenerated in size. This is not only not the case, but in the matter of giants we have the advantage of our predecessors. The Emperor Maximinian indeed was said to have been 8½ feet high, but ancient measurements, especially in the case of an emperor, is not to be trusted; indeed, from its not having made him taller, it is certain that there was no one else nearly so tall. Orestes, it is true, we are told, was 10 feet long—after death, but he was not thought so highly of when alive; we may reasonably take 8 feet as his ultimatum.

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

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

A Long Jump.

An Irishman who was to return to his native land by a certain steamer, arrived on the pier just as she was starting—in fact she was already on the move.

Taking a flying leap he covered the intervening space of six or eight feet at a bound, but tripped on alighting and hit his head, temporarily stunning himself.

When he came to the vessel was a couple of hundred yards out at sea.

"Be jabers!" he exclaimed, not realizing what had happened, "what a mighty foine jump!"—Drake's Magazine.

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

Royal Presence of Mind.

An historian of William IV. of England relates that he seemed in a momentary dilemma one day when at table with several officers, he ordered one of the waiters to "Take away that marine there," pointing to an empty table.

"Your majesty!" inquired a colonel of marines, "do you compare an empty bottle to a member of our branch of the service?"

"Yes," replied the monarch, as if a sudden thought had struck him, "I mean to say it has done its duty once, and is ready to do it again."

If drowsy after a good night's sleep, there is indigestion and stomach disorder, which Beecham's Pills will cure. 25 cents a box.

The future destiny of the child is always the work of the mother.

Medical writers claim that the successful remedy for nasal catarrh must be non-irritating, easy of application, and one that will reach the remote sores and ulcerated surfaces. The history of the efforts to treat catarrh is proof positive that only one remedy has completely met these conditions, and that is Ely's Cream Balm. This safe and pleasant remedy has mastered catarrh as nothing else has ever done, and both physicians and patients freely concede this fact.

People who live alone never get very well acquainted with themselves.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Tender or Sore Feet, Chilblains, Piles, &c. 25c. Claris Co., New Haven, Ct.

The recording angel never seeks information from a gravestone.

Funny Names.

The United States postoffice department has made a stand against some unfortunate tendencies of geographical nomenclature in this country by refusing to accept certain outlandish names for postal purposes. The result is that many towns of triple jointed names are known by some other title on the rolls of the postoffice department, to the confusion and inconvenience not only of their inhabitants but of all persons doing business with them.

It is because persons who once try Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, always buy it again, that its sales have become so enormous. The success of this great remedy in curing cold, cough, croup and sore throat is simply marvelous.

Life appears to be too short to be spent in nursing animosities.

Look out for counterfeits! See that you get the genuine Salvation Oil! Do not let the dealer sell you something "just as good," but insist upon getting the genuine with the Bull's Head trade mark upon the wrapper.

Where the Money