



Catarrh

Has troubled me for 11 years. I have taken four bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and am perfectly cured. I think Hood's Sarsaparilla has no equal, and believe that many who are in poor health and have become discouraged, would be restored to good health if they would only give Hood's Sarsaparilla a fair trial."

Wm. J. BENSON, Astoria, Ore.
Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, headache, etc.

LES ROSES DE SADI.

This morning I vowed I would bring thee my roses. They were thrust in the band that my bodice enclosed. But the breast knots were broken, the roses were free. The breast knots were broken; the roses to gather. Flung forth on the wings of the wind and the weather. And they drifted afar down the streams of the sea.

And the sea was as red as when sunset uncloses, But my raiment is sweet from the scent of the roses. Thou shalt know, love, how fragrant a memory can be.

—Andrew Lang.

Electric Current in the Quilt.

A new invention, called by its inventors the therogen, consists of a quilt containing a coil of wire bent in the fashion of a gridiron, inclosed in insulating and nonconductive material, and imbedded in cotton, wool or other soft substance with a silk or woolen covering.

The resistance offered by the coil to the flow of an electric current through the wire produces heat in the same way that heat and eventually light are produced in the filament of the glow lamp.

A uniform temperature of about 150 degrees F. is thus maintained, but in the event of the temperature rising beyond that point from increase of pressure in the electric mains a fuse instantly melts and automatically shuts off the current. The quilt may be readily attached to ordinary incandescent lamp terminals.—London Lancet.

Helmholtz's Remarkable Brain.

In order to satisfy scientific men as to the real cause of Professor Helmholtz's death, says the London Telegraph's Berlin correspondent, a post mortem examination was made at the desire of his relatives, the chief results of which are as follows: As a consequence of the paralytic strokes the left portion of the brain was considerably softened, while the right portion was perfectly normal and sound. The brain displayed unusually numerous cerebral sinuations, such as are known to be generally observed in the brains of persons of very great intellect. The physicians and pathologists who conducted the examination were extremely interested in what they saw, and a cast of the brain was immediately taken. Other organs of the body showed some signs of disorder, but in his lifetime the deceased had not experienced any inconvenience therefrom.

Going by Wind Power.

On an Irish Railway—I say, guard, how is it we're going so fast today? "Why wouldn't we, sor? Sure we've got the wind behind us."—London Globe.

A Remarkable Cause for Action.

From a remarkable case heard in the Oban small debt court the other day I gather that a belief in witchcraft is still more or less prevalent in the highlands. One dairyman named Campbell sued another named Black for damages which he alleged he had sustained in his character and reputation in consequence of the defendant having asserted that "he had an evil eye," and that with this wicked organ he had injured two cows by "upsetting" and "felling" them. I am glad to say that the Scotch law does not recognize this cause of action, and the sheriff dismissed the case. Are there no schools in Oban to root out such dense ignorance?—London Truth.

Too Much.

He was going down the street with a tottering gait and a wild eye. A chiropract's advertisement caught his glance.

"Yes," he muttered wearily, "that's just it. That's the difference between us."

"What is?" asked the policeman.

"We feel the heat!"

"Yes."

"While they heat!"

He gasped and sank to the pavement, and the policeman went and rang for the ambulance.—Washington Star.

A Yellow Est Tree.

Dr. Stubbman, who is traveling in Africa, has come upon a tree whose fruit gives out a yellow color. The tree is one of the largest in the forests of Usambara, and the fruit is big and heavy, measuring a foot in length by half a foot in diameter.

California Fruit in India. California canned fruits and preserves are considered the best in the Bombay (India) market and are by far the cheapest.

Good Medicine.

An Indian medicine sold at Cartersville, Mo., is "warranted to make a man feel just like he did before the war."

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

The lighthouse stands by the wave washed strand
And sheds its light afar,
While o'er the foam the ships sail home,
Where quiet havens are.

The sea gulls cry, the storm runs high,
The winds blow loud and free,
And fog drops down on yonder town;
It lies upon the sea.

The lighthouse tower is stout and strong
Amid the surging spray;
It will stand the shock on its good rock,
While years will glide away.

—J. B. M. Wright in Good Housekeeping.

JEALOUS.

Mr. D. Bashford cherished high ideas of men, as opposed to women, and had exalted notions of the husband's dominion over his household.

Mr. Bashford had forbidden his wife attending the masquerade of the A. Z. A. society. He had his reasons for so doing, but his wife thought he might have made known his wishes in a little less imperious manner than he chose to adopt.

The ball was set down for the evening of the 20th. On the morning of that day Mr. Bashford went down town at the usual hour, but during the forenoon had occasion to visit a section of the city that led him past his own residence.

His attention was suddenly arrested by a young woman with a large bundle, ascending the front steps of his house and ringing the doorbell.

His perplexity was increased when the door was opened cautiously, the young woman admitted promptly, as if by a previous understanding, and the door instantly closed again.

Mr. Bashford's curiosity and suspicion were aroused. Should he linger and solve the mystery or dismiss it from his mind and go on about his business? He debated the question irresolutely for a moment and finally decided that he must know what was going on in his own house.

He had not long to wait. The young woman soon reappeared, but without the bundle, and walked briskly down the street.

She led him to one of the busiest and gayest streets and finally turned quickly into a celebrated costumer's establishment.

Mr. Bashford was astonished. Could it be that his wife was venturesome enough to disobey him and had hired a costume with a view of attending the masquerade?

He did not linger long in meditation. His wife's audacity must receive a severe rebuke.

The proprietor was a woman. He accosted her thus:

"Madam, would you object to making \$5 in as many minutes?"

The person addressed intimating that she would have no objection to that sort of thing, he continued:

"Then describe to me accurately the costume delivered by the young woman who entered this store a moment ago or else show me one just like it."

"Well," said the woman, hesitating, "that wouldn't be exactly regular, you know."

"I understand that, but I can prove to you if necessary that I have a right to know, and that no harm can possibly come to you by your telling me."

"Oh, well," said the woman, "I presume it will be all right! The costume was that of a Turkish lady. Here is one just like it, except that the hood is blue instead of scarlet."

"Yes—just so," said Mr. Bashford.

"The one that the young woman left at 64— street has a scarlet hood, has it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. Here are your \$5."

He made no allusion when he went home to his 5 o'clock dinner to the circumstances just related. He simply said to his wife before leaving, wondering the while at her innocent and unconstrained demeanor:

"As I told you would probably be the case, Louise, I shall be detained down town by business tonight until late."

"Oh, dear, I am sorry! It is so lonely some these long evenings when you are obliged to be away."

The "business" which was to detain him was of a somewhat startling character. After spending a short time at his office he proceeded to a costumer's establishment and placed himself in the hands of an artist, who, after a long and tedious process, transformed him into a hideous looking Indian.

This done, he ordered a carriage and gave directions to be driven to the place where the masquerade was to be held.

Mr. Bashford seemed to create quite a sensation in his character of Indian chief. Many stared at him, and some of the women shuddered.

He did not dance at first, but walked with stately tread around the hall, gazing disdainfully on the giddy throng. He was searching for a Turkish lady with a scarlet hood.

It was some time before he found what he sought for. But at last he stopped suddenly, and his gaze lingered in a particular quarter. There was the Turkish lady with the scarlet hood, and her size and general contour were exactly those of his wife. There could be no mistake about it.

"Poity squaw," he said in a guttural tone.

"Noble Injun!" she replied.

"Squaw dances?"

"Yes."

And they took their places on the floor for one of the quadrilles.

After this ensued what appeared to lookers on a scene of desperate flirtation, but in Mr. Bashford's mind there was, of course, no harm in thus paying exclusive attention to his own wife, though a pang shot through his breast at the thought of her accepting such marked demonstrations from one who to all intents and purposes was a stranger.

However, the game must be played, and he played it.

Thus an hour passed very pleasantly, he had to confound to himself, for his

wife—if it were she—was unwontedly witty, vivacious and entertaining.

But all of a sudden the Turkish lady deserted him and joined a Roman senator on the other side of the room. She conversed with him in a low tone, danced a set with him and afterward exchanged some private words in an apparently very confidential manner.

The lady addressed Mr. Bashford with jealousy. Finally he got a chance to speak to her again.

"Excuse must not leave her brave," he murmured.

But she only laughed tauntingly.

"I think I hear the patter of rain-drops," he said. "Surely we no stand in the open door, where it is cool?"

"Yes," she replied, "for a few moments. It will be a great relief."

They approached to the doorway and stood looking down a short flight of broad stone steps, which led to the sidewalk. Beyond could be seen a solitary carriage, with a dim light glimmering from the driver's seat. The driver himself had sought shelter from the rain within the carriage.

Mr. Bashford looked cautiously around. No one was in sight. He then coughed in a peculiar manner. The driver instantly emerged, leaving the carriage door open, and walked carelessly forward, seemingly to inspect the harness of one of the horses.

Now was Mr. Bashford's time. He suddenly seized his companion round the waist, thrust his hand under her mask and pressed it over her mouth, and ran with her to the carriage.

"Scram and you will be murdered," he muttered in her ear. He then forced her in the carriage, stepping in after her.

Mr. Bashford held his fair prisoner firmly down to the seat and admonished her in the harshest tones he could command to remain silent.

She covered down submissively, evidently too terrified to speak, trembling and panting violently.

"What is to be done with me?" she summoned the courage to falter.

"Hush!" he growled.

Still the carriage rattled on through numerous streets and alleys, the driver having been instructed to take a long, roundabout course.

Finally the driver gave a loud cough. This was a signal. He had calculated that the devious course they had taken would so bewilder his wife that her ideas of locality would be completely confused. He wanted to impress her with the belief that she was being carried to some den of unknown horrors.

"Here we are," he growled. "Not a word from you, my beauty."

He rushed up the steps, carrying his captive under one arm. Unlocking the door with his night key, he rushed with her into the house.

A loud scream greeted his arrival. The gas was burning brightly, and in the middle of the room stood—her arms thrown up and her eyes protruding with horror—his wife!

He halted in dire astonishment and dismay, still retaining his hold on the Turkish lady, who had by this time fainted.

"Louise!" he gasped.

But his wife only gave vent to a piercing shriek and retreated to the furthest corner of the room.

"Don't you know me, Louise?"

"What does all this mean?" she said, stepping forward cautiously. "Why are you disguised so frightfully, and who is this you have with you?"

Mr. Bashford's bewilderment was so great that he had entirely forgotten that he was still supporting the Turkish lady, and he now nearly dropped her.

"Haven't you been to the masquerade?" he demanded of his wife.

"To the masquerade! Certainly not."

"Then who is this?"

"That. How should I know? Why, as I'm alive, it's—oh, Dio, what under the sun have you been doing? This is Emma Burch!"

And Mrs. Bashford bent over the prostrate form and set herself about applying restoratives. They soon had their effect. Miss Burch sat upright and looked about her in a confused manner.

"Louise, is it you?" she exclaimed, with a glad look and almost fainting again. "And am I really safe? Oh, horrors!"

She caught a glimpse of the Indian.

"There, there, never mind him," said Mrs. Bashford soothingly. "It's only Dio."

"Dio, your husband, the one who kidnapped me? Oh, what does it all mean?"

Both ladies looked at Mr. Bashford inquiringly, who was now forced to explain everything.

He did it with a very bad grace and a good deal of stammering. When he had concluded, his wife said:

"And so you thought the suit was for me when I only had it brought here to accommodate Emma. The same clothes fit us both, and I had it fitted to me because she wanted to be very secret about her costume. Oh, Dio, to think that you should have such little trust in me!"

Mr. Bashford had not a word to say. He had for once in his life been fairly beaten, routed, ignominiously defeated.—Atlanta Constitution.

In 1873 a check bank was opened for business in London. It suited the use of persons not having a bank deposit elsewhere, and issued checks for small amounts in order to insure greater safety in transmitting funds by mail and otherwise.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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