

Miscellany.

GETTING TO BE A MAN.

I'm glad my hair ain't yellow,
And all curled up and long;
I'm glad my cheeks ain't dimpled,
And that I'm gittin' strong!
I wish my voice was hoarser,
To talk like Uncle Dan,
Because I want to be a man!
And git to be a man!

I'm glad the women never
Come up to me and say:
"Oh, what a purty little boy!"
In that soft kind of way!
I wear big shoes, and always
Make all the noise I can,
Because I want to be a man!
And git to be a man!

Onct I tried to chew tobacco,
But couldn't get it quite,
It made me awful dizzy—
They said I was a sight.
But some time, when I'm older
I bet you that I can—
I won't give up that easy,
'Cause I want to be a man!

I've got on pa's suspenders—
Wish I had whiskers, too,
And that my feet was bigger
And schoolin' was all through!
Wish Edison or someone
Would come out with a plan
To help a boy to hurry
And git to be a man!
—Cleveland Leader.

DRAWN TO HIS DOOM.

There was unusual excitement at Fort Clark. Cattlemen, cowboys, horse ranchers, teamsters, soldiers, all moved around in uneasiness, excited way, and threats of violence against some unknown person came fast and furious.

Fort Clark is a frontier post in Southwestern Texas. It was not so much of importance as a town in '98 as it is now; but, civilization not having crept so close over iron rails, it was of more importance as a frontier post. Word had come in that Willie Pray, a sheepherder on Turkey Creek, had been found in his cabin with a gaping knife wound in his breast, and a Mexican woman, whom he had recently engaged to go out to take charge of the domestic arrangements at his ranch, was also discovered with her throat cut.

Whatever was the cause of the double murder was only a matter of surmise, but surmise is generally enough for Judge Lynch. He doesn't waste much time upon quibbles. The matter was argued out in this way:

"Anybody seen any Indians about?" came from a young soldier who stood in a group near Bill Clunk's store.

"Nah! no Indians," came from a long-haired hunter, who was seated on a stump mending the cinch of his saddle with buckskin thongs.

"Why, Uncle Bill?" came from several voices.

"Jungs don't knife unless it's for hair," sides that boy's chin around, I reckon that that jacal ud bin a blazin'. How did this yer news come around?"

No one seemed to know. The report that appeared to spring up without there being any responsible author for it, it started as a rumor, and the story gradually developed until the whole post knew of it and was consequently excited.

"Here comes Jake Breen," said one of the group, "he seems to know as much about it as anybody."

When Jake Breen came up he said he did not know any more than the rest. Someone had brought in the report and he had just heard folks talking about it. He agreed with Uncle Bill that it was not an Indian, and with many oaths, he explained his theory.

"You see, Pray, the greaser woman out there to look after his ranch. Most Mexican women have lovers of their own color. Everybody knows Mexicans are jealous and revengeful. They mostly use a knife, while a white man uses a shooting iron. The report says that both were killed with a knife, which shows that it was done by a Mexican who was jealous of Pray, and the only Mexican we know of about the place is the herder he had looking after his sheep. It looks as if he was the guilty party."

"That's so," said several, "the Mexican must have done it."

"Then what's the use waiting around here? The greaser ain't going to come here and ask us to hang him. He may be around the ranch yet, if he ain't around to Mexico. We've got to hang a greaser mighty quick, if we want to do justice in this matter," said Jake and the most of those there assembled appeared to agree with him.

Jake was a desperado of the first water, and was necessarily an authority in these matters.

"What's the coyote ez brought the news?" said Uncle Bill.

"I reckon we'd better go and see if they're dead, afore we hang anybody. We'd best go to the ranch and take a look at the late victim afore we undertake to do anything else. We can take a judge along for convenience, in case we need him. I'm going to the ranch," and Uncle Bill picked up a saddle that lay on the ground near him and started for a pony staked out on the prairie a hundred yards off.

This move of Uncle Bill's appeared to meet with favor in the crowd, and by the time he was on his pony and started toward Turkey Creek he had a party of twenty-five at his back, among whom was Jake Breen.

It was not a long ride to Pray's ranch, and the ponies went on a trot. The way led principally over a rolling prairie, with an occasional motte of live oak or a chaparral thicket to relieve the monotony.

When they had come within a mile of the ranch some one in the crowd called out that there was a herd of sheep off to the northward. The company halted and looked in the direction, and, sure enough, on the other side of a slight depression in the prairie was a herd of sheep quietly grazing, but evidently making their way slowly in the direction of Pray's ranch, as a man was apparently urging them on, while a dog was keeping them from straggling.

"That's Pray's greaser now," said Breen. "I know him by his having that dog with him. We'd better get him before we have a chance. He turned his pony's head in that direction."

"Say, Squire," said Uncle Bill, turning to a bright, intelligent-looking young man riding near him, who got his side by being a lawyer, "pears like you'd best go along an' see that the Mex don't escape from the hands of justice," and a shy twinkle came into his eye, as he added: "Seems like a mighty despit feel, the way he drives them sheep, an' Jake an' the other fellows maybe couldn't handle right alone. I'll take keer o' this cayard."

So the young lawyer and five others followed Jake Breen in a dash over the prairie to capture the Mexican, while the rest of the cavalcade rode on to the ranch.

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Pray's jacal, or hut, was a rude affair, constructed as many of them are in that country, by planting live oak pickets, ten feet long, in an upright position, side by side, to form the walls, and making a roof of prairie grass thatch. The cracks were stopped with mud, and there was no opening except the door, which furnished all the light and ventilation needed, besides that which came in through the numerous crevices in the rude structure. It was situated in a grove of trees on the banks of the creek.

When the party rode up they found the door of the cabin closed, and not a sign or sound of life anywhere around. "Hello, house!" called Uncle Bill. "That don't seem to be nobody here," he added, and then dismounting he walked up to the door and gave it a push. It opened inwardly, scraping on the dirt floor as it did so, for it hung loose on its strap hinges.

"Well, I'll be derned!" exclaimed the old man as his eyes became accustomed to the dim light in the cabin; "ef it ain't so, fer a fact!"

And then they crowded up to look in, and see what Uncle Bill had seen; the body of the woman on the floor, near the rear of the room, with her throat cut, and the body of Willie Pray near the door, lying in a pool of blood, which had evidently flowed from a wound in his side.

"No, no, no," said the old man, "I want ter see," said the old man, as he caught hold of Pray's hand. "That gal's gone, but this here boy seems ter be kinder warm yet. Give a hand, a couple o' yo'uns, an' let's see w'at a leetle fresh air'll do."

They took him up gently and bore him to a grassy place in the shade of some trees. Here they laid him tenderly down upon a bed of blankets, and after moistening the lips with liquor, they began examining the wound.

They had just reached this stage of the proceedings when there was a diversion. It came from the party who had gone off to capture the Mexican. They rode along, the unfortunate greaser being tied to a larriat attached to the saddle-bow of one of the men. He was running along uttering protestations, his face actually pale with terror.

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And then they all crowded up to where the wounded man seemed to be revivin' some, and Uncle Bill put his arm under Pray's shoulders to raise them up.

And just then a strange thing happened. The wounded man opened his eyes and stared round in a dazed sort of way. The crowd gathered around him before him and raising himself up with his arm outstretched, pointing his finger toward the trembling Mexican, he said in an almost indistinct, hesitating whisper:

"You—you—killed—her," and then he seemed to gasp for breath, and he made another effort and added: "Jake Breen," and then would have dropped from exhaustion if the strong arm of Uncle Bill had not been at hand to ease him gently down.

When the name was mentioned it astonished the crowd as much as it had heard thunder from a clear sky. The ones on the outer edge of the circle had not heard the name at all, but had seen the action, and supposed that Pray was pointing to the Mexican and not to the burly figure of Breen, which seemed to be the unhappy individual. They, therefore, naturally crowded up closer, and their scowling faces boded no good for the descendant of the Aztecs.

Those who were close enough to hear the whisper were so astonished for a moment that they could not grasp the situation. There were two men who did, however, understand what it meant, and when the one, Uncle Bill, looked up to speak the other, Jake Breen, had allowed himself to be crowded out of the circle and was already on his horse.

"He says it was Jake Breen; stop the coyote," called Uncle Bill, and those near to him sprang to their feet for some of them had been down on one knee, some on both, so as to watch the wounded man. Those who understood naturally got out of the crowd and lay their repeating, "He says it's Jake Breen," got the others to understand.

But those few moments of delay were enough. When Breen saw the finger pointed toward him he knew too well what it meant. He had supposed Pray was dead, and now when he saw the supposed corpse the eyes were open and the lips moved to speak. He had had too much experience in Judge Lynch's court to await further developments. He permitted the other anxious spectators to crowd him out, and he quickly and quietly got into the saddle of the lawyer's horse, which was not only the nearest to him, but the best one in the lot. It was near the corner of the hut that he mounted, and when the others realized the situation he was already started on his way to the southward.

It took only a few moments to have a dozen riders following on the trail, headed by the lawyer on Jake Breen's horse.

"Say, you 'uns!" called Uncle Bill, to those who had not yet started, "tain't no use no more to fine in that direction. One had better ride down to Uvalde an' tell the folks, an' one had better go to Clark for a doctor from the post an' an ambulance. The rest can stay here till mornin' an' hear from the other fellows. That sun ain't half a hour high, an' when she drops yer know hit ends the chase unless they're mighty close on ter him, ez thar ain't no moon."

What the old man meant was that there could be no chase after sunset. There is no twilight in Texas, and when the sun sets one passes directly from daylight to dark. One might make his way by starlight, but he couldn't follow a trail in the shadows.

The sun rose next morning in a clear sky and soon afterward the pursuing party were up to the ranch.

"Did you get yer boss, squire?" inquired Uncle Bill.

"Yes."

"What'd you find him?"

"Down by Elm Water hole."

"Did you find Jake?"

"Yes."

"Did you bring him along?"

"No; we just left him ter among the trees."

"Well, then, ez everything has passed off ez pleasant like, and the doctors thinks the boy kin be moved, I reckon we might jest ez well go back to Clark."—New York Mercury.

A woman's idea of a man good and true is one, on Sunday afternoon, following Jake Breen in a dash over the prairie to capture the Mexican, while the rest of the cavalcade rode on to the ranch.

CREASE AND INCREASE.

An elephant wears more creases to his trousers than any other animal. They seem to be sort of a kill-pleat with a bias slope. He is not very fashionable, but it is up to date in taking care of himself. Some sudden, violent pains crease, twist or contract the muscles or tendons, and this is the nature of a bad sprain. If neglected, the creases increase, and so does the pain, until sometimes it is very difficult to straighten them out, but by the prompt use of St. Jacobs Oil, the friction or rubbing in its application and the curative qualities of the oil will smooth out the worst twist or crease and get the muscle in natural shape, where it will remain, restored, strengthened, cured. Promptness in using it insures prompt cure, and when the sprain is cured, it is cured for good.

The business of farming in Spain is so much depressed that the government is about to devote \$1,200,000 to the relief of that industry.

GROAN IF YOU MUST.

But also appeal to a means of relief of the torments of physical—which produces the groan. Rheumatism is a prolix source of agony in its most inflammatory or chronic form. But it may be annihilated at its birth with Hostetter's stomach Bitters, which, unlike the poisons in minute doses often prescribed for it, is perfectly safe. In malarial, kidney, bilious, dyspeptic or nervous ailments the Bitters is a certain source of relief.

The Art of Milking.

Suburban Resident—Yes, I want a useful man about my country place. Can you milk?

Applicant—Yes, sir.

"Which side of a cow do you sit on when milking?"

"Well, sir, O' niver milked but wan cow, an' she was a kicker, sor; an' bebad, a good dale av the toime O' on both sides av her, sir."—N. Y. Weekly.

Professor Amos. E. Dolbear, of Tufts College, an eminent electrician, predicts that it will be possible ere long to flash signals to Mars by means of great searchlights.

Incipient Insanity.

A SICK AND AILING GIRL—HER MOTHER'S ADVICE.

An Interesting Story Told Under Embarrassing Circumstances.

From the Express, Los Angeles, California.

The interviewer's lines sometimes find in queer places. People who are to be talked to may be in all sorts of conditions and frames of mind, but one cannot conceive a much more embarrassing thing for all parties concerned than an assignment to interview a mother of a two days' old infant. Some things are too sacred for even the callous newspaperman to lightly ignore. But Mrs. C. C. Reeder had a story to tell and this paper wanted that story. The baby was asleep, and the mother expressed her amiability, so the reporter was ushered into the room.

Mrs. Reeder used to be Johanna Richter, and lived for several years at Riverside, Cal. She was a domestic and worked very hard. Perhaps it was the toil, perhaps the climate, at all events, she fell sick. Doctors and medicines did her no good. Her appetite vanished. Sleep eluded her and she was unable to get that dreadful feeling of lassitude and depression, so familiar to women, made itself apparent to her. And then she began to imagine things. One night while driving across a bridge that she knew perfectly well was there, she cried out in fright because of the tub at her house. The doctors might call this insanity, but until the hallucinations and delusions grow to be a menace to life or peace, not much heed is paid to the imaginings of weakly girls.

Last spring Mrs. Reeder, for she had married in the meantime, concluded to visit her old home at Daleville, Ind., and it was while there that her mother, Mrs. Caroline Leaser, told her of the wonderful properties of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Mrs. Reeder took them. When she started in she could not walk the three-quarters of a mile to the postoffice, she was so weak. In about three weeks she took according to directions about five boxes of the pills, and at the expiration of that time could go down into town and come back and do a big day's washing over the tub at her house. Her blood came back into the pale cheeks, sleep once again refreshed her at night, the cold sweats left, and she could eat and enjoy all the pleasures and diversions of life where before she had been averse to society and anemic.

From that time to now she has taken no medicine and she is well in all respects.

"See my baby, God bless his heart," said the proud mother. "It is as strong and healthy as any baby ever born. It weighed nine pounds." As it lay there, its little pink fists clenched over its thumbs, its little eyes puckered up in sleep, a bundle of pink, satiny infantile loveliness, there could be little doubt of the physical health of its parents.

Mrs. Reeder lives at a cottage numbered 407 1/2 East Pico street, Los Angeles, Cal., and the last word she said was, "Oh, you are perfectly exorable. I am just as glad to endorse Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as you can possibly be to hear my story. If all suffering women only knew their power and good, there would be less sickness and misery in the world, I'm sure. Good-bye."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) and a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

A New York export firm will soon ship 3,000 pairs of shoes to the Argentine Republic and 2,500 pairs to Central America.

I believe my prompt use of Pilo's Cure prevented quick consumption. Mrs. Lucy Wallace, Marquette, Kans., Dec. 12, 1895.

We can afford to say: "Get every sort of Schilling's Best tea of your grocer, and get your money back on what you don't like."

Your tea-trade for the rest of your life is worth the risk and there is no risk.

A woman's idea of a man good and true is one, on Sunday afternoon, following Jake Breen in a dash over the prairie to capture the Mexican, while the rest of the cavalcade rode on to the ranch.

CULTURE OF GRASS.

ORCHARD GRASS THE BEST FOR PARKS AND ORCHARDS.

It Requires a Deep, Finely Pulverized Soil—For a Pasture, Well Drained, Moist Land Is Necessary—Noticeable Land in Agriculture.

Grass. For parks and orchards, and upon dry soils, orchard grass is one of our most profitable grasses, says the Baltimore American. The soil must be made fertile, deep and mellow. The roots run down a long distance into the ground. It therefore requires a deep, finely pulverized soil. The seed is very light, feeling like chaff, and weighing but fifteen pounds to the bushel. It usually sells for \$1.75 to \$1.80 per bushel. Two bushels of fresh seed should be sown to the acre, and one peck of clover seed. These seeds should be sown over the spring rye ground early in March, so as to get fully rooted before hot weather. The rye will be fit to cut by the middle of April, and by the 10th of May, being all cut off, the ground should be heavily rolled, and dressed with twenty bushels of lime to the acre. By the middle of July a half crop of excellent grass can be cut, and by the middle of September another crop. Manure the ground in the fall, and if it is wanted for hay, do not pasture the ground. This grass does best in a deep, rich, clay loam, upon poor, thin, sandy or gravelly soils, it would prove a failure. The seeding should be done early in the season, and thirty pounds, or two bushels, of seed should be sown to the acre. For a pasture grass it is very valuable, as, when once set, it will continue to spring up and grow after every grass has been cut or mowed. For pasture, sow it in deep, well-drained, moist land. The ground must be heavily dressed with rich, finely rotted manure. Any one carefully following these directions will find that it is a most valuable grass, either for feeding at the barn or for pasture. Poorly prepared, thin soils, using but little seed, it will not give satisfaction. With slishish methods the grass would prove a failure, and should not be sown.

Barn Ventilation.

If the barn is not ventilated enough to give the cows a sufficiency of oxygen, then all the carbon is not burned up and does much harm. If left in the system, and this it is to be a fertile place for the tuberculous germs to make a lodgment, and the cows will have tuberculosis just in the order they are predisposed to the disease from weak lungs or any other cause. I have been in matter of this kind, where the commissioners had applied the test—in one they had taken four-fifths of the cows where there was no chance for air to get in, yet the owners told me that the officers never said a word to them about ventilation. The horse and ox stables have tuberculous, as they have a chance to get outdoors, and all their lungs with fresh air and get rid of the dead carbon which has been accumulating in the system. I will stake my reputation that many herds tested last year will show the same, or nearly the same, ratio of suspected cases this year, if again subjected to the tuberculin test. Ventilation should be looked after, and when that is done we shall seldom hear much about tuberculosis. Farmers should look well after ventilation and thus avoid disease. Open roof ventilators, wide, particularly warm nights. Now is the time cattle take the disease.—Agriculturist.

Grinding Corn on the Cob.

The cob possesses some nutrition, though when fed whole it is hard to digest. But if ground fine with the corn on it the mixture makes a feed on which the willow thrives. When the corn meal is thus dusted in bulk it is well known to stock feeders that the chief difficulty with them is "getting off their feed." If even a slight excess of food is given. In carefully conducted experiments it was found that more corn could be eaten without injury when ground on the cob than if shelled and ground separately. So whether the corn cob contributed to the result directly or did not, there can be no question that at least for fattening stock there is an advantage in grinding them together over that of feeding the corn separately.

Hints to Fruit Growers.

Blackberries are a profitable fruit and may be grown with little labor on almost every farm.

Never crowd the orchard. Trees should have room to grow; they need plenty of ground and free air.

In getting out an orchard combine yourself to a few, well selected varieties of each fruit; as you become experienced you can add new ones.

It pays to set out shade trees around the orchard to protect the trees from storms; they also assist greatly in beautifying the premises.

It is poor policy to depend on a single crop, failure is apt to come, and it is most disastrous to the man who has placed all his hopes on one crop.

Don't imagine that to have a profitable orchard you have to do it to buy trees, plant them and afterwards allow them to take their own chances.

There are two dangerous extremes in the selection of varieties for the orchard. The one is the liability of selecting too few, and the other too many. You can strike the medium if you observe carefully the success of other people.

Every horticulturist ought by this time to know all about the copper solution for fungus diseases. The usual mixture is six pounds of copper sulphate and four pounds of lime to twenty-two gallons of water. Sprayers are so numerous that it is difficult to name any one that is better than another.

Art in Agriculture.

Art in agriculture is coming to be more and more noticeable every day. With the advent of the new machine, improved implements and a wider knowledge of the field, the agriculturist is rising higher and higher in the field of useful or ornamental art as the years go by. We may say that sharp competition is small reason for the progressive movement, says the American Student. Take, for example, the manner in which certain products are prepared for the open market. The improvement in the condition of certain dairy products and fruit on the market in the last few years is truly wonderful. The reason, of course, is that people always buy that article which is put up in the most tasty and attractive style, and are willing to pay a little more for it. With this change comes a more wholesome effect upon the article itself, and disease is much less disseminated through food at the present time than formerly. Greater precautions are taken now than ever before in preventing the spread of contagious diseases in this manner, and, with the increase in

size of the cities and the greater liability to ill-health, these precautions must be observed too carefully. Thus, the agriculturist, to be successful, must keep right up to date in his readings and methods.—Wisconsin Farmer.

To Prevent Milk Fever.

After having a twenty-cow dairy for the past twenty years, and having them come fresh at all times in the year, a writer in the Country Gentleman says he has never had a case of milk fever in summer, and only two in cold weather, and the reason is simply "exercise." He is a strong advocate of exercise for a dairy cow, although he would not give it in the same manner that he would do a trotting horse. While a cow may live and keep fat by being tied by the neck, from fall till spring, as a pig will being confined in a pen, yet this is not the proper thing to do.—Country Gentleman.

Poultry Notes.

Cleanliness is the best disinfectant. Exercise is good medicine and cheap. If you desire strong eggs for early incubation you should mate up your hens at once.

In saving the droppings, mix them with dry earth before they have a chance to freeze.

Clover, by displacing grain, supplies the hens with substances which are lacking in grain, and also bulky food for heating.

Don't forget to keep the grit-box well filled. This is especially important when the ground is frozen hard, or covered with snow.

Boiling of brine, as strong as it can be made, is an effective remedy for white mites. Apply to the roosts and dropping boards with a whitewash brush.

Be always on the watch against draughts in the roosting house. A cold at this time of the year is very apt to run into roup and ruin your flock.

He who would keep poultry successfully in this northern country, must know that the house must be warm and free from draughts; it is the warmth which brings the eggs.

Be sure that the water fountains are not allowed to freeze up. The best thing to do is to turn on the water as soon as all the fowls have had a good drink. They should be watered at least twice a day, if you wish a full egg basket.

AMERICAN JOCKEYS.

They Forced English Horsemen to Adopt Their System.

When American jockeys first invaded England, both they and their methods were the laughing stock of the old world.

The idea of the saddle being placed right on the horse's withers, with the stirrups so short that the jockey's knees were almost up to his chin, seemed to the Englishmen such a departure from the general conception of the way a horse should be ridden that they were simply ridiculous. Another system which the majority of Englishmen have not even yet got used to is the American idea of getting away first and winning the races in the first stages, rather than to gallop for three-quarters of the distance and sprint the balance.

Two hundred years of sticking to old methods has not made it easy for the Englishmen to accept new ideas, but the success made by Jockey Reiff abroad on Duke & Wishard's horses has forced even the most egotistical of the Englishmen to admit that there is something good in the new style and methods, despite the fact that they are radical departures from old and accepted ideas. This is made manifest when such a decidedly and radically English sporting paper as the London Sportsman publishes the following:

"J. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We are undersigned, have known J. 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 & TRAVEL, Wholesale Dealers, Toledo, O. WALKER, KINMAN & MARTIN, Wholesale Dealers, Toledo, O. 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.

The queen regent of Spain smokes more than a dozen cigarettes a day.

HOME PRODUCTS AND PURE FOOD.

All Eastern Syrup, so-called, usually very light colored and of heavy body, is made from glucose. "True Golden Syrup" is made from Sugar Cane and is strictly pure. It is for sale by first-class grocers, in cans only. Manufactured by the Leavenworth Syrup Co., All genuine "True Golden Syrup" have the manufacturer's name lithographed on every can.

A Good Opportunity. Teacher—Have you finished your composition on what little boys should not do in school?

"Yes'm."

"Read it."

"Little boys when at school should not make faces at the teacher, and should not study too hard, 'cause it makes them near-sighted, and should not sit too long in one position, 'cause it makes their backs crooked, and should not do long examples in arithmetic, 'cause it uses up their pencils too fast."—London Tit-Bits.

Ridicule Conquers Hypnotism.

Leo Vint, a hypnotist, in London, recently attempted to keep a man in a trance from Monday till the following Saturday. The subject was placed in a casket and the public invited to pay to see him. A commercial traveler and a dozen companions, armed with cards and whisky, visited the trance room with the object of watching the subject during Thursday night to detect any possible fraud. The subject had a fit after an hour of the watching and shortly afterward jumped out of the casket, saying he could not stand the "drummers' jokes." He showed fight, too, and resumed his "trance" at once. The police arrived and the subject arrived and was arrested and later bound over to keep the peace, in a police court, on complaint of one of the watchers, who claimed the hypnotist had threatened him with a pistol.

A Freakish Egg.

Ex-Councilman William Chaffin, of Huntington, W. Va., has a great curiosity which he was exhibiting at his place of business recently. It was taken from a hen's egg. It is a solid and smooth, almost exactly the form of a fish, having the head fairly well formed and the eye almost to perfection. The thing is about two and one-half inches in length and is proportioned about as the ordinary pike fish. It is carefully preserved in alcohol and is exciting no small degree of curiosity.

Crushed Him.

"Your money or your life," he hissed. "The fellow who was taking advantage of me the gloaming to mount my bicycle tumbled."

"Sir," she answered, with a trace of irritation in her manner, "if I felt that it would be necessary for me to be held up I should employ a regular instructor. Good evening."—Detroit Tribune.

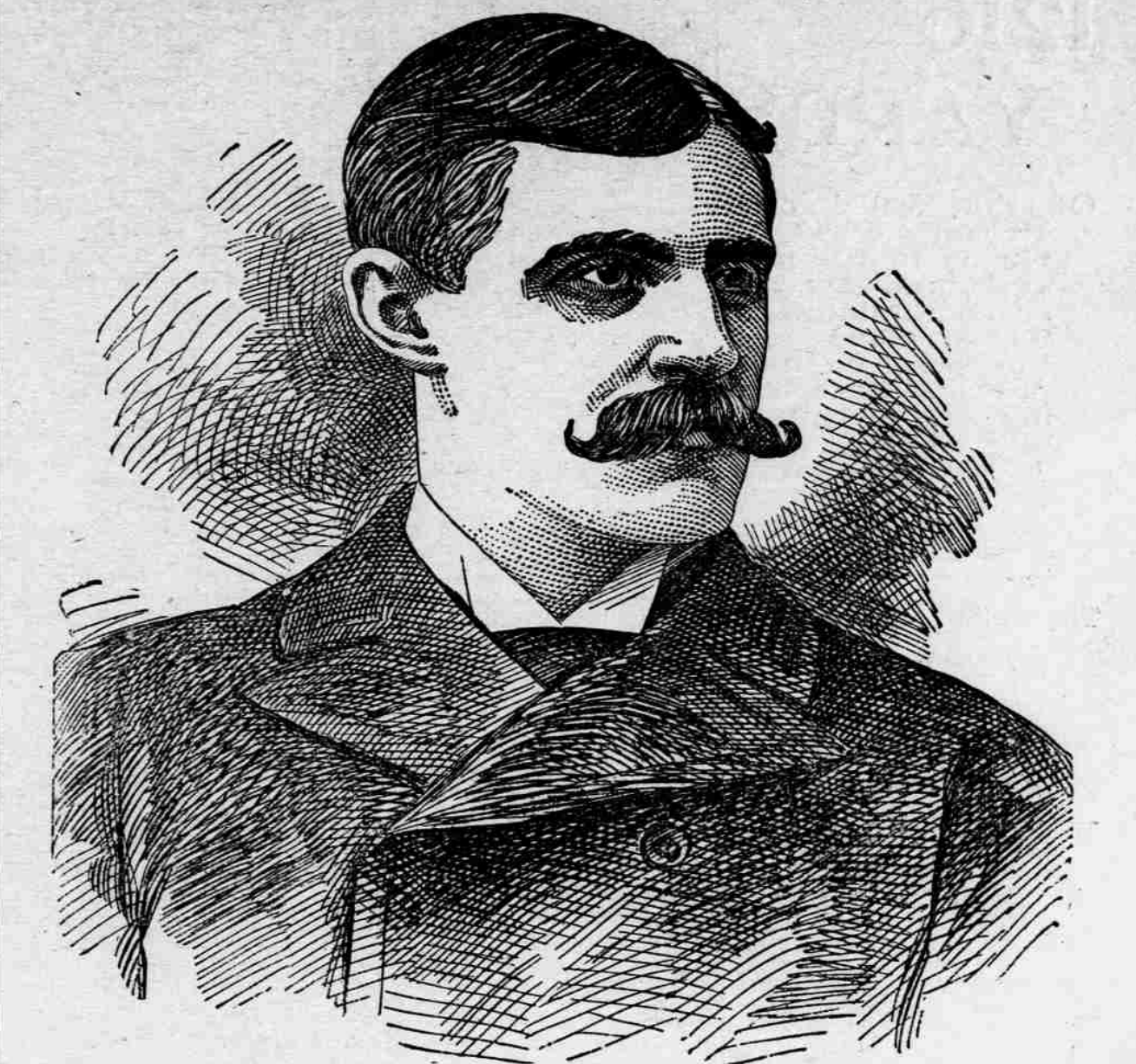
The Very Opposite.

Mr. Snagsy: My dear, isn't the grocer on the next corner a Cleveland gentleman? Mrs. Snagsy: No, indeed! He sells for cash only.—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

A 10-foot bill of 10 feet square, holds 23.74 barrels.

MAKES THE WEAK STRONG!

The Foremost Athletic Trainer in America Recommends Paine's Celery Compound.



John Graham is the foremost man in American athletics.

It was he who managed the successful team from this country that attracted world-wide attention in the recent Olympic games at Athens.

Formerly trainer for Columbia college, then for Princeton and finally for Harvard university, Mr. Graham had much to do with raising the standard of collegiate sports. A small army of gentlemen have been guided by him since he left Harvard and took his present position, superintendent of the famous gymnasium of the Boston athletic association.

Three of his proteges, White, Brewer and McCarthy, have just won the New England championship at the Olympic games, and five-mile run. He has trained Weeks of Brown university, one of the best college sprinters in the country.

Many another student of what makes men and women strong has used and has recommended Paine's celery compound as the best known remedy for those who are weak and dispirited, the overworked and enfeebled persons who are most concerned in the general awakening of interest in outdoor exercise and indoor attention to the proper rules of health.

It was the ablest professor of medicine and surgery in any college, that giant among men, Prof. Edward E. Phelps, M. D., LL. D., of Dartmouth

college, who after years of patient investigation and study, assisted by all that was best in the progress of medical science at home and abroad, first discovered the wonderful formula of Paine's celery compound.

There was no doubt of the interest that would be awakened at once by the announcement of any discovery by Prof. Phelps. The formula from the first was furnished to the best physicians, and forthwith this remarkable Paine's celery compound was personally used and professionally prescribed by them.

The result of the closest investigation might have been expected. It soon required a considerable industry to produce the remedy, and rapidly but steadily, without ceasing, the demand for Paine's celery compound has increased, until today there is no other remedy that in comparison begins to hold half the public attention that it holds.

In untold numbers of cases where every other remedy has been tried and failed, Paine's celery compound has attained the wished-for results, making the weak strong, purifying the blood, rebuilding the worn-out nervous tissue, curing chronic sickness, proving a never-failing and permanent relief for rheumatism, neuralgia, kidney diseases and disorders of the liver, all due to the impairment of the person's nervous system, the consequent impoverishment of the blood and the breaking down in

consequence of some particular organ.

When Mr. Graham, writing January 18, 1897, said: "I have used Paine's celery compound to my benefit, and I have no doubt that any person undergoing great physical and mental strain would find it of great service. For students especially it ought to be of great value." When so prominent a student of bodily health, who has no equal, unless, perhaps, one mentions Dr. Sargent of Harvard, with whose methods Mr. Graham became well acquainted at Harvard—when Mr. Graham says bluntly that after his experience he believes others would find Paine's celery compound of great service, what man or woman out of perfect health can afford to neglect his well considered and expert advice!

There is no doubt that Paine's celery compound cleans the blood of eczema,