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a M. Alcott, the well known autho of "Little Women," wrote these most sensible words about the best kind of an educoming up some of the good old ways may also be restored. The respect shown to the aged, modest women, simple dress, homekeeping daughters learning from good mothers the domestic arts, so much better by my dying sister has given me renewed interest in the education of girls, and a by my dyile sister has given me renewed interest in the education of girls, and a specified anxiety concerning the sort of society she is to enter by and by. Health comes first, and an early knowledge of truth, of feminine beauty that which I person-alone. And she"—

to Bermuda to pass the winter. Estart to Bermuda to pass the winter. Estart on Wednesday morning. She only tolo me today, or else I had tole you before."

"Oh, I see," I said renewed. "He goes alone. And she"—

alone. And she" first, and an early knowledge of truth, obedience and self control. Then such pecessary lessons as all must learn, and later such accomplishments as taste and

talent lead her to desire. pendent or too proud to work to bread. Experience is the best teacher, and with good health, good principles and a good education, any girl can make her own way in the world, and be braver and better for the exertion and discipline. No late hours, unwholesome pleasure and dress, no mixing of school and flirtation, but simple amusements, daily duties, and a purpose in life to keep them girls at heart even while preparing for the work and happi-ness of women."

It is a debatable question whether the cozy corner idea isn't likely to be carried to ess. Somebody with a great deal of hins evolved a settee and a bit of shelf and brackets for a corner. The result was so pretty and comfortable and convenient that immediately the cozy corner fever spread in all directions.

From a simple convenience the cozy corner has come to be a sort of shrine, before which the housekeeper bows down and upon which she lavishes her choicest treas-ures. Instead of serving its original purures. Instead of serving its original purpose as a useful and welcome retreat, it has in many cases become so highly ornamental that it's too good to be used.

This is departing altogether from the spirit of the original scheme, and the sconer it is put a stop to the better it will be.

The cory corner is emphatically what its

The cozy corner is emphatically what its name indicates, and when this is made ubservient to what are called artistic ideas, and when the decorations and general furnishings are too high art for everyday use it would be much better to disense with them altogether. A low, broad, rtable lounge, with a multitude of pillows, a convenient book shelf within easy reach, or a place where a lamp could stand, throwing a perfect light on work or reading, comprehends the spirit of such a place. Above and beyond this there are absurdities and cumbersome appliances which are entirely out of keeping.—New New Least Ladger.

home would excite the liveliest ap-nsion. I've seen a woman stand her manner. She will slam her street shoes or brella on it, will put empty plates on it when meals are served in her rooms, or throw oranges or bananas on it when she comes from the dining room—it is all

"Much of our furniture is new, of delitreatment? Women who will do this would lars."
lock their own drawing rooms against their "De things! Did you ever notice what a distinctively weary appearance hotel furni-ture soon assumes? These are some of the gether in their room. reasons. And these are some of the reasons why the hotel bills come high."—New

How Toys Influence a Baby.

It generally keeps a woman busy looking her to me?" scattered from the old trinks in the garret to the refrigerator in the cellar. A man pulls a shirt out of the bureau drawer in the morning only to have a tin bullfrog fall on his feet, and when he pulls on the first shoe he is pretty certain to stub his too on a big red agate. After awhile he never puts on a shoe or a hat without first to the control of the bureau drawer in the morning only to have a tin bullfrog fall on his feet, and when he pulls on the first shoe he is pretty certain to stub his mean."

"A Meridionale? That's odd, considering she's a Russian."

Well, there we sat, facing each other darrows that tiny table throughout that long Italian table d'hote, and ate our respective dinners in solemn, unbroken silence. I wanted desperately to begin a conversation with her, but I lacked the hardihood to speak the first word, and and taste formed by their toys. The baby boy with a locomotive often sighs to be an engineer after he knows what an engineer The boy with a beautiful boat that he ails in the bathtub has a natural leaning been altogether mistaken, after all. toward the divine art of piracy, while the boy with the woolly poodle naturally yearns to become the proprietor of a sheep ranch or to branch out as a dog farmer. R. K. Munkittrick in Once a Week.

"Let me see," said Brown to Jones, "isn't this Jones that we were just talking about

"A distant relative," said Jones.
"Very distant?" "I should think so. He's the oldest of children, and I'm the youngest." outh's Companion.

The signs, "Barber Shop," "Shaving Par-lors," "Tonsorial Studio," have all gone out of date with a Pittsburg hairdresser, who displays a fine new shingle bearing the proud inscription, "Theophilus Browne, Capillaire."

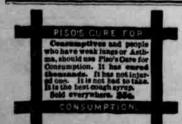
Two persons playing dominos 10 hours a day and making four moves a minute could continue 118,000,000 years without exhausting all the combinations of the game, the total of which is 248,528,211,840.

me one who has figured on the work done at Pompeli since June, 1872, says that it will take until 1947 to unearth the entire rains with 55 men working every day,

New York has 3,495 policemen, and they make an average of 90,000 arrests each year. About one-fifth of the whole number of

am's criminals are women

Two postage stamps, the onepenny red and the twopenny blue of Mauritius of the 1547 Issue, were sold for 2580 at a recent sale in London.



Sophia Paulovna Eczardy, By HENRY HARLAND.

CHAPTER V.

GUESSING. I dined that evening at a little Italian restaurant, around the corner from Monsieur Muselle's, in Second avenue, where very edible dinners were served for very reasonable prices. While I was discuss-ing my macaroni there an incident be-fell which struck me as both interesting and suggestive. A young lady entered from the street carrying a basket—a small and rather pretty basket, woven of bright green and red straw. She was nifestly not a stranger in the place, for immediately upon her entrance one of the waiters stepped forward to meet her, and taking her basket from her he handed her a bill of fare. This document she studied for a minute, then spoke to the waiter as if giving him an

order. He went off bearing her basket with him and during his absence she stood near the pay desk and chatted with the proprietor's wife, Mrs. Maras-chini, who sat in state behind it. cation for young girls: 'I can only hope chini, who sat in state behind it.

that with the new and freer ideas now Presently the waiter came back and restored her basket to her, now manifestly heavier than when she had parted with it, and having settled her score and "They are on the eve of leaving New given the waiter his gratuity she re- York! than the too early frivolity and freedom so many enjoy. The little daughter sent me say, struck me as both interesting and

ally admire the most is the Titianesque, the woman who is of large and generous living opstairs alone by herself. Her mold, yet softly rounded, with a small father leave her in my charge. I tek head set upon a full and graceful neck, good care of her, don't you be afraid." "A profession or trade to fall back upon time of need, that she may not be dendent or too proud to work for her be warm in the cheeks, and, to crown all, golden brown eyes and golden reddish hair. And of this type I had never seen a nobler specimen than this young person of whom for some three minutes I perhaps dying. It will be rather gloomy had been suffered to gaze my fill to-night for her, won't it?" in Maraschini's.

that sort. That is the sort of woman I have always longed to paint—a figure tall and strong, yet rich and supple and womanly; skin like the flesh of a camellia, yet delicately touched with "Yes, I understand." I said.

color of rose; hair like a mesh of flames, and eyes that can light up with laughter,

mother, brother, husband, unable to leave the house—to whom she was bringing the contents of her basket.

"Well, 'e's hoff at last," he told me that the camp all the gentlemen went along, "We had a fearful time down leaving the ladies in care of a couple of the ladies sent An-And then all at once it flashed across evening. "We had a fearful time down my mind, "What if she should be Miss at the Eczardy! Miss Eczardy, come for her cried and cried, and would not be comfather's dinner!" I grant you that was forted. But at last the steamer sailed an entirely unwarranted and far fetch- and 'e was hoff. Coming back in the ed conjecture; more especially so be- carriage she cried hall the way. She cause this girl's style was essentially tole me, 'Mr. Muselle,' she tole me, 'I southern and Italian, and Miss Eczardy am sure I never will see my fazair alive my fancy with the tenacity of a proval lars 'e come back aw right. But between

fact.
"Yes, I'll lay a wager that was Miss die down there. 'E's a fearful sick Eczardy come for her father's dinner. By

prehension. I've seen a woman stand ner children upon fifty dollar chairs to look out of the windows, and laugh at them out of the windows, and laugh at them that Dr. Eczardy's health was still on treshment elsewhere when the enterpristing up and down on two hundred dollar to be mend. When next afternoon Muing wife of the proprietor, observing my predicament and reluctant to lose my predicament and reluctant to lose my textures will be used in the most reckless | had exchanged the ordinary salutations,

"Oh, yes; 'e feel pretty good. 'E 'ave his hups and his downs, you know, and jus' now 'e 'ave a hup. By and by 'e hup. But he never get well. 'E die becate pattern and very expensive. But how hup. But he never get well. 'E die belong will such furniture last with such fore twelve mawns, I bet you feefty dol-

"Do they keep house up stairs there, own children, probably keep such rooms closed except for company. As for the children of anybody else—well, they'd skin 'em alive if they caught them at such the children of anybody else—well, they'd skin 'Yes, she go hout. Not him. 'E can't. 'E too sick. 'E stay at 'ome w'ile she go hout and get his dinner in a basket. Then she come back, and they heat it to-

"What sort of looking person is she?" "Oh, she pretty good looking sort. She aw right about her looks." "Yes, but her style? Is she dark or

fair, large or small? Can't you describe after the baby's toys, because they are scattered from the old trunks in the garret you onderstand, and fine figure. Then

shaking it to make sure that it doesn't contain a locomotive or a papier mache mother she came from the south of cow. Some children have their ambition France. She was a Frenchwoman. Miss a dozen possible maneuvers by which Eczardy spik French as good as me." that my far fotched conjecture had not rub of putting any one of them in opera-



Well, there we sat, facing each other, A fortnight slipped away. The health of Dr. Eczardy, as the exterminator kept me informed, continued to improve Every afternoon his daughter sang and danced for his pleasuring. I conceived a hundred schemes by which an ac-quaintanceship between them and me might be brought to pass, but I lacked the executive ability to carry out any one of them. The simplest scheme of all, namely, to ask the exterminator to present me, was the least attractive. 1 ally don't know why. In the end,

however, I resorted to it. "I told you a while ago that I should very much like to meet Dr. Eczardy. You said then that he was too ill to see people. But he is so much better now that don't you think?"—

"Weil, I tell you w'at I do," my land-

lord returned. "I'll hask his daughtair

"Thank you; that will be very good of "I'll hask her this afternoon and let

you know right away."

He left me, but at 5 o'clock or thereabouts in the afternoon he came again. "See," he began, "she 'ave written her answer for you to read."

He handed me a visiting card. Upon its face was engraved "Miss Sop! in Paulovna Eczardy." Upon its obv. rse, in pencil, was written: "Miss Eczardy thanks Mr. Eliot for his kindness in desiring to meet her father. But Dr. Eczardy is on the eve of leaving New York, and as he will need all his strength for the journey he is about to take Miss Eczardy fears that the excitement of making a new acquaintance might be bad for him. She regrets, therefore, that the visit so kindly proposed by Mr. Eliot must for the present be deferred." I yow to you that as I held this card in my hand and saw her writing on it and realized that she had written it for me -I vow to you that, cold and formal and disappointing as the message she had written was, my heart was pierced

by a feeling so like the thrill of love that I can think of no other name to give it. Next instant, however, "What!" I exclaimed, turning to the exterminator.

"Oh, nun-nun-no," he quickly reassured me; "not they, Only him, 'E go suggestive. Interesting, because the to Bermuda to pass the winter. 'E start alone. And she"-

"She will remain 'ere. She go hou good care of her, don't you be afraid." "I'm not afraid," I answered. "I be warm in the cheeks, and, to crown all, think her father has left her in very trustworthy hands. But I should think it would be pretty hard for her to stay on here alone, with her father away ill.

"Eh, w'at will you 'ave? She must to myself, "it will be with a woman of that sort. That is the sort of woman I bread. The doctor ave ordered him to

On Wednesday morning I heard a carriage rattle up to our door and stop melt with tenderness, or burn with there. Then, looking out of my win-passion, according to her mood. I have dow, I saw Miss Eczardy issue from the always longed to paint a woman of that | house, with her white haired old father sort, but models are so hard to find, so leaning on her arm. I did not succeed rare. A perfect model I have never in catching a glimpse of the old man's seen until to-night. I wonder who she face; his back was toward me from first to last. All I saw was his feeble, totter-And wondering who she was, I began ing body, and his long white hair escapto perceive the suggestiveness of the ing from beneath his hat and falling episode. It seemed to me to suggest down almost to his shoulders. The exthat my fair unknown must have an interminator followed them, bearing the valid relative at home - a father, impelimenta of shawl straps, bags, etc.

stenmer, she felt so bad. was a Russian; but it took possession of again.' I tole her I bet her feefty dol-

One of Weman's Ways.

"One of the most singular things in minine human nature," says a New York tell man, "is the utter indifference of a man in a hotel in matters which in her man in a hotel in matters which in her man would excite the liveliest and the discontinuous control of the most singular things in that hypothesis as a corner stone my impairs a man in a hotel in matters which in her man in a hotel most singular things in that hypothesis as a corner stone my impairs a man in a hotel most singular things in that hypothesis as a corner stone my impairs a man in a hotel in matters which in her in the air.

I did not see the exterminator again in a man in a hotel man in until the next afternoon. Meanwhile evening; and having looked around in the musical entertainment above stairs vain for an unoccupied table I was reckoning, came up and exhorted me to

"And our invalid up stairs?" I began; "I remain. "No place?" she queried. "Oh, hope he continues to feel better." that's all right. I make a place for you." She led me into a small back room, properly a sort of ante-chamber to the kitchen, which served as armory of the 'ave a down again, then mebbe another stronghold, its walls being lined with dressers containing pots and pans, spits and skewers and such other weapons, offensive and defensive, as are required to complete the accourrement of a belted cook, but which, on occasions like the present, was thrown open to the public. and there she kept her promise to make hout and get his dinner in a basket, a place for me by ordering a chair to be brought and planting it at one side of a tiny table, the opposite side of which

was already in commission. "Set there," she bade me. "You'll be tled the business, all right." I obediently scated myself there; but I did so with a beating heart, for the occupant of the other side of the table was

Miss Eczardy.

Well, there we sat, facing each other hardihood to speak the first word, and of course I could not expect the first word to come from her. I thought out the ice might be broken and the conver-From which conversation it appeared sation started; but when it came to the tion my heart failed me, my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. I fancied I had got my courage quite screwed up to the point of asking her to pass the vinegar; that, it seemed to me, would be a natural opening and one that might lead to something; but then at the eleventh hour it occurred to me that the vinegar cruet stood within easy reach of my own hand, and that it would be infinitely ridiculous to impose upon her the supererogatory task of passing it, and so dared not. This was utterly absurd.

There was no reason why we should not chat together. She knew who I was. knew who she was; we were members of the same guild, dwellers under the same roof twee; we had even correspondod together-did I not hold in my posession one of her visiting cards, with a note written on it by her hand for my ves? There could have been no earthly arm or wrong in our speaking to each other and making friends. It would have been unconventional, if you like, but not unconventional in any bad sense; and beside, isn't unconventionality in their mutual intercourse the privilege of artists? Yet there we sat vis-a-vis, distant not more than eighteen inches from each other, and my childish timidity

tied my tongue and prevented my mak ing the first advance. ITO BE CONTINUED! Bigamous Intentions.

Smythe-Is Brobson married? Tompkins-Yes. I believe he has Smythe-Thirty wives? Tompkins-About that number, I be lieve. At any rate, about a month ago, when I last saw him, he told me that he

expected to be married every day. - Puck. A Roland For an Oliver Lucille (cuttingly)-I am so delighted to see you, Mr. Ten Broke. I always have such a delightful nap after you have called. Ten Broke-'S that sof Why, go right to sleep in your chair then. I'll be entertained just as much .- Truth

SHE SLAYS MAN EATERS

A Woman Who Kills Tigers and Panthers In India.

Beheld Her First Tiger-The First Shot Laid Him Low, and Then Her Nerve Returned-Other Sanguinary Exploits.

Mrs. A. W. Salmon, wife of an officer of the Indian police, is visiting in San Francisco and recently told an Examiner re-porter how she killed a 19 foot man eater in the Nilgherry bills. This is her story in

"My favorite weapon was an American winchester repeating rifle, one of those 44 caliber guns which seem to be a favorite with American bunters. Besides this I had a heavier rifle-also a winchester-and it was with this rifle that I bagged my big tiger. During the summer of 1886 we joined a party of my husband's friends who were stopping at the Ootacamund sanitarium, away up in the Nilgherry hills. One morning, when the mail carrier failed to appear and when the little leather pouch in which he carried his letters and his stick of bells. used to scare away wild animals in the jun gle, were found in the road about eight miles from the sanitarium, the gentlemen began to clean up their guns and talk tiger.

"Several hunting parties went out, but in spite of the most thorough search not a single tiger could be found, and then the excitement began to die down. The birth-day of one of the gentlemen was celebrated by a picnic at a spot on the banks of the Pycarra river, about 12 miles from the santarium, where we intended staying a week. | you, too, Harry.' 'The camp was in the wildest spot imaginable, and we had a very pleasant time until the fourth day, when Captain Rays,

'His companion burried back to camp

who went out gunning with another gen-tleman, had the misfortune to fall into a bullah and injure himself so badly that he



more than 100 yards away, to fill a water jar. A few moments after the servant had started we were startled by a wild cry for help, and then all was quiet again.
"Thinking the man had been attacked by

a jackal, I seized my heaviest gun and ran down the path toward the river. The low

"Up to this time I forgot that I had a

rifle in my hand, and then came a wild d sire to try my skill with the tigress as target. All thought of what the resul would be should I shoot and miss or only wound the big man eater fled from my mind as I saw the terrible brute pick up the body of the servant, and having taken a few steps put it down again and eagerly lick the blood that flowed from the wounds made by its sharp, cruel teeth.

"As gently as possible, I drew back the hammer and raised the rifle to my shoulder, and taking aim directly at the tigress' ear I pulled the trigger. As the report rang out it seemed to me as if a score of hungry tigers sprang at me from every bush and rock, but this passed away in an instant, and after reloading the rifle I took a look at the tigress.

She was still stretched beside the body of the man, but the powerful limbs were motionless, and the head was resting on the man's thigh. That I had killed the animal at the first shot never entered my head, and I sent a couple more shots into its body as fast as I could, but the first shot had set-

"Upon making sure that the animal was dead I turned to walk back to the tents, when I heard the scream of a tiger cat, which seemed to come from some brush a short distance up the river, I am perhaps very foolish to say it, but I don't think a dozen tigers could have frightened me just then and I at once started toward the spot from where the cries came.

where the cries came.

"At first I could see nothing, but after a close search, during which I took care not to venture too close to the busines, I caught sight of a half grown tiger cub crouching in the grass and eying me as if waiting for me to get a little closer. I quickly raised the rifle and fired.

"At first I could see nothing, but after a lasting unless a human being was walled up in it. Thus there is a legend connected with the handsome Roman bridge at Mostar which says that the fine arch across the Narenta could not be finished until the architect walled up in it a bridal pair. Now that a solid bridge is being built the rifle and fired. the rifle and fired. "The cub was facing me, and the bullet

gianced from its forehead and only partialground flat and then rose to its feet, but in-stead of rushing for me as I expected it to do it began to walk away. This gave me a good show at its side, and I fired again. The tiger fell, rose and then tried to rush at me, but its strength was a tree but its strength was a strength was a regular pursuit of some anjucky gypsies, of whom it had been said that they were raiding for children.—London Daily News. at me, but its strength was gone, and be-fore it had taken half a dozen steps it sank to the ground and rolled over on its side. Poor Anthony was buried, and the tigers were skinned, and the trophies, with heads and claws attached, were sent to Madras and placed on exhibition. After this party an invitation to join every hunting party got up in that part of the country, and was a question of serious right and wrong. In England an omission of this custom would while out with a party got up by the sultan of Hyderabad, bagged a handsome pauther and a spotted deer, and a few days later I received 150 rupees as a bounty for killing the tigers and the panther."

Mrs. Fadder-I have just been to see Mrs. Shaper. Such an interesting woman! She is devoted to dress reform. Mrs. Homespun-She must be. She is always busy making over old duds. - Bos ton Transcript.

According to the Talmudists, satan, whose real name is Sammael, or Ebils, was ary fame. There is one other man in originally an angel with six wings. He is the county who is older than Mr. Leak also known as the Old Serpent, the Devil, Beelzebub, the Unclean Spirit, Leviathan Heaven furnished horseshoes to Frank

Morris' horse at Worthington, W. Va. Some years ago an aerolite fell near there which contained iron, which was smelted out and made into horseshoes. According to the method which is now

adopted for reckoning leap years in England, December, January and February will be summer months about 720,000 years The air is constantly so full of smoke and excitement in the neighborhood some soot at Pittsburg that women rarely ap-pear on the street in white gowns. New buildings soon look old and black.

Twenty millions of articles of mail matter pass through United States postoffices each day, and 500,000 letters are received annually at the dead letter office.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

Courtable, Engagement and Surprises Fol-In a cozy little parlor in a World's fair hotel they sat together—he and she. "Mrs. Chickwell," he began, "may—may

I ask your first name?' "Amy," softly answered the charming young widow. AN EXPERT WITH THE RIFLE. "Amy! Lovely name!" he rejoined, tak-

you an age"—
"It has been at least three days and a balf," she murmured dreamily.
"Haven't we had abundant opportunity

bo get acquainted? Haven't we walked to jether the whole length of the Manufac-tures building? Have we not been"— "But, Mr. Spatchley, think of"—
"Call me Harry," he pleaded, possessing bimself of her other hand.

'Well, Harry, if you only knew" "I don't want to know, dearest, My heart tells me all I want to know. In my faraway California home I have often dreamed of a time like this, when"-"California? And my home is in New "It wouldn't make any difference to me

if you came from New Zealand!

But, Harry"-

"I know what you are going to say, 'This is sudden.' It isn't sudden. I've waited more than three whole days, and my mind was made up the minute I saw you! turn your head away, dear, I"—

"I have a little surprise for you, Amy," said the enraptured young man balf an hour later, in some embarrassment. "Excuse me a moment. He went out of the room and returned presently accompanied by a stout old lady with a determined expression of counte-

She-er-will live with us, you know.' "So glad! And I have a little surprise for She left the room and returned in a moment with five fair haired little girls, apparently ranging in age from 8 to 13.
"These are my little darlings, Harry," she whispered. "Lydia, Minerva, Penelope, Rachel and Mehitable, kiss the gentleman. He is to be your new papa."—Chicago

"My dear," he said, "this is my mother.

Daneing and Art.

It may create some surprise that we regard the dance as the earliest form of art, or even that we allow it any place among the fine arts. To many it may seem a kind of sacrilege to combine in the same category, however broad, such extremes as a dancing savage and a painting of the last judgment, and if the connection must be made some would choose to make it along other lines than those of art. But in truth the dance supplies us with the key, so to speak, of the development of the fine arts. For light upon the problems of human culture we naturally appeal to the anthropolo-

"Dancing," says Tyler, "may seem to us modern frivolous amusement, but in the infancy of civilization it was full of passionate and solemn meaning. Savages and barbarians dance their joy and sorrow, their love and rage, even their magic and religion. The forest Indians of Brazil, whose sluggish temper few other excitements can stir, rouse themselves at their moonlight gatherings, when, rattle in hand, they stamp in one-two-three round the great earthen pot of intoxicating kawl liquor, or men and women dancing a rade courting dance, advancing in lines with a kind of primitive polka step, or the ferocious war with a growling chant terrible to hear."

Tyler proceeds to describe the dance of the Australians and the buffalo dance of

Mandan Indians, who, wearing masks to mark their impersonations, with rude songs and pantomimic gestures, enact their inc dents of an imaginary bunt. And then he down the path toward the river. The low down the path toward the river. The low brush hid everything from my sight until I had reached a point about 20 yards from ligions dancing came to be one of the chief acts of worship. Religious processions went acts of worship. Religious processions went acts of worship. with song and dance in the Egyptian temples, and Plato said that all dancing

> ular Science Monthly. Ingenious Brushmaking Machine

Hitherto the process in brushmaking of bunching the bristles and drawing them into the holes has been performed by hand. A machine of peculiar ingenuity has just been invented for this purpose, the bristles being contained in a hopper, where they rest horizontally at right angles on the top of a disk, which by means of a treadle is caused to partially rotate, first in one di-rection and then in the other. The disk has a notch formed in its periphery, and as the notch passes under the bristles some of them enter into the notch; before the disk returns, a plate joined to the disk is moved and closes the mouth of the notch, the disk then comes back and carries away the tuft of bristle retained in the notch to a position from which it can readily be taken by the fingers of the operative.

The whole arrangement is that of a peck-er or gripper and can be regulated according to the quantity of the material re-quired to fill the hole, the operative passing the wire through the hole by means of a special needle fitted to a clamp which is held in the right hand, the loop being au tomatically formed. Into this loop the operator passes the tuft of bristles, pulls the wire and thus draws the bristles into the nole.-New York Sun.

A Strange Bosnian Superstition. At Brazcka, in Bosnia, an old superstition has come to life again which resembles the febles of Jewish ritual murders. In Bosnia the people have believed at all times that a bridge could not be firm and

lacks richness and the cheeks **Emulsion** across the Save at Brazeka this supersti-tion is revived. It is rumored everywhere glanced from its forehead and only partially stunned it. The tiger dropped to the them to the contractors, who wall one up in each pillar. A few days ago there wa

Feeing the Servants. The custom of feeing the servants upon one's departure from a friend's house appears to be in questionable taste, but it has become almost universal, and principle must sometimes make concessions to popularity where the matter does not involve mony or of ignorance, and we are such an imitative race that we eventually follow whatever we know or imagine to be the usages of polite society in the "mother country." -Ladies' Home Journal.

Georgia Centenarians. John Leak, of Molena district, has recently celebrated his 100th birthday by tendering to his hundreds of friends an old fashioned reception at his residence He is a notable character. He is cousin of Governor Clark and a nephew of General Elijah Clark of Revolution ary fame. There is one other man in -Uncle Leonard Harris is 105 years of age, and a remarkably hale and hearty old gentleman. Uncle Leonard has been physically active on his feet for more than a century, and yet his step is elastic .- Georgia Cor St Louis Globe

Democrat. Lightning Strikes a Gas Well. During Friday night's storm lightning struck a gas well on the Simpson farm eight miles southeast of town belong ing to the Diamond Plate Glass cor pany. The occurrence created a big of the near residents believing the world was coming to an end. The gate valve was blown off, and the escaping gas lighted by the electric current roared like a Niagara, illuminating the heav ens for miles.-Kokomo (Ind.) Gazette-Tribune.

Postage Stamps of Spain Baby Alfonso, king of Spain, enjoys a distinction unique in infantile me archs. His picture is sold by the millions, and his subjects—Spanish and Cuban, rich and poor, whether royalists, anarchists, republicans, revolutionists banditti-press the vignette to their tips. The six-year-old ruler's face is engraved on Spanish and Cuban postage

stamps. To the practical American eye the baby stamp is an oddity, but a passing Spanish gentlemen is authority for the statement that when the stamp bearing portrait of Alfonso XIII was issued people hailed it with delight and renewed their interest in the royal boy. Chicago Times

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Syrup

n truly say in my declining years, that

Following an Apparition's Advice At Albany a night or two ago a negres dreamed that an Indian angel appeared and, hovering over her couch, imparted to her the spot where a golden treasure lies hidden. When she awoke she told her busband of it and described the spot as being on the east side of Flint river about a hundred yards below the bridge Together they repaired to the spot, the husband armed with pick, spade and shovel, and as his wife located the spot he set to work and has dug a large hole He has not found the treasure yet, but is still digging. While be digs his wife sits on the bank praying devoutly and

earnestly. -Savannah News. MUSCLE AND VIGOR- V DIFFERENCE Many muscular men succumb to fatigues born with ease by persons far their inferiors in physical strength. Muscle does not imply vigor. It fact, it is not difficult of proof that athletes d not live as long nor enjoy as good health as the average individual who is vigorous -that is 's say, whose digestion and sleep are unimpaired whose herves are tranquil, and who has no or ganie tendener to disease. These requisites or vigor are conferred upon those inherently weak no less than upon those debilliated through wasting disease, by a thorough, persistent cours of Hostetter's stomach Bitters, the leading national tonic, indorsed and recommended by physicians of eminence. It will not endow yo with the muscle of a Corbett, but it will infusence yillow you into your system and renew the active

with the muscle of a Corbect, but it will interest energy into your system and renew the active and healthful performance of its functions, averts and cures malarial, theomatic and kidne complaints, and overcomes dyspepsia, constitution, liver trouble and nervousness.

"Bunkins used to think the theater was de moralizing," remarked the manager. "Has changed his views?" "Yes, I converted his "How?" "Sent him a pass."

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Experience teaches not only weakness but strength and the value of good reme dies s ch as Allcock's Ponous Plasters This is what C. D. Fredericks, the well known photographer of New York, says "I have been using Allcock's Porous PLASTERS for twenty years, and found them one of the best of family medicines. Briefly summing up my experience, I say that when placed on the small of the back ALL COCK's PLASTERS fill the body with nervous energy, and thus cure fatigue, brain ex-haustion, debility and kidney difficulties. For women and children I have found them invaluable. They never irritate the skin or cause the elightest pain, but cure sore throat, coughs, colds, pains in side, back or cl. est. indigestion and bowel complaints." BRANDERTH'S PILLS are safe and sure.

B'ddy Boy-Mamms, Bridget called me "the bro'h of a boy." Does she mean I've been in the soup?

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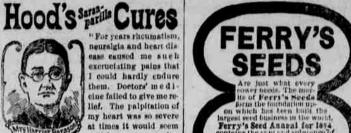
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