HOLD UP THE FLAG.

Hold up the flag! Our country's flag,
That floats o'er all the free;
And with a rousing chorus, boys,
Let's give it three times three.
Till from Atlantic's eastern wave
To west Pacific's shore,
Let every loyal heart repeat
The chorus o'er and o'er.

CHORUS.

Hold it up, yes, hold it up!
Let its proud folds be unfurled;
Hold our glorious standard high,
Hold it up to all the world.

Hold up the flag, our country's flag!
Tho' dark the storm may be,
Its stars grow brighter with the years,
Its folds are ever true.
It is the flag that freemen love,
It is the flag they bore,
And oft refreshed through darkest days
This chorus o'er and o'er.

Hold up this flag, our country's flag!
Tho' torn in freedom's wars,
And sixty millions bless the day
Our fathers planted it with stars.
Then let it bend in every breeze,
To every land unfurled,
For freedom's banner proudly waves
As triumph o'er the world.
—St. Louis Republic.

Isora's Bridal Vow.

BY MARGARET BLOUNT.

CHAPTER II—CONTINUED.

"So much the better," said John Allwynne, in a gruff voice. "But you shall not suffer, Sir Laurence, even if he does. I'll take his duty on myself till he gets well again, and you shall have your letters as punctually as ever he delivered them, I'll warrant."

"Very kind of you, Allwynne, I must acknowledge. You are a comical fellow, and a hot headed fellow to boot. Is he not, Miss Rose? Let us hope that hot temper of his may never get him into a worse scrape than this."

There was something in the look and tone that made the girl's heart stand still for a moment.

Even her father smiled it and a change came over his face.

"Go in, Rose," he said abruptly. "And you, Mr. Laurence, oblige me with a few words outside here, if you please."

With all my heart. Good night, Miss Rose—good night, and pleasant dreams."

He lifted his hat, and sauntered down the garden path after her father, with his hands in his pockets. She watched them along while, standing in the moonlight, talking earnestly, and looking, first toward the house, then toward the forest pool. At last they shook hands and parted.

CHAPTER III.

The cottage girl arose next morning and went about her usual duties with a heavy heart. Not one of those duties was neglected, however. The door of the kitchen was carefully swept, the furniture dusted, the snowy curtains looped away from the lattice windows, and the plants on the sill watered, the canaries fed in his cage. Never had the humble table been spread with more taste and care than now. There was a sad significance in all this. It had nothing to offer her except duties in future, and they, at least, should be well and carefully performed.

Not so did her father translate the meaning of the unusual care and thought for his comfort, which he could not well help noticing. He saw it less as a tribute to the dead than to the living, and fancied that she had already grown tired of weeping in the space of one short night.

He came forward and kissed his daughter. She could not but see the conscious exultation in his face. Her very blood ran cold, and she could not help shrinking away from his embrace. He was there, possible, that a man, with the stain of murder fresh upon his soul, could look and feel like this? Her own father seemed a monster in the sight of herself a monster, also, for looking upon him in such a light!

They sat down to the table together, and she filled his cup and plate, with a dreary feeling, that never, while time lasted, should she be allowed to perform those sweet domestic offices for another—another who was lying cold and still, in an early and unhallowed grave! The tears sprang to her eyes, and were stealing slowly down her cheeks. John Allwynne saw them, and pushed back his chair from the table with a movement of impatient disgust.

"Once for all, Rose, I will have none of this in my presence, or in the presence of any human being," he began, in a loud voice.

But Rose gave him a single look. It checked the words upon his lips, and kept him silent as she rose and went to her room. Half an hour later a low knock came at her door. She opened it.

Her father stood there with a perplexed and annoyed expression on his face.

"Rose, I wish to speak with you," he began. "Stay. I will come into this room, and then we shall not be interrupted."

He took an arm chair beside the open window, and drew her to a seat beside him.

"Now, my girl, we must understand each other fully, and at once. I spoke harshly to you just now, and I am sorry for it. But when a man scarcely knows whether he has a halter around his neck or not, you cannot expect much in the way of politeness from him."

"I do not understand you. How can you be in danger? Surely you can trust me, your own child. You do not think me a false witness against you—even though my heart is broken."

"Not in so many words, perhaps, Rose. But what will you or any one think if you are to burst into tears every five minutes, and without any apparent cause, when you have been the gayest and happiest lass in all the country round. Your tears would witness against me, Rose, even if you spoke not a word."

"It shall not happen again, father. Whatever I may feel, no one shall know or see that I am unhappy. I promise you that."

He laid his hand upon her head approvingly. Again she shrank away from him, but he appeared not to notice the movement.

"You are a good girl, Rose—a very good girl, and you will be rewarded some day for what you are doing now. I'm as sorry as you for what has passed, as you can be. But that will do. No good; it cannot call the dead to life again."

She sighed deeply, and looked out toward the lonely pool, whose waters were shining now in the rays of the morning sun.

"The secret is known to you and me, she shall keep silence for my own safety; you will say nothing because I am your father, and you love me. But some one else knows it, too, Rose, and he may speak—"

"Father!"

She caught his hand with a look of terror.

"Some one else knows! Who is it?" "Sir Laurence Gray?"

"How did he discover it?"

"Rose, he saw him last night—he, of all the people in Winstead! He guessed his errand and followed him. He was in the grove when you met him; he was there when I came; he was there to the very end, and only left his shelter a moment before you returned to the cottage. He knows all, and I am in his power completely."

"Oh, father, this is terrible! But Sir Laurence is good and generous, and he has a great regard for you. Surely he will be merciful and keep silence."

"He will keep silence—on conditions."

"What conditions?"

"He has a great regard for me, Rose; but a greater one still for you."

"Am I to speak to him, then? I will do it gladly. He cannot refuse me."

"I don't think he will."

Something in her father's look and tone recalled the girl to herself. Her thoughts had been so full of her dead lover that she had entirely forgotten Sir Laurence's offer and the annoyance it had given her.

Now she remembered all. And more; now she saw, with one glance, the trap that was laid for her—a trap into which she must certainly and hopelessly fall.

"Father!" she said, "how let a price on his silence?" she asked, in a tone that was almost a wail.

"I do not."

She clasped her hands above her aching heart, and looked at him.

"Is it the only condition?"

"Yes!"

"Will he speak, if I refuse?"

"He says so!"

"Heaven help me! Heaven help me!"

And with that low cry, she put her head down on the window seat and sobbed as if her heart would break.

Mr. Fisher sat looking at him in his seat. Tears always wearied and annoyed him, and now that they were caused by him, such bitter tears as those, too, it seemed to him he could scarcely bear to witness them. At last he sprang from his seat and walked toward the door, with a muttered oath.

"There has been too much of this, Rose—there shall be no more," he said angrily. "Dry your eyes. You shall not marry him unless you like. He will be here in an hour's time, and I will tell him so myself. What does it matter to you, or to me, how soon I swing upon the gibbet, and quit a world I have never done any good in. Let Sir Laurence do his worst. Some one will take care of you after I am gone, and that is all you need to fret about, my lass."

"Father, how can you talk so cruelly to me? You know I will sacrifice my life for you, if you ask it."

"I don't ask it, lass! I ask nothing of you or of any one!"

"I'll give it then, without the asking! Only let me see Sir Laurence first, and talk to him myself. If he persists—if he will not be silent except upon these terms—he is the devil I must conceal, and Jamie—Jamie will forgive me, when he knows it is done to save your life."

John Allwynne did not answer. She clung around him with gentle words and fond caresses.

"Sir Laurence may think better of it after I have seen him, father, but if he does not, I consent."

"That will do, lass, that will do" he said, abruptly, and tearing himself from her arms almost roughly, he left the room without a word of thanks for the sacrifice she was making.

He busied himself a few minutes in the kitchen, then went out by the back door and struck into the path that lead toward Winstead.

The morning's work was and Rose, passing to and fro, in the cottage (a happy, busy little housewife to the outward eye), had made all things neat and pleasant for the reception of the baronet, who lingered strangely in his wooing.

She grew impatient at last, and began to wonder what detained him. Nay, she went once or twice to the open door, and looked toward the distant spire of Winstead, but each time her eye wandered back to even the glittering forest pool, and filled with tears. So after a time she went no more, but sat down in the easy chair, clasped her hands upon her knee, and mused sadly, while she heard not the step upon the path outside.

Meanwhile John Allwynne had made the best of his way toward Wolf Park. He was steward of that fair estate. One of the pleasantest rooms in the hall was at his service, warmed and lighted, filled with all manner of writing tables and account books, the results of his watchfulness and care. A great raise in life it had been for him to obtain a place in the hall, leap at once from the obscurity of the small tenant farmer to the full-blown dignity of a steward, bailiff or general overseer.

And, generally speaking, he was food and proud enough of his dignity and all that appertained to it—glad enough to go boldly up to the front door of the hall, and pass on to his particular room with an air of possession each case, only second to that of the real proprietor of the house himself. But on this particular evening he chose to wait humbly in the avenue for the appearance of Sir Laurence.

That gentleman, observing him from the breakfast room window, as he paced up and down with his hands clasped behind his back, watched his movements for some moments with no little wonder, and then, understanding, at last, that he might possibly be wasted, ate another egg, drank another cup of coffee, and deliberately put through the open French window, and on the lawn.

Coming up beside his steward, he tapped him playfully on the shoulder.

"What ails you, man, to go poking round the place in such a mysterious, underhanded sort of way? You look like a regular Guy Fawkes, just watching for the fire the hall, when nobody is looking; upon my word you do."

"I feel a good deal like Guy Fawkes, or any other conspirator you like to name, Sir Laurence," was the reply.

"Ah! exactly! I understand! So you and the pretty Rose have been talking the matter over this morning?"

"Yes."

"What does she say?"

"Not much in your favor, Sir Laurence, if the truth must be told."

"Did I suppose it?"

"I suppose not."

"Then why mention it at all?"

"Because you asked me."

The tone, the answer, were both so surly that Sir Laurence looked at him with some surprise. But John Allwynne never lifted his eyes from the path where he was walking.

"Hang it, man! speak out and say what ails you? How long do you suppose I am going to wait to hear the rest of your story," snapped Sir Laurence, in a sudden pet.

"There is not much to tell."

"Let me hear what there is, at any rate, if you please. You are disconcerted."

"Yes."

"Ah! I thought you would bring her round."

"She consents—upon conditions."

"What are they?"

"She is to see you first, and try to persuade you."

"Egad! I've no objection, I am sure. I like to have a pretty woman plead with me; they never look prettier than when a man's ready to rise in their sweet eyes. She may talk to me all day, and all night, too, if she likes, provided she says yes in the end."

John Allwynne looked at him with a dark frown upon his face.

"What now, man?"

"Sir Laurence, if you only knew how like a villain I feel!"

"Tut, tut! You are one, of course. A murderer, perhaps, like—"

"And ten times worse than a murderer!" was the angry reply.

"That is your affair, not mine."

He turned and led the way into the hall, and towards his own morning room, where a pile of newspapers and letters, just arrived by the morning mail, already waited his arrival.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Not Up on Poultry.

A highly accomplished young lady who knows all about Greek and Latin and is advanced in one of the universities of the state, created a sensation the other evening at the home of a Stockton friend whom she was visiting. She came into the house breathless with excitement and exclaimed:

"Hear me, what do you think has happened?"

"What?" exclaimed all hands springing up in alarm.

"There's a hen out in the barn that got ten little chickens."

"Well?" inquiringly.

The young lady hesitated, evidently nonplussed over the fact that her statement had created no surprise, and then asked dubiously: "Isn't it rather unusual for a hen to have so many?"

"Why, no," said the lady of the house. I've had hens with as many as sixteen chicks."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the university miss. "I thought they only had one child at a time."—Stockton Mail.

Friendly Advice.

Burglar—Don't shoot!

Householder angrily—Why should not I shoot? You came here to rob, and, if necessary, to murder.

Just so. I ought to be shot, and as you've got the drop on me, you can do it, but for your own sake I advise you not to."

"Why not, pray?"

"First, the shot will call the police, who will rush in, smash whichever head they find up, and that will be yours; second, you'll be hurried off to a filthy cell, full of disease and bedbugs, and kept there until the day for trial; third, although you will be declared guilty, of course, you will have to pay the lawyers. Better let me carry off what I've got, and sleep in peace and comfort. I'll thank you for your generosity."

"Here, take it. Burglars come cheaper than lawyers and policemen."

Living on Next to Nothing.

St. Anthony lived to the age of 105 on twelve ounces of bread and a little water daily, and St. Jerome lived to be 90 in the same manner to the age of 116.

St. Epiphanius followed the same regimen, and died at 115. Simon the Stylite at 125, and Romuald, commonly called St. Mungo, lived in the same severe way, it is said, to the age of 136.

Judging from these wonderful instances of what may be described as a century of living starvation, one can only conjure at the conclusion that we all eat too much.—The Cynic.

Brilliant Theory.

"So you still think that the man committed suicide, notwithstanding he had $60 when he left home and none of it was found on his body?" asked the reporter. "Sure," said the sleuth. "Havin' so much money made him crazy, and he throwed it away and killed hisself."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Cause of Agreeable Maladies.

Village Hotel-Keeper — So you think it's queer so many ladies fall sick in this small place, do you?

Stranger—Yes.

Village Hotel-Keeper—Then you haven't seen the new doctor. He's the handsomest man in seven counties.—Chicago Record.

He Knew the Answer.

"Now," said the teacher, who was defining the meaning of suicide, "if I should take a large dose of arsenic to-night, what would you call me?"

"A chump," cried Johnny, with that eagerness to impart knowledge characteristic of the bright mind.—Chicago Post.

A Silly Girl.

Minnie—Here is a story about a girl who refused to marry a man because his complexion didn't match her hair. Mamie — Goodness! The silly thing must have thought that married people had to be together most of the time.—Indianapolis Journal.

Russian Punishments.

Russian punishments comprise compulsory labor in the Siberian mines for life or for terms of years, compulsory labor in fortresses or factories, the loss of rank, personal rights and privileges, and deportation to Siberia or elsewhere as colonists.

A Help Indeed.

"You don't know how much your book has helped me, Mr. Scribbs."

Mr. Scribbs—A big sale, eh?

"I mean every word of it. When-ever I am restless I go get your book and inside of fifteen minutes I'm asleep."—Boston Ocean.

The Oil Fairs and African Slavery.

The oil palm bids fair to revolutionize Central Africa, since African potentates find greater profit compelling subjects to cultivate the oil tree for its oil than selling them for slaves.

More Information.

Tommy—Maw, the teacher wants me to give the difference between "hope" and "expect."

Mrs. Figg—Well, I hope to inect your father in the next world, but I hardly expect to.

Mappa Mundi.

On the wall of the south aisle of Hereford cathedral, in England, is preserved the celebrated "Mappa Mundi" (date circa 1282-1330). The map is chiefly filled with ideas taken from ancient historians.

IN A MICROBE OVEN.

THE health department of one of our large cities has a public building, in which the disinfected clothing and furniture from houses in which people have suffered from contagious diseases. This boiling is sometimes locally known as the "microbe toaster."

In it is a small room of brick built over a steam boiler. Inside this room a maze of steam pipes zigzags along the walls and across the ceiling overhead. There are iron gratings in the floor, where steam can be flushed upward.

An operative engineer, called Sam, has charge of the steam-generating apparatus. The "toaster" is nominally under control of the city physician, but practically in charge of his subordinate, a humorous Irishman known as "Jim."

Sam and Jim did all the disinfecting work, in company with "Skeet," Jim's little black and tan dog, who takes a great interest in the proceedings.

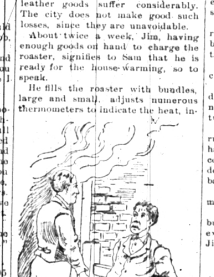
Of course microbe roasting is not the most pleasant of vocations. When there have been cases, and perhaps deaths, from small pox, diphtheria, typhoid fever, scarlatina, or other contagious diseases, the attending physicians report to the city clerk, who orders Jim to go with his large, open cart to the residence where the case or cases occurred, and remove all infected clothing, bedding, carpets, etc., to the roaster.

A temperature of 212 degrees Fahrenheit, maintained for a few hours, destroys the vitality of germs. Hence the occupation of Sam, Jim and little Skeet.

For several days of each week Jim is more or less busy collecting, parcelling and numbering property from infected houses. Each lot is kept scrupulously apart from all others. Great care is used to do the property no harm, save any one unnecessary nuisance. The city is responsible for unnecessary damage. Clothing, blankets, carpets, and such fabrics, are hung on the racks in the roaster well. Shoes, boots, and all leather goods suffer considerably. The city does not make good such losses, since they are unavoidable.

About twice a week, Jim, having enough goods on hand to charge the roaster, signifies to Sam that he is ready for the house-warming, so to speak.

He fills the roaster with bundles, large and small, adjusts numerous thermometers to indicate the heat, in-



IS IT A MICROBE I AM?

side as well as outside the bundles, then closes the double doors of the roasting chamber.

Meanwhile Sam has "fired up." Steam rises on steam. The pipes hum and sing as they make war on the microbes—all of which little Skeet observes with an experienced and reasonable air.

It might be supposed that the constant handling of infected articles would render Jim, and even Sam and Skeet, peculiarly likely to contract diseases. But the exposure has not thus far been followed by evil consequences. Jim rarely lives among germs and encounters new millions every week.

"Sorra a bit of trouble the germs does me," he says. "It's saysoned though I am. What for would I be takin' dezazes that I'm not wantin' at all at all? Troth and haven't I had them all in cold Ireland, dharrin' smallpox, and when I was a kid didn't they vaccinate me agin till me arrum was the dimensions of me leg?"

Jim has a theory not without a grain of truth in it.

"Annyhow, it all depinds on yerself about takin' dezazes, so it does," he argues. "If you'll be in terror av thim, and kape out of the open air for fear av thim, and if you'll be dhrinkin' too much and not atin' hearty—begorra, they'll catch ye. Is it catch thim I'm dazes? Troth, I've no toime for sphorts loike that."

"Germs is it? Thim that sees thim may believe in thim. The ould doctor said me he seen thim with his mickeryscope, but I'm thinkin' it's in his oi. Germs or no germs it's wan to us. We fires the stame hate into thim all the same, and there's good wages in it, sor. Troth, the thrury of germs suits me to the nines."

But the theory did not so well suit Jim one day about a month ago. During the earlier part of the day he had been hard at work clearing apartments in a house where three children had recently died of diphtheria. He had a great quantity of infected bedding, carpets and other stuff. In collecting all this he and Skeet had grown somewhat fatigued. The last load reached the roaster at about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Then Jim filled the ovens and adjusted the thermometers.

Sam, meantime, was notified to make steam. In doing so he found something wrong about a valve, and was obliged to go to a machine shop at some distance. There he was delayed for half an hour or more. Then Jim, meanwhile waited, and would fain sit down. But there being neither chairs nor stools on the floor of the building he threw himself on a pile of mattresses a few feet within the roasting chamber.

Skeet curled up on a yellow door mat outside. He knew as well as Jim that nothing more could be done till Sam came.

Presently Jim dropped asleep. Perhaps he stirred, or threw out a tired arm, for a great bunch of bedding rolled softly down from a high pile, and quite concealed him from the view of anyone outside of the great oven. There may have been 10,000,000 deadly germs in that roll of bedding, but they did not disturb Jim.

Fifteen or twenty minutes later Sam came hastily in at a rear door of the basement, worked with a wrench for a few moments and then called out, "All right, Jim!"

But Jim did not answer. He did not hear. He was dreaming of how the cow bells used to tinkle on the green slopes of County Clare.

After a little Sam came up and cast a look around.

"Got tired waitin' and gone to his supper, I expect," he muttered. If he had seen Skeet he might have known better, but Skeet was sleeping soundly on his mat outside.

"Wal," said Sam to himself, after a glance into the oven, "he's put all the things in 'fore he went. I might's well set her a goin'."

He closed the inner and then the outer doors of the roaster. These doors have iron latches on the outside only. Still Jim lay dreaming of the yellow bell.

Sam went down the steps to the boiler, turned the steam on, replenished the coal, and sat down to smoke a pipe.

Jim suddenly dreamed of hot countries, then rolled off the mattress, sat up and gasped for breath. It was very dark and very hot.

Then he leaped to his feet, yelling, "Sam, ye villain, ye've got me in the roaster!"

But the brick walls were thick. There were two walls, with a dead air space between them, and two doors similarly separated. Sam did not hear Jim's yelling.

Jim snatched off his heavy shoe and beat on the iron pipes, but if Sam heard he thought it was merely the steam drumming its usual noisy refrain.

Meantime the heat was running up fast. The thermometers indicated ninety-five, 102, 125 degrees. They were well on their way toward 212 degrees.

Jim drummed frantically and yelled incessantly, though he panted hard for breath. Fortunately for him, a quick draft in the hall dissipated his muffled shouts, and Sam suddenly looked up, cocked his ear, listened again, then jumped up and flung open the outer door of the oven. Then he dashed at the door, ran around the roaster, whined, howled, and filled the air with the wildest of barking.

Sam hastily knocked his pipe on the chair arm. "Skeet's after a rat, sure enough," he muttered, and went upstairs.

The dog dashed to meet him, then ran to the door of the roaster and back again. He laid hold of Sam's trouser's leg.

"He ye crazy, ye little beggar?" cried Sam.

Again Skeet dashed at the iron door. At the same instant the engineer heard a sound from within between a groan and a roar.

He threw the door open. Jim rushed headlong forth with both hands at his ears and his face the color of red flannel, and hung half double over an iron railing. He was barely able to gasp:

"Sam, I say, ye auld villain! Is it a mikrobe I am?"

Skeet turned somersaults for joy, but it was sometime before Sam could explain the circumstances wholly to Jim's satisfaction.

Picnicing in the Adirondacks.

An Adirondack picnic is perhaps the least trying form of that somewhat uncomfortable entertainment. The guide does much of the hard work and the absolutely delightfully atmospheric conditions that prevail in the Adirondacks rob the affair of the pains attendant upon the ordinary picnic. The conveyances are delightful and beautiful Adirondack boats, the scenery is novel and charming, and the impossibility of catching cold relieves everyone of uneasiness that attends picnicing elsewhere. The return from each evening amid the fascinating sights and sounds that belong to dusk in the wilderness is a fitting close to such an entertainment.

Geological Freak in Australia.

A geological curiosity has been found in the bed of a creek at Telangatuk. It is a semi-transparent piece of quartz, which is hollow and contains a liquor of some sort. Even as the stone is hermetically closed it would be impossible to ascertain the nature of this without breaking it, which would, of course, destroy the curiosity. In addition to this peculiarity the stone is shaped something like a squatting toad, two well-defined eyes, a fairly characterease for the mouth, and the appearance of raised lips behind rendering the likeness very obvious.—Melbourne Argus.

No Taxes and an Income.

Instead of paying taxes as ordinary mortals the citizens of Klingenberg-on-the-Main, Germany, received each 300 marks from the income of several factories owned by the town. The division was made after the expenses of administration had been paid, money from the same source. That's one place where the politicians don't get it all.

Something to Think About.

"Pa, is there any truth in the theory of heredity?"

"There seems to be, my son."

"It seems reasonable, I admit, but it puzzles me to know from whom, if the majority of people who die were good, as their obituaries and tombstones tell us, the living inherited the evil they possess."

His Pocket Bible.

A recent incident has strengthened the faith in R. H. Martin, of Brunswick, Maine, in the value of lament. He was recently shot at by a highwayman near his home, the ball striking the thick covers of his little pocket bible, and was afterward found in his vest pocket, still warm.

Found His Mother at Last.

About a dozen years ago a young lad living at Newcastle on-Tyne got lost and was put in the workhouse. He was apprenticed to a farmer, but ran away to sea, and later enlisted as a soldier. Finally, returning to his native city, he discovered his mother, who had long considered him dead.

Another Bruise.

Wife—I'd just like to know where these contemptible jokers get their ideas of mothers-in-law.

Husband—Um—I don't know. Perhaps they used to be divorce court reporters.

Bearded Women.

Bearded women have been known in every age. One was seen at the court of Czar Peter I. in 1724 with a beard of immense length. Margaret of the Netherlands had a heavy

OUR WIT AND HUMOR.

CURRENT PLEASANTRIES AND SHARP POINTS.

The Maiden and the Mustache—A Bill to Fit the Case—Sagacity of the Jew—Flotsam and Jetsam from the Tide of Jokes.

O YOU KNOW THE reason why
Every merry maiden's eye
Is delighted with the sight of a mustache!
Why the soft and silken curl,
Fascinates a fellow's girl
More than all his store of learning or his cash!

Yet the reason's plain to see,
And I'm sure you will agree
That it's given in this poem at the foot—
That a appendage 'neath the nose,
Of the dearest of the beaux;
Is so pleasing for the reason 'tis hirsute!
—Truth.

The Preparation for Starring.

Theatrical Manager—You say you want an engagement to star in my theater. Your name is not familiar to me. Have you ever starred?

Would-be Actress—Never.

"Where have you played?"

"I never played on the stage."

"Have you received any dramatic instruction?"

"None whatever."

"But you have at least studied the art? You are familiar with the works of the great dramatists, are you not?"

"Never read a play in my life."

"Good heavens! madam, what preparation have you, then, for going on the stage as a star?"

"I have had photographs taken in 140 different poses."

The manager fainted.—Siftings.

The Boy of the Period.

Nice Old Man—You ought not to fish on Sunday, my lad. You know President Cleveland refused to do so a few days ago.

Boy—All right. When I'm President I'll keep that pointer in mind. Old grover's no fool."

A New Faculty.

"Do you know," asked the snake editor, "that color can be detected by the touch?"

"No," replied the horse editor. "Have you learned the scheme?"

"Not all of it, but I have learned a little."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, without the slightest difficulty I can tell when I feel blue."

The Bill May Fit the Crime.

(Copyright, 1894, by Keppler & Schwarzmann.)

Client (angrily)—Say, this bill of yours is a downright robbery!

Great Criminal lawyer (who has won client's case)—No we say crime.—Puck.

A Duel Incident.

First Editor—Did you receive my challenge?

Second Editor—Yes, I got it.

"What do you mean to do about it?

"Nothing."

"Nothing! Do you mean to ignore me entirely?"

"You should have sent a 2-cent stamp if you wanted your manuscript returned."

A Cause of Woe.

Parson Whangdoodle Baxter of the Austin Blue Light tabernacle, met Jim Webster, who was complaining of hard times, etc.

"Whisky am de cause ob all yoh troubles and sorrers," replied Jim's spiritual adviser.

"Dat's so, parson. I feels mighty troubled when I hasn't got any ob it."

He Couldn't Be in Love.

The director of a certain bank received his cashier one morning with an evidently disconsolated face.

"Sir," said he, "I am unable to hide from you longer that which is on my heart." (The banker grows pale) "I am in love with your daughter."

Now the banker breathes freely, but adds:

"Are you sure you never make mistakes?"

"Indeed, sir, I never do."

"Then I refuse you her hand, for you can't be in love."—Siftings.

Conclusive Proof.

(Copyrighted, 1894, by Keppler & Schwarzmann.)

Customer (soothingly) — Your brother-in-law is a very unfortunate man, Mr. Hochstatter. Only a short time ago he had to stand an examination as to his sanity, and now he fails at 10 cents on the dollar.

Hochstatter (eagerly)—He was a smart man! At vos, sweep in vipes away all der suspicions as to his mental condition. How aboudt it?—Puck.

On the Steamboat.

Adams—What are you reading?

Brown—It is a very useful book for those who don't know how to swim.

"How so?"

"If you fall overboard all you have to do is to turn to page 57 and read the directions and you are safe."

Returns Not All in Yet.

Mabel—Is this not the dearest little summer resort in all the world?

Mrs. Tinkles—I don't know. I haven't paid my bill yet.—Town Topics.

A schooner went ashore on the coast of Maine recently and the captain and crew abandoned her to get rid. In the meantime the schooner worked off the sandbank and sailed away, going several hundred miles before being picked up by a steamer.

A doctor who was passionately fond of cards was called to the bedside of a patient. He pulled out his watch, felt the sick man's pulse and began to count. "Seven, eight, nine, ten, Jack, queen, king, ace." The patient immediately burst out laughing and got well again.

A custom that has existed for several centuries is still maintained in some families in the lower Rhine. On Easter Monday—auction day—the town crier or clerk calls all the young people together and to the highest bidder sells the privilege of dancing with the chosen girl, and her only during the entire year. The fees flow into the public poor-box.

Burglars lately broke into the house of an old gentleman in Paris, and after helping themselves to the silver and valuables gave him a lecture on his wickedness in hoarding up capital which belongs to society in general. The papers in telling of the robbery spoke of a bundle of securities worth 30,000 francs which the thieves had overlooked. That night they were called again at the house, demanded the securities and carried them off.

For Colds, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis and Sore Throat, use Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, and get the best.

Charity is the cream on the milk of human kindness.

Quinsy troubled me for twenty years. Since I started using Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil have not had an attack. The Oil cures sore throat at once. Mrs. Letta Conrad, Standish, Mich., Oct. 24, 1883.

Success is often commended that it is commendable.

Would you ride on a railroad that uses no danger signals? That cough is a signal of danger. The safest cure is Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Sold by all dealers on a guarantee of satisfaction.

Love is the picture in a book; friendship is the reading matter.

That Joyful Feeling

With the exhilarating sense of renewed health and strength and perfect internal cleanliness, which follows the use of Syrup of Figs, is unknown to the few who have not progressed beyond the old-time medicines and the cheap substitutes sometimes offered but never accepted by the well informed.

Love is a game in which the jack-pot is apt to be overlooked.

$100 Reward $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills 25c.

A woman loves to boss a man, but she doesn't love the man any better if he permits her to do it.

Glorieta the food of foods.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve." Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

Nothing is absolute except Sapolio.

Kant's Chewed Sent Yes. The great blood purifier, gives freshness and pleasure to the breath, 25 cents. Sold by druggists. Manufactured by Kant Chew Co., Jackson, Mich.

A universal favorite is unlikely to die alone.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine, Cures Chapped Hands, Face, Lips, Chilblains, Piles, &c. C. H. Clark's Co., New Haven, Ct.

Whichever way you steer, the other is the leeward.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth, be sure and use that old and well tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for Children Teething.

Individual independence is close kin to self-reliance.

Woman will take advantage of an opportunity. Man will take the opportunity.

My physician said I could not live, my liver out of order, frequently vomited greenish mucous, skin yellow, small dry humors on face, stomach would not retain food. Burdock Blood Bitters cured me. Mrs. Adelaide O'Brien, 372 Exchange St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Tarring and feathering was once a legal punishment for theft. It is said to be found in the statutes of both England and France about the time of the crusades.

"I wonder," said Mr. Wedderford, "if there is anything in the theory that sunlight will cure baldness? I have half a notion to try it." "I don't believe there is," replied he in it," responded Mrs. Wedderford. "You have been right in this glare of the footlights for more than ten years, and the closer you sit the balder you get."

BUDS, Society buds, young women just entering the doors of society or of womanhood, require the purest of blood to be beautiful and charming as they must have perfect health, with all it implies. Ayer's Sarsaparilla gives the skin, rosy cheeks, and the vital blood spirits. At this period the young woman is especially sensitive, and many nervous troubles, which continue through life, have their origin at this time. If there be any specially indicated for those delicate weaknesses and derangements that afflict womkind at one period of another, You'll find that the woman who has faithfully used the "Favorite Prescription" for the purpose of health, she *looks well*, and she *feels well*.

In catarrh of inflammation, in chronic displacements common to women, where there are symptoms of backache, dizziness or fainting, bearing down sensations, disordered stomach, moodiness, fatigue, etc., the trouble is surely expelled and the sufferer brought back to health and good spirits.

"WOMAN'S ILLS."

MRS. W. R. BATES, of Chicago, *Treasurer Pyramid Co., Ohio, writes:*

A few years ago I took Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which has been a great benefit to me. I am in excellent health now. I hope that every woman who has a spell with "women's ills," will try Dr. Pierce's medication and be benefited as I have been."

MRS. BATES.

Use **ST. JACOBS OIL** FOR **RHEUMATIC, NEURALGIC, SCIATIC,** And all the World Knows the CURE is ST. JACOBS OIL.

Rev. Dr. Fourthly, accompanied by Mrs. Fourthly, intending making a pastoral call at the Schackelford dug-up, had unconsciously prolonged his stay until the afternoon sun was low in the sky and Mrs. Shackelford had begun to grow hungry. Burning with righteous indignation and moved by a strong sense of personal ill-treatment, Tommy strode into the parlor. "Maw," he said, in a high-pitched voice, "you'd better get a gait on you. If paw comes home and finds supper ain't on again he'll raise the darndest row you ever went through anywhere!"

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Doan's Kidney Pills positively cure all Kidney Complaints.

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W. N. U., D.—XII—61.

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It is conceded that the Royal Baking Powder is the purest and strongest of all the baking powders.

The purest baking powder makes the finest, sweetest, most delicious food.

The strongest baking powder makes the lightest food.

That baking powder which is both purest and strongest makes the most digestible and wholesome food.

Why should not every housekeeper avail herself of the baking powder which will give her the best food with the least trouble?

Dr. Haines, of Rush Medical College, Consulting Chemist of the Chicago Board of Health, says: "Royal is not only the purest, but the strongest baking powder with which I am acquainted."