HOOD'S Sarsaparilla CURES

Miss Orlencia E. Allen
Salem, Mich.

Liver and Kidney trouble caused me to suffer all but death. Eight weeks I lived on brandy and beef tea. The doctor said he had not a ray of hope for my recovery. I rallied and commenced taking **Hood's Sarsaparilla** and from the first felt better. I continued and am now able to assist my mother in her house work. I owe my life to Hood's Sarsaparilla.
ORLENCIA E. ALLEN. **HOOD'S CURES.**

Hood's Pills cure nausea, sick headache, indigestion, biliousness. Sold by all druggists.

WALTER BAKER & CO.

COCOA and CHOCOLATE

Highest Awards
(Medals and Diplomas)
World's Columbian Exposition.

On the following articles, namely:
BREAKFAST COCOA,
PREMIUM No. 1 CHOCOLATE,
GERMAN SWEET CHOCOLATE,
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For "purity of material," "excellent flavor," and "uniform even composition."

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Are You Going South This Winter?

IF SO
MAKE YOUR ARRANGEMENTS TO GO VIA THE

BIG FOUR ROUTE.

Whether in pursuit of health or pleasure, no portion of the country offers so many and varied attractions at this season as the Sunny South. The Orange Groves of Florida, redolent with the perfume of sweet blossoms, wave their branches in hearty welcome to the tourist from the Snow-clad Northland and the mellow breezes of the Southern Sea woo the invalid from the Blizzards of the Frozen North. There is one line to Florida "The Big Four Route" which on account of its excellent train service, perfect connections in Union Depots and absence of transfers, forms the "Tourists' ideal Line to Florida." From all points north of the Ohio River the Big Four Route, in connection with the Through Car Lines from Cincinnati, will be found to offer the Best Time, Best Service and Best Equipment to all Southern Points, and if you desire to travel with comfort and ease be sure your tickets read via the Big Four Route.

E. O. McCORMICK, Pass'r Traffic Mgr. D. B. MARTIN, Gen'l Pass'r Agt.
CINCINNATI, O.

No Hatchet Needed
To Open this Can.
For Hog Cholera this Lye
Is a sure cure if used in time. For making soap, cleaning house, softening water, it has no equal.
The Housewife's Best Friend.
A valuable washing receipt in each can. For sale by all grocers. It will surprise you.

SOUTHERN Home Seekers GUIDE.
Send to the undersigned for a FREE COPY of the **1894 Edition** of the above Book. It is full of desirable information concerning the South and describes **The Agricultural and Horticultural Advantages** of the country traversed by the Illinois Central and the Yazoo & Mississippi Valley Railroads in Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana. J. F. Merry, A. G. P. A., Illinois Central R. R., Manchester, Ia.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
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YOU HAVE A **Patent.**
DO YOU WANT TO SELL IT?
Write me full description with very lowest price.
LLOYD EBERHART, 226 La Salle St., CHICAGO, ILL.

SWEET POTATOES Sent out to be sprouted on the shares. No experience required. Directions for sprouting free. Address,
T. J. SKINNER, Columbus, Kansas.

Patents, Trade-Marks,
Examination and Advice as to Patentability of Invention. Send for "Inventors' Guide, or How to Get a Patent." PATRICK O'FARRELL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

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.

At ¼ Price Watches, Guns, Buggies, Harness, Sewing Machines, Organs, Bicycles, Farm Tools, Safes, etc. List FREE. CHICAGO SCALE CO., Chicago, Ill.

Afflicted with sore eyes, use **Thompson's Eye Water.**

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FOR SALE, TRADE or LEASE. BRICK and TILE PLANT. Dawson, Iowa. J. C. D. WOODWORTH, Omaha, Neb.

GRAIN Bought and sold on margins. Write for Circular. Hawkeye Commission Co., No. 3 New York Life, Omaha.

POULTRY Butter, Eggs and Wild Game, ship to Robt. Purvis, Commission Merchant. 1216 Harney Street, Omaha.

Paxton & Gallagher Importers and Jobbing Grocers. Ask for our "TEA LEAF" brand of tea. "GATE CITY" brand of Canned Goods. "MEXICAN BLEND" Coffee. Nothing finer produced. Every package guaranteed. Do you smoke "OMAHA DAILY BEE" cigar? It is a winner.

Hotel Dellone Omaha, cor. 14th and Capitol Ave., ½ blk from both Council Bluffs & Omaha car lines. Best $2.00 a day house in the state. Fire proof. REED & CASEY, Proprietors.

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.

PROGRESSIVE EUCHRE.
Send at once to JOHN SEBASTIAN, G. T. A. C., R. I. & P. R. R., Chicago, and receive, postage paid, the slickest deck of cards you ever handled. TEN CENTS per pack, postage stamps, for one or many.

FROM FOREIGN LANDS.

The Socialist associations of Sicily count 300,000 members.

The population of Italy is very dense, there being 270 people to every square mile of territory.

In the year 760 A. D. Pope Paul I. sent the only clock in the known world as a present to Pepin, king of France.

The name Brazil means "red wood" or "land of the red wood." The original discoverer called it "the land of the holy cross."

Yarrow is building a torpedo boat for the French navy made out of aluminum, which will be hoisted in and out with great ease.

One variety of the India rubber tree (ficus elastica) has leaves of the deepest green each provided with a narrow border of very bright red.

When War is Declared
Against a man's happiness by his stomach, the enemy may be pacified and brought speedily and easily to terms. That potent regulator of digestion, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, disciplines the rebellious organ thoroughly. Indigestion arises from weakness of the stomach, and the food in it, for want of the power to digest, decomposes and acidifies, giving rise to heartburn, flatulence and pain, besides a multitude of symptoms both changeful and perplexing. But peace soon reigns when the great stomachic is resorted to and used with persistence. Dyspepsia gives rise to morbid discomposure of mind, and even sleeplessness and hypochondria in chronic cases. To the complete dismissal of these the Bitters is fully adequate. Liver complaint, constipation, debility, rheumatism and malaria, are completely subdued by this genial medicine.

More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of.

Every generation of man is a laborer for that which succeeds it.

Speak but little and well if you wou'd be esteemed a man of merit.

DROPSY is a dread disease, but it has lost its terrors to those who know that H. H. Green & Sons, the Dropsy Specialists of Atlanta, Georgia, treat it with such great success. Write them for pamphlet giving full information.

Romance has been elegantly defined as the offspring of fiction and love.

A desire to resist oppression is implanted in the nature of man.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

ELY'S CREAM BALM
Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

CATARRH
ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES CATARRH COLD IN HEAD HAY-FEVER HEAD-ACHE
50 CENTS. ELY BROS. Price, incl. Nozzle. U.S.A.

TRY THE CURE. **HAY-FEVER**
A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists, or by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

Increased Appetite
is one of the first good effects felt by users of Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil with Hypophosphites. Good appetite begets good health.

Scott's Emulsion
is a fat-food that provides its own tonic. Instead of a tax upon appetite and digestion it is a wonderful help to both.

Scott's Emulsion arrests the progress of Consumption, Bronchitis, Scrofula, and other wasting diseases by raising a barrier of healthy flesh, strength and nerve.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

RUMELY TRACTION AND PORTABLE ENGINES.
Threshers and Horse Powers.
Write for Illustrated Catalogue, mailed Free.
M. RUMELY CO., LAPORTE, IND.

CAPITAL CITY NURSERIES.
THERE is no larger or better selected stock in the West, nor one anywhere better adapted to the uses of Prairie Planters. Complete in all departments. Fruit Trees, Forest Trees, Small Fruits, Evergreens, Ornamentals, etc. An honest, reliable Agent wanted in every county in the Northwest. Complete Outfit and the best of terms offered. 1870 C. L. WATROUS, Des Moines, Ia. 1894

AMUSING TRIFLES.

Boarder—Is this genuine vegetable soup? Waiter—Yes, sir; fourteen carrots fine.

Auntie—It isn't good form to hold your fork in that way. Little Niece—Auntie, do you think it is good form to stare at folks while they are eating?

"Here you are, mum," said the peddler, briskly. "Flowers and music, mum! Sell you anything from a chrysanthemum to a Christmas anthem, mum!"

"I wish you wouldn't be asking me for money all the time," growled the husband. "I'm not, dear," responded the wife, sweetly. "Part of the time is occupied in spending it."

"Have you any faith in patent medicines?" asked the man who never feels well. "I should say I have," replied the man who hustles. "Quickest means in the world for getting rich."

"You say that your married life has been a miserable disappointment. Wasn't it because you didn't marry the right woman?" "I suspect it was because she did not marry the right man."

President of Insurance Company—I am afraid our advertising man is no good. He sent a shipment of blotters to Philadelphia. Secretary—What of that? "They don't use blotters there; they wait for the ink to dry."

Mr. Quiverful—What was Tommy crying for this morning? Mrs. Quiverful—Because I wouldn't let him go swimming in the canal. Mr. Quiverful—What is he crying for now? Mrs. Quiverful—I've just told him to go and take a bath.

Daughter—Mr. Nicechapp has asked for my hand, and I have accepted. Papa—What nonsense! You are not old enough to marry. Daughter—That's the beauty of it. I will have plenty of time to look around while I'm engaged.

"I believe in trying to put as good a face as possible on everything in times like these, Maria," said Mr. Billus, looking again at the bill that had just been brought in, "but it does seem to me that $3.75 for complexion wash in one month is putting it on a little too thick!"

Best remedy for sprains and pains. Mr. J. M. Spring, Bennings, D. C., writes: "I have been using Salvation Oil and have obtained great relief. Among so many remedies tried, Salvation Oil is the best for sprains and pains in the back." It kills all pain.

Elder Ellis of Stanford, Ky., recently "talked right out" in meeting and surprised his hearers by telling them that he saw in the audience people who hadn't paid their grocery bills for a year, their doctors for two years or their pew rent for five.

Never be without it. Mr. Chas. Visscher, 44 Lincoln Ave., Springfield, O., writes: "Five doses of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup cured me of a severe cough. I shall always keep it."

DATES AND NUMBERS.

Florida was discovered by Juan Ponce de Leon on April 2, 1513.

Lincoln's emancipation proclamation was made on January 1, 1863.

"Æsop's Fables," by Caxton, 1484, was the first book with its pages numbered.

Iceland with 70,000 inhabitants has as many papers as the empire of China.

The deepest mines in England are the Dunkirk collieries in Lancashire, 2,824 feet.

One of the celebrated wine vaults of the London docks is nearly seventeen acres in extent.

The compact of the Mayflower was signed on the lid of Elder Brewster's chest on November 21, 1620.

The battle of New Orleans, the culminating event of the war of 1812, was fought on January 8, 1815.

The total yield of wool in this country last year amounted to 364,156,656 pounds, the largest American clip ever raised.

$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. Ry., Chicago.

An ordinary elephant produces 120 pounds of ivory. Two exhibition tusks in London weigh 162 and 173 pounds respectively.

The Railroad Gazette places the mileage constructed last year at 1,585 miles, against 4,090 miles in 1892, and 12,900 in 1887, the year of maximum railroad construction in this country.

Missouri during her seventy-three years of statehood has had twenty-eight governors. Three, and only three, have been native born. Two of these were educated in another state and one was not educated at all.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss
LUCAS COUNTY.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6 day of December, A. D. 1886.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Cautious.

"Are you the proprietor of this restaurant?" said the man who had waited for his order until he became sleepy.

"Yes, sir.. What can I do for you?"

"You can give me some information. I want to know whether you have told the waiter to stay away so that you can bring in a bill for lodging against me."—Washington Star.

Those Pimples

Are tell-tale symptoms that your blood is not right—full of impurities, causing a sluggish and unsightly complexion. A few bottles of S. S. S. will remove all foreign and impure matter, cleanse the blood thoroughly and give a clear and rosy complexion. It is most effectual, and entirely harmless.

Chas. Heaton, 73 Laurel St., Phila., says:—"I have had for years a humor in my blood which made me dread to shave, as small boils or pimples would be cut thus causing shaving to be a great annoyance. After taking three bottles of my face is all clear and smooth as it should be—appetite splendid, sleep well and feel like running a foot race, all from the use of S. S. S.

S.S.S.

Send for Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO, Atlanta, Ga.

MAID MARJORY.

Marjory Elis was verily the sweetest little hoyden that ever handled the tiller of a cat-boat.

Rosy and chubby and cute was she, with a dangerous pair of wonderful, sparkling, Irish eyes, vivid blue, surrounded by sweeping midnight lashes.

Marjory well deserved her wide reputation as the most beautiful girl on Long Island.

"Pray, Majory, take heed whither thou goest. I have no desire to end my life in a watery grave," said Isabelle, as Majory jibed the Wing, and came near upsetting the treacherous little craft.

"The saints protect us!" murmured Elizabeth, with a feigned shiver of apprehension. "If Marjory sees a young man in a passing boat she is quite equal to dumping us out to lighten her load so that she may beat him."

Just as that moment a small sloop scudding along with all sails set, passed quite close to them, and with a sudden cry of "low bridge" Marjory brought the Wing sharply about and proceeded to run before the wind after the graceful, tossing sloop.

"Girls, did you see that fellow? He was as handsome as an Adonis, with the proportions and apparent strength of a young giant."

"Ye gods and little fishes, hear Marjory gush," laughed Isabelle, when she recovered her breath from the sudden duck of her head, which was necessary in order to clear the swinging boom.

"She met her fate on the broad, blue sea,
And a jolly young sailor, bold is he."
sang Elizabeth, teasingly.

"Stop your nonsense, or I will give you a taste of the 'broad blue sea,'" returned Marjory.

Almost as she spoke, the great sail, with a breathless rush, flapped upon them, then jibed with a creak and a groan, and all in a moment, three pretty misses were floundering in the water.

Gus Marvin heard a volley of shrill shrieks and turned to see the girls frantically clutching their bobbing boat, and sending cries of terror and despair in his direction.

It was only a few minutes' work to come about and sail over to the wreck, where he rescued three dripping damsels, whose spirits, like their garments, were sadly dampened by their sudden cold plunge.

Marjory was the only one who retained even a semblance of composure, as she said:

"Many thanks, kind sir, for your timely assistance. You have rescued us from certain death, and we are grateful accordingly. I assure you we did not do it on purpose to make your acquaintance, even though men are deplorably scarce at the hotel. May we know the name of our preserver?"

Gus paused in his work of bailing out the overturned boat, and with an amused grin, fished a soiled card out of his jacket-pocket, and doffing his yachting cap, presented it with all the courtesy of an ancient courtier.

"Thanks, noble lord," said Marjory; but after this she subsided under the fierce glances of the other girls, who were sad in the consciousness of the sorry, even ridiculous, aspect they must present with their dripping garments and straight bangs.

Gus bailed out the Wing and towed it in to the "Grand Pier" dock, where he deposited the three Graces, alas! deprived of their well-known attributes. For not one of the girls felt the slightest stirrings of either faith, hope or charity in their disgusted persons.

"Such abominable luck!" moaned Marjory, as she led the cold wet procession up to Greycliff, the Ellis Villa.

"Well, I should say so!" interrupted Isabelle. "You will never get me to set foot in your horrid little boat again, Marjory Ellis."

Elizabeth only groaned. It was a groan born of her uncomfortable state, and meant disapproval of Marjory and her boat.

"Oh, girls, girls, who do you think he is?"

"I don't know, and not giving you a short answer, I don't care," returned Isabelle.

"Gus Marvin!"

"The owner of Heartsease? Oh, Marjory!" said Isabelle, breathlessly.

"The gentleman himself," answered Miss Ellis, bitterly.

"But you don't care, Marjory, you were determined not to marry him, even if your father and his had made such an arrangement when you were babies," said Elizabeth slyly.

"But I didn't know he would be so handsome," moaned Marjory, disconsolately;" and he hardly looked at me at all."

It was three days after the impromptu ducking, and Marjory was pouring tea on the lawn attended by Isabelle and Elizabeth, her school-friend visitors.

"Marjory," said Isabelle, gushingly, "you are adorable in an apron. You would make a lovely maid."

"An idea. I've an idea!" said Marjory clapping her dimpled hands.

"No? The first one you've ever had, isn't it?" said Elizabeth, conveying a big, golden olive to her rosy lips."

"Hush! don't be ridiculous. I really mean it. Girls, I'm in love with Gus Marvin. No joking. I'm in sober earnest. Now, I'm afraid if he meets me when he calls, as probably he will condescend to do eventually, he will recognize me as the leader of our moist escapade of the other day, and will be disgusted with my boydenish ways. I mean to avoid all that by applying for a position as parlor maid at Heartsease. They are in need of another maid, and I have been down here so seldom that none of the neighbors know me. Pa and ma are away, and there is no one here to prevent. You acknowledge I make rather a good-looking maid, and I can try, at least, to make him fall in love with me in my cap and apron," ended Marjory, modestly. "What do you think of my plan?" and she gazed proudly about at her friends, who, in absolute horror and amazement, were regarding her attentively, as though in doubt as to her sanity.

Gus Marvin banged into the library in a beastly bad humor.

In the first place, the weather was abominable, and in the second place, he had been obliged to drive across the country for a dozen miles in an open trap; and last, but not least, Bess, his favorite mare, had gone lame on the way, and there was no telling when she would recover. Hence you will see that he had every excuse for his ill-temper.

"Great Scott!" he ejaculated, as he paused in the center of the big room.

And he gave vent to a low whistle of astonishment as he contemplated the unusual aspect of the usually gloomy apartment.

On the hearth a bright, cozy, crackling fire was blazing, not at all resembling the smoking, sooty affair which he was in the habit of anathematizing every evening.

This in itself was perplexing, but there was more. Drawn up to one side of the fire-place was a snowy teatable laid with sparkling glass and flashing silver, the candles burning cheerfully, and chasing away the gray shafts of gloomy daylight which penetrated the corner. A shining samovar hissed appetizingly, and the fragrant odor of spicy oolong greeted his nostrils.

"I wonder what has come over old Margot?" he thought, as he divested himself of his soaked mackintosh and ensconced himself in his favorite chair, which was drawn up to the fire in readiness for him.

"Bring along the stuff; I'm as hungry as a bear!" he called as the door gently swung open.

"Oh!"

This was an involuntary exclamation as a slim, prettily rounded little figure appeared before him, and, with a respectful courtesy, proceeded to busy two dimpled, sun-bronzed hands among the delicate china.

At last, when a steaming cup of tea had been poured out and presented to him by this charming new maid, he recovered himself to the extent of saying:

"Would you mind telling me who you are?"

"Betsey, the new maid, sir," with another low courtesy.

It had never occurred to Gus before, but he now decided that Betsey was a very pretty name, especially when belonging to a rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed lassie with long black lashes.

Gus felt a sudden happiness permeate his being. The old place would not be half so lonely if this charming vision was to stay there and anticipate his wants.

This happiness deepened as the days slipped away, and he became accustomed to be waited upon by the dainty maiden. He never recognized her as the sailor girl he had rescued that blustery morning.

He began to have a half guilty feeling about the return of his father and mother from their summer sojourn in Europe. He did not want to think of his little maid waiting on any one else, even his beloved parents.

And then all of a sudden one early autumn day, Frank Weston, his old college chum, descended unannounced upon him as he stood smoking and talking to Betsey on the side porch.

"Hello, old fellow," said Frank, as he came up the steps. "Why this must be Miss Ellis!" with a surprised glance at the coquettish mite of a cap, and the snowy apron.

Gus turned to her in amazement, only to see a vivid blush creep over her fair white throat, and then she ran into the house without a word for Frank, with whom she had flirted all through a cotillon one evening the previous winter.

Gus could not understand the mystery and thought Frank must be mistaken in insisting that Betsey, the maid, was the wealthy Miss Ellis, but at luncheon he found a tiny note of explanation on his plate from Betsey, alias Marjory Ellis, in which the jewel of a maid resigned her position, and asked for a recommendation.

A" recommendation indeed," he muttered as he read the apologetic little note; "I will go over immediately and bring her back, under promise of promotion to housekeeper-in-chief."

And regardless of poor Frank, he started immediately for Greycliff, and stayed until Marjory had promised to accept the promotion, and resume her duties in taking care of Mr. Marvin, or "Dear Gus," as she now called him.

"For," said she, "though you don't remember me, you saved my life once, and I felt that I owed it to you to give you a chance to fall in love with me."

READ THE BIBLE CAREFULLY.

How a Drummer Caught Two Ministers on an Easy Question.

Abashed at nothing, a commercial traveller in the south once propounded a question to a couple of clergymen, whom he encountered on a railroad train, which illustrates how easily a man may be tripped on a simple, little "catch" problem.

The drummer entered into a conversation with the ministers and entertained them amazingly with his brilliant conversation, touching men and affairs. Gradually the topics changed, until at last the talk was of Dr. Talmage and his visit to the Holy Land.

"Speaking of the Holy Land," said the graceless commercial man, "I was quite interested to read in a New York paper recently that a party of explorers in Palestine has discovered a huge heap of bones, which, from their size and quantity, are supposed to be of the children which Herod ordered killed. They were found in a cave, which had been closed for centuries, which accounts for their preservation."

"Indeed!" replied one of the clergymen, much interested. "I had not heard of it. It is certainly a surprising discovery."

"Yes," continued the drummer, "and, oddly enough, while nearly half the bones are bleached white, the rest were as black as ebony."

"Remarkable," ejaculated the clergyman, who had already spoken, while the other looked at the drummer suspiciously.

"What is your theory," he continued. "Do you think it possible that the bleached bones could be of males, and the black of females?"

"Possibly," replied the more communicative clergyman. "I am not an anatomist, however, and can't say what effects long exposure has on the bones of the sexes."

"And you," persisted the drummer to the other. "What is your opinion? Do you think it possible that the white bones belong to male infants and the black to female, or vice versa? That is the problem that now excites the discoverers."

"Really," replied the other, "I don't know, but, possibly, as you first put it, the white bones may be of the male children, and the black of the female."

Shortly after this the clergymen reached their destination and left the train. Just as it was about moving off, the drummer who had been chuckling to himself the meanwhile, thrust into the hand of one a card, upon which was written the words:—

"Excuse me if I suggest that you read your Bibles hereafter with greater care. Had you done so in the past, you would have known that boy babies only were ordered slain by Herod."—N. Y. Herald.

FRANCE'S COLORS.

How the Red White and Blue Came to Be Selected.

Some 70 or 80 years before France was involved in the flames of the revolution—that is, at the epoch of the war of the Succession, when she was in close alliance with Spain and Bavaria—it was thought desirable to distinguish the allied soldiers by a cockade, which combined the colors of the three nations—the white of France, the red of Spain, and the blue of Bavaria.

To none of these incidents, however, would it be wise to attribute the origin of the historic tricolor and cockade adopted by revolutionary France. At the outset there seemed a likelihood that green, which Camille Desmoulins had popularized at the Palais Royal, would have become the national color; but men remembered in time that it was of the livery of the Comte d'Artois, the most unpopular of the Bourbon princes, and it was thereupon discarded.

A proposition was then made to assume the colors of the city of Paris—blue and red, as Dumas reminds us in his "Six Ans Apres." To these was added the "white" of so many glorious memories, because it had always been selected by the national guard—always faithful to the throne and its traditions.

Not until some months after the capture of the Bastile was the tricolor definitely adopted, when Bailly and Lafayette presented it to Louis XVI., in the great hall of the Hotel de Ville, and the convention issued a decree in which it was described as consisting of three colors—"disposees en trois bandes egales, de maniere que le bleu soit attache a la garde du pavilion, le blanc au milieu, et le rouge flottant dans les airs"—that is, in equal vertical sections, with the blue inward, the red outward, and the white between.

This is the historic flag which Napoleon's legions, in conjunction with their eagles, bore victoriously from the Seine to the Elbe, the Tagus, the Borodino, and the Danube; which they planted victoriously on the walls of almost every European capital.—All the Year Round.

KEEPING A PRIVATE NOTEBOOK

Employes of Civil Engineers Are Not Allowed This Privilege.

"He was the best surveyor and draughtsman in my employ," said a well known civil engineer of this city a few days ago, referring to a man whom he had just discharged. "I discovered a short time ago that he was keeping a private note book, and after notifying him that he must stop it, and again learning that he was continuing the practice, I was obliged to discharge him."

I asked the gentleman to explain what he meant by "keeping a private note book."

"A surveyor," said he, "in doing a piece of work makes minutes as he goes along of the lines he runs, of the various points marking the bounds of the laids he is surveying, and all such data as is not necessary for the drawing of his plans, but also incidentally that which may aid him in the case of any other survey being made later on.

"This data, you see, really constitutes a sort of capital or stock in trade, for if the party owning the land ever wishes another survey of it for any purpose he will naturally apply to that same surveyor, who having these old memoranda, can do the work easier and more cheaply than any other surveyor. Often times, after many years have elapsed and old landmarks have passed away, those minutes become very valuable.

"Consequently a civil engineer always wishes to keep these in his own hands, and men in his employ are not allowed to make copies of minutes of surveys which they make while in his employ. Otherwise, an old employe, in leaving and setting up in business for himself, could carry away a large slice of his employer's business.

"This is the reason why I have discharged my best employe upon finding that he was persisting in the practice."

A HIGH TIDE.

As Described by a Writer in the Californian.

Swinging myself in the halliards my gay companions pulled me to the masthead and I was able to see the bore coming about five miles distant. It looked like a huge wall of water and foam about twenty miles in length and about fifteen feet in height. As the bay at low tide was only about four miles in width, it came rolling in over the dry land on either side almost as far as I could see with the glasses, while behind it the rollers were fully twenty feet high.

There we were high and dry, but not high enough to save us, and with no way to get off till it rolled over us. There was nothing else to do but place our anchor as well as possible, pack everything snugly in the boat, and retreat to a pile of driftwood half a mile away where there was some chance of our holding our own against the waves. We regretted very much to leave the boat and supplies, but we preferred to risk the 250-mile walk, through desert and Indians, back to civilization, to the almost certain chance of being drowned in a deluge.

About the time we climbed upon the drift the bore struck the boat and though our distance from the low tide of the bay made the water only about four feet deep, it struck it with such force that it swung around, cutting the foam like a knife with the 80-foot chain, and began dragging the anchor directly toward us. Though the boat filled half full of water she righted, and with swimming and wading we succeeded in reaching her, and drifted into the slough that we had been trying to reach.

After this we took care to take refuge behind some island just before the coming of the tide, though we saw no more bores like this during the month. That tide was 38 feet in height, and by measuring on the drift we found that there had been others four feet higher, making the tides at the mouth of the Colorado, without doubt, the highest in the world.

A Queer Little Island.

The Island of Grenada, one of the Windward Group of the Lesser Antilles, is a place where a merchant can establish a thriving business for thirty shillings. The shops generally consist of a barrel, upturned and spread with a board or two. Here are displayed fruits, sweet potatoes charcoal (used for the negroes' little iron cooking pots) sugar cane, fish and other articles of trifling value. In "A Notable Island" the author describes a visit to a garden near the town of St. George.

The Ethiopian owner of the garden appeared to be a family man, and we presently worked our way into an environment of black babies and more dogs. Having expressed unbounded interest in all he showed me, I could not, of course, draw the line at his own offspring.

"Dat my youngest daughter," he remarked, pointing out an infant of tender years and ebon of blackness, who sat sunning herself among lizards and such things, and wore the same clothes as they.

I said: "And a very nice daughter, too. You are a very lucky man, John."

"Dat my youngest sen ober dare," he continued, this time referring me to a still smaller, and, if possible, blacker fragment of humanity, who was grubbing up refreshments off a rubbish heap.

"A fine boy—a remarkably fine boy." I told the father; and then he grew excited at so much unusual praise, and went into his house and brought out his wife and his other sons and daughters and an aunt for me to criticise. I scattered adulation, and even found out a good point in the aunt which the head of the family had overlooked himself. She possessed the most brilliant and wonderful set of teeth I ever saw.

In the vegetable garden grew sweet potatoes, cucumbers and chrisiophines—this last akin to vegetable marrow. Having viewed these matters, and gloated with our guide over a fat chicken-turtle in a tub, we visited the flower garden.

Here appeared mignonette trees, English roses and brilliant cactons, yellow, crimson and purple. Begonias flourished exceedingly. Beneath a tiny fountain that tinkled up into the hot air grew water lilies, while the margin of their home was fringed with angelica and trailing ferns.

That ended the exhibition, because, as our host explained, the weather kept cold and windy, and all his choicer flora sulked in the bud, refusing to make an effort until the thermometer should ascend to a hundred and fifty, or some such reasonable temperature as that.

Don't Fold Your Letters to the Queen

A useful piece of information to any of those suffering from that dreadful infliction cacoethes scribendi, and who in consequence feel themselves impelled to write to Queen Victoria, will do well to bear in mind is that they must on no account fold the paper on which they have written. No communication which bears evidence of having been creased will ever fall into her majesty's own hands. The proper method is to write on thick, glossy white paper and to dispatch the missive in an envelope which fits it. Any folded communication never reaches the queen, for the simple reason that she won't look at it. All such letters are opened by the mistress of the robes, and as a rule their contents never get beyond her, or if the letter is of importance it is returned to the writer with directions how to forward it.—London Letter.

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Electric Girls and Wild Men.

"Fake" freaks often draw better than genuine ones, but they do not last so long. A recent instance of this kind was an "electric girl." It was asserted that she was so charged with electricity that one received a shock upon shaking hands with her. This delusion was really produced by the girl standing on a wet mat charged with electricity from a hidden battery and large enough for the visitor to stand on also. Another fake of the same class, which I came across not long ago, was a "wild man of the woods" who was crouched in a dark corner of what appeared to be a heavily-barred cage, clanking the heavy chains that were attached to his limbs. A strong railing was placed in front, so as not to allow visitors to approach too close to the man. The lecturer told the audience how this remarkable creature had been found running wild by a party of hunters on the west coast of Africa, and that he had been in captivity only a few months, and was very dangerous, so much so that his meat, which he would eat only in a raw state, had to be placed in the cage with a long iron fork. After the museum was closed every night this wild man doffed his chains and suit of hair and took the car to his home, where he was accounted one of the mildest and most henpecked of men.—Lippincott's Magazine.

WALTER BAKER & Co., the largest Cocoa and Chocolate Manufacturers on this continent, have carried off the highest honors at the World's Columbian Exposition. They received from the Board of Judges the highest awards (medals and diplomas) on all the articles contained in their exhibit; namely, breakfast cocoa, premium No. 1 chocolate, German sweet chocolate, vanilla chocolate, cocoa butter.

The judges state in their report that these products are characterized by "excellent flavor," "purity of material employed," and "uniform, even composition, indicating great care in point of mechanical preparation."

A copy of Miss Parloa's "Choice Receipts" will be sent free to any housekeeper, on application, by mail or otherwise, to Walter Baker & Co., Dorchester, Mass.

Oldest Lodge of Masons.

The oldest lodge of Free Masons in America, St. John's lodge of Boston, recently held its 160th annual meeting, at which new officers were installed by Wyzeman Marshall, who was master of the lodge in 1858, 1859 and 1860. The lodge possesses two bunches of grapes that are the original tavern sign adorning the front of the Bunch of Grapes inn, in Boston, where the first lodge of Free Masons in America was established in 1733.

Coe's Cough Balsam
Is the oldest and best. It will break up a Cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

Chinese Savings Bank.

The Emperor Duc-Tu of Cochin, China, protects his treasures by placing them in hollowed trunks of trees, which float about in a huge tank situated in the center of the royal palace. There are twenty crocodiles in the tank as well. When he wishes to draw upon this bank all of the reptiles are killed; but this cannot take place without the joint consent of the emperor and his minister of finance.

As a Simple Yet Effective Remedy for Throat Affections, BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES stand first in public favor. They are absolutely unrivalled for the alleviation of all Throat irritations caused by Colds or use of the voice.

A New Scheme.

A French engineer has built an electric locomotive which carries a 500-horse power stationary steam engine. This runs a dynamo electric machine, which generates the current applied to the electric motors mounted on driving axles. That is to say, instead of using the mechanical energy directly, it is converted into electrical, and then into mech