Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

DREAMLAND.

Where sighs the whispering linden'
To summer's lightest breeze,
Where tuneful birds make music
Unseen 'mid shady trees—
How sweet awhile to linger
Beside some babbling stream,
And lulled by its soft murmur
To fall asleep and dream!

What strange fantastic pictures
Pass mirrored o'er the brain
As youth forgets its troubles
And age grows young again!
The past, no more remembered,
Makes way for what shall be,
And scenes of future gladness
Are all the dreamers see.

Ah, would these idle fancies
Might sometimes prove them true
Nor fade away to nothing
And vanish from the view!
Fond thought! But cease repining.
Perchance 'tis happier thus
To leave unsolved life's riddle
Nor ask what waits for us.
—New Budget.

A DEAD SHOT.

They called him Tex in lieu of any reliable information as to his proper patronymic, and he bobbed up in that miscellaneous assortment of humanity that flocked to Leadville in the first flush of the silver excitement. Tex was an Apollo of the plains, a mere boy, with long yellow curls, blue eyes and a woman's complexion and with a frame that towered six feet in his stockings. He had been a member of an immigrant train in his tenderer years, which the Indians had attacked and wiped out of existence. Tex had been adopted by the tribe and had spent some years in this savage society, until General McHenry, commanding regular troops, one day swooped down on the camp and seized Tex and restored him to civilization. And then Tex became a cowboy. That was his history down to the time that he went to Leadville and became a familiar figure about the gambling houses.

Everybody, with the possible exception of the parson and a few women and children in camp, in those days wooed the fickle goddess of fortune in roulette or at faro, poker and even keno, and Tex's occupation as a professional gambler did not lower his social standing by one degree. As a matter of fact, Tex was a great favorite. He was a big, kind hearted boy, with a quiet manner and good natured smile, but, withal, a man—a man, too, capable of being aroused at times and in that condition one of the most dangerous men in the west.

One day Tex sat down in The Gold Room, a popular resort on Chestnut street, to a little game of poker. The stakes were high, and Tex was steadily losing. When he discovered that his partner was playing with a double deck Tex put his hand on the jack pot and called the other a cur. That party whipped out a six shooter, but lay dead in his tracks with a bullet hole through his heart before he could bring his pistol to a level. Tex was such an expert with his gun!

Bret Harte relates that the gamblers in Tuttle's grocery calmly continued their game the day that French Pete and Kanaka Joe shot each other to death over the bar in the front room. The game in The Gold Room on this occasion must have been less absorbing in interest, for the crowd made a rush for Tex, who calmly turned around at the door and quietly advised his pursuers to resume their peaceful occupations at the table if they did not want to fill a common grave over on the other side of Capitol hill. And very wisely the crowd acted on Tex's advice. And so the matter apparently blew over without any serious annoyance to the young man, who continued to walk the streets in his leisurely way, obviously none the worse in conscience for having assisted in the premature taking off of a dishonest gambler. How many men Tex in his short but eventful career had killed nobody knew, but his bearing on this occasion indicated that he was no novice. He was greeted respectfully by passers, and he smiled as benevolently and kindly upon those he cared to notice as though the process of shooting a man through the heart was an accepted act of ethical propriety.

And nothing more would have come of it if people had not begun to twit Town Marshal O'Connor on his failure to do his duty. The marshal had no hankering after Tex's society, no vaulting ambition to arrest him. Tex had been somewhat informal in his administration of justice. He might have waited for his opponent to shoot first, and then allowed the regularly elected justice of the peace to try the case afterward, but Tex, in his youthful inexperience and very vague acquaintance with the proprieties of civilization, had not stopped to think of that. A cold deck and a suggestive movement toward the seat of war on the part of an adversary had always been his signal for prompt action, and his triggerless six shooter had on such occasions always been the arbiter of justice, from which no appeal lay. The merciless twitting to which O'Connor was subjected had made it necessary for him to do something to maintain the dignity of the law.

When Tex that evening walked into The Gold Room, O'Connor was there. They saw each other at a glance. O'Connor leisurely walked toward Tex, and the boy fastened his keen eyes upon him as though he would read his thoughts.

"Tex," said the marshal, "you've killed Skinner, and you know what I've got to do with you."

"Arrest me?" said Tex quietly. The conversation was conducted in subdued tones. "Don't try it," continued Tex. "I like you, and I haven't got a thing against you. I don't want to kill you, O'Connor. Now you go about your business and leave me alone. When the grand jury meets you'll find me right here in The Gold Room, and I'll go with you and stand trial, but I won't be arrested."

"But, Tex," said the marshal, "I've got to do my duty."

"And I've got to do mine," said Tex. "I done it this morning when I drilled a hole through Skinny, and I'll do it whenever a man puts a hand on me. I ain't spoiling for a fight, specially with you, O'Connor, and if you see your duty make sure that it is to let me alone. Now go away and don't trouble yourself any more about me."

Tex turned to go away, but in turning he saw the marshal draw his pistol. There was a quick, sharp report, a puff of smoke, and O'Connor lay writhing on the floor in his blood.

Again the large gambling room was in a state of commotion. Tables were upturned, and loud voices could be distinguished above the din, shouting: "Kill him!" "Shoot him!" There was a general rush in the direction where Tex had stood, but the boy had disappeared.

Then it was that Leadville experienced a moral revulsion. When men could no longer sit down to a beguiling game of stud poker or watch the cards as they were silently slipped from the case by the nimble fingers of the faro dealer without being disturbed by the crack of pistols and the accompanying acts of violence and bloodshed it was time to make a few examples and readjust the moral standard of the community.

How much greater was the necessity when, as on this occasion, men made free with the executive hand of justice in the person of the marshal, whose only offense had been that of trying to cage a flagrant violator of the peace and maintain the dignity of the law, even what little there was of it. But Tex could nowhere be found.

Sheriff Tucker began to take the case in hand. He and his deputies scoured the town from one end to the other. They visited all of Tex's resorts and calling places, but none had seen him after the shooting. At last Tucker heard that he had left town on horseback. He was probably far over the divide by this time, but Tucker was not the sort of man to be easily discouraged. He and a deputy, whose aim was as accurate as his own, and whose courage was something to be banked on in all emergencies, started in pursuit. They had better horses than the animal Tex was riding, and they were soon on the boy's trail.

Then began one of the hottest pursuits that was ever known. By daylight they were in sight of the fugitive, catching a faroff glimpse of him as he waved his sombrero at them just as he slipped over the crest of a range of hills. Both parties had changed horses several times. At one place Tex had traded his broken down broncho for a buggy horse, paying the difference that the owner asked without haggling about the price. Then he had traded the buggy horse for a Ute pony that would try to run up a hill as fast as he ran down, and whose spirit nothing could conquer but death. Once they were perceptibly gaining on him and tried a few shots that fell short.

Just as they thought they were going to close in on him and were putting their horses to their best Tex waved his sombrero over his head, standing erect in the saddle, and gave such an unearthly yell that the poor pony was frightened into a convulsive effort that carried him beyond the range of vision of Tucker and his man. Yet on they pressed, around the shoulder of a hill, and there they saw their man—at their mercy.

His broncho had broken his neck stumbling over a bowlder. Tex had been thrown down, but was too expert a rider not to find his feet. His revolver had been hurled down a bank and was beyond reach. His pursuers were upon him, and the business end of two revolvers were ominously directed against his breast.

Tex made a bounding leap down the bank. "Crack, crack!" spoke two revolvers, but the bullets missed. The next instant Tex had got possession of his revolver, but the leap had broken his wrist, and the sheriff and his man had the drop on him.

"Tex," shouted Tucker, "throw up your hands! We've got you."

"Shoot, d—n you, shoot!"

He tried to level his own gun, but his wrist was limp, and before he could change it to his left hand there was an almost simultaneous report of two pistols, and a pair of bullets had passed into his heart. Tex fell heavily on his side, and as the sheriff and his deputy saw that they had done their work well they watched him.

"Take the pot!" gasped Tex, and died.—Washington Post.

Inconsistent Teeth.

The inconsistent teeth are small and even, often brilliantly white, but widely separated. Each tooth has a well defined space between it and its neighbor. Usually in men a small, straight nose and weak chin are seen with these teeth. The lips may be well formed, but will frequently be thin, and the mouth, in smiling, forms an oblique line, showing the glittering white teeth. The possessor is by nature treacherous, inconsistent in his affections, will turn on a woman or attack a weaker man. He will never meet a man of his own size in an encounter and will stab in the dark or work through a third party. Henry Irving makes his mouth up after this type for his wonderful Mephisto and accentuates the cruelty of its lines by the wicked arch to his eyebrows.—Kansas City Times.

Loaded For the Coming Conflict.

"I'm not troublin meself about the new woman," hiccoughed O'Murther, making his way deviously homeward at 8 a. m. "It's th' ould woman that's worryin me."—Chicago Tribune.

Extremely So.

Summer Resorter—And is everything on your farm nice and fresh?

Farmer—Nice and fresh? I guess you'd think so if you'd see some of our city boarders.—Boston Transcript.

No Comparison.

"I don't believe Jack will ever learn to dance."

"Worse than that—he will never learn not to attempt it."—Boston Budget.

FOR POOR SOLDIERS.

Plan to Distribute $25,000,000 Among Distressed Southern Veterans.

Congressman Otey of Virginia will probably introduce a bill in the house at the proper time providing for the payment of the interest on a fund of about $25,000,000 to needy Confederate soldiers of the south. The principal represents the increment of a fund that was sequestered in the treasury a long time ago for want of evidence showing directly to whom the money is payable. All that is known about it is that it belongs to the south, and several Republican congresses have declared that if the rightful claimants could be found they would favor the payment to them of the large fund.

The rightful owners are still unknown, and the government is holding the money in trust without being able to use it. Mr. Otey's plan is to distribute the interest on the money among Confederate soldiers who are in distress, and when they no longer need this aid, to turn the principal over to the government and make it available by canceling all future claims to it, by an act of congress. He says the measure has been recommended by G. A. R. posts and prominent Republicans. He will ask a Republican member to submit the bill, but if none can be found to do so, he will introduce it himself.—Washington Post.

TROD ON THE STARRY FLAG.

A Girl of English Parentage Excited About Venezuela.

When the excitement consequent on President Cleveland's Venezuelan message was at its height an incident occurred in Belleville, N. J., which is still causing much discussion. Attending the high school there is a bright girl named Polly Biller. Her parents are English, and some of the more mischievous boys took delight in teasing Polly about the way in which the Americans would once more whip the British should the scare eventuate in war. Polly took all this with reasonable good-nature, but when one of the boys during lunch hour waved the stars and stripes in her face her British blood rose in rebellion. Snatching the flag from the boy's hand, she tore it to pieces, dashed the remnants to the

POLLY BILLER.

ground and stamped on them. The boys were so much astonished that they did not resent the extraordinary conduct and Polly was half way home, running as fast as she could, before they recovered themselves. Old G. A. R. men even now shake their heads when talking over the matter, but the citizens of Belleville generally laugh at the whole affair. Polly is proud of the English blood in her veins, and resented the tweaking her schoolmates gave to the tail of the British lion when the Venezuelan question was discussed. Her father, Lawyer George Biller, of Newark, is jocular over the incident in school, and her mother regrets the notoriety which has been brought upon her daughter's name. The boys of the school are still expressing their approval of the pluck of Miss Polly, but the girls are sarcastic in their criticisms of her display of spunk.

A TERRIBLE WEAPON.

How Taylor Carroll's Turret Might Boomerang.

Taylor Carroll is engaged in devising a formidable system for the defense of lone pedestrians from thieves and footpads. His plan is to convert the erect human body into a miniature revolving turret, armed at four points, and capable of dealing death in front, rear, or flank simultaneously, or of sending four successive discharges in the same direction.

"I would have a small storage battery worn in a belt," he said yesterday, "with small copper wires running from it up through the sleeves, and connected with each hand on the great or middle finger with a copper ring the thumb can reach in the palm of the hand. When the thumb touched the ring an electrical current would discharge four batteries, loaded with ball, behind and in front. This discharge could take place when the hands were being held up under the threat of an armed robber."

Mr. Carroll is an actor by profession. He has not figured up the weight of the storage battery, nor is he adverse to considering the advisability of substituting a dry primary cell. In his zeal for the application of scientific methods the inventor has, however, apparently left out of sight every thing but the tactical advantage of the lonely pedestrian attacked in front by the bold marauder or clasped from behind by the lurking garroter. Thus, he had not yet figured out how a slim young man is to avoid assuming unwieldy Falstaffian dimensions when he braces storage batteries and arsenals around his waist. Nor does he forecast the possibly tragical consequences that might some day result from the clasp of a loving hand upon the thumb and palm that carried the potential copper appurtenances he describes, making inadvertent electrical contact and producing a catastrophe when only endearment was intended.—Chicago Tribune.

Open to Suspicion.

The last notes of the piano were lost in thunders of applause.

"Nevertheless," muttered the critic, savagely, "I do not regard it as true art. You can't make me believe that hair is his own."—Detroit Tribune.

BROKE THE TOBACCO TRUST

Tobacco Manufacturers Losing Ten Millions a Year.

Great Excitement in St. Louis—No Possibility of Preventing Still Greater Loss in '96.

St. Louis, Feb. 3.—(Special.)—Colonel William Kirchoff, General Western Manager of the American Tobacco Company, has been a user of tobacco all his life, and for years has smoked as many as twenty cigars daily. After using a few boxes of No-To-Bac, the desire for tocacco is completely gone, and he is wonderfully improved in health. His cure is attracting a great deal of attention and comment and many prominent St. Louis business men are following his example. People are just waking up to the fact that the continued use of tobacco is very injurious.

An interview with Mr. H. L. Kramer, the originator of No-To-Bac, develops the fact that within three years it has reached an enormous sale, almost entirely upon merit alone. Over one-million boxes of No-To-Bac have been sold, and 300,000 tobacco users cured. At the present rate No-To-Bac will cure in '96 from 200,000 to 300,500, and as Mr. Kramer says, "it is always the worst cases that want a cure; those who have chewed and smoked from boyhood—some of them thirty, forty and fifty years, and we even have records of cures after sixty years of tobacco using. So, you can see that, if they are spending an average of $50 a year (this is a small amount), the cure of 200,000 tobacco users in '96 would result in the loss of the sale of tobacco amounting to over $10,000,000 which will be saved to the cured."

No-To-Bac is truly a medical wonder, for it not only destroys the desire for tobacco, but invigorates the nervous system and marvelously increases weight and strength. Like all great successes, No-To-Bac has many imitations and substitutes, and the public should be warned against them. No-To-Bac is the original tobacco habit cure, and is sold under an absolute guarantee to cure the tobacco habit by your own druggist.

The Quality of Tact.

Tact is not dishonesty, writes Frances E. Lanigan in the Ladies' Home Journal. It does not mean the suppression of the truth nor the expression of an untruth, but it does mean the withholding of gratuitous disagreements from arguments in which they are quite superfluous. It also means the effort to induce an agreement kindly when possible, and if an agreement is impossible it demands a gracious acceptance of opposing views. Tact cannot be said to be synonymous with policy. Tact is always honest, and policy cannot invariably be said to have that distinguishing mark.

He spake these words of solemn truth,
In tones worn thin and reedy:
"A blooming idiot I in youth,
Now that I'm old I'm seedy."

A CANAL CHOKED UP

Is practically useless. The human organism is provided with a canal which sometimes becomes choked up, namely, the bowels, through which much of the effete and waste matter of the system escapes. When they are obstructed—constipated, in other words—Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will relieve them effectually, but without pain, and institute a regular habit of body. This medicine also remedies malarial, bilious, dyspeptic, rheumatic, nervous and kidney trouble, and strengthens the entire system.

Soon will the young man pant and crutch
For rhymes that come not handy,
When all the time the maid would much
Prefer a box of candy.

CONSUMPTION CURED

AN ABSOLUTE REMEDY FOR ALL PULMONARY COMPLAINTS.

T. A. Slocum offers to Send Two Bottles Free of His Remedy to Cure Consumption and All Lung Troubles—An Elixir of Life.

Nothing could be fairer, more philanthropic or carry more joy in its wake than the offer of T. A. Slocum, M. C., of 183 Pearl street, New York. Perfectly confident that he has an absolute remedy for the cure of consumption and all pulmonary complaints, he offers through this paper to send two bottles free to any reader who is suffering from lung trouble or consumption, also loss of flesh and all conditions of wasting. He invites those desirous of obtaining this remedy to send their express and postoffice address, and to receive in return the two bottles free, which will arrest the approach of death. Already this remedy, by its timely use, has permanently cured thousands of cases which were given up, and death was looked upon as an early visitor.

Knowing his remedy as he does, and being so proof-positive of its beneficent results, Dr. Slocum considers it his religious duty, a duty which he owes to humanity, to donate his infallible remedy where it will assault the enemy in its citadel, and, by its inherent potency, stay the current of dissolution, bringing joy to homes over which the shadow of the grave has been gradually growing more strongly defined, causing fond hearts to grieve. The cheapness of the remedy—offered freely—apart from its inherent strength, is enough to commend it, and more so is the perfect confidence of the great chemist making the offer, who holds out life to those already becoming emaciated, and says: "Be cured."

The invitation is certainly worthy of the consideration of the afflicted, who for years, have been taking nauseous nostrums without effect; who have ostracised themselves from home and friends to live in more salubrious climes, where the atmosphere is more congenial to weakened lungs, and who have fought against death with all the weapons and strength in their hands. There will be no mistake in sending for these free bottles—the mistake will be in passing the invitation by.

FITS.—All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after the first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Piso's Cure is the medicine to break up children's Coughs and Colds.—MRS M. G. BLUNT, Sprague, Wash., March 8, 1894.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

THE UNFORSEEN.

If we could only forsee, what misery might be prevented. One of the many chroniclers of events in the life of Napoleon says he lost Waterloo from a pain in his back, being unfitted thereby for personal direction of the battle. It is always the unexpected that mars the best anticipations, and thus so many business men, laboring men or women, primed for success, are taken down suddenly. Nothing comes more suddenly than an attack of lumbago to stiffen or twist the muscles of the spine and lay one up. In ten minutes, however, St. Jacobs Oil will cure the soreness and stiffness and make the back supple and strong. If Napoleon could have had this great remedy at the right time, he would have changed, perhaps, the map of the whole of Europe.

Novice—When a man and a woman become engaged, which one is it proper to congratulate? Cynic—Neither.

HOW'S THIS?

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

F. J. CHENEY & CO, Props., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Always

Taking cold, is a common complaint. It is due to impure and deficient blood and it often leads to serious troubles. The remedy is found in pure, rich blood, and the one true blood purifier is

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25 cts.

MERCURIAL ◆◆ POISON

Is the result of the usual treatment of blood disorders. The system is filled with Mercury and Potash remedies—more to be dreaded than the disease—and in a short while is in a far worse condition than before. The common result is

RHEUMATISM

for which S.S.S. is the most reliable cure. A few bottles will afford relief where all else has failed.

I suffered from a severe attack of Mercurial Rheumatism, my arms and legs being swollen to twice their natural size, causing the most excruciating pains. I spent hundreds of dollors without relief, but after taking a few bottles of S.S.S. I improved rapidly and am now a well man, completely cured. I can heartily recommend it to any one suffering from this painful disease. W. F. DALEY, Brooklyn Elevated R. R.

Our Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free to any address. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

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My son was afflicted with catarrh. I induced him to try Ely's Cream Balm and the disagreeable catarrhal smell all left him. He appears as well as anyone.—J. C. Olmstead, Arcola, Ill.

CATARRH

ELY'S CREAM BALM Opens and cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Protects the Membrane from colds, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. The Balm is quickly absorbed and gives relief at once.

A particle is applied into each nostril, and is agreeable. Price, 50 cents at Druggists' or by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

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BEAR IN MIND—Not one of the host of counterfeits and imitations is as good as the genuine.

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THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. The only Safe, Sure, and reliable Pill for sale. Ladies, ask Druggist for Chichester's English Diamond Brand in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other kind. Refuse Substitutions and Imitations. All pills in pasteboard boxes, plain wrappers, are dangerous counterfeits. At Druggists, or send 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials, and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Name Paper. Sold by all Local Druggists. CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., 2891 Madison Sq., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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Consisting of one sheet of FARM BUILDINGS and one sheet of 78 Subjects, DOMESTIC ANIMALS, etc. These are to please the children. The Farm House and Animals can be cut out and made to stand, thus making a complete Miniature Farm Yard.

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Blackwell's Genuine Durham Tobacco.

Buy a bag of this Celebrated Smoking Tobacco, and read the coupon, which gives a list of other premiums and how to get them.

2 CENT STAMPS ACCEPTED.

THE AERMOTOR CO. does half the world's windmill business, because it has reduced the cost of wind power to 1/5 what it was, & it has many branch houses, and supplies its goods and repairs at your door. It can and does furnish a better article for less money than others. It makes Pumping and Geared, Steel, Galvanized-after-Completion Windmills, Tilting and Fixed Steel Towers, Steel Buss Saw Frames, Steel Feed Cutters and Feed Grinders. On application it will name one of these articles that it will furnish until January 1st at 1/3 the usual price. It also makes Tanks and Pumps of all kinds. Send for catalogue. Factory: 12th, Rockwell and Fillmore Streets, Chicago.

DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED **LIVER PILLS**
A Mild Physic. One Pill for a Dose. A movement of the bowels each day is necessary for health. These pills supply what the system lacks to make it regular. They cure Headache, brighten the Eyes, and clear the Complexion better than cosmetics. They neither gripe nor sicken. To convince you, we will mail sample free, or full box for 25c. Sold everywhere. DR. BOSANKO MED. CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS

N. P. N. U. No. 635—S. F. N. U. No. 712

The West and the East.

Some interesting statements made by Owen Wister concerning the east and the west are quoted by Mr. Arthur Stedman in a sketch of the young author. "One thing I have noticed," said Mr. Wister, "regarding the east and the west. It can be expressed briefly, although it will require explanation afterward. In saying that the head of the country seems to be in the east while the heart seems to be in the west, I may perhaps mean that the west seems cruder, although I never phrase it to myself in just that way, but in traveling about there one is struck continually with the kindness of everybody and with their interest in all people who are in trouble. Their knowledge and good feeling also are not confined to their own part of the country and what is going on there, whether it be prosperity or adversity, but their interest extends to the east. That is to say, if you go to Chicago or San Francisco, or wherever the centers of population are, you will find that most people you talk with are familiar with things in New York and the east, and are interested to know what New York and other large eastern cities are doing, while, on the other hand, when you return from western regions to New York and Philadelphia, people in those cities seem very much less concerned with other parts of the country and are more concerned with their own immediate surroundings and life—almost, I should say, the least national, although far more civilized."—New York Tribune.

The Rules of His Life.

Ex-Congressman John S. Wise of Virginia tells me this story:

Immediately after the war a prominent Republican, having in view an investment in Virginia, went to Madison Court House in that state with Frederick Douglass as a traveling companion. Their business brought them in contact with a certain Colonel Dinwiddie, a Virginia gentleman of the old school. Mr. Wise's friend said:

"Colonel Dinwiddie, allow me to introduce my friend, Mr. Frederick Douglass. You must have heard of him."

The colonel put his hands behind him as Mr. Douglass stepped forward, and extended his.

"Douglass," said the Virginian, "I am glad to see you. But you will excuse me; I have made it a rule of my life never to shake hands with niggers."

"Oh, certainly," said Douglass. "I am an ex slave and I know the prejudices of the old slave owners."

There was some further conversation, and then Douglass said to the courtly son of the Old Dominion:

"By the way, colonel, we are just going to take a drink. Will you join us?"

The old gentleman hesitated, cleared his throat and then replied:

"Well, Douglass, I have made it another rule of my life never to refuse to take a drink. I don't mind if I do."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Huxley as a Lecturer.

In lecturing to his classes Huxley adhered strictly to business, and it was rarely that a matter of levity was introduced to give merriment to his listeners. I recall, in a course of some 70 lectures, only a single instance of this kind, when, for some reason (no longer in my memory), a reference was made to Chamisso's "Peter Schlemihl"—a book which Professor Huxley frankly admitted gave him more genuine pleasure than any other in nonscientific literature. Whether it was the refreshing frankness of this admission or the fact in itself that was quoted which on this occasion brought forth an unbounded merriment from his students was perhaps not fully decided for all of us, but there was no questioning the spontaneousness of the applause which followed the utterance. And this, as I now recall it, was the only instance of applause greeting the lecturer in the middle of the lecture during the entire course of my studentship.—Popular Science Monthly.

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