IN all receipts for cooking requiring a leavening agent the ROYAL BAKING POWDER, because it is an absolutely pure cream of tartar powder and of 33 per cent. greater leavening strength than other powders, will give the best results. It will make the food lighter, sweeter, of finer flavor and more wholesome.

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Unavoidable.

Patrick Flanigan was a witness in a case where truthfulness compelled him to give some testimony against the man on trial, who was a particular friend of his. Patrick's ordinarily rich brogue had recently been rendered more than usually unintelligible by an accident, to which he referred with feeling in the course of his testimony.

He was frequently called upon to repeat his answers, which were evidently made under protest, and between these constant requests and the long words with which the air of the courtroom seemed to Patrick to be filled his anger rose, and his confusion steadily increased.

"Don't prevaricate," said the judge at last as Patrick returned a surprisingly incoherent answer to a question addressed to him.

"Prevaricate, is it?" cried Mr. Flanigan, with angry resentment. "Oi'm thinkin maybe it's yersilf wouldn't be able to hilp prevaricatin whin three av yer honor's front teeth had been knocked out av yer head, sorr!"—Youth's Companion.

"Putting Their Heads Together."

—Life

A Moderate Fee.

"Say, mister, gimme 10 cents!" exclaimed a bootblack as he stopped a young man on Griswold street near the city hall yesterday.

"Go on, you young liar!" was shouted at him.

"Who's a young liar!"

"You are."

"What about?"

"You don't have to support no family."

"Who said I did? I wasn't askin for 10 cents to support a family on, but to stake me up in blackin. Come down."

"See here, boy," said the young man as he came to a halt, "I want you to go on. Maybe you think you've struck a hayseed. By what right do you ask me for 10 cents?"

"Fees."

"Fees for what?"

"Fees fur takin out a marriage license in thar 10 minutes ago."

"I—I took out a marriage license, did I?"

"You did, and you don't want the reporters to git onto your shape either."

"What ails my shape?"

"Badly warped—feet too big—toes turn in—hair off color. Everybody says my charges are very moderate. One dime, if you please."

The young man looked indignant for a moment, but he finally seemed to think it a wise policy and handed out the coin, with the remark:

"Boy, I rather like cheek, but don't pursue this thing too far."

"No, sir, I won't. I haven't said a word about the shape of the gal, you know, and this insures my total silence. Good lands, sir, but if I'd a-put the reporters onto that bleached hair—them No. 8's—those lemon colored eyes—you'd never got over it all your born days. Ta ta, chappie. Good thing you happened to meet me instead of some of the avaricious crowd which never takes less'n 50 cents and then gives it away that the mother-in-law is to live with the happy couple."—Detroit Free Press.

Millions of Pens a Day.

The people of this mundane sphere cannot be so very ignorant after all, for it is a well authenticated fact that 4,000,000 steel pens are used daily, to say nothing of pencils and gold and brass pens.

The French have long been famous for their riddles, but it was an English family who lived in such an atmosphere of puzzledom that on the husband inquiring in excited accents of his wife, "Why is that door always left open?" she took on a reflective air, and after a moment's musing answered, "I give it up."

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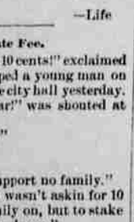

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OUTWITTED THE BANDITS.

McCoy Shepard's Adventure in a Mountain Pass Back of Acapulco.

"If you are going to travel alone in this country, you must carry two revolvers, but one of them may be worthless. In fact, it may be better to have one of them of somewhat old fashioned make," said Mr. J. V. Hawkins of Pueblo, Mexico. "Mexico has improved marvelously in the past 10 years, but bandits are still too numerous, and I can tell you how to protect yourself by relating the experience of a friend of mine. His name was McCoy Shepard, and he was on his way alone from Acapulco to the capital. It is an easily followed trail. He had been over it once, and he spoke the language very well. He had little thought of danger, although holdups are common enough on that route, but he went prepared for business. He put in the holster of his saddle a 44 caliber revolver loaded with cartridges that barely had enough powder in them to blow the bullets out of the muzzle, and then in the small of his back he hung the handiest 38 caliber he could find when in 'Frisco. He was making a trap, and it worked.

"It happened that as he was coming down out of the main range three road agents stepped from the rocks beside the road and had him cornered before he could whistle. They were armed with shotguns as well as machetes, but for some reason did not shoot before they spoke, as not infrequently happens. They invited Mac to get down, and he did perforce. Then one of them took the big revolver from the holster.

"'Good. It is big,' said he.

"'Yes,' said Mac, 'but it's a worthless thing after all. I never want to kill any one. I only carry it because I must make people think I am armed.'

"The bandits laughed at that. It was incredible that such a pistol should be worthless, and they said so.

"'But, gentlemen, I will put my hat in the road, and you may shoot at it with the pistol. The bullet will not go through the hat.'

"At that he took off his hat, a gorgeous Mexican affair that cost $30 in Acapulco, and put it on a rock not 10 feet away, and stepped back toward, but about five feet at one side of, the bandits. They were interested at once. The idea was novel to them. The man with the pistol aimed deliberately and fired at the hat. Then the three ran to look at the effect of the shot. Mac's turn to shoot had come. Whipping out the unnoticed revolver, he shot two of them down before they could turn on him. The third did no more than turn round before he caught his dose as well.

"Leaving everything as it lay—bodies, guns, hat and all—Mac sat down in the shade of a rock and waited for some one to come along. He did not even reload his revolver. He had to make out a good case before the government officials, and he knew just how to do it.

"After an hour or so a native planter with his servant came riding along.

"'Have the goodness to inform the alcalde that an American gentleman has had trouble here with bandits,' said he to the native, and the native did as requested of course. Three or four hours later came the alcalde of the next place with half a dozen soldiers. Mac told his story briefly, and the alcalde noted each point of it with the corroborating evidence on the ground.

"'You have done well,' he said. 'I know the rascals well. You have saved cartridges for my soldiers by killing them.'

"Then he stopped. He could not understand how the big revolver had failed to shoot through the hat. He thought there was some kind of necromancy about it. So Mac cut a bullet from a cartridge and showed that the usual powder space was for the most part filled with a cork. The alcalde turned the cork over in his hand and then said:

"'Those wise Yankees! But they do by subtlety what we would do by valor!'

"Then Mac gathered up his hat and revolver, mounted his mule and rode on with the alcalde, leaving the soldiers to look after the dead bandits. Take my word for it, and carry a good gun out of sight when traveling in Mexico, and another one where all can see it."—New York Sun.

Playing Cards.

The Chinese, who, according to their histories, invented everything before anybody else, claim the merit of having first designed playing cards and developed the games arising out of them. The Emperor Soun-Ho had many wives, who naturally found time hanging heavily on their hands, so the emperor devised amusement for them by inventing cards—that is, if we are to put any belief in the words of the Chinese historians. There were 30 cards in each of his packs—three suits of nine each and three extra or superior cards. The Chinese cards were oblong as ours are, while those of the Hindoos were round.

Surprising though it may seem, it is nevertheless true that the queen in our suits is a comparatively modern innovation. The picture cards were at first entirely military—king, knight and knave. The Italians were the first, it is said, to give the lady a place in the pack.—New York Herald.

But One Snuff Taking Senator.

Many years ago, when the now venerable Captain Bassett of the senate was a youth, he was directed to place a snuff-box in each of the small recesses of the rear wall of the chamber to the right and left of the vice president and to keep them filled for the Clays, Websters and other senators of the old school who were habitual snuff takers. The snuff-boxes remain as a reminder of the times and habits of senators who made history. But they are seldom filled, as Mr. George of Mississippi is the only senator who uses snuff.—Detroit Free Press.

NOT TO THE MAN OF DOLLARS.

Not to the man of dollars,
Not to the man of deeds,
Not to the man of cunning,
Not to the [illegible]
Not to the one whose passion
Is for the world's renown,
Not in a form of fashion
Cometh a blessing down.

Not unto land's expansion,
Not to the miser's chest,
Not to the princely mansion,
Not to the blazoned crest,
Not to the sordid worldling,
Not to the knavish clown,
Not to the haughty tyrant
Cometh a blessing down.

Not to the folly blinded,
Not to the steeped in shame,
Not to the carnal minded,
Not to unholy fame,
Not in neglect of duty,
Not in the monarch's crown,
Not at the smile of beauty
Cometh a blessing down.

But to the one whose spirit
Yearns for the great and good;
Unto the one whose store hoard
Yielded the hungry food;
Unto the one who labors
Fearless of foe or frown;
Unto the kindly hearted
Cometh a blessing down.

—Charles K. Shetterly, in Yankee Blade.

COLONEL GIRARDEAU.

In Albitumen, N. M., there lived several years ago an old gentleman named Clay Benton Girardeau, who hailed from Missouri. As is well known, it was considered ungentlemanly in the early days in Arizona, New Mexico and Texas to ask a man his real name. We accepted the names that were given.

Albitumen was a town before the railroad got there, before the United States acquired the territory. What I am about to relate happened in the new town, the one built around the railroad station.

I was on my way from San Francisco to Washington in the early eighties, and owing to a snow blockade in the mountains to the east of Albitumen I was detained in that town for several days. On the morning of my arrival I met a man whom I knew, and was introduced by him to nearly every human being in the place who was at all introducable. Among others I was introduced to Colonel Clay Benton Girardeau, a lawyer of the place. "Old Clay," he was called behind his back; "Kernel" or "Kernel Clay" or "Kernel Geradoo" to his face. He was both politician and lawyer, and got his living by either or both, but was more given to talking in barrooms than to talking for his clients in courts.

Unlike most men who went west in those days, Colonel Girardeau carried no pistol—said that he did not believe in carrying one, that he had too little money to fight a highwayman for, and as to fighting others, there was always the code duello for that.

If you have ever been to Albitumen you doubtless remember the Star of the West saloon, near the station, where one can get drink, food or a game at any hour of the day or night.

"Everything is open," said the colonel to us in describing the place; "everything is done in view of all, and no one thinks the less of a man for taking a cocktail before breakfast any more than he does for taking breakfast, nor does one lose caste by playing at faro or any game of chance. Money is earned to be spent in a jolly, generous fashion, and the way a gentleman wants to spend his money is the way a gentleman ought to spend it. I was born, gentlemen, in St. Louis fifty-eight years ago. It was a town then. Now it's like Philadelphia—unfit, gentlemen, for a man of spirit to live in.

"When St. Louis began to put on a silk hat on Sunday I left the place, the home of my birth, and went to Kansas. Then Kansas began to improve, as the preachers say, and I quit. I've been coming west since then, and now I've been in Albitumen two years, and it's what this saloon is, gentlemen. It's the Star of the West. You can drink and gamble every day in the month and no one says a word. Yes, gentlemen, this town is the healthiest, happiest town in the world. It has only one blot. They don't believe in the code duello. They believe in the shoot on sight principle. It's wrong, gentlemen—wrong. The duel permits of a gentleman making his will or declining an invitation to dinner or paying his bill."

After luncheon I met the colonel again. Somehow I spoke about the code duello.

"By the way," said the colonel, "I have an affair on hand tomorrow."

"What!" said I, greatly astonished.

"Yes," he answered. "Some fellows insulted me last night, and this morning I sent a challenge to all three and we fight tomorrow at daybreak. Dr. X. will be our surgeon. Won't you attend as a witness or as an assistant?"

"As an outsider," I replied, still greatly surprised, "but not as an assistant or as a witness. I am due in Washington on the 12th."

"The habit of this country," continued the colonel, "is the barbarous one of shooting on sight, or telling your adversary to go heel himself and then begin shooting when you see each other. I tell everybody that I believe in the code duello, and in that only for revenging wrongs and insults. I must now go to my office to arrange some papers. If I do not see you again before then, be at the railroad station, where your Pullman is, a little before daybreak, where my second and I will pick you up and take you to the ground. But wait; let us have another drink before we part."

* * * * * * *

I must tell here what I did not know till subsequently. For some time the colonel had been a source of much laughter to the frequenters of the saloons on account of his innocent peculiarities, and especially on account of his strong aversion to shooting on sight and equally strong predilections in favor of dueling. Five of the railroad hands were in the Star of the West the night before I arrived, laughing about "Old Clay," when one proposed that they get up a duel with him. One could appear to take his side and could then act as his second; another could be a little apart and be a witness, and could be called upon as their second, and three could insult the colonel. If the colonel took the insult and did not funk, as they thought he would, then the seconds could fix up the pistols, extracting the bullets and replacing them with painted paper wads.

They were much surprised when the colonel not only took up the insults, but challenged all three to fight him simultaneously. The meeting was arranged for, and the seconds went away to prepare the cartridges, and, as we have seen, the colonel gave up the afternoon to arranging his papers and writing letters.

Dr. X., of the town, Girardeau and I were the only ones not in this miserable practical joke.

Next morning about daybreak they picked me up and took me to the ground, about a mile from the station. The seconds had brought the four pistols under their overcoats. It was quite chilly.

When we reached the place they put down the pistols and began measuring off the distance—thirty-five paces, I think, they made it; long ones too. While they were so occupied the colonel went up to where the pistols were and began examining them, not closely—he seemed more to be fondling them. What struck me as strange at the time was that his adversaries and the seconds watched him closely.

Suddenly the colonel stood up, and in a loud and stately voice said, looking toward his opponents:

"Gentlemen, it seems to me markedly unfair toward two of you that you stand fronting me in a row, as my second tells me has been arranged. Now, when I shoot, I of course must choose one of you, and as I may get killed on the first shot it is manifestly unfair that two of you should not have the chance of being killed by me. The one I shoot at will be killed certainly. I am an expert. Now, gentlemen, allow me to suggest to Mr. Gillan, who is both taller and broader than either Mr. O'Farrell or Mr. Schrader, that he stand in the rear; that Mr. O'Farrell, who is next in size, stand in front of Mr. Gillan, and that Mr. Schrader, who is diminutive, stand in front of both and all stand close up. In that way you can all shoot one over the other, and each one may thus have a chance of getting shot in case my cartridge is heavily loaded with powder."

They all acceded immediately.

There was a pause. The colonel was looking away, thinking. Of a sudden he turned around, and lifting his hat said, "With your permission, gentlemen;" then took up a pistol, cocked it and aiming quickly at an oyster can about fifty yards off fired. The can was not hit. I heard him mutter, "This is strange." He cocked the revolver again—again fired. "What, not even dust?" I heard him say.

Again he cocked the revolver, then aimed and fired. Nothing.

"Gentlemen," he said, turning around, "there is something wrong here, but fortunately I have some 44-caliber cartridges in my coat—enough to load all four guns," and he walked toward his overcoat.

The two seconds and the three principals looked at each other. When they saw the colonel pull out a box of cartridges they turned around simultaneously and ran—up the road, toward the bend, the curve in the track.

The colonel had his back toward the runners, and was so occupied throwing out the empty shells that he did not hear them going, the doctor and I alone remaining. Suddenly he yelled:

"Blank cartridges! Fraud, by ——!" and turning around he saw them disappearing. He grabbed a few cartridges out of the box and started after them loading as he ran. Then we saw him stop—aim—fire—then fire again. We saw his second give a lunge; then we heard his yell; then we saw him run faster than before. The colonel sent another shot after them, but they were too far. Then he returned to us.

We examined all the pistols. All were loaded with powder and paper wads.

Girardeau was white with anger.

"This insult I shall never forgive."

He grabbed his box of cartridges and started after them, loading his pistol as he went. We followed. When we reached the crest of the hill they saw us and started on again. When they saw us still coming they continued up the track on a run, one limping badly.

We saw them flag a freight train, and as it slowed up they swung on. We then returned to town.

I left next morning for Washington, having requested Dr. X. to write me the particulars of the outcome.

Here is the letter:

MY DEAR SIR—About three days after you left, overtures were made to Girardeau to allow the men to return. They thought that his anger by that time would have cooled. But it had not.

Mrs. Gillan finally was obliged to call on the colonel, as her money was all gone, and, her husband not being at work, tradesmen refused to trust her. She won her case.

She then began pleading for O'Farrell.

"Madam," said the colonel, "do you need two husbands?"

"Of course not," she answered, turning fiery red.

"I thought not," said he, as he politely opened the door to let her pass out. "Madam, your husband for your sake can return with perfect safety so far as I am concerned, but the others return at the risk of their lives or mine. Good day."

Gillan has returned. O'Farrell and Schrader have found work at Socorro, and the two seconds have sent for their things and are going up north.

I am glad to say that one practical joke has turned out against the jokers.

As I was coming here to write this letter I met Girardeau in the Star of the West.

"Colonel," I said, "from your experience of the last few days, what is your advice?"

"To you personally or to the world?"

"To the world."

"Then tell the world this: 'Do not monkey with Missouri.'"

With kindest regards from the colonel and myself, yours sincerely, N., M. D.

—Frank Loringeh in San Francisco Argonaut.

The Mount Washington Searchlight.

The placing of the 100,000-candle power searchlight upon Mount Washington has been somewhat delayed, but in a few days its searching rays will be darting over the country roundabout. It is expected that every hotel with fifteen or twenty miles of the mountain can be illuminated at night from the summit when the beam is thrown upon them. It is claimed that the light will be seen on clear nights from 100 to 150 miles from Mount Washington.

Six different lenses will be used in the way of coloring the beam of light, thus introducing the prismatic colors, making a display that will put the so called northern lights into a secondary position as regards brilliancy. The movement of the light will be controlled automatically by electric motors at some distance from the lamp. Some electric novelties will be introduced, including a diverging lens, which will produce a fantail appearance and spread over a large territory in the vicinity of the mountain.

Pedestrians should take note of the fact that the searchlight will be in readiness to pick up the unfortunates on short notice. They are especially requested to lose themselves and test the powers of the great beam of light. Tuckerman's ravine or a trip over the northern peaks is in order, especially if it is very cloudy.—Among the Clouds.

Old Teeth at Auction.

At a public auction held at West Chester, Pa., the other day, the personal effects of an eccentric old lady were sold, and among other curious articles was a collar box full of old teeth. All of the teeth had formerly adorned the mouths of relatives, none of whom was represented in the unique collection by more than one tooth each.

The old lady, however, belonged to a numerous family, with extensive connections and intricate ramifications, and by reason of this fact she was enabled without difficulty to obtain each of the mementos from different persons. Her plan was to ask her relatives for a souvenir of themselves in the shape of the next tooth they should have drawn. She quietly cultivated this odd fad for upward of fifty years, until the assortment, comprising all shapes and sizes of cast off teeth, filled a round, old fashioned collar box, holding perhaps a pint.

When at the sale the auctioneer produced the novel exhibit and asked confidently, "Who bids on this treasure?" he encountered a deal of good natured chaffing from the audience, and in the end secured only a bid of one cent, offered by a quaint spinster of fifty-five, who carried off her prize in haste and triumph.—Cor. New York Times.

HAS OWLISH EYES.

So the Tarsius Terrorizes the Superstitious Natives of Java.

The animal most dreaded in Java is neither the wildcat, nor the black leopard, nor even the rhinoceros, nor the royal tiger, all of which are to be found there; but, strange as it may appear, a harmless little creature, no larger than a common squirrel, which is called by the natives malmag and by English speaking people the tarsius. It is indeed a weird, strange animal and is regarded with so much dread by the superstitious Javanese that they will abandon a place altogether rather than live in its neighborhood.

As it suddenly appears at dusk moving noiselessly about, showing its queer face amid the leaves of some tree, and peering

THE TARSIUS.

down upon an intruder with its immense, staring, yellow eyes, it is a most unearthly looking animal, reminding one more of the gnomes and imps of fable than of any creature of flesh and blood. It makes a snug little home under the roots of the giant bamboo canes of Java, where the husband and wife, who are never far apart, bring up their queer little families.

They are very dainty animals and always make sure that their food is fresh and good by killing it themselves. They will touch nothing that has been partly eaten. They live upon small lizards, of which they are very fond, but will eat shrimps and insects if nothing better is to be had. They never drink a second time from the same water. The tarsius seldom makes any noise, but sometimes gives a single sharp, shrill cry, which it does not repeat. During the day it is always fast asleep, but at night it appears quite lively, springing about and climbing everywhere. It is easily tamed and is very gentle, loves to be caressed and petted, and in return it licks the hands and face and creeps about the person of its owner.

When a stranger draws near its cage, it tries at first to stare him out of countenance by fixing its great, owllike eyes upon his and never winking or moving them away. If this does not answer, and the intruder continues to draw near, the tarsius will draw up its lips and show a set of beautiful, regular, sharp teeth, but it never bites. It laps water like a dog or cat, but much more slowly, and it eats a great deal for so small an animal. It has a great aversion to light and loves the darkest corner, where it will sit up like a squirrel and hold its food a long time in its fore paws before eating it.

A CHICAGO SENSATION.

The Newspapers Hot on the Trail of Judge Chetlain.

The Chicago judge who runs counter to public opinion, as expressed by the enlightened newspaper press of that enterprising town, has a hard row to hoe, as Arthur H. Chetlain, the judge who saved the assassin Prendergast from the gallows, can testify. His action in that case aroused a storm of criticism, and the newspaper which was owned by the murdered mayor at the time of his taking off immediately set about investigating the judge's antecedents. He was new to the bench, and his record was not very well known, but the reporters had not proceeded far before they unearthed some facts that created a decided sensation in certain legal and social circles of the lakeside city.

It appears that Judge Chetlain has been leading a sort of a dual existence, supporting apartments at 13 Scott street in the

JUDGE CHETLAIN.

heart of the fashionable North Side, where he was known as an eligible bachelor and president of the Marquette club and maintaining a flat with a wife and two children at 680 Rockwell street, a less fashionable neighborhood. The judge promptly acknowledged the marriage and stated that it was celebrated on Jan. 5, 1892, but had been kept a secret for family reasons. Very few of his friends knew him to be a Benedict until they read the exposure in the newspapers, and to say that they were surprised is putting it mildly.

Judge Chetlain is a son of Brevet Brigadier General August L. Chetlain, who served as consul at Brussels under Grant's administration, and was born at Galena, Ills., in 1850. He has been a member of the bar for 20 years and was elected to the bench of the superior court last November for a term of five years. Mrs. Chetlain is a handsome young Swedish woman, who manifests no interest in the opinions or doings of the aristocratic social set in which her husband has moved.

Shot His Image.

Charles Patterson, a farmer living near Gallipolis, O., has never had a mirror in his house. He went to town the other day and bought one. That evening his 10-year-old son saw it for the first time in his life. When he saw his image there, it frightened him dreadfully. He thought it was a ghost or some equally uncanny thing, and seizing a shotgun fired at it, shattering the new mirror into a thousand fragments.

Journalism in Servia.

Journalism in Servia is a peculiar institution. The Schumadiski List, which has the reputation of being the leading newspaper of the kingdom, came out one day with the following announcement on its first page: "Owing to the intolerable laziness of our editor in chief, Mr. Zrak, who spends his nights in feasting and sleeps the whole day through, our number this week is only half its usual size."—Philadelphia Record.

An exhibitor of wild beasts in Paris has adopted a plan for securing his money which is respectfully submitted to bankers and bondholders generally. Every night he deposits the daily receipts of his exhibition in the cage of the most ferocious of his animals, and he has never lost a penny.

It has been estimated that a gold coin must be handled 2,000,000,000 times before the impression upon it becomes obliterated by friction, and a silver coin 3,250,000,000 times.

Since his installation as grand master of the Freemasons, now nearly 19 years ago, the Prince of Wales has granted 1,027 warrants for new lodges.

Whenever there is friction, there is heat. Hammering a nail rod until it is redhot or forging a nail without fire are feats of the blacksmith.

The newspaper laborers in the house press gallery now sit on nice revolving piano stools. They are very popular.

New British Coinage.

People are beginning to expect an almost immediate issue of the new British coinage. As a matter of fact, the queen has still to decide upon the exact designs to be used, and up to now no specimens even have been struck. It is most improbable that the public will have any installment of the new money before Christmas or perhaps the new year. Those who have had an opportunity of seeing the designs are of the opinion that they will be far superior in artistic merit to the jubilee issue. But what the public are particularly anxious to have, in addition to artistic coinage, is one in which each coin's denomination may be read upon it. This should by no means be neglected.—Paris American Register.

The Foolishness Has Begun.

A novel wager on the result of the coming election was made in St. Augustine, Fla., a few days ago. The parties to the agreement are an ex-mayor and a real estate agent. In case of Cleveland's election the ex-mayor is to push the real estate agent in a wheelbarrow on the sea wall from the fort to Central basin, and in case of Harrison's election the real estate agent is to do likewise to the ex-mayor. The date of the performance will be fixed so as to allow the throngs of visitors next winter to witness it. The two gentlemen are to be attached by a rope, so that in case of a mishap if one goes over the wall the other must follow.—Chicago Herald.

Use and Abuse of the Fan.

Electrical fans are intended for use and not for abuse. While deriving the fullest benefit and enjoyment from the grateful breeze which the fan gives on the hottest day, people should exercise some discretion in subjecting themselves to the brisk air motion. A gentleman recently came into an office in a very much overheated condition and sat down in the full breeze of an electric fan. He contracted a heavy cold, which developed into pneumonia, and necessitated a nine weeks' sojourn in a hospital. The electric fan is truly "a boon and a blessing to men," but its use must be accompanied by discretion.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

An Electric Railway in Brussels.

An electric railway is proposed between Antwerp and Brussels, and a demand for a concession to construct the line is now before the Belgian government. The average time occupied in making the journey by rail at present is one hour, and it is expected this could be reduced by the installation of an electric system to twenty-five minutes.—Exchange.

Lord Tennyson has completed his eighty-third year. He was born on Aug. 6, 1809, and is nearly five months older than Mr. Gladstone. The Poet Laureate spent his birthday at his summer residence, Aldworth, on the Blackdown hills, near Haslemere, with Lady Tennyson and his son, the Hon. Hallam Tennyson.

St. Louis will have an attractive feature during the World's fair celebration in the shape of an immense illuminated globe with the different continents, etc., painted on its surface.

Dr. Kayser, from his lofty station on the summit of Mount Rizi, Switzerland, has succeeded in taking some fine photographs of the aurora borealis.

MAN'S INHUMANITY TO HIMSELF.

The most inhuman outrages, outrages which would disgrace the savage, man perpetrates upon his own system by swallowing drastic purgatives which convulse his stomach, agonize his intestines and weaken his system. Many people constantly do this under the impression that medicaments only which are violent in their action, and particularly cathartics, are of any avail. Irreparable injury to health is wrought under this mistaken idea. The laxative which most nearly approaches the beneficent action of nature is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is painless, but thorough, and invigorates the intestinal canal instead of weakening and irritating it. The liver and the stomach share in the benign discipline instituted by this comprehensive medicine, whose healthful influence is felt throughout the system. Malarious, rheumatic, kidney and nervous complaints succumb to it.

Carson—Seeing is believing. Volkes—Nonsense. I see Wethere'l every day and I wouldn't believe him on his oath.

Students, teachers (male or female), clergymen and others in need of change of employment should not fail to write to B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va. Their great success shows that they have got the true ideas about making money. They can show you how to employ odd hours profitably.

MOTHERS

and those soon to become mothers, should know that Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription robs childbirth of its tortures, terrors and dangers to both mother and child, by aiding nature in preparing the system for parturition. Thereby "labor" and the period of confinement are greatly shortened. It also promotes the secretion of an abundance of nourishment for the child.

MRS. DORA A. GUTHRIE, of *Oakley, Overton Co., Tenn.*, writes: "When I began taking your 'Favorite Prescription,' I was not able to stand on my feet without suffering almost death. Now I do all my housework, washing, cooking, sewing and everything for my family of eight. I am stouter now than I have been in six years. Your 'Favorite Prescription' is the best to take before confinement, or at least it proved so with me. I never suffered as little with any of my children as I did with my last, and she is the healthiest we've got. Have induced several to try 'Favorite Prescription,' and it has proved good for them."

CURE THAT COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE. TAKE THE BEST. 25cts., 50cts. and $1.00 Bottle. One cent a dose.
It is sold on a guarantee by all druggists. It cures Incipient Consumption and is the best Cough and Croup Cure.

PAINS AND ACHES.

We all have pains and aches, but they needn't last long—not any longer than it takes to put on an ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER. The only thing to look out for is that you get the right plaster, for when you need a plaster you *need* it, and there is no time for experimenting and finding out mistakes then. Ask for ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS and see that you get them. If they say that some other *is* just as good, tell them that only the best *is* good enough for you. ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are quick and sure and acknowledged by the highest medical authorities to be the best outside remedy for pains and aches of every description.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS invigorate the digestion.

Dibbs—Swelton says he isn't afraid of work. Sarcas—Why should he be? He never got near enough to any to find out how he'd feel.

Throat diseases commence with a cough, cold or sore throat. *"Brown's Bronchial Troches"* give immediate relief. *Sold only in boxes.* Price, 25 cents.

"Is Smarter just right in saying that he speaks French without any noticeable accent?" "Yes, indeed. Without even a French accent."

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars' Reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last fifteen years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX,
Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

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Use Enameline Stove Polish; no dust, no smell.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

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Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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Hood's Sarsaparilla Easily Cured All the Bad Symptoms.

"For over 25 years I have suffered from female complaint. I was seldom free from an unbearable pain in the small of my back. Any over-exertion would cause me to lie on my bed from six weeks to two months. In the winter of 1891 I had a severe

Attack of the Grip
which lasted through the spring into the summer. I secured a supply of Hood's Sarsaparilla and it made a new woman of me. I am free from the backache and it kept me from having the grip last winter. My daughter has also been benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla as she also had the grip at the same time as I was afflicted. It has cured me of a complication of diseases, all at the expense of a few dollars." MRS. ENSIGN R. SMITH, Box 59, Etna, Cal.

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Pardee's Remedy,
THE GREAT CURE
—FOR—
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—AND—
CONSTIPATION.
—A—
Regulator of the Liver and Kidneys
—A SPECIFIC FOR—
Scrofula, Rheumatism,
Salt Rheum, Neuralgia
And All Other Blood and Skin Diseases.

It is a positive cure for all those painful, delicate complaints and complicated troubles and weaknesses common among our wives, mothers and daughters.

The effect is immediate and lasting. Two or three doses of DR. PARDEE'S REMEDY taken daily keeps the blood cool, the liver and kidneys active, and will entirely eradicate from the system all traces of Scrofula, Salt Rheum, or any other form of blood disease.

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