THE WATER LILY.

In the slimy bed of churlish mire
Its root had humble birth,
And the slender stem that upward grew
Was coarse of fiber, dull of hue,
With sheath of green for worth.

The coldfish that floated near
Saw about the rud ugly stem,
The clumsy turtle paddled by,
The great snake with lifted head
It was only a weed to them.

But the butterfly and honey bee,
The sun and sky and air,
Discovered its heart of virgin gold
In the silvery leaves of spotless fold
And its color rich and rare

So the fraternal soul is its purity,
To cordial life tied down,
May bloom to heaven and be seen know,
Yes, even course, vile into snow,
How God hath seen the crown.

—Jonas Jeffrey Burke

A Passive Crime.

BY "THE DUCHESS."

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

"Mrs. Neville, an unaccountable pang at her heart reminding all her remaining disciples into the baby's hands; told the woman to call upon her next day; heard nearly day the child was an orphan; and the end of it was, took her to her house and heart, to the lifelong disgust of numerous nieces in Stephney, who had looked on Mrs. Neville as their joint prey. There you have the whole history, I believe."

"It's a very strange story; she must have seen a great many pretty children besides this particular one. Why did she choose her?"

"Fancied she saw in her some resemblance to a dead sister, that was very fondly and even extravagantly regretted—your aunt, Mrs. Penruddock, I suppose, as she hadn't an other sister that I ever heard of."

"If she—the young lady above—is like Mrs. Neville's sister, Mrs. Neville mistaken very unlike her own people," says the young man, slowly.

"Yet, strange to say, that girl is most absolutely like a portraitof Mrs. Penruddock that hangs in the small drawing room in South Audley street, where Mrs. Neville lives. Not that there is anything so very remarkable in that, you see, people have resemblances every day. But you being one of the family, should see this likeness yourself."

"No! I have no recollection of aunt. My father and she were always on bad terms with each other during her lifetime, and there is no picture of her at the castle. For one your mention was sent to Mrs. Neville at her death. I have been so much abroad that I am quite a stranger to the Wyttersand all their set. You know Mrs. Neville?"

"Intimately, and Beauty, too," with an amused smile. "And every Tuesday afternoon I regularly drive in a cup of tea with her own fair little hands."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Penruddock. "Yes, indeed; you did not think such bliss could be on this miserable earth, did you?" And sometimes, not often, I take a nice boy, when I find one, and introduce him to Mrs. Neville."

"Am I a nice boy?" asked Penruddock, with a laugh. "Willing, if you will introduce me to Mrs. Neville, I shall never forget it for you as long as I live."

"And a great deal of good that will do me," says Wilding, mildly. "However, I consent, and on Tuesday you shall make your bow to Mrs. Neville, and worship at Beauty's shrine."

"Oh, thank you, my dear fellow, thank you."

CHAPTER IV.

In the Row.

All yesterday the rain fell heavily, Not in quiet showers, but with a steady downpour that drenched the world, rendering the park a lonely wilderness, and the ride deserted. To day the sun, as if ashamed of yesterday's inaction, is out again, going his busy round, and casting his rich beams on rich and poor, simple and wise, alike. The Row is crowded—filled to overflowing with the gaily dressed throng that has come out to bask in the glad warmth and sunshine, and revel in the sense of well-being engendered by the softness and sweetness of the rushing breeze.

The occupants of the chairs seem drowsily inclined, and answer in soft monosyllables those with energy sufficient to question them. One old lady, unmindful of the carriages that pass and repass incessantly, has fallen into a sound and refreshing slumber, made musical by snores low but deep. They very youngest on the railing have grown silent, as though speech was irksome, and conversation not to be borne, and content themselves with gazing upon the beauty that is carried by them as the tide of fashion ebbs and flows.

A dark green victoria, exquisitely appointed and drawn by two fine bay ponies, claims, and not at all unjustly, the very largest share of attention. Not so much the equipage, perhaps, as Mrs. Neville, to whom it belongs, and who is now seated in it, with her adopted daughter beside her. Mrs. Neville, as usual, is faultlessly attired in some pale silk, untouched by color of any sort, and is looking more than ordinarily lovely.

Her large dark eyes, blue as the deep clear violet, and tinged with melancholy, are in perfect harmony with the cream colored hat she wears.

"There is Dick Penruddock," says Mrs. Neville, suddenly. "I want to speak to him."

Leaning forward, she says something to her coachman, and presently the carriage is drawn up beside the railings, and with a smile and a nod, Mrs. Neville beckons the young man to her side. It is quite a month since that night at the opera, where Penruddock first saw Mabel Neville—a month full of growing hopes and disheartening fears. At first, Mrs. Neville had been adverse to the acquaintance altogether, bearing a strange grudge to the very name of Penruddock, as she held it responsible for all the ills that had befallen her beloved sister. She had sedulied Wilding in her harmless fashion as severely as she could scold anyone for having brought one of those people, as she termed them, within her doors, more especially the boy who had succeeded to the property that should by right have belonged to the little Hilda, her dead sister's only child.

But time and Dick Penruddock's charm of manner had conquered prejudice in the end, as he hoped; and Mrs. Neville, after many days, acknowledged even to herself that she liked the young man—nay, almost loved him, in spite of his name and parentage. Just now he comes gaily up to the side of the victoria and takes her hand, and beams upon her, and then glances past her to accept with gratitude the slow bow and very faint smile of recognition that Miss Neville is so condescending as to bestow upon him.

"Good afternoon to see you in this confusion," says Mrs. Neville, kindly. "And can you come and dine to-night? It is short notice, of course, for ladies, but fashionable beys like you are; but I really want you, and you must come."

"If you really want me, I shall of course obey—your wishes are commands not to be disputed," says Penruddock, after a second's hesitation, wherein he has decided on telling a great fib to the other people with whom he is in duty bound to pass his evening. "But your dance—"

"Is later on—yes. But I have two or three old friends coming to dine, and they are very charming of course and I quite love them, you will understand, but old friends, as a rule, are just the least little bit tedious sometimes, don't you think? And I want you to help me with them. I may depend upon you?"

"You may, indeed, Mrs. Neville."

"Ah, so Maud said," says Mrs. Neville, with a faint sigh of relief.

"Did Miss Neville say that? I did not dare believe that she had so good an opinion of me. To be considered worthy of trust is a very great compliment indeed," says Dick, looking at Miss Neville again, to gaze somewhat wistfully at the owner of the cream colored hat.

But she, beyond the first slight recognition, seems to cool her haughty inclination of her small head, has taken not the slightest notice of him.

"Have you seen the princess yet, Miss Neville?" asks Penruddock at length, in despair, filled with a sudden determination to make her speak; and to compel her large, thoughtful eyes to meet his own. If only for a single instant. Rather nice, her ponies, don't you think?"

"Very fast and high," she said.

"Cabbs's, nor so perfect in any way," returns Miss Neville, unsympathetically, letting her eyes rest upon him for a cry of checked pain, and making him a present of a grave, pleasant, but cold little smile.

Penruddock is piqued, almost angry, that she has learned the value of position, money, the world's adulation, yet this girl alone treats him with open coldness and something that borders on positive avoidance, though she is utterly without position, and only indebted to the popularity Mrs. Neville enjoys with both society and the allurance into society. Two or three men, coming up to the victoria at this moment stay to speak to its occupants and to all Miss Neville gives the same cold greeting, the same frigid, but undeniably entrancing smile.

A tall, dark man, pushing his way through the others, makes his bow to Mrs. Neville, and then raises his hat deferentially to the beauty of the hour. Maud acknowledges his presence with a salutation that is certainly somewhat colder than those accorded to the others to-day.

"How fit the Row is this afternoon!" says Mrs. Neville, genially, who has made the same remark to all the others straight through.

"It is," says Captain Saumarez, the new comer, "very charming, but one I had caught sight of your unapproachable ponies I could see nothing else. It's a sore loss not to be able to meet you this afternoon with the certainty of meeting you again this evening. Remember so much for the card! May I venture to hope for one dance to-night, Miss Neville?—or do I, as usual, ask too late?"

"Quite too late. Every dance is promised."

"What, all? I am indeed unfortunate—there is no denying that! Is there nobody you could throw over to give me even one poor dance?"

"I never throw over my partners," says Miss Neville, distinctly; "my conscience is opposed to that, and will not allow me to break my word once given."

"Yes I think—short as is our acquaintance—I remember one partner ignominious enough to be the background for no particular reason," replies he, meaningly.

"Do you?" innocently. "My memory is not my strong point, so I shall not discuss the subject. But"—with a flash from the violet eyes—"I think I may take it upon myself to say that you were not the person they were wanting, 'particular reason' for my so acting."

"Tis for to remember," quotes he from a song she herself is fit the habit of singing, and with a short, unmirthful laugh. "You are right. A vacuous forgetfulness should be one of our greatest aims. But to return to our first discussion. I am indeed the unhappiest of men. I have no hope that you will change your mind, and let me live in the expectation of being favored with one waltz?"

"I can offer you no such hope," returns she, with as much pointed decision in her voice and expression that Saumarez, turning sharply on his heel, takes off his hat with a frowning bow, and a look of vindictive glance, and the next minute has disappeared among the crowd.

There is a slight but perceptible pause in the talk that follows, other men have melted away before this, and only Penruddock remains.

About a week ago, Miss Neville had strong promises in a manner to this particular dance, but doubtless she has by this time forgotten all about such a promise, and has given the waltz in question to some more favored individual.

But at this moment Miss Neville seems fit to join in the conversation. She turns her head slowly, and fixing her handsome eyes upon Penruddock, chides him to the spot by the very power of their beauty.

"Then I suppose I am at liberty to give away that third waltz that I promised you at Lady Ryecroft's?" she asks, slowly, without removing her gaze.

"You remember it? I thought perhaps you had forgotten," says Penruddock, eagerly. "No, do not give it away. Dear Mrs. Neville, do not think me unstable, or fickle, or anything that way, but the fact is, nothing on earth could keep me from your dance to-night."

He flushes a dark red, laughs a little, raises his hat, and, as though unable to longer endure the rather malicious smile in Miss Neville's blue eyes, beats a hasty retreat.

"He is a dear boy—quite charming," says Mrs. Neville, who is feeling puzzled, but decidedly a little vague. So very unlike his brother, who was the most unpleasantly matter-of-fact person I ever met. What were you saying to Captain Saumarez, Maudie? I saw that you were talking to him, but you did not seem very genial, either of you."

"He is very disdainful to me," says Maud, quickly, "I don't know what it is, mamie, but I feel a horror a hatred of that man. His manner towards me is insolent to a degree. It is as though he would compel me, against my will, to be civil to him, and I never shall! Insolent Miss Neville, between her little, white, even teeth.

"I don't think I care much about him myself," says Mrs. Neville. "He always seems to me to be something of an adventurer; and, besides, he is a friend of all the Penruddocks, and, except Dick, I never liked any of them. Not that he is much of a friend there either, as he never speaks of them, and even if drawn into conversation about Dick's father, as a rule, says something disparaging. But he has money, and is received everywhere; and I really think, my dear child, he is very devoted to you."

"Oh, do not, pray, try to make him even more detestable in my sight than he is already," says Maud with a shiver that may mean disgust.

"Oh, no! Of course I mean nothing. And he is the last man I should care to see you married to. But some time or other you must make a choice, you know, dear child—that—and I am always thinking for you, indeed I am. Dick Penruddock is very much in love with you, I really believe, though you always deny it."

"I deny it because I think he is not. I hope with all my heart and soul that he is not," replies Maud, with sudden and unlooked for energy.

All the color has fled from her cheeks and her lips tremble slightly.

(To be continued.)

HE WAS EXPERIMENTING.

In His Desire to Discover New Combinations He Bothered the Waiter.

The young man on the opposite side of the table studied the bill of fare for some time, while the waiter stood on one leg with his ear held out for instructions. Then he said:

"I want some of that hominy and a side order of maple syrup, a little of the spinach, some sweet corn and a cup of chocolate."

The waiter slowly moved his lips in amazement and had the order repeated. He smiled and started away, and the young man looked after him, frowning.

"Confound those waiters," he said. "I suppose they expect a man to order something conventional, like steak and coffee or liver and bacon."

"You old put in a queer order," was suggested.

"Oh, I don't know. It may turn out to be a good combination. I'm experimenting all the time."

"Experimenting?"

"Yes. I try new combinations. How did people ever find out that jelly and roast duck go together? How did they ever get on to spring lamb and mint sauce, pickles and cheese, steak and mushrooms, and so on? Why, by trying new combinations. I order whatever strikes my fancy, and in that way I get some good combinations.

"What are some you have discovered?"

"Scrambled eggs and cranberry sauce is one. Cold pigs' feet and lemon ice is another. Did you ever dip slices of bananas into hot boullion? Of course not. There are no fixed rules about things—you must experiment.

People of a Nation or a Generation.

Experts in handwriting say that all the people of a single generation write alike, and it is well known that most French handwriting has a strong family likeness to the eyes of others than Frenchmen. Nearly all Chinamen of the same social class look alike to superficial observers, and persons unaccustomed to colored persons find difficulty in distinguishing them from another. It needs, however, a comparison of two or three family photograph albums of twenty or thirty years ago to convince men and women of to-day that there are striking superficial likenesses running through Americans of a given generation. All these old albums show curious resemblances, chiefly, perhaps, of dress and face, but sufficiently striking for one family album at first glance to be taken for another. As page after page of each is turned over, there is the same succession of men, women and children, in full figure, sitting, standing, posed in groups of two or three, with hats, without hats, draped in shawls, and manifestly dressed in their best for the occasion. The photographer of those days chose, for reasons of their own, to make full length pictures, and as they were usually small, costume counted for a great deal and helped to intensify the general likeness running the whole generation.

Not Quite Perfect.

The boy had applied for a job in a wholesale house and was about to get it when a thought seemed to strike the employer.

"Can you whistle 'Daisy Bell?' he inquired.

"Yes, sir," responded the boy.

"And 'After the Ball?'"

"Yes, sir."

"And 'Tara?'"

"Yes, sir."

"And 'Two Little Girls?'"

"Yes, sir."

"Well—!"

"Hold on," interrupted the boy, fearful of results; "you don't expect a boy of my size not to have no bad habits at all, do you?"

He was given the place on probation.

A Chip of the Old Block.

"How old are you, sonny?"

"Twelve years old, sir."

"You are very small for your age. What is your name?"

"Johnny Smith. My father is a baker on Madhattan avenue."

"Your father is a baker?" I might have guessed it by your size. You remind me of one of his loaves."—Texas Siftings.

Theory and Practice.

Wife—Do newspaper writers sit up all night?

Husband—I believe so.

"That explains it, then."

"Explains what?"

"The household department of this paper recommends roast potatoes for breakfast. One would have to sit up all night to have the oven hot enough."

Tells on Sight.

Peddler—Have you any daughters, mum? Housekeeper—Sir! "Please, mum, I don't ask out of vulgar curiosity, mum. I'm selling resonators." "What was that?" "You hang one up in the hall, mum, and it so magnifies every sound that a good-night kiss sounds like a cannon shot." "Give me three."—New York Weekly.

The Poetry of It.

She—I'd rather be a poet than anything in the world.

Poet—You might be the next thing to one.

She—Oh, tell me how.

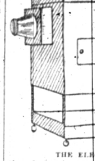
The Poet—By becoming Mrs. Poet. (He got her.)

THE STARS' SECRETS.

WONDERFUL INVENTION OF PROF. J. C. COLES.

It Shows What Mars Is Like—Bright Days and Nights—Stronger Than the Most Powerful Telescope—Note of Science.

PROF. J. C. COLES of Kingston, Pa., has invented "an electric eye" that is attracting widespread interest and attention in the scientific world. Through the instrument it is stated that a much better view of the stars and the planetary system than can be secured through the enormous Lick telescope in California, the largest and strongest glass in the world. As no patents have been obtained on the electric eye Prof. Coles refuses to tell what is inside of it, but it looks like a large camera whose small orifice contains a glass made in the human eye. A few nights ago the professor gave an exhibition to his friends, Mars just



THE ELECTRIC EYE.

then being in an exceptionally favorable position for observation.

"This is a view of the eastern border of Mars," said the professor, as he adjusted the instrument. "Look carefully, before the pressure is exhausted. Do not get too near the machine; it may burn your eyes."

The visitor approached and cautiously peered into the mysterious box. A wonderful scene was presented. There were long chains of mountains standing out against a yellow sky of brilliancy almost intolerable. Lowlands transformed the shadows of the peaks to inky blackness; beautiful lakes that reflected the yellow light like burnished gold, and strange shrubbery resembling huge ferns and palms.

"I will shoot it now," said the inventor, as the visitors backed away from the machine. In response to his touch there was a sound like the beating upon a brass gong. Opening a door at the side of the box, the professor took out a picture like a crayon drawing. So that there might be no scepticism the autographs of the visitors were attached to another sheet of paper, upon which a view was instantly produced. The instrument was then focused upon another part of the planet. This time the mountain ranges were different in appearance, and in the valleys the foreground trees resembling apple trees could be easily distinguished. Blacked by the flood of yellow light they looked like pen and ink drawings upon gold leaf. The landscape was entirely different from that first shown, but the strange brilliant light was the same. Professor Coles said he had no doubt

A VIEW OF MARS.

Mars was inhabited by a race of a higher order than our own.

"Upon what do you base your theory?" he was asked.

"That brilliant light in which they must exist is an indication of their superior intelligence," he replied. "Animals that live in darkness are of the lowest order. Evil and ignorance are ever represented by darkness.

"Mars has three satellites. I have discovered one more than given by astronomers, and the nights there must be brighter than the sunniest day upon earth, while the days are brilliant in proportion.

"Two years ago I obtained a picture of Mars upon which something resembling a man standing under a tree appeared. I succeeded in getting three views of the identical location, though the instrument was not so near a state of perfection as at present. I hope in another year to produce a machine of sufficient power to positively decide mine whether Mars is inhabited or not. Mars is much nearer than astronomers have imagined.

Prof. Coles claims that the present magnifying power of his instrument is 100,000 diameters, but in a new machine in course of construction he expects to double the power. The professor gave no explanation of his invention other than that it consisted in "the concentration of the sun's rays," which he states can be "bottled up for future use."

The Power of a Cyclone.

Careful estimates of the force of a cyclone, and the energy required to keep a full fledged hurricane in operation, reveal facts about a power that makes the mightiest efforts of man appear as nothing in comparison. A force fully equal to four hundred and seventy-three horse power per second is developed in a West Indian cyclone. This is about fifteen times the power that is creatable by all the means within the range of man's capabilities during the same time. Steam, water, windmills and the strength of all men and all animals combined can not approach the tremendous force exerted by this storm. The scientist tells us that the force comes from the latent heat of vapor which rises in the center of the hurricane and is there condensed. The fury of the whirlwind literally wrings the rain from the clouds. There is always a much greater area covered by the wind than that embraced by the rainfall that usually accompanies the cyclone. Persons with vivid imaginations are fond of conjecturing and speculating on inventions by which rainfalls are produced at the pleasure of the rainmakers, but a moment's consideration will show how puny are the efforts of man, and how unavailing when it is taken into consideration that all the existing power on the face of the earth at present with man's control would not be sufficient to produce even a baby cyclone, to say nothing of the full fledged and mighty devastations that sweep over the country. Science may cause a few drops of moisture to condense and fall, but can never, under existing conditions, make a hurricane.

Drilling Stone Axes.

The statement has frequently been made that it would be impossible to drill holes in stone without the aid of iron tools. That such holes have been drilled, however, has long been an accepted fact, as implements from the stone age amply prove. An article in a foreign publication contains an illustration of the apparatus for performing this work of drilling, which was done by a hollow cylinder of bone, hardened wood or horn. Wet sand, or particles of flint ground very fine, were kept constantly dropping upon the point where the hole was being made. The process was apparently not unlike the cutting of marble by means of a wire or steel wire or strips of metal. The metal itself without the sand and water would be of little use. In this prehistoric drilling, the stone axe was firmly fastened in place and the drill revolved by means of a bowstring. According to the discoveries of antiquarians, by far the greater part of these stone axes were broken on split in the drilling. In some cases it was found that the fragments were made use of as smaller axes, this fact indicating a labor saving inclination, as the work of shaping was much greater than that of drilling out the holes.

Coloring Wood.

To produce upon new wood the appearance of age is something upon which a great deal of time, money and thought has been expended. A new dye or stain that promises to be more satisfactory than any heretofore used made by adding to one thousand parts of water fifty parts of commercial alcarin. To this ammonia is put, drop by drop, until a portion of the liquid taken from the bulk and agitated gives off a distinct ammonia odor. This stain will color maple to a red brown, giving it the appearance of age that so much desired by lovers of fine furniture. Under the same treatment, oak takes on a yellow brown. After treatment with calcium chloride gives a much darker and richer color. The value of many sorts of wood is greatly increased by dark coloring, and as this stain strikes deep into the wood, it is at once practical and of a good deal of commercial importance.

Uses of Chromium.

Pure chromium in large quantities has recently been obtained for the first time by M. Henri Moissan. He had previously found that the sesquioxide of chromium could be reduced by carbon in the electric furnace, and had prepared ingots of as much as fifty pounds of the metal in a very impure state. Under successive fusion with lime, he has now gotten rid of the carbon. The metal he has produced does not melt under the blowpipe, has no magnetic action, and is soft. It can be polished, being whiter than iron, and tarnishes very little; it also casts well. An addition of 5 per cent of pure chromium to copper nearly doubles the strength of the copper. The alloy takes a fine polish and tarnishes less easily than pure copper.

Several Queries.

Sylvia asks: 1. Is it good form for a lady to serve wine to a number of guests, young ladies and gentlemen, at a social evening, the evening at her house? 2. Should young people who are merely keeping company kiss each other? 3. If a young man asks whether he can keep company with me is it proper to refer him to my parents? 4. How can I learn to punctuate correctly without the aid of a teacher? 5. How are roasted apples served? Answer: 1. There are very many persons who think it extremely bad form for a lady to serve wine to her guests; in some of the very best circles that practice is abandoned, and as a general practice it is not a wise thing to do. There are plenty of other refreshments and desirable ones, without resorting to anything that may cultivate a love for intoxicants. 2. The kissing problem, Sylvia, is an unsolvable one. It is safe to say that the least kissing there is the better. The Ledger has again and again stated that it decidedly disapproves of this practice, but whether its readers will follow its sage counsel is another matter altogether. Young people seem to have a weakness for kissing. Sometimes they recover from it, and then again they do not. Don't do it, Sylvia, unless you are engaged to him. 3. If he is keeping company you mean that the young man visits you, with the probability of an engagement in the future, it might be right to refer him to your parents, but as young men are sometimes very diffident and greatly dread such an ordeal, why do you not do the asking yourself and give him an answer later? 4. Certainly you should not receive any one who is not a fit associate, and self-respecting girl will have visits from young men without the knowledge of her parents, unless in the very exceptional cases where parents are so unreasonable and exacting that they refuse to allow acquaintances of any sort. 4. By a thorough study of grammar and rhetoric you can become quite accurate in punctuating without the aid of a teacher. 5. Roasted apples are served with cream, or simply as a dish by themselves.—New York Ledger.

Good Advice.

Little Girl—How did you scratch your nose?

Wheelman—Bicycling.

Little Girl (thoughtfully) — You shouldn't ride with your nose so close to the ground.

A Fitting Reception.

Mrs. Suburb—Dora! Dora! Daughter—Yes, mamma.

Mrs. Suburb—Run to the piano and play, "Hail to the Chief." Here comes the new girl.

Blessings of Brains.

She (complainingly)—Before we were married you used to bring me flowers almost every day; but now you never think of buying me even a bunch of violets.

He (gallantly)—The pretty flower girls don't attract my attention so much as they used to.

She—Oh, you darling! Never mind; I don't care for flowers, anyway.—New York Weekly.

A Nursery Barometer.

Little Sister—Is 'fraid it's goin' to rain.

Little Brother—Why?

Little Sister—Ia been tryin' for most a hour to make dolly stand up, and she falls over every time. I dess her corns hurt.

Took His Time.

Mother—You need not have quarreled with that boy. I told you always to think before speaking.

Small Son—Oh, I did. I didn't say a word till I'd thunk up a whole lot of names to call him.

Ruskin's Hatred of Chrysanthemums.

Mr. Ruskin was asked if he did not admire chrysanthemums in the quad. Now, he liked nothing abnormal or artificial, and he regarded the production of chrysanthemums as an unhallowed attempt to grow flowers at a season when nature meant that there should be no flowers, and so the startling answer came: "I hate chrysanthemums."—Westminster Gazette.

Cookery for Girls.

There are 122 places in various parts of England where instruction in cookery is given to girls under 11 years of age. There are also forty-two places where instruction in laundry work is given for girls of suitable age. Instruction is free. The teachers are paid liberal salaries. The food cooked at the cooking schools is sold, to in part defray the expense.

Revenge.

"Will I ask," said Mrs. Beboin, "that there is a burglar in the house?"

"How dare you?"

"I heard a rasping noise in the kitchen just now."

"Well, we'll let him alone. Maybe he's working out his own destruction. It sounds to me as if he were cutting himself a slice of that pie."

Agreed.

"Might I ask you to favor me with a waltz, mademoiselle?"

"Certainly, monsieur. See here, the last one on my program."

"But unfortunately I shall not be here by that time."

"No more shall I."—Grelot Havrais.

He Wasn't Particular.

"Sir," remarked the rich father to the suitor, "after the investigations I have made into your character I can give you my daughter without a qualm."

"All right," answered the persistent suitor, "than how about one of the others."—Bigoude Blaetter.

HUMAN NATURE.

To enter street, near Grand, in New York, is a little shop, over the entrance of which is the sign "Practical Hat Cleaner."

A North Side (Chicago) barber professes on a large strip of cloth tacked across his front window to cure all "deceases" of the scalp.

Edward I. Langley, husband of the "Lily," is the only one in this country. He comes, if rumor be reliable, to require a divorce.

The youngest ambassador at any foreign court is Prince Frans Liechtenstein, who has been accredited by Austria to St. Petersburg.

It is said that only three individuals have any right to say "we" in writing or speaking, viz: an editor, an editor and the man with a tape-worm.

Rev. Dr. C. Ellis Stevens of Philadelphia has been created a knight commander of one of the highest orders in Portugal. Dr. Stevens is the author of "Sources of the Constitution of the United States."

A young clergyman startled a London congregation lately by announcing his fourteen-and-nine-pence half-penny. In his nervousness he had confused the offertory total of the previous Sunday with the hymn figures.

Samuel White, who lives at Bolton, Mass., is a descendant in the fifth generation of Peregrine White, the first white child born in New England. He is a hale old man of 82 years, who has never used liquor or tobacco.

"John Phenix" gave a Boston firm a little advertisement. Entering a large store in this city one day, he said to one of the proprietors: "I think I would like to tittle a little." "To tutter? What do you mean by that?" "I don't know, I gravely replied the humorist, "but I read an invitation over the door, 'Call & Tuttle,' and thought I would like to know how to do it."

$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 also.

Nearly every sinner expects to repent when he gets too old to longer enjoy a life of sin.

For twenty years folks all over the world have cured rheumatism, neuralgia, and all other pains and aches by using St. Jacobs Oil. There must be something in it, for you couldn't fool all the people for so many years.

Weak Mothers

and all women who are nursing babies, derive almost inconceivable benefits from the nourishing properties of

Scott's Emulsion

This is the most nourishing food known to science. It enriches (the mother's milk and gives her *strength*. It also makes babies fat and gives more nourishment to growing children than all the rest of the food they eat.

Scott's Emulsion has been prescribed by physicians for *twenty years* for Rickets, Marasmus, Wasting Diseases of Children, Coughs, Colds, Weak Lungs, Emaciation and Consumption.

Send for pamphlet on Scott's Emulsion. FREE.

Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists. 50 cents and $1.

You can make better food with

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Lighter, sweeter, more wholesome.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO. 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

The thoroughly up-to-date soda water fountains of the first-class now include so many beef extract, and clam juice and other brightkin beverages that at several of them one sees bottles of Worcestershire sauce and Tabasco, just as on a restaurant side table.

Fräulein Rosser, a resident of Halle, Germany, has donated her whole fortune—150,000 marks personal property, besides a valuable piece of real estate—to the city for the founding of an orphan asylum, reserving for herself only a small liferent until her demise.

People do not lack strength; they only lack will.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.

A funny woman is one of nature's mistakes.

I am entirely cured of hemorrhage of lungs by Piso's Cure for Consumption.—LOUISA LINDAMAN, Bethany, Mo., January 8, 1894.

Deal is disappointed in every Christian whose spirit does not remind another one of Christ.

FOR EARACHE, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swelled Neck, and the pain and soreness of colds and inflammation, use Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil—the great pain destroyer.

Second nature is sometimes stronger than the first.

In Holland, Mich., C. J. Doesburg published the News, and in its columns strongly recommends Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil for coughs, colds, sore throat, catarrh and asthma.

For the sake of a pleasure never put off a duty.

Adolf Lallor, carriage manufacturer, 119 Carroll street, Buffalo, N. Y., states: I was troubled with nausea of the stomach, sick headache and general debility. Burdock Blood Bitters cured me.

Love lessens woman's delicacy and increases man's.

Dairying in Nebraska

Is a profitable industry. The grasses found there are excellent and abundant. Suitable land can be bought at the lowest prices and on easy terms. Write to P. S. Eustis, General Passenger Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill, for detailed information.

An English marquis is taking a retinue of eleven servants to India with him for a tiger hunt.

"Virtue lends dignity to a man, but wickedness sometimes lends dollars."—Ingersoll. The cynic who had never dared to tell a lie.

PHYSICAL STRENGTH,

cheerful spirits and the ability to fully enjoy life, come only with a healthy body and mind. The young man who suffers from youthful errors or early decay, loss of manhood, impaired memory, low spirits, irritable temper, and the thousand and one disarrangements of mind and body that result from unnatural, pernicious habits usually contracted in youth, through ignorance, is thereby incapacitated to thoroughly enjoy life. He feels tired, spiritless, and drowsy; his dispositioned is irritable and does not refresh him as it should; the will power is weakened, morbid fears haunt him and may result in confirmed hypochondria, or melancholia, insanity, in softening of the brain, epilepsy, ("fits"), paralysis, locomotor ataxia and even in dread insanity.

Our book, reclaim and restore such unfortunates to health and happiness, is the aim of the publishers of a book of 136 pages, written in plain but chaste language, on the nature, symptoms and curability, by home treatment, of such diseases. The book will be sent sealed, in plain envelope, on receipt of this notice with ten cents in stamps, for postage; Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

For more than a quarter of a century physicians connected with this widely celebrated Institution have made the treatment of the diseases above hinted at their specialty. Thousands have completed their better and received advice and medicines which have resulted in permanent cures.

Sufferers from premature old age, or loss of power, will find much of interest in the book above mentioned.

Take Home a Bottle of

ALLEN'S Lung Balsam

IT CURES COUGHS & COLDS.

Anger manages everything daily.

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

The borrower runs into his own debt.

Hagyard's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. Cracked Lips and Hands, Sore Nipples, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Piles, Burns and Scalds.

It is impious in a good man to be sad.

The essential lung-healing principle of the pine tree has finally been successfully separated and refined into a perfect cough medicine. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Sold by all dealers on a guarantee of satisfaction.

One good idea should suggest another.

At evening, home is the best place for man.

Going to California?

The Burlington Route is the only railway running "personally conducted" excursions via Denver to Colorado Springs, San Jose, Ogden, Sacramento, San Francisco, Stockton, Merced, Fresno, Bakersfield, and Los Angeles at the lowest rates. Pullman tourist sleeping car through without change.

Leave Chicago every Wednesday. Write or call on T. A. Grady, excursion manager, 211 Clark street, Chicago.

Great things can be done by the weakest man who is willing to trust in God and do his best.

In order to secure the best results in curing Backache and Lame Back take Doan's Kidney Pills positively as directed. Testimony proves it to the world. Fifty cents will prove it to you. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., Sole Agents for United States.

Price, 50 cents per box, or six boxes for $2.50. Sent by mail on receipt of price. Ask for Doan's Kidney Pills.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

2 POINTS.

BACKACHE and LAME BACK come from disordered Kidneys.

Doan's Kidney Pills positively cure all Kidney Complaints.

Testimony proves it to the world.

Fifty cents will prove it to you.

Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., Sole Agents for United States.

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BEST IN MARKET. BEST IN FIT. BEST IN WEARING QUALITY.

The outer or tap sole extends from the whole length down to the heel, protecting the boot in dirt and in other bad places.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THEM and don't be put off with inferior goods.

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W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST.

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