WHAT CURES?

Editorial Difference of Opinion on an Important Subject.

What is the force that cures disease; and which is the most convenient apparatus for applying it? How far is the regular physician useful to an honest worthless man, and how far are his pills and powders and tonics only the material representatives of his personal influence on our health?

The regular doctors cure; the homœopathic doctors cure; the Hahnemannian cure; and so do the faith cures and the mind cures, and the so-called Christian scientists and the four-dollar-and-a-half advertising itinerants, and the patent medicine men. They all hit, and they all miss, and the great difference—one great difference—in the results is that when the regular doctors lose a patient no one grumbles, and when the irregular doctors lose one the community stands on end and howls.—Rochester Union and Advertiser.

Nature cures, but nature can be aided, hindered or defeated in the curative process. And the Commercial's conclusion is that it is the part of rat oval beags to seek and trust the advice of men of good character who have studied the human system and learned, as far as modern science lights the way, how far they can and natural and how they can best avoid obstructing her.—Buffalo Commercial.

It is not our purpose to consider the evils that result from employing the unscrupulous, the ignorant charlatans and quacks to prescribe for the maladies that afflict the human family. We simply declare that the physician who knows something is better than the physician who knows nothing, or very little indeed, about the structure and the conditions of the human system. Of course "he does not know it all."—Rochester Morning Herald.

I have used Warner's Safe Cure and but for its timely use would have been, I verily believe, in my grave from what the doctors termed Bright's Disease.—D. J. Shriner, senior editor Scioto Gazette, Chillicothe, Ohio, in a letter dated June 30, 1890.

Policeman Patrick Stark, of the Third Precinct, New York city, found the champion sympathy man the other day while acting as a census enumerator. He was J. Grinker, of 76 East Broadway, who refused to give any information, as in his opinion "it was a violation upon the United States government."

Not many years ago the abandoned timber lands in Aroostook county, Maine, away up near the British province, were almost worthless for agricultural purposes. Later on Swedes and other industrious foreigners moved in and now Aroostook county is the greatest potato-growing county in New England.

The telephone has been brought to such perfection that by its use it is not difficult to transmit the sounds of playing pianos miles and give them forth so that strts of dances may move to the measures. Successful experiments of this character have been made in New York and Boston, and at operations and Morristown, N. J., and Saratoga receiving points.

A man often finds it difficult to break the ice, but the past summer it didn't take any effort for ice to break a man.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of readers of this paper to the advertisement of W. W. Mogridge's whisky, who is offering bargains in fine brands for a short time only. We know of several who have made trades with Mr. Mogridge and recommend him as reliable and prompt.

Campaign money is called sugar because it melts away so fast.

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, headaches 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.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

Summering On a Farm.

I'm living in the country now, upon a quiet farm,
Where I am free from the city noise and safe from urban harm;
And when I want berries, watermelons and early summer meats,
I feed upon the cool, crisp, squash and hoodred winter beets.

I have a room with slanting roof; no wonder I am so sad
Upon the wall is there to greet those tired eyes of mine,
But honest, coarse, sand-paper walls are those which my hand rests upon
Which I pray that revered spot where mosquitoes have fed.

No narrow bathtub have I here to lave my self withal,
But one large basin on the floor, a dipper made of tin,
Oh, how the coolthe waters plash, and over my shoulders flow,
Despite their taking through the floor, assuredly to go.

And, as I'ye said, no city noise doth break upon the ear—
Naught save the lullaby crooning of the frog, the bleat of chanticleer,
The cooing of the Dun Darham cow, the lowing of the kine!
These are the sole disturbances in this my rural den.

And oh, the habits that this life, this country life inspires!
The breakfast eat at five a. m.—ah! how my soul admires!
To rise at four and see the sun has started on its way,
To doze my duds and enter on the duties of the day!

Instead of working at my desk in hot seer sucker,
To seek the fields and toss the hay, to feed the bounteous cow!
To dine three times a day on pie, washed down by beer—
And when the sun has set at last retiring at nine.

This is a noble life! to lead; from cares and strife a rest;
It tans the cheek, the muscles gain, it fills the soul with glee
But when next summer comes this way, I feel I can't stay!
To swap the sweat of brow and brawn for rural bed and board.

—Henry Herbert Hutchpen, in Harper's Bazar.

THE THEFT OF A TRESS.

The rivalry between the two young men was very bitter. Little Billy Stedman, one of the clerks of leading men in the great retail store of Squaresheil, Shields & Co., considered himself every inch the equal of Frederick Trevor, the rich broker's son, who did not work for a living and wore yellow kid gloves every day of the year, rain or shine. Nevertheless Mr. Trevor was wont to look down somewhat on Billy and would perhaps not have condescended to notice him at all if certain circumstances were not constantly throwing them together.

Miss Millicent Turner, the head saleswoman in the ribbon department of Squaresheil, Shields & Co.'s, was a singularly beautiful young woman. Tall and shapely, with big brown eyes fringed with heavy lashes, tiny hands and feet and a carriage in which decision and grace were happily blended, she was a very refreshing object to look at on a warm day. Her more remarkable feature, however, was her hair, which was of a rich bronze tint and curled away up on her head in a shining pyramid of silk. When she let it down sometimes for the amusement of the other girls, it fell almost to her knees in a glorious mass of excited both admiration and envy on every side.

Miss Millicent had many admirers and amongst them were conspicuous Billy and Trevor. The latter had accompanied his mother one day when she had come to look at some cloaks. He was smitten at once. Notwithstanding his superior station in society, the young man's conduct had been properly itself. There was no suspicion of frivolity or impudence about it. He had sought an introduction in a perfectly legitimate way and from almost the first day he made her acquaintance had been her devoted slave.

Billy owed his acquaintance with the charmer to the very practical intercourse of dry, every day business. He had improved his opportunities and stood at this time very high in her good graces. They were together a great deal and it was common rumor about the store that they had decided to make a match of it.

The beautiful salesworman was to a certain degree impartial in her treatment of her two adorers. True, she was more with Billy than with his rival, and their intercourse was naturally more familiar. It would have been very hard for an outsider to pick out the winner. Both had made declaration of love to her and besought her to put them out of their misery. To Billy, who had looked very handsome with his curly brown hair and pathetic blue eyes as he knelt on the damp grass at Lincoln Park to make his avowal, she had said that they were too poor to marry; to Trevor she had pleaded with all the impetuosity of a pampered boy of 20, she had said very prettily that she could not think of entering a family where she was sure her present occupation and position in society would prevent her receiving a welcome. Both young men, however, despite these refusals, continued to call on her. Neither of them knew that the other had proposed and been rejected—a fact which was in itself a high tribute to the fair one's good sense—and though they generally happened to strike separate evenings for their visits, they occasionally met in the tastefully decorated little parlor. At such times they would exchange monosyllable remarks, or glare at each other from the opposite ends of hours ride, from town. There was a broad, swift river, and a boat in which Millicent used to go for a regular floorwalker, went shooting over a high dam and upset. The angular doorwalker turned his attention to saving himself and Billy, who by a special dispensation of his lucky star happened to be standing on the brink at that point, plunged in the river, plucked fellow he was and fished out his dripping charmer. She was forced to take her wonderful hair down, to let it dry in the breeze, and an hour or two later, when the dusk had fallen, Billy wrapped the soft tresses all about his throat and face to give him courage, and made another appeal. Of course it was successful; Miss Millicent would not have been a woman otherwise.

"Dear Billy," murmured she, stroking his cheek (that was no less innocent of down than her own) with her soft hand, "I always loved you the best any way. You asked my little to-day, too" —Billy blushed in the darkness; he had not told her that he had walked rabove with her in his arms, the water being only up to his shoulders—"and I think we can be happy together, you and I, Billy."

Somehow or other Billy found a passage to her mouth, through the billows of flowing hair, and the compact was sealed between them in the old immortal way.

Very naturally young Mr. Ernest Trevor was perturbed when he heard the news. Indeed, that is putting it too mildly. To tell the truth he exhibited an inclination to go partially insane. He wrote Miss Millicent letters. He sought interviews with her. In the course of which he would alternate avowals of his hopeless passion with threats against the curly-haired and triumphant Billy. He made than this, he enlisted the aid of his parents in his behalf. The latter were not indifferent to their son's welfare—other than case with fathers and mothers—and when the desperate youth threatened to die if Miss Millicent married at once that he would slay himself unless he could marry this girl, they, knowing that he had a habit of keeping his word, became alarmed. All expostulations proving unavailing they reached the conclusion that he must have his way. They visited Miss Millicent. The mother became satisfied that she would make any man a good wife, and from that moment she petted and caressed her as the daughter she had her own daughter. She made her presents, took her for carriage drives, to plays and everywhere else and had her home to dinner. Of course Billy objected most decidedly to these goings on and he told Millicent so. She was not inclined to be unfaithful, but liked her own way and said she would do what she liked. A week or so of unpleasantness followed and then there came an open quarrel. Billy put his foot squarely down. The reception of Mrs. Trevor's calls must cease; so must the visits to her house. Otherwise the engagement must end.

Miss Millicent drew herself up proudly, though she grew very pale as a lily, and professed indifference.

Billy jumped his hat down over his eyes and left the house.

Then came the inevitable sequence. Miss Millicent had left the establishment of Squaresheil, Shields & Co. shortly after the quarrel and broken her engagement to Billy. It was at least three months after that that Billy read in the "Back Door Chat" column of the *Society Tattler* the announcement of her approaching marriage to young Trevor.

He tore his wagony in much the same fashion that other young men do—smoked fifteen cigars a day instead of six and changed his poker game from a penny ante to $2 limit.

There came a calm quiet evening when he felt more than usually sentimental. It lacked only a few days of the wedding. The air was balmy and twilight. The moon shone with chaste splendor. He thought he would stroll just like old familiar house, just for the sake of old times.

He was unconsciously whistling "Tess of the Stoneloby," as he walked slowly down the path which led from the house his Millicent so few, so very few nights ago. He started back in amazement as he came opposite to the little wicket gate. A tall, slender figure—one—in the shadows just out of the searching ravish of the moon.

"Millicent!" he gasped.

A white hand rose in the shadow and as quickly fell. In an instant he was at her side.

"Oh, go away, go away," murmured the girl, "you must not stay here an instant. How wicked of you! Billy, please, dear Billy, go away. What would people say if mail they saw you here?"

Billy pulled out his watch and looked at it. He pointed to it. "I suppose it's proper for a married lady to have gone," said he.

"Yes, yes," was the agitated response.

"Oh, please go away."

Billy drew a step nearer and took her hand. "Not until you have sworn that you love Trevor better than you do me," he declared firmly.

The tears came into her big eyes and in her pretty little voice, so sweet, so sorrowful, starting back, I am not so base as that. I will not be doubly false. He, at least, believes in me. Billy, dear, for God's sake, go, and believe me when I swear that I shall go to my grave loving you!"

The moon smirked down on poor Billy, his wish desperation in his pale face, knelt on the dewy sod and begged her by all that was dear in life, by all that was sweet, and holy to fly with him. He would not be long, she still morning, he said, and then, hey for Minnesota such and a Gretna Green romance, with all the regulation trimmings.

The weeping maiden was obdurate. To her infinite credit be it said, she vowed that nothing could induce her to betray the absent one. She loved the despairing youth at her feet, but—he must go.

Billy arose with a strange, unnatural light in his eyes as though struck with a sudden hope. "One last embrace, then," he gasped with apparent religiousness.

He wavered an instant and then yielded. The delicate form, delicious to the eye in its folds of fleecy white and the wonderful hair, descended like a cloud, swayed toward him. Their lips met.

Bliss, bliss, ye gods for man's duplicity! The youth had about him the scissors with which for years he had sliced off yards of flannel for the patrons of Messrs. Squaresheil, Shields & Co. Even as his left arm encircled the drooping figure his right hand stole to his waistcoat pocket; the gleaming blades of steel were raised aloft. In an instant there had been severed from a queenly head a great, bulky lock of hair—as much as a man might hold in one of his hands—a tress as thick as a nine-of-wars cable.

The youth sprang back with his silken trophy dangling in his hand.

"What, oh what have you done?" almost shrieked the maid, with her hands to her head.

"Listen," commanded Billy, in a cold, confident tone. "You shall see face your betrothed with that shorn head and you know it. It was a mean trick. I know that it was a case of life and death. Billy I will wait for you at my rooms—you know where they are—and to-morrow we will be married. I know you will come."

Billy's confidence was not misplaced. His rooms were just round the corner. He waited on the front steps for her and in an hour she came. What she could she have done? There was no earthly explanation she could have made. They sat in Billy's little den all night, talking over the matter in all its bearings. At dawn—long before Billy's landlady had an opportunity to be scandalized—they had finished. And so the daily papers had to record another runaway marriage.

But the many friends of the bride could never understand why she wore her beautiful hair off short.—*Harold B. Wynne, in Chicago Evening Journal.*

Queer Facts About Goldfish.

Goldfishes swim in globes of water in our parlor are very sensible to changes in the weather, and an observant person may learn a lot of them to foretell the coming of a storm. At such times the fish are restless. They dart about from place to place and never remain long in one spot in a mild, pleasant weather. They may be taught, when kept in a large tank, to approach their rear end to the light. Another of their peculiarities is that they may be frozen in a lump of ice in December and be thawed out alive in April. Although goldfish are now reared and kept as pets all over this country, they were first brought here from China only thirty years ago.

It may be said usefully of the happiest of human beings that they are much fed he follows her around, and after they are married she follows him.—*Boston Globe.*

PERSONAL HABITS OF NAPOLEON.

The Latest Anecdotes of the Great Emperor and Famous General.

Napoleon, we are told, was dressed every morning by the valet in attendance. He did not don a single garment himself, eventually, however, he was induced to shave himself. It happened in this wise: In 1803 the head valet, Hambard, pleaded illness as an excuse for not accompanying his master to Boulogne. "Who is to shave me?" asked Napoleon, for Hambard had regularly discharged this duty. Hambard suggested Constant, who, foreseeing this emergency, had been diligently taking lessons on his brothers and had acquired proficiency. He had no easy task, for Napoleon, while undergoing the operation, would talk, read the newspapers, and dictate in his chair, sometimes sitting as stiff as a statue and declining to bend his head an inch. Great care was necessary to avoid cutting his face.

Another peculiarity was that he insisted on one side being lathered and shaved before the other was touched. When Constant got free enough with him to venture on the step, he urged on Napoleon the desirability of his learning to shave, as he himself might be ill or absent, and Napoleon would not like to be operated on by a stranger. Napoleon was with some difficulty induced to try the experiment, but, of course, he experimented only on himself, and did not, therefore, acquire professional proficiency. Very clumsy at first, he became, finally, tolerably expert. On one point, however, he was obstinate—he persisted in moving the razor from the chin upward, and occasional cuts were the consequence.

While not lifting a finger to dress himself, Napoleon dabbled with a distance in nudressing; but he flung his garments all over the room—his watch sometimes missing the table or bed at which it was aimed and falling instead on the floor. As to dress he despised dandies, never wore rings, and abominated scents except eau de cologne, with which he was often rubbed, and which was his specific for bruises. When coat-tails became shorter he stuck to the old fashioned tail, which got the tailor to shorten them by imperceptible gradations. He disliked tightly fitting clothes, found a new hat uncomfortable though worn in the leather and wadding, and stuck to an old one as long as possible. He put on every morning a clean white waistcoat, with knee-breeches to match, but he wore wore trousers; but as he habitually wiped his pen on his breeches after three or four washings they were done with.

Constant denies, however, the common story of his keeping small loose in his waistcoat pocket. He always used a snuff-box, and, though he frequently took a pinch, he simply held it to his nose and then dropped all or nearly all on the floor. His snuff injured the carpet, not his waistcoat. Smoking he never tried but once. An Oriental Alabassador had presented him with a chibouk. It was filled and lighted for him but he merely opened and shut his lips instead of drawing. When at last he was induced to draw the stem out of his down his throat and came out at his nose. He felt queer for an hour, declaimed against the habit as fit only for lazy people, and never touched a pipe again.

McKee Rankin's Mistake.

Several years ago, when McKee Rankin was leading man in the stock company at the Grand Opera House, says the N. Y. *Dramatic Mirror*, he was visited every few days throughout the season by a long lean man who looked like a typical countryman. He tried to influence him to advance money for the putting of a patent before the public. The visitor outlined his scheme of stating his case, and this he religiously did on an average of three times a week for three weeks. He would hunge up to Rankin, and after bidding the actor "good morning," and chatting for a while, would incidentally remark:

"I've got a patent out of which nothing would be made—if I only had about $500 to get started. Now, Mac, I'll give you a half interest in it if you'll advance the money."

The same speech was repeated so frequently that it became a standing joke in the company, and the tall fellow who gave utterance to it was looked upon as a crank by one and all. Other people not members of the company joined in the fun, and it was the mate of the mental balance of the inventor. The season closed, Rankin came to New York and his friend in Pittsburg was forgotten until some years later, when "The Danites" was in the flush of its success. Rankin was playing the part of Jim Fisk at Pittsburg, when he received a call at his hotel from one of the millionaires of the Smoky city. He was greatly surprised to think this man should call on him, but a few moments conversation put him straight. The visitor was George Westinghouse and the patent he "tried" to get Rankin interested in was the now universally used "air-brake," the royalties from which amount to more than $500,000 per annum.

Forecasting Thunderstorms.

When the daily weather charts are drawn, if we find that there is an unevenness in the isobaric lines, it is a sign that there are wavy or bulge out irregularly—we known that thunderstorms are likely to burst somewhere or other over the country, but that is all we can say. At each station the barometer is obstealy—the mercury moving up and down in the tube according to the actual continuance of the storm; but this oscillation of the mercurial column has nothing to do with the irregularity in the isobaric lines above mentioned. Forecasting these storms is, therefore, always an uncertain and thankless task, for local causes is rarely attained.

Among the earliest symptoms of the approach of a thunderstorm is the appearance on the western horizon of a line of cumulus ("wool pack") clouds, exhibiting a peculiar tufreted structure. I say on the western horizon, for most of our changes of weather come from that quarter. It has been proved that thunder storms, like wind storms, advance over the country generally from some westerly point. This bank of clouds moves on, and over it appear first streamers and then sheets of lighter upper cloud—cirrus, or "mare's tail"—which spread over the sky with extreme rapidity. The heavy cloud mass comes up under this film, and it is a general observation that no electrical excitement or downfall of rain ever takes place from a cloud unless streamers or cirrus, emanating from its upper surface, are visible when the cloud is looked at sideways from a distance. — *Popular Science Monthly.*

Bicycle Rowdies.

Brooklyn is troubled with a plague of bicycle rowdies, who monopolize the asphalt paved avenues in the upper portions of the city and run down the Sunday pedestrians. One offended Brooklynite writes: "When a boor on a wheel tries to run you down, step aside and stick your stout cane through the spokes of the wheel. The effect is simply superb."

There is abundant evidence, historical and philological, to prove that the pronunciation of the English language known as the "Irish brogue" is the best and purest English known.—*Boston Globe.*

OST ININL PLASTER CASTS.

How Replica s of Famous Pieces of Statuary are Supplied the Museums.

"We get our plaster casts of celebrated statues and other art work from the great museums of the world in Rome, Berlin, Paris and London," said the curator of the Corcoran gallery to a Washington *Star* correspondent. "In those great institutions—perhaps not more than half a dozen in number—are permanent plaster casts of the important original antiques in existence. The only way in which it is possible to secure reproductions of such priceless relics is to obtain permission from the authorities in charge of the museums to take casts. Not always is such a liberty easy to secure. You may remember that some of the sort are absolutely irreplaceable, and, inasmuch as there is always some danger incidental to the making of casts, no matter how carefully the thing is done, you will readily understand how it is that reluctance is apt to be felt in allowing such work to be done. Not infrequently it has happened that the taking of a single cast was permitted, but a repetition of the process refused, simply because it was not thought desirable to take any more chances. There would be no object in taking a second cast were it not that a mold is made of the first, which will not reproduce the original satisfactorily. It is a fact that nearly all of the casts used in art schools are working from and such purposes are casts made from casts and not from originals. Casts exhibited in galleries, however, ought always to be distinctive, for the second-hand ones lack the finest sculptured outline."

"How do you procure the casts?"

"We send to Rome and other cities I have mentioned, which regularly make a business of supplying things of the sort, having arrangements of confidence with the great museums. If it is a statue from the British Museum that we want a replica of we are obliged to employ a dealer named Brecciani, who is the only person permitted to make casts of art objects in that institution. Brecciani and the other dealers in this line of business publish regular annual catalogues, which they send around to art galleries and museums everywhere, price lists accompanying. According to these schedules, a bust of Cæsar is worth $150, a fragment of an ancient frieze is worth another, a reproduction of the celebrated Dido Wounded is valued at $30, and a whole harpy tomb $45. The last, of course, is a particularly elaborate piece. We do not, anything in the way of a cast we send on an order, just as for any other kind of merchandise. The making of a cast from a statue is an exceedingly difficult affair. For the head and face alone fifty or sixty pieces are required to make the mold; the ear will take twelve pieces. When the begins, by placing one scrap of moist plaster of paris over a small section of the face, taking care not to cover any more surface than the plaster has hardened can readily be withdrawn from without breaking. When this piece has become hard it is permitted to remain sticking to the statue, while another scrap of plaster is applied to an adjoining section of surface. In this way the task slowly progresses until the entire statue is covered with the hard plaster, the bits being separated from each other by a sort of stellar ridge, which prevents them from sticking together. After this has been accomplished it only remains to remove the pieces of plaster, which fit together, into the shape of the desired mold. Probably the most collection of antique sculpture in existence is in Rome. The drawing books sold for children are designed by artists of more or less merit and published by the great stationers."

Evarts and the Able Eater.

Up in Vermont a short time ago I heard a story of William M. Evarts, the Senator, statesman, and lawyer, who during the New England every summer with his agricultural ability as much as he does New York and Washington in the winter time by his political prophecies.

One of the hangers-on around his numerous stock farm was Ivory Hall, a big fellow who could eat more and do less work than any other man ever known in that region. Stories about Ivory's wonderful capacity for food reached the ears of the Senator, who, disconsolting them, made up his mind to put the reputed champion to a test.

He accordingly hired the german day laborer for a day, and had him down to the breakfast table preparatory to going afield. Food enough for five men were brought on, and Hall lost no time in falling to work on it.

"Now, Ivory," said the polysyllable orator, "you have a long way to go to earn a dollar, but if you don't mind I should like to have you come back to dinner at this time, so you need not come clear back to the house."

"Guess I can take my dinner now ez any time," was the willing response. Again the table groaned under the load of provisions, and again Ivory got all before him.

"See here, Mr. Hall," said the admiring statesman, "our supper hour is o'clock and I want you to work right on. Do you think you can take your supper now, so as to work until sundown?"

"Sartin," came the quick answer. "Supper and dinner and breakfast are all the same to me. I can allus eat 'em."

For the third time fresh dishes were produced and great roasts and stews forthcoming. Plate after plate of vermont beef and cabbage and onions and potatoes went down the capacious maw of the hired man; and after these came puddings and pies and cakes enough for half a bake shop. Not for a moment did Ivory relax until every dish was clean.

"If you are ready now, Mr. Hall," suggested the dumfounded orator, "we will go to the field, and I will show you where to work."

Then Hall looked at his employer for fully a minute, rubbed his abdomen lovingly, and said:

"Naw, I guess not: I ben't in the habit ur workin' after supper."—*Boston Globe.*

That Settled It.

"Your father was exceedingly, I should say unusually cordial in his manner to me to-night," said the bashful young man, after the old gentleman had passed on up stairs.

"Indeed did he impress you so?" asked the creature who was at his side. "And what do you think he said this morning? O, it was such a joke!"

"I'm sure I haven't the slightest idea."

"Such a joke! He said—he said that as he passed through the hall last night he was sure he heard you—heard you—kiss me! The joke—dea!"

"Why, er—why, I never did such a thing in my life—"

The old gentleman will have a new joke—a new one—to-morrow.—*Pole Sewings in Pittsburg Dispatch.*

On Earth Four Times.

A Boston young lady, a fledgling member of the Theosophical Society, has satisfied herself that she has passed through four reincarnations. The first time of which she has any record she was a Japanese maiden in a nobleman's king. It is not every Boston lady that will admit that she has been on earth four times.—*Fibre and Fabric.*

Dried sunflower blossoms are eaten by the poorer natives of Bombay and Bengal twice a day.

"Big the scheme of creation," said the religious crank, "woman was an afterthought." "Yeth," remarked the legend bicycle, "and she has been thought after ever thith."

There was a young man of great weight, Who fell into the pit, and he found it
The paint all around, was fresh, and he found it
His clothes in a terrible sleight.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

A living grave—a man buried in thought.

Does Your Baby chafe easily? Lassitly "Cuticura" Medicated Cosmetic Soap for CHAFING. Sold this season for large bot. Samples free. Address Ladell, Dalley & Co., Box 1326, New York.

Rare Avis—the bird in the fashionable sonnet.

For a 3c stamp, sent with address to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., ladies will receive free, a beautiful illustrated book, "Guide to Health and Etiquette."

Tailors are inclined to regard dudes with a distrustful air.

If you wish to do the easiest and quickest week's washing you ever did, try Dobbins' Electric Soap next washday. Follow the directions. Ask your grocer for it. Been in the market 24 years. Take no other.

The new fur boa is a great cash collector.

For Rickets, Marasmus, and All Wasting Disorders of Children, Scott's Emulsion, of Pure Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, is invaluable. The rapidity with which children gain flesh and strength upon its use is astonishing. I have used Scott's Emulsion in cases of Rickets and Marasmus of long standing. In every case it has done good and was marked."—J. M. MAIN, M. D., New York.

"Shoving the queer"—making a move on the masher.

Female Weakness Positive Cure.

TO THE EDITOR:

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the thousand and one ills which arise from deranged female organs. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any lady who will send their Express and P. O. address.

Dr. J. B. MARCHISI, 182 Genesee St., UTICA, N. Y.

Jean Ingelow lives in retirement with her mother in Kensington, Eng.

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.

Mrs. Alice Chase is about to start on a whistling tour around the world.

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