

Washburn's Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

SOME JOGULAR JINGLES.

HE POSED AS A BAD MAN.

Revel of the Babes.
DEAR MOTHER EDITOR—We little children ask your aid to help us in our very righteous up to date crusade. We crave your ready sympathy, because we think it plain No bit of humanity can plead to you in vain.

The inconveniences of life are terrible to us. Poor victims of conventional, unnecessary fuss. Suppose, sir, you asked a friend to share your weight of woe. And he called you "chickadee" with unmeaning "catch-a-bowl".

Well, that is how we're treated when for sympathy we cry. Or else we have to listen to a glib lullaby. Ridiculous, silly, with such grave defects of style.

That, were it not so painful, would provoke a baby's smile.

You may guess such shocking twaddle most injurious to our minds. The scents of intelligence faints and falls and drops. If you feed it on such very unimaginative soap.

We don't want bits of Shakespeare for our intellectual feast. But we think a minor poet's lay to be very good. That can ever conscientiously before a babe be placed—

A lay, of course, appealing to a cultivated taste.

Then when our nurses with us pace the verdure of the park. In the confidential company of military sparks. We think that chivalry itself most certainly doth.

Those sparks from choking us with smoke from twopenny cigars.

Then the cynical principle on which our food is dressed. Is really too absurd to be in common words expressed.

Monotonous fluidity that marks our bill of fare is far more irritating than our parents are aware.

We wonder how papa would like to take his evening nap. On no more substantial than a small turess of soap.

And how would our big brothers like on end-of-the-day slaps to feed.

Aid pass their leisure hours away without a single weed?

No banquets were invited to, no fashionable ball.

We know not pleasures of the play, delights of music hall, or dancing on the floor.

But every day and all day long we hear the hours chime.

With no congenial company to help to kill the time.

And so, dear Mr. Editor, we hope you'll fresh our plea. And help us to a higher life, more varied, freer and free.

"Strong meat" is all we ask for, as we sound the war's alarms.

And sign ourselves yours faithfully as well as—
 BABES IN ARMS.
 —Tit-Bits.

Revolt of the Babes.
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TWO SWEETHEARTS.

The eyes of Lisette are like miniature seas. They ripple that laugh, and willows that weep.

On the shore, and the low bending boughs of the trees.

Deeply often the shadows that creep at night near the ocean edge, fashioned to fret a satiate into slant—the eyes of Lisette.

The eyes of Marie were designed to denote the minds of weak mortals. There is something about them sweetly pathetic, as deep as a strange

As two holes in the night where the stars are pulled out.

How can I choose then, which shall it be—Laughing Lisette or little Marie?

—Cy Warman in New York Sun.

A STRANGE AFFAIR.

At a wayside inn, on the old road that then ran between Philadelphia and C—, in the state of Pennsylvania, a strange and curious affair occurred in the fall of 1877.

One dark, rainy, disagreeable night a lone traveler, well muffled up in a great coat, with his broad cape turned up over his head like a cow, his chin and lower part of his face buried in a large bandanna handkerchief, and with a broad black patch over his right eye, rode up to the tavern and called for supper and lodging. At the large fire burning in the chimney of the barroom he sat and warmed and dried himself while his meal was being prepared, without removing any of his garments, and not even so much as his hat, and when the landlord at length announced that his request was ready he simply remarked:

"I have a severe pain in my face, so you must excuse my going to the table awhile."

He ate his supper in silence, and showed no disposition to conversation, called for a strong glass of brandy and water, and soon after asked to be conducted to his room, adding that he was very much fatigued.

"By the way," he said to the landlord, "I may as well leave my pocketbook and watch in your possession till morning," at the same time handing those articles to the host, who took them with some reluctance, saying:

"I'm sure they'd be quite as safe here with yourself, though I'll keep them for you if you wish me to."

"You'll oblige me by doing so," rejoined the stranger.

"Well, then, said the innkeeper, "I must know how much money you've got here if I'm to be responsible for it."

"Please open the pocketbook, then, and count for yourself," returned the stranger. The host did so and said:

"I make it \$215."

"Right," rejoined the traveler, "and while I'm about it I may as well add this purse, which contains fifty-one dollars in specie."

The landlord also counted the coin, part gold and part silver, said the amount was right and went out, bidding the other good night.

About 2 o'clock in the morning a neighbor living within a stone's throw of the tavern, and who chanced to be up with a sick child, fancied he heard above the roar of the storm, which had increased in violence, a high shriek, followed by two cries of "My Murderer!"

He was rather a timid man, and was much alarmed. He blew out his light, cautiously opened the door, looked out and listened. The storm beat into his face and howled around his dwelling, but he could see nothing, not even a light at the inn, and he heard nothing more that sounded like a human voice. He shut the door and fastened it, and then woke up his wife and told her all. She happened to be a woman of unusual nerve and courage, and after putting a few questions replied with a gasp:

"Oh, Jim, it was only one of your fancies. You're always hearing something that nobody else'd hear. Just think how many times you've hunted the house over for robbers since I've lived with you! Just send to Mary, will you, and let me get a little sleep, for you know I didn't have any last night."

"I know it wasn't any fancy, but a real human cry!" grumbled the man as he walked away and allowed his drowsy spouse to return to her dreams.

The dull, leaden gray of morning was just beginning to dispel the inky blackness of the stormy night, when the landlord of the wayside inn was aroused by a series of thundering knocks upon the outer door of his habitation. He sprang out of bed, seized his hat, his trousers and boots, and took his wistless and hurried way down to his supposed customers. On opening the door he found himself confronted with two rough looking men, well muffled up against the storm, which as yet had scarcely abated in fury. Their horses, panting, splashed with mud, with drooping heads, were hitched at the nearest post, and showed by their looks that they had ridden a rougher trail and far.

"Did a mounted traveler stop at this inn last night?" abruptly inquired one of the two strangers.

"Yes," was the answer.

"Is he still here?"

"He is."

"Will you describe his appearance?"

"As well as I can," said the wondering host, "but I did not get to see much of his face. And he got into my room with the description of his person, but added that the traveler had said and done, including the affair of the money."

"I think we've got him this time!" said the one who had addressed the landlord, turning to his companion and saying:

"It looks like it," was the reply; "but he's no doubt a desperate fellow, and we'd better proceed with caution till we make all sure."

"Hark you, landlord!" said the first speaker in a low, hoarse, and menacing voice. "We are officers from justice, from Philadelphia, in pursuit of a bank robber, and we suspect your strange guest to be the man we seek! Here is the warrant for his arrest. Now conduct us quietly to his room, and, if need be, assist us in securing him!"

"Certainly," returned the host turning somewhat pale, as it was afterward remembered, and seeming not a little agitated. "Walk in, gentlemen—this way."

He conducted them into the barroom and hurriedly struck a light, for it was yet too dark to see anything distinctly.

"I hope the fellow has not heard us," said one of the officers drawing a pistol, while the other produced a pair of handcuffs.

"I hope it won't be necessary to shoot, gentlemen!" said the host with increased agitation.

"We will all go up softly and try his door," said the officer with the pistol, "and if we find it fast we'll perhaps get a better for us to remain on guard and wait till he comes out himself."

The host, light in hand, led the way, though with seeming reluctance, as if not over courageous.

On reaching the door, which the three parties had approached with light, stealthy steps, the landlord tried it very gently, and finding it unfastened slowly and softly pushed it open and went in, followed by the officers. The next moment the innkeeper exclaimed in a tone of alarm and agitation:

"Gracious heaven! what's the meaning of this?"

The bed was tumbled, but vacant—no traveler was there—and the sheets and pillow cases were stained with blood.

The officers looked meaningfully at each other and then at the host, who, pale and trembling, sank half fainting upon the

NEAREST SEAL.

For a few moments there was a deep and ominous silence, and then one of the officers said, slowly and with pointed emphasis:

"Landlord, this is very strange!"

"The strangest thing I ever knew!" fairly gasped the innkeeper, glancing around him in frightened bewilderment. "Where can the man have gone to?"

"And this blood too!" sternly chimed in the other officer. "What does this mean, if not some foul play?"

"Oh, gentlemen," said the host in a low, tremulous tone, "I hope you don't suspect me, for I'm as innocent as a child unborn. And now I remember, too, when I went to the door to let you in I found it wasn't fastened, and I'm right sure I fastened it myself before I went to bed."

"We certainly do suspect you, sir," said the other officer; "for how can we help it since the man is gone and you, as you have confessed, have his money in your possession?"

"But he gave me the money to keep for him," cried the frightened host, "and I've got it yet."

"Undoubtedly you have, but that, you see, so far from proving you know nothing about the affair, only tends to make matters the worse for you."

"Perhaps he's about here yet somewhere?" suggested the innkeeper. "If he's a bank robber and heard your knocks, he'd be quite likely to hide himself, or run away, I should think."

The idea was worthy of attention, and a search for the missing man was forthwith begun. On looking under the bed blood was discovered on the floor, and the trail of this was found to lead out of the room, down the stairs and out of the front door—showing that the object of search, either living or dead, had passed the inn and beyond the building there were no traces, for the storm had obliterated them.

The host was called, the only other man about the house, but he appeared to be a kind of stupid fellow, and evidently knew nothing of the matter, and a look in the barn showed the stranger's horse still there.

About an hour later the neighbor mentioned came over to the inn in great agitation and alarm, said there was the body of a murdered man lying by the roadside, and also stated what he had heard during the night.

All hurried to the scene of the tragedy, and there beheld the body of a coarse featured man of forty, which the officers believed from its general appearance to be that of the man they were seeking; but whether that of the stranger who had lodged at the cabin no one could tell. The body was covered with blood, and the man had evidently died from knife wounds in the breast.

Throughout that thinly peopled section the news spread rapidly, and before night a large number of excited spectators, including the sheriff, coroner and two magistrates, had collected at the inn. An inquest was held and a verdict rendered in accordance with the facts; and, though there was no direct evidence against the landlord, yet suspicion pointed so strongly to him as the murderer, that he was taken into custody and committed for trial.

In due time the trial came on, but the jury could not agree and were finally discharged. The case, therefore, resulted like the first, and the innkeeper, who was Williams, was kept in prison over a year.

How the affair would have eventually terminated had the mystery not been cleared up in an unexpected manner it is impossible to say. The case, however, is a curious one, and the facts are so full of interest that those on whom the sand falls are overwhelmed. They occur also in the arid regions of the United States.

In the Magdalena valley, across the mountains westward from Socorro, in New Mexico, during a hot day in summer they form at the head of a valley in a long slender, vertical column, perhaps 900 feet high, and then travel down the valley toward the village of Magdalena, over which they burst sometimes, bringing little puff of contrary winds and a shower of fine dust. In some places a group of stationary whirls of the same general character as the preceding are tied down to one point. Such are the whirls which form sometimes over volcanoes.—Exchange.

NEARING THE GRAVE.

In old age infirmities and weakness hasten to close the gap between us and the grave. They multiply the research and pharmacy have allied them eyes in furnishing us a reliable means of maintaining the elements incident to declining years and of renewing waning physical energy. It is in the stomach that the cause and an insupportable blessing to the elderly, the feeble and the aged. The elements incident to the more common ailments of the stomach, trouble with the kidneys and bladder are among the more common ailments of the elderly. These are effectively prevented and cured by Hood's Pills, which purify the blood, regulate the bowels, and give the system a vigor of appetite, strength and the acquisition of vigor.

For that matter, all first boy babies are prices, and prices of wails as a general thing, too.

"JUDGE."

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This comic paper has some inimitable cartoons. But no one of them is more forcible than this testimony of its proprietor, W. J. Arkell, to the value of Attercock's Famous Plasters. He writes:

Cor. Fifth Avenue and Twenty St., New York, January 14, 1891.

"About three weeks since, while suffering from a severe cold which had settled on my chest, I applied an Attercock's Famous Plaster, and in a short time obtained relief. In my opinion these plasters should be in every household, for use in case of coughs, colds, sprains, bruises or pains of any kind. I know that in my case the results have been entirely satisfactory and beneficial."

Attercock's Famous Plasters arrest the progress of decay.

James S. Smith gave you a cigar? Brown—Yes, but I was in luck; neither of us had a match.

There is more catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years doctors supposed it to be incurable. For a great many years doctors probed, cut, cauterized, and tried every other remedy, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment pronounced it incurable. Self-cure has now been discovered, and consists of one and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is a constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from ten drops to a teaspoonful, acts directly on the blood and purifies the surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

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Use Kammell's Polish: no dust, no smell.

TRY GEMMA for breakfast.

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Dust Storms Here and Abroad.

Sand and dust whirls occur in arid regions in hot weather. They may be anywhere from a rod to several rods in diameter and from twenty to a thousand feet high. They are sometimes compound—a score or more small whirls forming a whirl circle around a common center. They are very common in India. They sometimes carry up so much sand in the Sahara and Arabia that those on whom the sand falls are overwhelmed. They occur also in the arid regions of the United States.

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A Beggar's Paper.

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Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, 25c.

THE SEASON.

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood.

Noting of course an exception or two. Notably when I stand home as requested.

And pushed the lawn mower the rank, tough grass through.

Caught by my father when stalled in the greenward.

I gave vent to language to print quite unfit.

Grabbed by the collar and dragged to the woodshed.

And for days intervening unable to sit.

The rusty lawn mower, the edgeless lawn mower.

The meanest lawn mower that ever I knew.

—Detroit Tribune.

WHEN OUR WIVES VOTE.

I'm going to the caucus, John.

So don't you go away.

But cook must come, for I suspect we'll need her vote today.

Now, when you've made the beds, John, and dusted all the rooms.

Go out and do the marketing.

But don't buy meat at Vroom's!

Last evening his wife bolted.

And nearly spoiled my plan.

By voting with the anti-slaves.

To nominate a man!

Now, mind you put the kettle on.

And leave the meat yourself.

And don't forget the baby, John—His bottle's on the shelf!

The paragon's on the stand.

Now, John, mind what I say!

Ten drops in water every hour.

Come, cook! There, John, good day!

—New York Sun.

TAKE A DAY OFF.

Hills—they look so purty way off.

So feiler within.

Kinder think I'll take a day off.

An go fishin.

In the fields they've raked the hay off.

Jaybirds all dispartin.

Kinder think I'll take a day off.

And go shootin.

Rivers where the lilies lay off—

Swallows croak 'em skimming.

Kinder think I'll take a day off.

An go swimmin.

—Atlanta Constitution.

IN CHURCH.

Across the aisle I see her kneel.

While her pure thought to heaven wings.

There is no sign upon her brow.

Of worldly care or temporal things.

But I am sure she would not kneel.

Quite so demurely if she knew.

The sunlight through the painted glass.

Had dyed her features green and blue.

—Life.

HEARTRENDING.

Lobengula—Do you know that the beautiful lady died last night?

Young Man—A friend of the soap—Yes, I heard about it. It's awful sad. She left a wife and three children.—Life.

AGENCY.

The Pretty Housemaid (angrily opening the door two inches)—Well, what do you want?

Sharp (the peddler)—Oh—gr—pardon me, madam. I'm sorry to disturb you. It was one of your servants to whom I wished to show my goods.

The pretty housemaid buys \$40 worth of things she can never use.—Chicago Record.

AN OLD METHOD OF HEATING HOUSES.