Rheumatism

According to recent investigations is caused by excess of lactic acid in the blood. This acid attacks the fibrous tissues, particularly the joints, and causes the best manifestations of the disease, pains and aches in the back and shoulders, and in the joints at the knees, ankles, hips and wrists. Thousands of people have found in Hood's Sarsaparilla a reliable and permanent cure for rheumatism. This medicine, by its purifying and vitalizing action, neutralizes the acidity of the blood, and also strengthens the whole body.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

CATARRH
CURED for $1.00.
By the Novelty Process,
INHALANT.
Coughs, Colds, Catarrh, Hay Fever, Asthma, Hoarseness, yield at once to the new process of vaporized Inhalation. Superior to the many expensive nostrums. Sent everywhere.
GUARANTEED
In all cases. Treatment lasts Lonell and Cents a month. Sent by mail on receipt of price. If Druggists can not supply you, write to DR. HAYES, CALCO., St. Louis, Mo.

ON 30 DAYS' TRIAL.

THIS MARVELOUS ELASTIC TRUSS
Has a Pad different from all others, Self-Adjusting, Retaining the Rupture in the hottest exercise or most violent coughing, and has held it in perfect ease and comfort day and night. Sent by mail. Circulars free. MARSHALL TRUSS MFG. CO., Chicago, Ill.

MASONS PATENT RUNNER ATTACHMENTS FOR WHEELED VEHICLES
Light and Strong. Adapted to any vehicle. Any purchaser an expert. Ship anywhere. Circulars free. Agents wanted. Mention this paper. Address MASON'S CARRIAGE WORKS DUBUQUE, IOWA.

Toledo Weekly Blade.

The best Weekly newspaper in the United States. Circulation 80,000, distributed evenly throughout the United States. Its Special Correspondence is unsurpassed with other papers, giving the news of the entire world. Politics, Science and carefully edited department for the Family. Price $1.00 a YEAR. Liberal terms to agents. Send for specimen and agents' terms. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

PENS USE THE BEST. Gillott's Famous Pens. Standard quality. Sold by all dealers. Sample card 10c. ESTERBROOK, Sole Agents, 26 John St., New York.

1889.—"IRON AND STEEL."—1889.

The Latest and Brightest Christmas and New Year's Annual, by "A Man" of the Sunny Side Press Island Home.

Thousands of readers who have scanned with many delight the pages of "Walt Stephens, the Genius of Steam" (1868), "Voltaguy, the Genius of Electricity" (1869), "Petroleum, Its Natural Gas Wells" (1870), and "Coal and Coke" (1873), will be happy to know that the latest and joint to the Island Home Island series, "Iron and Steel" (1889), dedicated to the "Boys and Girls of America," is now ready for distribution.

This work embodies a vast deal of useful and interesting information, and the company of his boy and girl visitors, "A Man" presents the mine, explains their under ground workings, follows the mineral product to the furnace and smelter, and describes the various processes to which it is subjected and the machinery that compels it to assume the various forms of castings, plates, nails, tools and other fabrics for general use.

The engravings are from original sketches and photographs, and admirably exhibit the subject. In the mine pictures there are numerous full-page views of scenes in the Iron Mountain, (Mo.,) Gogebic, and Cornwall (Pa.) mining districts, and of Iron and Steel Works at Pueblo, Pittsburg, Cleveland and other places. The work has been prepared with great care, and will be written in the most attractive, colloquial style which characterized the predecessors.

The book makes a very handsome appearance. The cover is in itself a marvel—the design being so unique and effective, effects are beautiful and artistic. The paper is superior and typography and press work first-class. Although the cost incurred has been very considerable, the public will be put to no greater expense than heretofore. Enclose ten (10) cents in coin or stamps (for postage and packing) to the undersigned, postpaid. Address, Jno. H. Smith, Assistant General Ticket and Passenger Agent, Chicago, and your order will be promptly filled.

Fans are larger than ever and are made in every conceivable variety of color and design.

Pale gray tulle flecked with steel spangles and bordered with a steel corset makes a very effective ball dress.

Woman's Modesty.

Many women are prevented by feelings of delicacy from consulting a physician in those diseases arising from functional derangement of her peculiar delicate organism, and the most serious results are often the sequel. To such the author, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is an especial boon, as it offers a sure and safe cure for all those distressing disorders to which women are peculiarly subject, while it saves a modest girl or woman from the embarrassment of a person l consultation with a physician. "Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee by the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. See guarantee on bottle wrapper.

A very pretty bon is made of soft green tinted flat satin with feathers.

Jack and Jill each took a pill,
Old-fashioned kind—full grown;
Jack went down the hill with a frown—
Jill died from "cause unknown."

Smiles will supersede many frowns, and many discomforts will be unknown, when Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets are universally used. They bid fair to do the large and less efficient pill of the dark ages. Every day they gain new laurels! Druggists offer them most like silver!

Pale shades of blue are second in favor to the all-prevailing green.

Symptoms of Catarrh.

Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at other times thick, viscous, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are watery, inflamed, or inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hawking or spitting to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a nasal twang; there is a loss of smell and taste are impaired; there is a sensation of dryness, with a mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility. If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from Nasal Catarrh. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. They made of consumptives, and hurry nearly half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive or dangerous, or less understood, or more unsuccessfully treated by physicians. Five hundred dollars reward is offered by the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, for a case of catarrh they cannot cure. Remedy sold by druggists, at only 50 cents.

Lily stalk green is the newest new shade of that ultra fashionable color. It is a light tint.

We call your attention to the second advertisement of H. W. Buckbee, Rockford, Ill. If you intend purchasing seeds, plants, etc., you will find this a first-class reliable house. Illustrated catalogue mailed free, upon application.

Cloth walking costumes are decorated with silk braid of the same color as the cloth.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

Jet trimmings are more popular than ever, and are worn in every variety of new and attractive patterns.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until a few years ago was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proved catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address, F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 75c.

INDIAN SUMMER.

I.
Among the quaint old traditions
And lad an legends old,
Is one of the "Indian Summer,"
The Autumn's most beautiful child.
It tells of the summer queen calling
Her warriors from the south,
While she goes to find in the Southland
A sunnier, tropical clime.

II.
Then in Autumn turn calls her daughters,
Three maidens of royal degree,
And bids each to bring her a token
And share in her bounty so free.
It tells how the gentle Zoraah Morton
On clamorous September is sled
And gloaming, and gracious mother,
Comes fanning in orange and red.

III.
The sun seems to shine with new luster,
The sky takes a pale fairer hue,
Earth, air, and sea are all vying
To honor the stay of these twin
But when comes the sad-eyed November,
In pinnacle of sorrow and gray,
She finds naught that's joyous or lovely
To br gitten her mournful way.

IV.
Ethel watched it with fascinated eyes. Suddenly there came a crash, and the central props gave way and were carried down the torrent. The sunbeams are feeble and few,
The grey and gloom of the sky
Are gone like a vanishing dream,
In place of the gold, and the azure,
But gray, naked branches are seen.

V.
Great tear-drops are silently falling
From out of the pitiful clouds,
The wind in the shivering tree-tops,
In dismal monotone sighs,
And sad-eyed November despairs,
More sad, and more gray grows each day,
Yet utters no sound of repining,
But longs for the end of her stay.

VI.
Then Autumn observing the maiden
Its emotion with grief and distress,
Gives to the girls of the seasons
To aid her in making redress.
The girls hasten forward at bidding—
Came forth in his glory and pride—
The clouds were all speedily banished,
The lingering tear drops were dried.

VII.
He went to the cave of the morning,
And returned with a blush on his face,
So misty, so fleecy, so dowing,
It hung in the place of the sky,
He begged for the skies bending over him,
A shade of their own lovely blue;
He then bowed and said, "Let the sunshine,
This artist, so matchless and true.

VIII.
Then just ere he passes the portals—
The bright glowing gates of the west,
He converts the earth with his pencil
Then leaves it to silence and rest,
And then on the following morning,
The queen called November to arise
All dazed in this exquisite garment,
Where hit-top said valley and tree.

IX.
Enraptured she gazed on the landscape,
Her sadness fled quickly as air;
And now, all agree in declaring
The maiden is lovely and fair,
Adieu, with the fairies and fairies onward,
Each dreary November days
All softened with mellowed sunshine,
And clothed in heaven-wrought haze.

X.
And so it will be, aye, and forever;
While years run to ages the same,
And that's how that child of the Autumn,
"Indian Summer" came.

—M. E. Sanford, in Sunshine.

The Stained Opal.

It lay on a bedof white velvet in a tiny morocco case—a strangely beautiful stone of alternating moss-bright gray, set in a dull yellow gold of unique workmanship.

But instead of the sunlit gleams which are characteristic of opals there was a vivid dash of scarlet in its heart like a stain of fresh blood.

Ethel Lorn turned the case round and round in her white fingers.

"I never saw anything so beautiful!" she murmured, her golden-hazel eyes lighting up with pleasure at the jewel. "It is quite the loveliest ring I ever saw in my life! I wonder if it would fit me."

She slipped it out of the case and over her finger. As she did so a yellow slip of paper fluttered down and unnoticed at her feet.

"I wonder why Aunt Ellen never showed it to me," she mused, as she admired her new ornament. "And whose could it have been? Perhaps the name is inside!"

She tried to slip the ring from her finger, but it refused to come. Ethel smiled.

"How easily it went on! And I suppose I shall have to use soap and water to get it off again."

But the ring resisted even the influences of soap and water. Pretty Ethel gazed at it in comic dismay.

"This is a fix!" she cried aloud.

"What my dear?" sa d a quiet voice from behind.

And Aunt Ellen, who had entered unobserved, came to her niece's side and gave utterance to an exclamation of horror at sight of Ellen's hand, on which shown the opal ring, dripping with soap-suds.

"Ethel! Ethel! the cursed opal! How came it on your finger, child?"

"Cursed!" repeated Ethel. "This beautiful ring? Oh Aunt Ellen!"

"Yes, my dear—cursed! Take it off at once, Ethel!"

"But, aunte, it won't come off." said the girl, in despairing tones. "I've been trying—and even soap won't budge it a single inch."

Miss Lynn turned pale.

"Oh, Ethel! Ethel!" she groaned, "what evil genius prompted you to slip the fated thing on your finger? Did you run such a risk after reading the prophecy?"

Stooping, she picked up the faded, lime-stained slip of paper, and held it toward her with a pitiful face.

"Read it again, my dear," she said. "Why, I never saw it before! answered Ethel wonderingly, as she unfolded the slip and read its contents aloud:

"Life for life for Morton's sin.
Such shall be the doom of Lynn
Till a maiden of Morton's line
Pure of heart and fair of face,
From the hungry, seething flood
Saves the life of a Lynn child;
Then the race of Lynn shall cease,
And Morton's sin be atoned.

"What doggerel" laughed Ethel. "What is it all about Aunt Ellen? Who was this Zorah? and was this her ring?"

"I never meant you to hear the story," said Miss Lynn, regretfully, but since you know so much, you might as well know all.

"Zorah Delmaine was a gypsy girl—very beautiful in her wild, untutored style. So at least thought Morton Lynn, your great-great-grandfather. He paid her, in the old Morton mansion her love, in fact—and might have married her eventually had not sweet Mary Leslie, who adored her, came and ensnared him with her sea-blue eyes and yellow hair.

"The consequence were he forsook black-eyed, queenly Zorah, and married Amy in three months' time.

"Zorah Delmaine met the bridal party at the church door after the ceremony, and pronounced a curse upon the house of Lynn, to the effect that each of that name should perish by drowning—Morton first, then his descendants in their turn. She threw one ring given her by her false lover at the feet of the pale young bride saying:

"'Let heart's blood stains that stone. Take it, and with it my curse!'

"The bride was carried to her home in a deathly faint; but Morton laughed at the whole affair. Nevertheless he was a little startled on picking up the ring to find that dash of scarlet in the stone. A year later he was drowned in attempting to ford the Platte River when the current ran high. He left one son, who grew up, married and met the same fate. His son your grandfather, was swept overboard in a storm on the Pacific Ocean. Ethel, how did your father die?"

"He was drowned," answered the girl, in low, hushed tones. "He fell from the bridge, and the current carried him under."

"True," said Mrs. Lynn. "You and I are the sole survivors of our race, and you are a maiden young and fair." What Ethel inferred from this was:

"Don't ask me," said Ethel shuddering. "It is too horrible. But I do not, I will not, believe in the curse. What became of Zorah Aunt Ellen?"

"She disappeared. Hark, Ethel! What was that noise?"

A dull, rumbling sound shook the castle and air.

Ethel sprang to the window.

Half a mile distant the Platte River flowed darkly, sullenly, between its shady banks. Like a wild beast, it roared and lashed against the bridge until the giant structure trembled and tottered.

Ethel watched it with fascinated eyes. Suddenly there came a crash, and the central props gave way and were carried down the torrent. The sunbeams are feeble and few,
The grey and gloom of the sky
Are gone like a vanishing dream,
In place of the gold, and the azure,
But gray, naked branches are seen.

V.
Great tear-drops are silently falling
From out of the pitiful clouds,
The wind in the shivering tree-tops,
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"Indian Summer" came.

—M. E. Sanford, in Sunshine.

THE FRENCH HEADSMAN.

An Interesting Chat with the King of the Guillotine.

Few people have ever seen the public executioner of France, and it is no easy matter to find him, for the police refuse to give his address, and his name is carefully omitted from the directory. The dreaded "Monsieur de Paris," as he is called by the lower classes, is, however, M. Deibler, and he rents a flat on the second floor at No. 5 Rue Vieq d' Azir, a squalid little street, half an hour's walk away from the Roquette Prison. This man, who conducts the ceremonies in which the guillotine plays the most prominent part, is a very quiet person, of retiring disposition, very unassuming and avoids contact with his neighbors as much as possible. There is nothing in the headsman's appearance nor in his home to denote his ghastly office.

After some difficulty the New York Herald correspondent secured the address of M. Deibler and found that the head man was not indisposed to tell the details of his uneasy able profession. He could not, however, be induced to exhibit even privately the guillotine, which he referred to as "my instrument." He said:

"The machine is ready mounted for use, and I may be summoned off at any moment. I usually get twenty-four hours' notice in Paris and more than double that time for the departments, but I hold myself constantly in readiness to start off at a moment's notice. As a rule I have to spend at La Roquette the night preceding an execution, and that has to be done in a very short time. Soon as the two black vans arrive—one containing the woods of justice and the other destined to convey the body of the culprit to the Ivry Cemetery—I have to superintend the installation of the machine, which takes up most of an hour. The fixing of the knife and of the apparatus itself is an intricate job, and I always see to it that it is in last moment. The instrument is invariably placed on five stones just outside the central door of the Roquette Prison. I accepted this office now hold on the resignation of Mr. Heindrich, whose valet I had been for several years. Until the appointment I was a tailor by trade, and many a working-man in the Roquette quarter, for whom I made his clothes mended by me. But, you see, I have a comfort to the doomed man. After he has left alone with the chaplain for a short time the culprit is handed over to my assistants, who bring him from the cell down the stone stairway which leads to the depot—the prisoner a last station on earth before reaching the machine—where he is seated on a wooden stool, and his toilet begins. This doesn't take much time, for his hair and beard were clipped on entering the prison. The man is pinioned, his shirt stripped of its collar, and he then goes forth to his doom. The central door, which is strapped to the fatal plank which, toppling over, brings his neck into the full crescent portion of a ring that I have secure before springing the knife. Soon as I touch a button in one of the upright posts the knife falls and the head is received in a tin vessel containing sawdust. The body is unstrapped, put into a coffin, with the culprit's head between his legs, and the remains are then driven off to Ivry cemetery, where they are buried."

"Does life endure any time after the head is severed?"

"No, I think not," the executioner replied, reflectively. "The great loss of blood produces syncope. Besides—"

Here M. Deibler went out of the room and brought in a large black leather box, which he placed upon the table. On raising the lid there appeared the bright steel knife of oblique shape which is fixed to the upper beam of the guillotine at each execution, and which M. Deibler carefully watches over and cleans at home. He took it out of its soft red lining the other afternoon, stroked it with his hand as if to fondle the dust off its highly-polished surface, and, turning it over, said:

"There; look at the back of this knife. It is heavily weighted, you see, to make it fall swiftly and with tremendous force when I touch the spring. This is the reason why I think that all consciousness departs from the brain of a man after the fall of the head. At the same instant that the neck is severed from the blade, the weighty portion strikes so fearful a blow on the occipit that the cheek is often quite bruised by the fall of the head into the tin vessel containing the sawdust. Yet the head is only raised a few inches above the tin vessel which receives it. Such a blow must, in my opinion, sufficient to drive out any ray of memory, reflection or real sensibility that may linger, after the decapitation, in the brain of the most obdurate, bull-headed criminal."

"Are you in favor of capital punishment?"

"Such a question should not be put to me. My business is to carry out the sentence of the law, without inquiring whether the law is right or wrong. Custom has hardened me to such an extent that I scarcely can distinguish, however, between one criminal and another. I feel the responsibility of taking the blood of a fellow-creature as acutely now as I did the first time, when the Paris journals said that I had lost my head as well as the man I executed. I feel the responsibility especially in cases with prisoners like Moreau, the herbelist of St. Denis, who protested to the last in a different manner from avowed criminals, even at the foot of the guillotine, that he died innocent.

"Nor do I wish to enter into the question of the respective merits of hanging, garrotting or beheading. Whether scientific men are agreed as to the most humane method of giving death will replace the guillotine I can not say. I think not. Electricity has been tried and found poisoning by means of prussic acid. The guillotine does its work thoroughly, and when the blade has once served there is no means of starting it again, while recovery from poison or electricity is not impossible with the aid of the executioner, who may be induced to moderate the dose for a consideration. The guillotine permits no collusion between the chief executor of the law and the friends of the guilty. As long as capital punishment shall exist in France the present method will, I think, be considered more sure in its effects and as offering the least objection.

"Capital punishment may be said to be virtually abolished in France at the present day. Paris alone last year tried three homicides, convicted five and convicted only five of them. The leniency shown to criminals in M. Grévy's time has reduced the salary from fifteen to twelve thousand dollars. This is my entire income, for I take no fees or perquisities—yet I am content."

Habits of the Blacksnake.

Blacksnakes always feed on live prey and possess a power over their prey that is truly wonderful, and I think that birds, old and young, are their main dependence for food—old birds are captured by them with ease. I captured a snake, nearly five feet long, that had a full-fledged song sparrow in its body about six inches from its head. They feed on any kind of live prey within their capacity, and have been caught with a young rabbit in their body. They also are successful hunters of birds' nests for the young, and will climb trees in their search for prey. I was near one one day when I heard robins making a great outcry, evidently disturbed by something. I went to the cause and discovered a large blacksnake in their nest in an apple tree, about fifteen feet from the ground. The tree was about one foot in diameter and seven or eight feet up to the branches. The branch on which the nest was stood off at an angle of about forty-five degrees. When the snake saw me he glided down on the top side of the branch, and when he reached the trunk he slid off and dropped to the ground. In his mouth was a young bird, partly swallowed, which proved such a clog to him that he could not move rapidly in the grass, and I captured him.

Many stories are told of their charming people. I have seen persons who claim to have been chased by them, and sometimes it was by a racer, a black snake with a white ring around the neck. I never saw a snake of that description, and I know of no authority claiming the existence of such a snake. A black snake five or six feet long can outrun a man. Their speed I have repeatedly witnessed, when persons have escaped from me. Now if they chase people, why do they not catch them? and if they should catch a person, what could they do with them? Certainly they would not make a meal of food. It is singular that so many persons have been chased by them and yet I no instance has been reported where they have been caught.

The racer, described as a blacksnake with a white ring around its neck, exists only in the imagination of frightened people. It has no place in natural history, and yet I have known several persons who claim to have been chased by them, and were just as sure of the white ring as they were of the snake.—*Forest and Stream.*

A Love-Lorn Chilcat Maiden.

The civilized woman, when she wants to be wooed, attempts to make herself attractive as possible. So does the Chilcat woman; but she has a different idea of what is attractiveness. One evening, after all the fishing canoes came in, I saw a young squaw robed from head to foot in a deep-red blanket, standing stolidly on the end of a great spruce log a few rods away from the cannery and at a short distance from where the fishing canoes were moored, and where the fires of the Chilcat fishermen had been lighted. When, out of curiosity at her unique costume and position, I approached her, I found that she had blackened her face until it was blacker than that of the ordinary negro minstrel. Her face was not a trace of native duskiness, but the artificial black shows as if it were composed and put on with the aid of an article of good French blacking. In addition to that a large silver pin was stuck in her under lip and extended out from the chin a couple of inches, while she wore a big ring hung from her nostrils, and a host of massive silver bracelets adorned her wrists. She was simply a belle of the woods and of Chilcat Inlet, endeavoring to make known to the world around her the counselor that she was looking out for a husband, and was prompted by my own curiosity she left her bright wooing place, shook out her robes, and, with a sigh, and walked with an air of indifference to my tent on the beach, which appeared to be her habitation, and disappeared.—*New York Times.*

Put It in Writing.

Verbal contracts occasion more trouble, dispute and litigation than any other business transactions. The wise merchant taught by experience will endeavor to have a writing executed by the party to be charged, in every case of importance arising in his business. This is especially necessary in bargains. A man enters your office whom you know to be perfectly responsible. He wants you to sell Brown a hundred dollars worth of goods. Brown is all right, he will answer for that, etc. There is nothing in a memorandum.

A customer gives you a large order for future and instalment deliveries.—Make him sign it in writing.

You engage a salesman for a year, or for a month, or for a trial trip. Have it all put down in writing and signed.

You save lying your business before a jury, who nine times out of ten proves uncertain and too sympathetic with that party whom they consider is the "under dog."

It is only a little trouble at the time, but it usually saves a heap of trouble in the future.—*Trade Mark Record.*

The Youngest Cat.

A small bright face, two round green eyes,
A duff head as soft as silk,
Two ears picked up in soft surprise,
Two whiskered lips to drink the milk.
Sleek, so quick, so fair so fat,
There is nothing like the youngest cat.

She has no reverence for the rest:
Plays unconcerned with Sambo's tail;
Politely pats Lord Ernest's crest,
A feat that turns her mother pale.
She growls and bites. What of that?
She's safe to talk, our youngest cat.

Then creeping round the sofa back,
She pats her mistress with her paw;
Then mounts, sleek and black,
Whose lightest mewing once were law!
He's taken, for she purrs and she rubs her nose,
And down out-doors, the youngest cat.

She's here, she's there, she's everywhere
The house is her domain;
Of food she takes the lion's share;
She rushes where the sausage's eat;
The mouse she mumbles, the rat
Within his hole—the youngest cat.

She climbs the desk, she spills the ink
Her tail goes swift the lagging days,
We put her down, but, ere we think,
She's up at the game again.
An author's words comes scarcely pat
When walked o'er by the youngest cat.

A mouse, a bird, a mouse, a dear—
Her names are many as her tricks.
We chase her off, then call her near;
Her tail is curled on as cross as sticks.
No house is dull, be sure of that,
Where lives the youngest cat.

—J. E. Panton, in Harper's Young People.

Two Little Grasshoppers.

Once, at a White House public reception, when the crowd was thickest, Sir Edward Thornton and Lord George Montague, the last a son of the Duke of Manchester, tried to make their way into the Blue Room along with the general crowd. The policeman on duty waved them back. "Do you know, sir," said Sir Edward, in his most important manner, "who I am? Sir Edward Thornton?" "And I," said Lord George, who was a meek, inoffensive little fellow, "I am Lord George Montague." "Go 'way," responded the policeman; "don't tell me your conceits of grasshoppers as you are. Sir Edward Thornton and Lord George Montague."

Could Make One Match.

Maj. Stofsh: "Can you sell me a blue necktie to match my eyes?" Clerk (politely): "Very sorry, sir, we are just out of blues, but I can sell you a pair of reds that will match your nose."—*Washington Post.*

THE EMPEROR NERO.

But the Way Ter Gif Along.

"Ma, ma!" cried a little boy entering his wife, "get yo' black crape an' tie it on my hat!" "Quick, now, Yo' ifs too late." "A white man wuz expected to be buried, sah!" said my one deed.

"Ma!"

"Then why do you tie crape to your door?"

"Because," the old Negro replied, "yander comes er man dat I owe. When he sees dat crape he will think I'm dead, an' somebody's dead an' won't bother me. Ma, yo' ain't got no black ribbon? I'll tie it on dat, but you can't tell one way ter gif er long dis yere world."

"And why can't you?"

"Why, sah, dat way ter gif erlong do yo' ketch yo' ole Nigger, Nigger, Nigger, an' de pretend is ter put crape on my do'."

A Wonderful Forethought.

Two young men went on a spree not long since. When they were pretty well under way one of them said in an inebriated tone of voice:

"Let's bid each other good night, Harry."

"Why, you ain't going home already? It's right in the shank of the evening."

"I know it, but we may not going home any more."

Salvation Oil, the greatest cure on earth for pain, as an anodyne has no equal in the world. Cures all pain every time. Price twenty-five cents.

The latest riddle out: Why was my baby's last attack of croup like a photograph? Because it was very short and instantaneous. Sold by druggists. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Price 25 cents.

Ostrich-feather fans are mounted on pearl, shell and ivory sticks, with handles of mother-of-pearl, decorated with gold and silver.

The annexation to the United States of the various countries lying to the north and south of the United States, including all the countries of North and Central America, including the Canadian Dominion, one nation has been the cherished dream of every intelligent and philanthropic people in all the world. It would be a great step toward such a combination. The influences which are at work to bring about such a glorious result are not only most powerful and irresistible, but gain in volume and force as the years roll on. Not the least of the influences of the continent, the characteristics of the inhabitants of which are the best material to all combine to make such an event probable, even in the very distant future. The subject has of late been frequently brought to the attention of the public mind than ever before, and the question of its bearing on the United States and Canada, must bring with it an earnest consideration of the same question as affecting the other portions of the continent.

What the destiny of the North American continent shall have thus been worked out in the minds of thousands, a nation will have been established the like of which the world never saw nor the historian imagined.

In the January number of The Western World, illustrated, published at Chicago, will appear an article upon this subject, with maps and illustrations, setting forth at great length and very thoroughly the reasons for annexation and the benefits which would accrue to all parties, and describing the various States which would be added to the American galaxy, the descriptions being accompanied by perfect illustrations. Send ten cents to the publishers for sample copy.

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