TRANS-ASTRA.

There is no fear of death
For souls that soar in faith
Where beautiful things immorortaling bear,
And so, by inner sight,
Behold that Land of light,
Whose glory dims the splendor of the stars!

Such, with the spirit's ear,
Most marvellous music hear,
Seraphic anthems, softly in unseen skies,
And breathe—perfectly blest—
With that Love's nostril cannot test—
The lily-perfumed airs of Paradise.

ENOCH'S LOSS AND GAIN.

There had been two weeks of life-tiring on the common out Vanderbilt way—two weeks of intense delight to almost every chick and child in the West-end—but still little Enoch was unsatisfied. He had never had a kite of his own. It is true Tommy Boland would lift it for him, and he liked to contemplate the joy he would have in sitting on his rock, holding his own kite pulling against the wind.

Enoch was fond of the common, anyhow. It seemed to him that it was his big house, with a green and yellow and blue carpet on the floor and a great big blue ceiling away up high—higher even than his kite would go, if he had one.

Enoch lived on the pike with Granny Winship, the vegetable woman. Why he lived there he never knew. He sometimes thought he remembered a beautiful house—more beautiful even than the commons—with flowers and pictures, and some one, so beautiful, dressed all in white, who used to come to his bedside and kiss him, but it was a very vague memory, and he seldom thought of it, save when he saw a stone. He was alone on the commons a great deal. In the early morn he would sit on his big gray stone by the old watercress stream and poke with his little crutch into the soft mud, making little wells for the water to fill, and in the evening, when the boys were out, he watched them at their play.

He had helped Granny to gather the vegetables one morning, and she had let him ride with her in the little cart as far as the common. She gave him a large flat basket of beets which she had was to take to Mrs. Thomas on Broad street, and then await her coming on the common. Enoch had hardly taken his seat on the stone when a few young ladies with their color boxes and stools came by, going to make an early morn ing sketch.

They stopped and spoke to the little boy, and one of them said:

"Why, isn't this water-cress here?"

"Yessum," said Enoch, "and mighty sweet an' good it is, too. I don't eat nothin' else for lunch some days.

"Well, then, you must be very hungry, my little man," said one of the artists.

"Oh, how I wish Mrs. Stewart had some of the cress," said the other. "She is so fond of it. I wonder why some one doesn't get it and sell it."

"Would anybody buy it?" inquired Enoch eagerly.

"Oh, yes," said the girls, and then they showed him how to pick and wash it.

Enoch knew that Granny went to Mrs. Stewart's, and conceiving a sudden purpose, he picked and washed enough cress to fill the basket. When Granny came he told her what he had, and, very willingly carried him with her to Mrs. Stewart's.

He was very proud of the dime he got for his basket of sweet cresses, and Granny said:

"Well, as that's the first money you ever made you can spend it as you please. I'll be bound it goes for candy."

"No, it won't, Granny; you'll see," said Enoch.

He was up betimes the next morning, and at the little store on West End avenue before the door was open. It was a dirty, dusty little shop enough, but it was perfectly gorgeous in Enoch's eyes, because behind the fly-specked glass in the little show window was red sees rows and rows of kites, green and blue and yellow and red—every color and shape and form; kites with tails, and kites without.

Presently, as Enoch was beginning to wonder if perhaps the man had moved away, the man came and unlocked and took down the shutters. "I wants er kite, mister," said Enoch, hobbling into the store. "I want the blue one with white wings."

Enoch waited anxiously till Tommy Boland got by the window on his return from market. He felt that he could not wait till the afternoon, when school would be out.

Tommy was glad enough to "fly" the kite for him, and when the tail was properly adjusted and the beautiful paper sails were securely anchored, to the breeze, Enoch took the string and sat down to enjoy his possession. He watched the children play on their way to school and almost forgot to envy them their ability to go. He could scarcely discern the outlines of his kite against the blue sheen, but "she's all right," he said; "she's er pullin' steady, an' she's mine—my very own."

He kept still on the big rock lest he should disturb his kite, but it seemed to him he was following it, and that he was in him away—up above the Vanderbilt mansion, above the new West End church spire even—up to a place where there were birds, and flowers, and pictures, and music, and—

"Mebbe," he said to himself, "mebbe the beautiful lady will come and kiss me like she did so many, many years ago, before I knew Granny or anything."

Suddenly he felt a jerk, a snap—the stiff string hung limp and loose in his hand.

"Lordy, she's broke loose," cried the poor little boy.

We got up as followed on beneath the kite as it careered and darted in the breeze, floating over across the common.

"Oh, the telegraph poles," he murmured, but the kite was too high and escaped the wires. The electric car came gliding swiftly down the avenue just then and Enoch had to wait for it to pass.

"Oh, it's er goin' in there!" he exclaimed, as the kite lodged in a lilac bush that grew in the beautiful yard surrounding a grand old house, before which Enoch had often stopped to see the beautiful flowers and get a hasty glimpse of the sweet, white-haired old lady who would sometimes give him little bunches of roses and lilacs and pinks—"posies" she called them. She came down the steps, leaning on her gold-headed cane, just as Enoch got to the gate.

"Please, ma'm," he said, "may I come in an' get my kite?"

"To be sure, little man. How is it you are out so early with your kite?" said the lady.

"I wasn't her kite before," answered the little fellow simply.

"Oh, is that it? Well, come now and we will get it down and the lady. Together they tried. The little boy leaning on his crutch and the old lady standing on tip-toes and poking with a stick. Finally it was brought down.

"There's a hole in it!" said dear Enoch, "Oh, my beautiful kite."

"Never mind, little boy," said the sweet lady, "bring your kite into the house and we will see."

He followed, awe-stricken, up the stone steps and down the long hall, he

He raised his eyes as he entered the big, beautiful room, from which he could see the flowers beyond.

"My beautiful lady!" he exclaimed, gazing at the picture of a young girl which hung over the fireplace. "The lady that I see so much on the common!"

"You never see her, my little man," said the old lady gently.

"Not she's nuff, mother," he answered, "but er heap er times, when I'm er thinkin', an' oncest er long time ergo, she did come, she did, now, 'cause she kissed me an' she looked jest like this, only she was paler an' more sorry like."

The lady knelt down on the floor beside the boy, and, taking his little face in her trembling hands, looked in a strange way into his beautiful eyes and said:

"Tell me who you are, child; who is Granny, and what is your name?"

"Granny, she lives out on the pike and sells vegetables. She takes care of me, but she says she an't no kin ter me, an' that my own mother died an' left me with her, an' my name is Enoch Estell."

Enoch Estell! My God! exclaimed the old lady.

By and by, before Enoch knew what was happening, there was a hurrying of servants coming and going, and the old lady was telling him he must go with her in the carriage to where Granny lived.

He waited without on the steps, while the sweet lady went in to talk to Granny. He could not think what they could be talking about, but he did not know what it all meant. Presently he saw Granny go into the little room and get the picture and the vase that she had told him were to be his some day, and the "sweet lady" cried when she saw them, and she was crying still when she came out, and putting her arms about his neck told him he was to go and live with her. She told him Granny, but he did not understand it till afterward, that the beautiful lady whom he remembered was his mother and her daughter whom she had not seen for so many years—not since she married and went away.

It was many months after, when Enoch had grown accustomed to his new home in the big house, that he said one day to his grandmother:

"Grandmother, we never did mend the kite, did we?"

"No, my child, do you want it?" she asked.

"Please, grandmother, dear, let's keep it just like it is, 'cause it did bring me to you, and the flowers, and everything, just like you said it would, and I want to put my big stone by the water-cresses."

And the old lady only kissed him for an answer.

"Doing" a Ticket Agent.

One of the ticket agents of the Michigan Central railroad, at a certain town in Canada, was an airy, independent young man, who began work with the idea that he ran the whole line. "The boss" had numerous practical jokes against him, and more than once he would have caught it in the ear had he not been too wide awake to allow it to be got at. One evening five or six of them happened to meet there as we came in on cross roads, and we soon got on to the fact that the general manager and two or three other officials of the road were in the ticket offices. We laid our heads together and put up a job. We all had thousand-mile tickets, but each of the six went to the window in turn and bought a ticket for the nearest station east or west. Each time the agent served the first went back to the window and said:

"Young man, I think you made a mistake."

"I guess not."

"I've got a ticket to C——. That's thirty cents. I gave you $1, and you gave me ninety-two cents back."

"Humph! That's funny!" muttered the young man as he took back the change and corrected the alleged error.

Then the second went up and said:

"Young man, I don't want to beat this railroad. I bought a ten ticket again which is twenty-five cents; gave you half a dollar, and you handed me out sixty cents."

"I did, eh?" queried the agent, as he flushed up and took in the change.

Then the third, fifth, fifth and sixth man went up with a similar story. The big officials were taking it all in, and they got very nervous. The young man was getting pale in the face at the end of it, and he was not wrong in believing that he was doomed. Next day he was replaced, and he learned a few weeks later that he had quit running a railroad and gone into a woolen mill. I met each of us a small sum out of his own pocket to get the snap, but it was pro bono publico and worth double the amount.—Exchange.

DREAD OF LIVE BURIAL.

Hundreds Who Fear the Coffin Will Close on Them Alive.

Many people who come to us have a dreadful fear that they may be buried alive. While there is a remote possibility that this might happen, says a N. Y. undertaker, I have not known a single instance of it in all my experience. Those people insist on my promising to observe the minutest symptoms, even so far as to run red-hot needles into their bodies, and other equally barbarous treatment. Of course they are finally consigned to the earth. About four years ago a young man called upon me one morning in a terrible state of agitation. He had dreamed the night before that his sister, who had been recently buried, had come to life after being placed under ground. In order to prove to him the utter improbability of such an occurrence, but without success, I explained that her grave should be opened that he might be satisfied. I was actually horror stricken at my suggestion; not that I had the remotest idea that the corpse could prove true, but the thought dwelled across my mind that if it should be so the shock would make him a raving maniac.

I tried to persuade him to defer the matter until the following day, but he positively refused. Finally, as there was no other way out of it, I consented, and having obtained the necessary permit, the body was exhumed, and to my inexpressible relief the absurdity of the young man's dream was proven. The sister was dead in reality. He looked sorrowfully on the face of his dead sister a moment and then broke into a flood of tears, and, throwing his arm around my neck, he wept from pure excess of joy.

It Was His Mistake.

"Look here, Mr. Higginbottom," said the grocer, by way of a joke to the old farmer, "I found this stone, which weighs five pounds, in the bottom of that last crock of butter I bought of you."

"Lucy, consarn your picter, that is your fault!" rejoined the man as he turned to his wife.

"Tan't neither! You handled the crocks!"

"But you must hev mixed 'em up down-cellar."

"No, I didn't, though the pitch probably did. She's just that keen-less."

"Well, Smith, I'll allow it. The crocks got mixed. This was the one we were going to send to the preacher's donation party, and I've his horn swaggled out of a clean-dollar. I orter hev put a label on it."—New York Sun.

God's foreseeing doth not include or constitute pre-determining, any more than I decree with my intellect.—Hammond.

BE PROVIDENT.

Be provident, waste not one gold
That fortune showers down;
Time tarries not, you may grow old,
And fortune may be gone.
For that she is a fickle jade
To all 'tis very plain,
And when she has your great store made
Oft takes it back again.

Be generous, but still take heed
Your loved ones suffer none—
That you cannot be blamed
When you with work are done.
Be generous but not unjust,
Be kind but still be wise,
For 'tis a maxim that you must
Feed charity from prize.

Be provident, but be not mean,
If you great wealth command,
Let middle course be seen between
You and a ready hand.
If there is danger that you may
Your rein of luck outstrip,
Reduce your luxuries straightway,
And then you still may give.

A SUMMER'S EXPERIENCE.

We were not very well off. Father's situation in the bank, although a responsible one, yielded but a small salary when compared with the expensive family it had to support; so, when the question came up where we should spend the summer one of the first things to be taken into consideration was expense.

It did not make much difference to me—I was sure of a certain amount of admiration and attention wherever I went. I had always received it since my fifth day at school, where my pretty curls and dimpled cheeks had captured the hearts of the "big boys," up to the last ride taken in the park.

With not only the beauty but much of the generosity of the family, matinée-giving things were expected of me.

I had but one sister—a poor, pale, little thing. She was delicate from birth and had always been delicate, but for some time had been gradually weaker, until we were wheeled her about the house in her easy-chair. Finally it was decided that mamma should take the boys up into New Hampshire, and Sister Millie and I should go to Long Beach—a point, a little unknown resort on the coast.

Father accompanied us, but only stopped long enough to see us comfortably settled. I was lonesome enough the first few days. There were no boarders but us, and the hotel was not only one on the beach, our neighbors being away back in the uplands.

I dutifully wheeled Millie each day as one swallows a bitter tonic. I played on the old-fashioned piano in the parlor, and still time slept away a greater part of the long summer afternoons. It was all very dull and commonplace.

Millie was cheerful and contented. She loved to read, and found in books things she was constantly knitting out of bright wools, or stickched as much as her strength would allow from her chair by the window.

One evening I was out of sorts and a little cross, and had just declared I wouldn't make a toilet to go down-stairs, where there was no one but the landlord's son, who usually expressed his admiration with open-mouthed wonder.

Presently our landlady bustled in full of importance.

"I just run up a minute to tell you that the stage has come, and Mr. Brent was in it. He is here every summer and comes gunning in the winter. He gave us the sailboat on the bay, and we had his name painted on it—the 'Hurtley Boat.' He ain't so very young, but he is rich, and I thought perhaps you'd like to know he was here, so as to change your dress before you come down."

She hurried away, feeling she had done a good deed.

After closing the door to shut out the cool sea air I wrapped a shawl around poor, shivering Millie, saying:

"Now, dear, I have been 'forwarned,' and as I am arrayed in my new grenadine I shall be 'fore-armed.'"

Three months no longer after Hartly Brent came, and soon several other pleasure-seekers arrived, until we were a merry party. Escorts were plenty, and I was the privilege of my bellehood. I chose such as pleased me best. When my choice fell on Mr. Brent, as it often did, I could see how pleased he was by his manner. He was never officious, but always ready to quietly render such little attention needed. He was quite different from the gay gallantry of other admirers, with their jests and flattery, being as always deferential, and praised my taste, the color of my hair, and voice with a discriminating earnestness I knew to be sincere.

He was a little older than the others," I said to Millie, who loved to hear me talk of him.

She was always interested in anything I liked, and he had been kind to her, bringing her fruit, and flowers, and books, and taking her in his strong arms down the steep bank to the evening, and back again to her room when she was tired. "Besides," I said to Millie, as the blood circling round my heart at the thought, "their attentions mean nothing, and he is in earnest."

How quickly time flies when one is happy. Each perfect summer day has a remembrance in my heart; we boarded, and fished, and gathered shells during the day, and in the evening as on the long piazza, after I had tucked Millie in bed and kissed her good-night.

Mr. Brent and I engaged in quiet conversation, our voices subdued, that they might not disturb the invalid who sat with us, while he told me of his home; of his struggles with the world, and the success which had crowned them; his past life, and plans, and aspirations for the future.

Listening to his voice and looking out over the moonlit expanse, there freighted a fairy boat and launched it from the sand, and I watched it sailing over the blue waters, careless where it drifted. I was so happy.

Each day I lobied in the little square glass that hung on the wall of our room, and saw myself growing more blooming and radiant. Mr. Brent called him Hartly in my thoughts—and I remember how the crimson carnation, with my bright color and the spicy scent of my fan.

"And, Millie," he added, turning to her with a kindly smile, as though he might feel slighted, "with her golden hair and white dress, is a water lily."

It was our last day at the seashore. The season was nearly over and many were already at home with the boys and had written me so frequently to bring Millie. Mamma informed me that she had described her case to a celebrated physician, and he thought she could be cured beyond a doubt.

In the morning we went with a merry bathing party over the bay to the surf. Millie waved her handkerchief from her seat on the porch, where Hartly, with brotherly kindness, had carried her and arranged her with soft, moist pond lilies, which he must have walked a long distance to gather.

After taking my bath I returned to her with a kindly smile, as though she might feel slighted, "with her golden hair and white dress, is a water lily."

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After taking my bath I returned to my walking-dress again, and getting tired of watching the others, in their picturesque costumes, sporting in the breakers, I wandered down the beach to a point where the hulls of two steamer vessels, with crushed timbers half sunk in the sand, eloquently told the story of storm and shipwreck.

Seating myself on a projecting beam, I gave myself up to pleasant recollections of the eventful weeks just passed. I pictured my fairy boat sailing forever over friendly seas and under cloudless skies, until life being done, it was safely anchored in heaven.

had no fear for the future if one dear I had was to guide me, one beloved

voice I had come to so still was to cheer me.

How good and noble he is! I thought with a swelling heart; how large-hearted and superior to all other men I had known; how worthy the love and respect of any woman! I had never been in love before, I had seen a great deal of society, and had received several offers, but none were eligible, and when the time arrived—"No," I had withheld a pang soon father turn them away.

There was a step behind me, and my heart told me who it was.

"How did you find me?" I asked, as Mr. Brent pushed aside my dress and sat down on the sand at my feet.

"Don't you suppose I have followed those little footprints until I know the slender tracks?" he smilingly answered, pointing to the impression in the damp sand of my high-heeled walking-boots. "Isn't this scene grand? One never tires of looking at the ocean—for it is never twice alike."

He was silent a moment, and seemed more thoughtful than usual, gathering a handful of the white sand and watching it sift slowly through his fingers, at length recovering himself, he said, "Sing something, please; you know I always like to hear you sing, 'in season and out of season.' The sea will compassionate me, at any moment."

I began the old ballad. "Three fishers went sailing away to the west."

As my voice rose loud and full, swelling over the water with the melody dying away to the sounding monotone of the waves, I looked at my companion. His face was turned seaward, and over it was a softened expression, and in his eyes a tender light I had never seen before. Though my heart ceased beating my voice was well trained to falter, and the music wailed on:

"For men must work and women must weep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning."

The sad chord came to touch him; joy, faith, and hope held possession of his soul. How his thoughts flattered his somewhat stern features. It was the old story of a man in the world for me, but I did not know it could look so hand-some.

The last low, lost echo of the song was lost in a retreating billow he turned, and, taking my hand, said, in the courtly manner I never forsook him:

"Thank you. I did not know there was so much music in that song. I have heard it often before, but never like that. Your rendering of it adds a hundred fold to its meaning. And now I want to speak to you on a subject I did not intend to mention when I followed you here."

His bronzed face took a ruddier hue, and the fingers closed over my hand in a nervous clasp, while, unnoticed by him, I lowered my sunshade between my face and his.

"I know I should have waited until you were at home, and I had meant to, but something impels me to throw myself on your mercy, and find out my fate before you leave. I am not a lover Millie with all my heart, as I have never loved anyone before, and I ask your permission to make it my life. I do not think she regards me wholly with indifference. I will take and cherish her as a precious flower. As my wife, time and wealth shall not be spared, and I am confident that somewhere may be found a cure for her infirmity. Will you interceds in my favor? I hesitates to commit myself to my care? Plead for me with the assurance that it is love, not pity, I feel. Knowing your great influence over her, I want to beg you, for the sake of our pleasant friendship, to use it in my favor."

A cloud was gathering over deep, the waves looked dark and angry, and fancy saw my lovelboat reek from side to side and then go down swallowed up in mid-ocean.

At the call of the company we joined them, and I went home, as I shall go through life in daily sight of their happiness, with never a line on my face to tell of my loss.—New York Weekly.

People With Horns.

Human freaks in all imaginable shapes are well known to the frequenters of the dime museum. However, not one person in 1,000, perhaps in 10,000, knows that human being with horns like an ox or a unicorn have frequently been exhibited in the cities of England and continental Europe during the past 500 years. The first of these rare specimens of the genus homo of whom an authentic written account has been preserved, one Piet Darnelo, was up before the town tribunal of Isleben in 1564, in charge of being an offspring of the devil. When born Piet had two horns growth from his head, one over his left ear about one and one-half inches in length, the other almost exactly in the centre of his forehead nearly three inches long. At first they were covered with a soft, downy fur like that on the new born lamb, but as he grew in years the horns grew harder and more horny excrescences of bone. The language of the account did much resemble the spurs of ye male bramyarde fowle. The horn over the left ear was immovable from the first, being firmly attached to the skull. The largest one on the forehead seemed only to be attached to the skin, and could be moved about in all directions, until the point touched the nose, without causing the owner the least apparent pain. At the age of three years the larger horn was removed. During that short time it had grown from less than three inches long to seven inches in length, and had given evidence of becoming permanently attached to the frontal bone.

Within the year following a soft tumor appeared over the right ear of little Piet, conforming in position almost exactly to the first smaller permanent horn over the other ear. This tumor had at this time attained a length of about four inches. From the tumor there sprang a horn which grew with astonishing rapidity for three or four months, until it had grown to be about the length of the one over the left ear.

Practical Hypnotism.

In one of the law courts of Helsingborg Sweden, a queer case of hypnotism has puzzled the judges. A young medical student brought suit against a practicing physician in the town for having hypnotized him several times against his will, and he now finds that his nervous system was injured and his mind somewhat enfeebled. Several witnesses appeared for the plaintiff, and to the astonishment of the court they all appeared to be crazy. One gave the most contradictory and astonishing testimony. Hereupon a medical gentleman came upon the stand and still further astounded the court with the announcement that his confrere, the defendant, had hypnotized the witnesses and made them say just whatever he liked. Finally the court adjourned for the case and appointed a commission to see if the entire crowd were not crazy.

Do You Want a Job?

There are only five professional lion-tamers in this country, with over 200 lions to be kept tame and in a peaceful state of mind. The salary of a tamer is never less than $50 per week, and some of them get $100. It is a light and easy employment, no regular hours, and always healthy for tickets with it.

Only a Difference of $100,000,000.

It will cost $100,000,000 to put our sea coast in a state of defense against a foreign foe, while it won't cost us ten cents to keep our own business at home and keep out of a row with the rest of the world.—Free Press.

WINGED MISSILES.

There are 136,000 dormous in Utah's total population of 303,000.

Sir Morell Mackenzie contemplates making a lecture tour of this country.

Prince Bismarck consults Sir Charles Dilke on the greatest British statesman.

Henrik Ibsen, the Norwegian play wright, pronounces his last name "Eye-bsen."

What people call the eye of the oyster is scientifically known as the adductor muscle.

Patti has been singing for $3,300 a night in London. Evidently her voice is richer than ever.

Admiral Kimberly, in command of the Pacific squadron, has been in the service for forty years.

"Come off the perch," said the fisherman as he removed the scales from a specimen of the finny tribe.

Rose Hartwick Thorpe wrote "Curfew Must Not Ring To-night" when she was under 17. She is now 30.

Besides being great on the table, common quail is an exterminator of chinch-bugs. Give the quails a chance.

More than twenty-five tons of paper were used in printing the ballots for the last election in Massachusetts.

"Great scott, you don't," as the cheese said to the mouse when he tried to cut a hole in the wire screen that covered it.

The pin factories of the United States manufacture about 15,000,000,000 of these diminutive but useful articles every year.

Florida produces crocodiles as well as alligators, but they are harder to capture, the "gator" being the black full of fight.

The Emperor of China, who is married against his will in obedience to his mother, now refuses to see either his mother or his wife.

Cardinal Lavigerie estimates that with 1,000 good soldiers and $4,000,000, he will be able to suppress the entire slave trade of Africa.

George Augustus Sala has retired from journalism and wants to go to parliament. He knows a great many reforms that ought to be made.

The Khan of Khiva intends to make a tour of Europe, beginning with Russia. He thinks more than Khiva the ground inside of a year.

The Earl of Meath, who has been traveling in this country, says that the pavements of our cities are a disrace to American civilization.

At Red Bank, N. J., a man claimed that Goliah was seven feet high. This was disputed, and in the row which resulted three men were badly hurt.

Rosa Bonheur says she has painted better since she was 50. That is about the time that a woman who paints feels that she has got to do it pretty well.

A snail of music is to be established at Yale. Artistic strumming, waxert banjo-twanging and clee-club singing should now reach a high level at Yale.

John Hanson, a mighty hunter, of Gallatin, Mo., has a deer's horn with forty-two prongs. He killed the buck on Middle Boise River one year ago.

The shareholders of the Eiffel tower have got their money back from the profits and will take half the net receipts during the twenty years the concession runs.

A grocer in Jersey City had been cheated by a farmer selling potatoes at a high price, selling sunburned potatoes. The complainant alleged that such potatoes are poisonous.

Monroe, with 1,000 inhabitants, a murder record of ten in fifty years, and the possession of fifty divorced or separated couples, is one of the new apartment houses being erected in London are fifteen stories high. The air at that height is fresh and cool, and it is said to be like living in the country.

Miss Jennie Flood, daughter of the banking king, is the richest unmarried woman in California and spends a great deal of time in looking after the condition of the poor.

The Texas Siftings says: "While the English drum beat is heard around the world, the American deadbeat is not far behind." America keeps up with the procession.

The dowager Empress of China takes a great interest in the development of the Celestial Kingdom, and spends a great deal of time in consultation with railroad projectors.

A big kaleidoscope which revolves for several minutes for the benefit of the person who drops a nickel in the slot was invented. It is provided is the latest production in this patent line.

The Duke of Havaria smokes 100 cigarettes every day and is so fond of seeing blazes that each time he lights a cigarette he sets fire to a lot of matches just for the fun of seeing them burn.

A man in Simer Co., Cal., who killed a neighbor's steer to save his own family from starvation, was declined counsel, pleaded guilty and was sentenced to one year in the state prison.

John Hicks, United States Minister to Peru, informs the State Department that the Peruvian girls are very pretty. This will still further cement our friendship with South American nations.

A magnificent English tree known as the "Windfarthing oak," which measured 38 feet 7 inches in girth in 1744, has just been measured, and found to have grown just 17 inches in the interval of 145 years.

Compulsory education is having a preliminary test in Illinois. In one instance the fine of a parent has been levied under the law has resulted in a truant becoming a regular and orderly attendant at school.

William Neal, in Crawford county Indiana, stole a chicken valued at 30 cents, and was sentenced to prison for one year. Taylor Bayles was found guilty of attempted murder and received the same sentence.

King Louis of Portugal did not wish to begin sign a single order for capital punishment. He had conscientious scruples against it although he consented and so succeeded in making it practically obsolete in his dominions.

An English scientist says that if we were to visit the moon we should find that a man weighing a fortnight in length, and if we "survived the scorching during the day we would have to be frozen to death during the ensuing night."

A New York boarding-house mistress indignantly prints the following: "If the smart Alec person who chalked up the letters in our dining-room motto so that it reads, 'God Bless our Home,' will settle for the same he shall be glad to have him go."

The mohammedans of Labore are endeavoring to bring about a reform in the matter of the expenses which now attend marriages and funerals. Sometimes families remain in debt for generations on account of extravagant outlays on these occasions.

Prince Georges of Wales commanded a torpedo boat during the recent British naval maneuvers. When at last the contest was hauled down, he personally thanked all and shook hands with every member of the crew, and gave to each his photograph and a sovereign.

The seminary system of study, so much in vogue in Germany, is being widely introduced at Cornell. There are now seminaries in economics, history, literature, philosophy, and pedagogy, and active steps are being taken to organize one for the mechanical and electrical engineers.

The water lily is largely used in some parts of India as food stuff. The fruit of one species that grows plentifully in the lakes of Cashmere is rich in starch and has a pleasant flavor of a chestnut. If the nuts are dried they will keep for a long time, and when ground may be made into cakes or porridge, or they may be soaked for several hours and then boiled.

An old Hindoo medical work sets down among the causes of leprosy the following: "Sleeping in the daytime; eating when the appetite is not keen; gluttony; drinking liquors." The old Hindoo was not so much of a quack after all. The kind of leprosy which these indulgences bring on, however, is a kind of leprosy in the tongue and knowledge viz.: Moral leprosy.

WINGED MISSILES.

The most fashionable small hat is the Dutch cloth, low and round in the crown, or slightly arched in front.

A whim of the fairies is to wear a single pronged hairpin with fan-shaped heading of gold jewelled in the handle.

What Every body Says

must be true, and the universal verdict of those who have used Hibb rd's Rheumatic Syrup and Strengthening Plasters is that there is no doubt of their curative qualities. E. Lewis Hibbard, agent for R. R. Albion, Mich., says he "was cured of Bright's disease" by the use of Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup.

Mrs. M. E. Jones, Prairie City, Iowa, says: "For three years I have been afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism and kidney disease, and have found them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

The high in-the back Medici collar of fur is seen on some of the newest Carrick or "four-in-hand" capes.

Oregon, the Paradise of Farmers.

Mild winters, abundant crops, unbounded crops, best fruit, grain and stock country in the world. Full information free. Address the Oregon immigration Board, Portland, Oregon.

A bill has been introduced in the house to prohibit the sending of lottery advertisements through the mails.

Novelties and Knowledge.

A new book of attractive reading, brim full of good things—worth knowing and illustrated, is just received. It contains a large collection of valuable autographs, excellent receipts in plain dishes, humor in rhyme and prose, monthly calendars, and can be had of all druggists and dealers, or, by sending a two-cent stamp to the publishers. An important feature of the work is its offer of Free Book, which offer is set forth therein, and by procuring the book, at once, any one can be supplied with a choice selection. The little volume is the St. Jacobs Oil Calendar for 18 9-94, published by The Charles A. Vogeler Company, Baltimore, Md. It is fully the equal of any of its predecessors in the interest of the Great Remedy for Pain, St. Jacobs Oil, whose virtues never abate, and whose popularity never wanes. The demand for both book and medicine is very great.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

A. J. TOWER, - Boston, Mass.

MADE WITH BOILING WATER.

EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
COCOA
MADE WITH BOILING MILK.

TARO
SURE CURE for PILES, SALT RHEUM and all Skin Diseases. Send 3 Stamps for Free Sample. TARO CHEMICAL CO., Randolph St., Chicago. Price, 50c.

SYRUP OF FIGS
ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, head-aches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c. and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
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CHAMPION BALING PRESSES
ALL STEEL LEVER AND BELT
STRONG AND DURABLE
STEEL BAR SHEARS
FAMOUS MFG. CO.
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Wanted shrewd men in each locality to travel for responsible established house. Salary $75 per month and expenses. International Detective Bureau, Grenon & Watkins Agency, Chicago. Send stamp for particulars. Mention this paper. Employment to be in deserters and exempts for territories. Employment for 1 man in each county. Address Box 1,000, Chicago, Ill.

DO you know that you can beautifully decorate your walls and ceilings, and do the work yourself, and very cheaply? Ask any paint dealer, or write for tonics and instructions. No washing off necessary. Alabastine Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.

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SICK HEADACHE
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Positively cured by these Little Pills.
They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.
Price 25 Cents.
CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.
Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Ely's Cream Balm
WILL CURE
CATARRH
Price 50 Cents.
Apply Balm into each nostril.
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PROMPTLY AND PERMANENTLY Cured by St. Jacobs Oil
BALTO-MD. THE CHAS. A. VOGELER CO.

Stop that
CHRONIC COUGH NOW!
For If you do not it may become consumptive. For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Croup and Whooping Cough, there is nothing like
HALE'S HONEY OF HORE HOUND AND TAR
Sold by Druggists. Price 25c. Jackson, Mich.

Editor William O'Brien, the "fighting Irishman," was released from Gl.wy prison Dec. 8th.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,
as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

SCOTT'S
EMULSION
Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and
HYPOPHOSPHITES
Of Lime and Soda.
It is almost as palatable as milk. For better results than Cod Liver Oil, Emulsions or Hypophosphites.
A wonderful flesh producer.

Scott's Emulsion
There are poor imitations. Get the genuine.

MANY MEN FIND THAT

Storms, snows, drenching rains, and furious winds are a part of the regular routine of life. Perhaps one of the sickness through life is caused by colds; you cannot be too well prepared at this season to avoid them. A man having a "Fish Brand Slicker" may be exposed to a storm for twenty-four hours at a stretch, and still be protected from the effects of the storm, and not suffer from chilling and shielded from the biting winds. No matter how long shielded from the storm it is not safe to be caught in a rain or snow storm, you should have a "Fish Brand Slicker." A. J. Tower Company, Baltimore, Md. It is fully the equal of any of its predecessors in the interest of the Great Remedy for Pain, St. Jacobs Oil, whose virtues never abate, and whose popularity never wanes. The demand for both book and medicine is very great.

CATARRH
It is an Ointment, of which a small particle is applied into each nostril. Price, 50 cents. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Address, E. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.

DIXON'S CORE AND SOLID GRAPHITE
DIXON'S CROWN GRAND SOLID for SALERATUS.
ABSOLUTELY PURE.
TO A Delicious Biscuit
ASK your grocer for DIXON'S COW BRAND SODA or SALERATUS.

PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH.—Best. Easiest to use. Cheapest. Relief immediate. A cure is certain. For Cold in the Head it has no equal.