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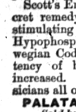

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I suffered from catarrh 12 years. The droppings into the throat were nauseating. My nose bled almost daily. Since the first day's use of Ely's Cream Balm have had no bleeding, the soreness is entirely gone. D. G. Davidson, with the Boston Budget.

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"Be sure to telegraph me as soon as you arrive," said a young husband to his birdie at the railway station. She was starting on her first trip home to see her mother. Her mother lives about ten miles out.

"I will," promised the young wife, sweetly; "but I don't know whether I have money enough."

"Oh, send it 'collect.' Now don't forget. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

The husband looked longingly after the train as it steamed out and then he sadly returned to his place of business. In half an hour a messenger boy presented the following:

Frog Center, Mich., 2 p. m.—George Washington Blank, No. 43 Blank street, Detroit—My dear George: I have arrived safely without any accident at all, not the slightest. The train slowed up at Jink's crossing and whistled, but don't think anything serious was the matter. It made my heart jump to think how you would feel if anything had been the matter, you know, but there wasn't not a thing, so far as I could find out. I got to thinking of you and might have been carried past my station if cousin Joe, the one you used to be so jealous about, you know, hadn't been on the train. He is visiting at mother's and is handsomer than ever. He says that he hates you; but, of course, that's only fun you know. I forgot to say that my trunk came through all right. It was no trouble at all. Cousin Joe took my check and arranged to have it (the trunk you know) hauled up to the house. It will have to be taken around by the mill, because the other road is blocked up, you know; but, you know, that will only take a few moments longer than by the other road—the one that is blocked up I mean. Well, I must close this dispatch, because telegrams have to be short, you know. Your loving wife.

ANNIE BLINKINS BLANK.

[Collect $10.]

Right Password but Wrong Smell.

A high officer of the sons of temperance, presenting himself with the smell of grog he had been drinking upon him, at the door of a "division" for admission, was waited upon by an Irish sentinel, to whom he gave the password, when the following passed:

"Sir," said he, "an' yez are Mister O'Wright, the grand worthy patriarch of the state of Khaintucky, I do be afther be lavin'."

"Yes," said Jim, "you are perfectly right, my friend; but why do you ask the question?"

"To tell yez the truth, then, sir, and shame the devil," said Pat, "yez do be havin' the right password for a son of temperance, entirely; but by the holy Virgin and the blessed Saint Patherick! yez has got the wrong smell."

Wilbur F. Storey's widow is going to erect a monument over the dead editor at Chicago as high as an Egyptian obelisk.

Although Mr. Harrison will be the twenty-third president in the White house, Mrs. Harrison will be the thirty-third lady.

Prince Henry of Battenburg is very fond of rabbits, and has trained two brown ones to follow him around like dogs.

How's This.

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the past 15 years and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucus surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

NOTHING GOES HARD WITH ME.

'Twas but a workman on his way
From toilsome work to tea,
Yet in a cheery tone he sang:
"Nothing goes hard with me."

I noted well the rough-hewn look,
The awkward, untaught air;
The spade and shovel on his back,
The tangled, unshorn hair.

And these the thoughts that came uncalled,
Unto my musing mind:
Where in the higher walks of life,
Can we contentment find!

Content in such a great degree,
As this poor workman proves,
Dwells constantly within the walks
Wherein he daily moves.

How many, of the toilsome task
That each new day must bring,
Could learn from that poor laborer
To be content and sing!

And find how light the work would fall—
No matter what it be—
While cherishing the workman's words—
"There's nothing goes hard with me."

TOO LATE.

A Story of St. Valentine's Day.

CHAPTER III.

Nell could not be persuaded; she remained a recluse from the September that saw the departure of Lyon Leslie to the opening of the Christmas following. People nodded and whispered. Some said she was engaged to the handsome soldier, others that she was pining in secret; but Nell made no sign. She was cheerful as ever in manner, if not so buoyant as of yore, and performed her usual routine of parish duty; but, besides persistently refusing to mix in the towns entertainments, she sought less and less the society of the companions with whom she had been intimate. She took her rides alone, and her walks too, at least, so far as human fellowship went, but with a goodly company of dogs, her twin brother's special property and trust to her. Wanderings of hours they took together, but wanderings that brought no roses to the girl's pale cheek, nor added vigor to her limbs. Her eyes seemed to grow larger, and their inner light more earnest. At times too, she was fretful, and day by day grew more silent and abstracted.

Mrs. Thanet was disturbed; she did not think it wise to force her daughter's confidence; still, she felt that the present condition of things could not be permitted to continue without a word, and a very difficult word to speak she felt that word would be. Intuitively she knew that, whatever had passed between her daughter and Lyon Leslie, no definite engagement had been entered into. She mistrusted the man. But, like the prudent woman she was, she bided her time, and that arrived suddenly.

A note from Mrs. Kennett to her sister-in-law informed her of their arrival at the Hall for Christmas. The next day Mrs. Kennett, accompanied by Janet, drove into Thorpe and stayed to luncheon with her relatives.

Janet, keen as a hawk, espied a change in her cousin.

"You are mooning after Randall," she said. "You are to come to the Hall for Christmas, and Randall too. Uncle Nettle"—her respectful diminutive for Squire Nettlethorpe—"says so, mamma says so, and I say so; so it is *un fait accompli*."

At the Hall Nell always shared the same room with her cousin. This had hitherto been a great enjoyment to both girls. Now Nell would have wished it otherwise, but she fell into the usual arrangement without a hint of her desire.

It was the most confidential hour in the twenty-four, the hour before lying down to rest. Then the girls, arrayed in their dainty dressing-gowns, sat over the cheery fire and exchanged confidences. The confidence of these cousins differed essentially from those usually indulged in by the average young lady of the period. Men played a subordinate part, and persons generally. They used to build castles in the air, to sketch out "great things to do," to criticize their current reading, discuss authors and artists, and bewail the proscribed lot of their own sex.

Nell's hair was long and wavy, dark brown, with a golden sheen. Janet's was black as raven's wing, straight and glossy. They sat, brush in hand, idly drawing it over their silky tresses, anon letting it fall into their laps and, throwing the rebellious locks back from their faces, looking into the gleaming ash.

Nell spoke first.

"You must have lots to tell me, Janet; you have been everywhere."

"Which amounts practically to nowhere. I have no distinct recollections of any place in particular. Dresden and Dussendorf suggest—well, colored canvas. From gallery to gallery we were trotted, catalogues in hand, and impovers behind. It didn't elevate my scriptural conceptions. I assure you; things got mixed, and for the life of me I couldn't recollect Biblical facts apart with heathen myths."

"But Paris? Oh, how I long to see Paris!"

"Well, Paris is charming, but, my dear, disillusionising. When I shut my eyes and think, I seem to see nothing but architecture, and to hear the Marseillaise."

"The Rhine, Janet, and Switzerland, and Italy! Are you weary of those, too?"

"Yes, and no. There are bits of the Clyde the Rhine can never touch; there are passages and torrents and glens in the Highland all the grand Alps cannot show; and Italy sent me to sleep."

"You are such a home bird, Janet; you are insular."

"Well, you see, Nell—Janet took up her brush and began to draw it over her hair—"you see it was all in the way of education. It was to expand our minds, mamma said, and all that sort of thing. Now, if you were given some favorite lollypop and told it contained a tonic, would you enjoy it? No—emphatically no!"—and the brush worked with a will.

"I wish you and I could go off together," said Nell, "on from island unto island. But then I have no money. I wish we could; Randall would go with us and write a grand poem."

"Poetry's only good for the gods," announced her cousin. "I am practical."

"So am I, Janet, more so than you perhaps; but one may stand on earth and look at heaven."

"Nell, you have become quite romantic, and I want to know the reason why," Janet asked regarding the other critically.

Nell blushed rosy red, and, with sudden vigor, began to brush her wavy locks.

"What nonsense you talk, Janet! I suppose, if I repeated one of Tupper's platitudes, you'd call me a philosopher. There is just as much analogy between supposed philosophy as between me and romance."

"I thought we were bosom-friends, Nell, real bosom friends. I know I never had a secret from you, and you used never to have one from me."

"I have no secret, Janet; there is nothing to tell."

"Nothing to tell when there is everything to suspect? Ah, Nell, absence does not make the heart grow fonder! You have grown cold to me."

Nell turned her great mournful eyes to her cousin in some such way as a half-frightened deer. She wondered how much Janet knew.

"You would have been the very first I would have told," continued Janet, still in a tone of reproach. "When Mr. Anclive did me the honor to say he was 'willin', before I even gave him his *conge*—the idiot!—I told you."

"But no one has laid such valuables at my feet, Janet. You have been listening to idle gossip."

"Hasn't he? Then he is a mean, good-for-nothing, mercenary, cruel—"

Nell put her hand on her cousin's mouth.

"How can you, Janet! What have you heard? And do you for a moment suppose I could ever even waste a thought on anyone deserving such insinuations? I could not love unworthily."

Nell spoke very calmly, but coldly. Janet's heart was on fire. She feared for her cousin, and she was hurt at her reticence.

"I know your estimate, your high-flown idea of love," she cried, pushing Nell's hand aside not a little roughly. "You would believe all things, hope all things, and endure all things." Her voice took a tone of scorn.

"You go too far, Janet," returned Nell haughtily. "I would never give my love unsought; once given, it would be forever, and I would endure nothing derogatory to my self-respect. Even in friendship endurance has its limits."

"Nell, I will not be frozen out of your heart." The unwilling tears stood in Janet's eyes; she felt, if this appeal failed, Nell would never give her her confidence, and her heart was full of dread for her cousin. "You are far, far cleverer than I am, Nell, far, far more beautiful; I am only pretty, and your judgment is clearer; but, oh, Nell, darling, all this is but in part, all this vanishes away at the little word, 'love'! Love blinds such as you, Nell, for such as you love transcendentally. They make for themselves an ideal, a fetish, and thus worship with blind idolatry. Such as I, Nell, love through the heart and common-sense, and with eyes wide open, and we are safe. You make shipwreck of all."

With a sudden resolve, Nell threw her shrouding hair back, caught it deftly in her hands, and wound it in a great sheaf, letting it fall so, semi-confined, on her shoulders. Then, cold and pale, she rose to her feet and said softly, yet sternly—

"You are right, Janet; I owe our friendship confidence; you must never recur to the subject until I give you leave. I'll tell you all I have to tell you now, and, believe me, I am stronger than you give me credit for. Lyon Leslie loved me and I loved him—that is all. He will come back some day and take me away."

"Nell, did he say he would?"

"No; why should he? Love has not many words, love does not need many words. I know he will."

"One more question, Nell, and I've done. Did he ask you to be his wife? That does not take many words."

"No; why should he? He said he loved me, and he knew I loved him. What else can such love end in but union here and hereafter?"

There was a faint down of color on the girl's pale cheek, and her eyes literally glowed with light.

For the moment Janet was awed. Such faith, such love, were beyond her ken. She recovered herself with a groan. Clutching her brush aggressively, she said mentally—

"If he plays her false, I'll—" What she would do she did not express further; she let the brush drop from her hand, and flung herself into her cousin's arms with a burst of tears.

"My darling, my darling," she cried, "may he prove worthy of the heart he has won! I will hope with you."

She asked nothing further, and in this she was wise. Unconsciously to herself Nell felt relieved by what had passed; her burden seemed lighter and hope fairer.

There was quite a heap of Christmas cards on Nell's plate when she came down to breakfast on Christmas morning—some gifts more substantial, too. One more than the others attracted comment. It was a massive gold locket, of barbaric design, covered with raised hieroglyphics, and attached to a slight chain of linked rings. There was nothing inside the locket, nor did word or imitation accompany it. It was an anonymous gift. The address on the wrapping was in the handwriting evidently of the tradesman from whom it had probably been bought. It went the round of the table; every one but Janet had a suggestion as to the donor. Nell, too, was silent here. She did not know—how could she, when there was neither note or initial to help her? Perhaps her new brother-in-law sent it, she suggested; he had not given her a bridesmaid's token, and had promised to make up for his omissions some day.

"Yes, some day," cried Randall. "I know what Barton's some day means; it means to day. He's just the biggest screw between John o' Groat's and Land's End, and would as soon think of buying an uninteresting creature like a sister-in-law a magnificent locket like that as of getting himself a new hat: a thing he hasn't done, his own brother says, since his head stopped growing."

Nell could have boxed her brother's ears with a will.

"I shall have a letter in a day or two," she said, returning the locket to its case with trembling fingers. "I have a rich godmother, I believe."

"What, Lady Morton?" again put in the unlucky Randall. "Why, Nell, you are making bad shots! Why, she never even sent you a mug at your christening—mother said so! Besides, I'm sure she's dead."

"No," said Nell, not a little put out, "she is alive and well. Papa sent her a Persian kitten lately."

Then Janet came to the rescue.

"I've got something mysterious, too," she cried; and she showed up an onyx brooch, with a beautifully executed jay in diamonds, set in the center.

"Not much mystery in that!" exclaimed one of her sisters. "It's the Baron, I'm sure. Do get a pebble, Jan, and have a gander done in brilliants, and send it to him."

"I like the Baron, Cis," was Janet's reply, "and I do foind de brooch ver' lovely." All laughed at the mimicry.

Loyal Janet made no allusion to Nell's gift. It disappeared from sight and was soon forgotten in the divergencies of Christmas-tide—forgotten by all but the recipient and Janet.

A close scrutiny, when by herself, revealed to Nell a secret spring within the apparently void case. She touched it and a thin layer of gold flew back, disclosed a tiny ring of dark hair, fastened with a gold thread.

With passionate kisses the girl replaced it in its hiding-place, then laid the locket to her heart and looked upwards, her eyes radiant with joy and her bosom heaving. Before putting it away, till she could devise a plan of wearing it unseen, she examined the delicate chain, holding it up to the light, and within each ring she discovered, in fine but clear tracery the words "Dinna forget." No happier eyes closed in rest that Christmas night in Nettlethorpe's overflowing Hall than beautiful Nell Thanet's.

The last day of December was the twins' birthday. On that day they were nineteen years old. They had wished to return home to spend it with their parents, but the cousins would not hear of it. In the morning they rode into Thorpe, a merry party of four, received felicitations and loving offerings from their family, and returned, little loath, to the luxurious Hall.

There had been an arrival in the interim, a most unexpected and awkward arrival—the Baron von Melkenburg. He had followed quickly in the wake of his messenger bird, the brilliant jay.

In Mrs. Nettlethorpe's boudior there was not a little commotion. Mrs. Kennett denied having given any special invitation to the gentleman. He had seemed to be an admirer of horses, and she had once said, in quite a casual way, that, if he ever came to England, she would like him to see her brother's stud, never dreaming that he would take her at her word in this off-handed fashion.

"If he were not a foreigner," said the lady of the house, slightly molified, "I should give him his *conge* at once; but foreigners have different codes of etiquette to ours, and, according to his, he may be quite *en regle*. Jasper"—alluding to her husband—"will be in shortly, and I shall hand over the intruder to him."

At this juncture, Janet, followed by Nell and Randall, joined the conclave in the boudoir. She was even more surprised than her mother and sisters at the occurrence, and much more irate, for it had been she whom the Baron had honored with his addresses, and she was conscious that she had shown him in a plain enough manner that they were distasteful; she had been amused, and perhaps just a little flattered. It was a most awkward situation.

"Where is he?" she asked much distressed.

"In the drawing-room," said her young sister Polly, not a little mischievously. "He has been there all by himself, for the last half-hour. He came in a carriage and pair, like a grand seigneur, from Thorpe. And Calton—their maid—"says he has brought a lot of luggage.

The good-natured squire, when he heard of the Baron's advent, desired that his unbidden guest should be entertained, promising that in the meantime he would endeavor to ascertain more of his *status* in society than the Kennetts appeared to know.

The Baron appeared quite at his ease. The Squire had joined him in the drawing-room, and had given him a courteous welcome, if not a hearty one. But he, at first sight, disliked the man. There was an effrontery in his ease, an affectation of equality that sat awkwardly, and a certain sharpness of glance that repelled the simple downright Englishman.

"A man to guard against," he thought; but nothing more.

At dinner the Baron appeared in an elaborate toilet, with much jewelry and profuse perfume. Nell said very little; but she made him her close study the whole evening. She was in better spirits than she had been since Lyon Leslie's departure. Her wit was bright to-night.

In the drawing-room later, Andrew attached himself to Nell; he had lately shown sympton. of succumbing to his beautiful cousin's attractions.

A hint of this he ventured in her ear, resting by her side in the noble conservatory which, this night a blaze of light, opened out of the drawing room. The girl was in no mood for whispers of that sort. She felt as one feels when a strange foot approaches a spot sacred to some cherished memory; but she liked her cousin, so warned him off gently, but firmly.

"Now, be sensible, Andrew," she said; "if you want to keep your hand in, there is Lady Bab"—indicating with her fan the Lady Barbara Merville, a neice of the Squire, a large blonde, handsome, and an heiress—"she is always ready, you know."

"Nell," he said, fairly turning his back on the lady in question—"Nell, we have always been good friends."

"Always, cousin mine; let us remain so,"

"I have the lock of hair you gave me two years ago. I was looking at it this evening before dinner. Your hair has changed Nell; it hasn't the true golden tint it had—is it a symbol of your heart?"

"I have yours too," she said, lightly and evasively. "It was done up in a sweeping sheaf with Lucy's, Polly's and Janet's, and set in a gold-rimmed brooch. Tibbs"—the Thorpe jeweler—"did it, and I kept it for home adornment."

He bit his lip.

"Do you know," he said, "I think you country girls are much more accomplished flirts than town belles? You make a fellow feel awfully small. I've thought so much of you, Nell. Do you remember the kiss you gave me one Christmas under the mistletoe? I do." And he looked into her averted face appealingly, imploringly.

"And so do I, coz"—meeting his love-lorn eyes frankly. "And, if you're good you shall have another this Christmas, under the mistletoe;" and she held up her face playfully.

"I would rather have it under the rose," he said, pulling forward a branch of a Marshal Niel in bloom, and arching it between them.

She laughed, ignoring his more serious intent.

"You are such a boy, Andrew!" she said. "Do be sensible, that's a good fellow. I wanted to ask you about that baron, and here you are rehearsing a flirtation with me."

Andrew's jealousy was fired.

"Oh, I'll tell you all you want to know!" he cried. "He's rich—that's the main point; he says he's been in the Prussian Guards, and he sings like a nightingale—not one of which recommendations I possess."

"You dear old goosey-gander," said Nell, with frank affection, "do be sensible—this is the third time of asking. I like your little finger better than his whole baronial *corpus*"—she made a gesture of dislike. "It is so hard, when I want a friend, to find a-a spoon;" and her laugh rang out merrily.

Poor Andrew was in earnest; he showed signs of sulks.

"It's all that recruiting fellow," he muttered. "I know him; he has fooled no end of girls."

Nell was equally determined not to quarrel with her cousin; but she bit her lip.

"There's the piano," she said; "they're going to dance. Come, I'll give you the first." He seized her hand. "Wait a moment," she cried, "I want to say something first—that man who calls himself a baron is no more a baron than I am a baroness, or, what's more, he's not even a gentleman—never was—in any country, civilized or uncivilized."

"Well, there are not many gentlemen in Africa;" and, a little mollified by the depreciation of a possible rival, he laughed.

"I beg your pardon, Andrew; some savages would put many of our fine gentlemen in the shade."

"Naturally so, being dusky," he replied, teasingly.

"He's not even a foreigner," she continued, taking not the slightest notice of his facetiousness. "His broken English is put on. Don't you notice, when he's off his guard, how shaky his 'h's' are?"

"Very likely; fellows of that sort never turn up trumps; but he's a first class lady's man, and he's rich—— What does it matter? Come, the Waltz will be over."

"But it does matter, Andrew. If he is not what he represents himself to be, he is an imposter, and I advise you to give the Squire a hint to look after his silver spoons."

"Nell! Are you off your head?"

"No, sir, my head is as sound as my heart, and likely to remain so; only I have eyes, and know how to use them"—Andrew ventured a suggestive nod—"and ears, which are often to more purpose, and not open to idle gossip"—Andrew winced. "Bes'des, I have one gift—I have a second sight. Janet owns I am a witch."

"So do I; but you won't listen. Don't I tell you you are bewitching?"

"Andrew, you're a foolish boy—there, it's out! That's my plain unvarnished opinion of you—just a foolish boy. Come, we're in time for a couple of rounds; but, mind, I've warned you."

It was strictly a family party, the only foreign element being the intruding Baron. But, by the time the second dance was over, he had ingratiated himself with the entire company—all excepting Nell. His air had assumed the familiarity of an established and approved intimate, and even Mrs. Nettlethorpe acknowledged that he was an acquisition.

"I wonder whether aunt Kennett really gave him an invitation to the Hall?" Nell asked of Janet.

"It is mere mistake. Mamma often says civil things, and I knew she liked him," replied her cousin. "She probably said something which he misconstrued—he speaks English pretty fairly, but doesn't catch what you say so well."

"You don't like him, Janet?"

"Good gracious, no! A young man would be preferable;" and she walked away with a laugh of contempt.

Nell was standing under a crystal chandelier, festooned with mistletoe. Suddenly from the distance came the sound of a band playing the National Anthem; it was a village band; it came nearer, and changed out the melody under the windows, and, as the air rose, the church-clock struck twelve, and the bells, taking up the story, rang the Old Year out and the New Year in.

It was the signal for a general commotion. Forgeting the presence of the stranger, each member of the family flitted from one to the other, giving and receiving the kiss of welcome.

Fired by the example, the Baron came behind Nell, and, before she could defend herself, stole a kiss from her lips. Quick as lightning, she raised her fan, and dealt him a sharp blow on his cheek.

"That was hardly fair!" cried the Squire, coming for his kiss. "It was under the mistletoe, Nell;" and he kissed the girl, now rosy red with anger, on either cheek.

"Strangers have no right to family privileges," she cried, her eyes flashing lightning.

With his mouth set in hard a line, his face livid, save for the red mark across his cheek, left by the avenging fan, the Baron came up to the irate girl, fronting her, and said, bowing low—

"Some day I will give you your privilege back. I have a very good memory."

"A very convenient one, you mean," she answered, turning contemptuously away, "for you seem suddenly to have remembered your native tongue."

"Are you dangerous, Nell?" asked Andrew, as she paused a moment in a doorway arched over with the suggestive plant. "Everybody has had one but me."

She smiled as she lifted her face to his, and let him kiss her on the lips; but she neither flushed nor looked shy. He might have been her brother, and he knew it.

"I'll bide my time," he said to himself. "She is proud and he'll forget."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Spoon in History.

It seems that our common table utensil, the spoon, antedated the knife in the household of prehistoric man. As the ancient Romans used round spoons, the counterpart of those which are fashionable for the salt-cellar, it would have been natural enough if the spoons of prehistoric man had been of the same shape. But some which have been found recently in the Lacustrine dwellings in northern Italy, were precisely the shape used by ourselves, and of baked clay. Two sizes were found, one that of an ordinary table-spoon, the other that of a pot-ladle. The question arises for what purposes were these spoons made, and it is highly probable that it was for consumption of hasty pudding or farmety, which was a species of cracked wheat. The Lacustrian folk were agriculturists, and possessed domestic animals, but their food was principally cereals, and their condition must have greatly resembled that of a Slavonic communistic village of the present time. They had milk and they had meal, and they had the wild honey of the woods, so that they did not fare very badly. One of their tables has been found. It was the round section of a tree, a foot thick, and there were hollows in it burned out with fire, which were plainly the receptacles for the food, whatever it was. The spoons of the Anglo-Saxons were made of wood, for the word means not only a culinary utensil, but it also meant a sliver of wood made for writing purposes. In the poem of Tristan and Yseult, it is expressly stated that the lover wrote verses on light linden spoon, in runes, and that he cast them in the river, and they floated down to the loveress who gathered them in.

His Last Chance.

"It seems, to me," said a mother to a young girl who was about to be married, "that your future husband is a little too exacting; he wants this, that and the other; I consider him a perfect nuisance."

"Well, dear mamma, we can afford to indulge him for once. Let him have his way now—you know 'twill be the last time."

As to Yourself.

The full capacity of the lungs is about 320 cubic inches.

Each perspiratory duct is one fourth of an inch in length; of the whole, about nine miles.

About two thirds of a pint of air is inhaled and exhaled at each breath of ordinary respiration.

The weight of the heart is from eight to twelve ounces. It beats 100,000 times in 24 hours.

The skin contains more than 2,000,000 openings, which are the outlets of an equal number of sweat glands.

An amount of blood equal to the whole quantity in the body passes through the heart every minute.

The stomach daily produces nine pounds of gastric juice for digestion of food; its capacity is about five pints.

A man breathes 18 times a minute, and 3,000 cubic feet or about 375 hogsheads of air every hour of his existence.

The average man takes five and one-half pounds of food and drink each day, which amounts to one ton of solid and liquid nourishment annually.

A Greek With an Irish Name.

Lady of the house—"Put that statuette of Appolo on the other side of the room, Bridget."

Bridget (taking up the marble)—"Faith, mem, and who is the indacent spalpeen?"

Lady—"Why, Bridget, he was a Greek."

Bridget—"Fwhat's that his name is, mem?"

Lady—"Apollo."

Bridget—"Bad cess 'm mem. Fwhat's the murtherin Grake, wid no clothes on his back, doin wid a good Irish name loike O'Pollo?"

A Suggestion to Maidens.

Sue and Mr. Longwoo were in the parlor when Sue's little brother Tommy burst into the room and began to cry out: "Top, mop, fop, stop—"

"Why, what's the matter, Tommy?" interrupted Mr. Longwoo.

"I was only doing what Sue told me to do," cried Tommy. "She told me to come in here and call out a lot of words that rhyme with 'pop' to see if it would not bring you to your senses."

It did.

The Known Number of Insects.

Professor Lintner, state entomologist of New York, gives the known number of species of insects in the United States as 25,000; in the world, 325,000; with probably a still larger number not yet known. The number of plant lice on a single cherry tree has been computed at 12,000,000. In one year the entire wheat crop of the state was destroyed, causing a loss of $30,000,000. There are 223 different species of insect enemies to the apple.

The great industry of Pensacola, Fla., is that of growing and shipping oysters.

Twenty thousand women of Denmark have petitioned for the right of suffrage.

I suffered for two weeks with neuralgia of the face and procured immediate relief by using Salvation Oil.

Mrs. WM. C. BALD,
433 N. Carey St., Balt., Md.

A Chicago lover bet his girl that he could tell what she was thinking of. He thought she was thinking of him, but she wasn't; it was about Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, which had just cured her of a dreadful cough.

Miss Alice Hogaboom of a Boston museum, weighing 610 pounds, was recently married to Alfred Thompson, who weighs 90 pounds.

For Throat Diseases, Coughs, Colds, etc., effectual relief is found in the use of "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Price 25 cts. Sold only in boxes.

The republic of Chili has contracted for 10,000,000 ties and a large amount of other timber to be taken from the region of Puget Sound.

The State of Texas on coming into the Union reserved to itself its public lands, and afterward devoted the alternating sections to promote schools and aid railroads. The H. & T. C. R. R. was the first to build and select from the then public domain. For some years it has been at the mercy of its creditors, but has recently been reorganized and is now ready to profit with the landed estate and make title thereto. By an announcement, to be found elsewhere, it will be seen that settlers can have time in which to complete purchases.

The bank of England in London covers eight acres of ground, and employs 1,000 persons.

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

Agreed to Take the Pill.

A Salt Lake justice of the peace was recently called upon to unite a couple in matrimony. The name of the groom was John Pill. When the justice reached that part of the ceremony where the bride agrees to take the groom for better or worse the justice said: "Clara do you take this Pill?" the bride was heard to respond "Yes" almost inaudibly, while her face was suffused with blushes.

A Tremendous Sensation

would have been created one hundred years ago by the sight of one of our modern express trains whizzing along at the rate of sixty miles an hour. Just think how our grandfathers would have stared at such a spectacle! It takes a great deal to astonish people now a days, but some of the marvelous cures of consumption, wrought by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, have created wide-spread amazement. Consumption is at last acknowledged curable. The "Golden Medical Discovery" is the only known remedy for it. If taken at the right time—which, bear in mind, is not when the lungs are nearly gone—it will go right to the seat of the disease and accomplish its work as nothing else in the world can.

Mme. Patti has had made for her several new dresses, the most expensive of which cost her $2,100.

"Had Been Worried Eighteen Years."

It should have read "married," but the proof-reader observed that it amounted to about the same thing, and so did not draw his blue pencil through the error. Unfortunately there was considerable truth in his observation. Thousands of husbands are constantly worried almost to despair by the ill health that afflicts their wives, and often robs life of comfort and happiness. There is but one safe and sure way to change all this for the better. The ladies should use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

The emperor of Germany is to become an oarsman, and has had a boat built for him at Richmond.

"Give Him $2, and Let Him Guess."

We once heard a man complain of feeling badly, and wondered what ailed him. A humorous friend said, "Give a doctor $2, and let him guess." It was a cutting satire on some doctors, who don't always guess right. You need not guess what ails you when your food don't digest, when your bowels and stomach are inactive, and when your head aches every day, and you are languid and easily fatigued. You are bilious, and Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets will bring you out all right. Small, sugar-coated, easy to take. Of druggists.

The only colored man in the next national house of representatives will be H. B. Cheatham of North Carolina.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for Consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send their express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. Slocum, M. C., 171 Pearl St., N. Y.

The international cable company is soon to lay a cable from Halifax to Bermuda provided the English government will grant a subsidy.

A Few Pointers.

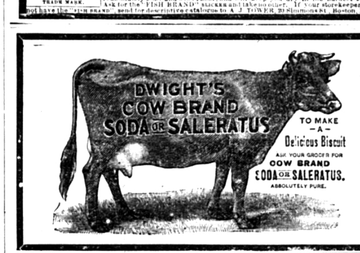
The recent statistics of the number of deaths show that the large majority die with consumption. The disease may commence with an apparently harmless cough which can be cured instantly by Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, which is guaranteed to cure and relieve all cases. Price 50c and $1.00. For sale by all druggists.

Said that, if it were possible for him to do so, Jay Gould would completely sever his connection with all corporations in which he is now interested.

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.

SINGERS find Piso's Cure for Consumption THE BEST remedy for hoarseness and to clear the throat.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER Is the Best Waterproof Coat Ever Made. Don't waste your money on a gum or rubber coat. The FISH BRAND SLICKER is absolutely water and wind proof. Ask for the "FISH BRAND" SLICKER and take no other. If your storekeeper does not have the fish brand, send for descriptive catalogue to A. J. TOWER, 20 Simmons St., Boston, Mass.



A DELIGHTED YOUNG WOMAN.

Look at my face and my hands—not a pimple,
Such as you saw there some time ago.
See my fresh cheeks, and I'm getting a dimple,
I don't look at all like I used to, I know.

My face was all blotches—complexion like tallow;
No wonder they thought me and called me a fright;
No one need have pimples and skin gray and sallow,
If she'll take what I took, ev'ry morn, noon, and night.

I asked the delighted young woman what she referred to, and she answered, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It *is* the best beautifier in the world, because it purifies and enriches the blood, and pure rich blood gives good health, and good health—beauty.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is guaranteed to cure all Blood, Skin and Scalp Diseases, as Blotches, Eruptions, Salt-rheum, Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood, or money paid for it will be promptly refunded.

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CATARRH IN THE HEAD, no matter how bad or of how long standing, is permanently cured by DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY. 50 cents, by druggists.

Rheumatism IS CURED BY St. Jacobs Oil

BALTO-MD. THE CHAS. A. VOGELER CO.

Diamond Vera-Cura FOR DYSPEPSIA.

A POSITIVE CURE FOR INDIGESTION AND ALL Stomach Troubles Arising therefrom. Your Druggist or General Dealer will get Vera-Cura for you if not already in stock, or it will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cts. (5 boxes $1.00) in stamps. Sample sent on receipt of 2-cent stamp. THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

CHOICE TEXAS LANDS

Rare Chance for Settlers.

The Railroad System of Texas having developed so as to bring within easy access of good markets and sources of supply the lands belonging to the

HOUSTON & TEXAS CENT'L RY. CO.

It has been determined to offer to settlers the

Renowned Agricult'l Lands

Located along the line of the Fort Worth & Denver City R. R., beginning with Wilbarger County, comprising

200,000 ACRES

In farms of 160 acres and upward. These lands were selected by the Company among the earliest... For further information as to these and lands in adjacent counties, apply to

J. S. NAPIER, Vernon, Texas, (who is prepared to show to purchasers), or to

C. C. GIBBS, Land Ag't, Houston, Tex.

S.S.S.

TRADE MARK

Swift's Specific cured me of malignant Blood Poison after I had been treated in vain with old-time remedies of Mercury and Potash. S. S. S. not only cured the Blood Poison, but relieved the Rheumatism which was caused by the poisonous minerals. GEO. BOVELL, 2423 Third Avenue, N. Y.

Nine years ago Scrofula attacked two of my children, and they were badly afflicted with the disease... JOHN W. WILLIAMS, Lexington, Va.

SWIFT'S SPECIFIC is entirely a vegetable remedy, and is the only medicine which permanently cures Scrofula, Blood Humors, Cancer and Contagious Blood Poison. Send for books on Blood and Skin Diseases, mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

RRR RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

The most certain and safe Pain REMEDY in the world that instantly stops the most excruciating pains. It is truly the great CONQUEROR OF PAIN, and has done more good than any known remedy. For Sprains, Bruises, Backache, Pain in the Chest or Sides, Headache, Toothache, or any other External Pain, a few applications rubbed on by the hand act like magic, causing the pain to instantly stop. For Congestions, Inflammations, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Cold in the Chest, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sciatica, Pains in the Small of the Back, etc., more extended, longer continued and repeated applications are necessary to effect a cure.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Instantly relieves and quickly cures all INTERNAL PAINS, Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhoea, Colic, Flatulency, Fainting Spells. Sold By Druggists. 50 Cents a Bottle.

ON 30 DAYS' TRIAL. THE NEW ELASTIC TRUSS

EGGLESTON'S TRUSS. Has a Pad different from all others... EGGLESTON TRUSS CO., Chicago, Ill.

JONES PAYS the FREIGHT. 5 Ton Wagon Scales, Iron Levers, Steel Bearings, Brass Tare Beam and Beam Box for $60. JONES OF BINGHAMTON, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

$5 TO $10 A DAY! AGENTS WANTED! Brewster Safety Rein Holders GIVEN AWAY... Brewster M'f'g Co., Holly, Mich.

BIG G. I prescribe and fully endorse Big G as the only specific for the certain cure of this disease. G. H. INGRAHAM, M. D., Amsterdam, N. Y. We have sold Big G for many years... D. R. DYCHE & CO., Chicago, Ill. $1.00. Sold by Druggists. Made only by the Evans Chemical Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

I CURE FITS!

I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study... Address, Dr. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

ASTHMA CURED. German Asthma Cure never fails to give instant relief in the worst cases... Dr. R. SCHIFFMANN, St. Paul, Minn.

SEND YOUR NAME for a Free Sample...

PENS USE THE BEST. ESTERBROOK.

SEEDS Fresh, Reliable... H. W. BUCKBEE, Rockford Seed Farms, Rockford, Ill.

Baby Carriages We manufacture all styles... CHAS. RAISER, Mfr., Chicago.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A sure ASTHMA relief... STOWELL & CO., Charlestown, Mass.

GOLD... Live at home and make more money working for us than at anything else in the world...

YOUNG MEN Learn Telegraphy here and we will give you a situation. American School of Telegraphy, Madison, Wis.

PATENTS W. T. FITZGERALD, Washington, D. C.

ASTHMA CAN BE CURED...

W. N. U., D.—VII—10.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION