Boycotting, differing in some particulars from the way in which it is term originated, has been practised for cotting; the former is based mainly on sons; whereas the latter is practiced on purely social or religious grounds. doo method in this sense, that no tradesman will sell any thing to the boycotted. man, who is more or less like a prisoner in his own house, whereas a boycoited Hindos can buy any thing anywhere or go to any place he likes, only people will not go to his house or associate with him or his family in any way. On the other hand, the Hindoo is severer than the Irish boycotting in that the latter may be only temporary, and raised at the caprice of the boyeotters; whereas the former is often permanent, or can be done away with only by going through certain expiatory rites or costly ceremonies, which come hard even on the richer classes. A man may be boycotted in India boycotting follows upon a breach of ebservance of some time-honored custom, or by any public offense against traditional notions of propriety. Indian is quite distinct from it and not half so severe. A man can lose his caste only by breaking one of its well-defined rules, which are quite different from mere enstoms or observances. An outcasted man is necessarily boycotted;

but a boyeotted man keeps his caste all

right as long as he does not act against

its rules. Again, a man may be out-

casted, but not his family, for that

reason; yet his relations will be boy-

cotted if they associate with him.

Let me now cite some examples. Some years ago a learned pundit gave his daughter in marriage when she was a few years older than the prescribed marriageable age among the Hindoos; and the offense was rendered doubly beinous by the perpetrator being a Brahmin of high order. He was strictly boycotted accordingly; and, I believe, notwithstanding his great reputation as a scholar and a benevolent person, and in spite of his endeavors to propitiate the Beahmins in many ways, he is still avoided by orthodox Hindoos. A whole family has been boycotted for receiving and associating with one of its members who returned from England and had lost his easte through eating with Englishmen. One gentleman has been boycotted forever for getting his widowed daughter married. If anybody's son or daughter-in-law associates with non-Hindoos publicly, the offending individual is outcasted and the whole family is boycotted. If a son does not mourn for his deceased father in the prescribed manner, he is boycotted. In some partof liftia men are boycotted for wearing trousers of European fashion-or, indeed, any dress that was not worn by their ancestors of a thousand years ago. Hindoo boycotting is that of the Jeypore royal family, which was beyentted for hundreds of years by the other Rajpoot families for being the first Hinthoo family of princely rank who offered a daughter in marriage to a Mogul Emperor. In Rajputana whole tribes are often boycetted if some body does not properly observe the tenditional customs, or forms a connection with a lower easte or with non-Hindoos.

But nowadays boycotting can be raised in India by a judicious use of the almighty gold. I may mention a wellknown case. A d'stinguished Hindon gentleman and merchant of a large ImiNa town was boycotted, for reforming propensities. His old orthodox mother, who lived in the country, on the occasion of a religious festival directed the servants, as usual, to distribute offerings of rice, fruits and sweetmeats among the Brainnins of the neighborhood. To a man they refused to accept the same, on the ground that her son was descriing his easte. The old lady was deeply chagrined, and began to be mortally afraid of the destination of her soul after death. On hearing this, her son went down to his country house, and ordered the servands to take the offerings again to the Brahmins, this time placing five rupees on each of the plates. The expedient nuswered wonderfully well. The very Brahmins who a few hours before had turned away the recvants hypominionsly, now came running to the merchant's house and literally scrambled for the presents. The story seems to justify the saying of another rich Hindoo, that "caste was in his iron chest."

Boycotting and outcasting are made doubly oppressive to Hindoo women, and for the most trifling reasons. A married woman not putting the sindoor (a red powder) on the parting of her hair is baycotted. In the country, if a mother-in-law eats or lives in the house of her son-in-law before her daughter has a child, she will be at once boycotted. A young married lady was boycotted for not observing some ceremony at the birth of her child. A man can regain his easte by performing the expiatory rites; but an outcasted woman, especially if she has broken away from the zenana or associated with non-Hindoos, is never taken back, to her caste.—"Hindoo," in St. James'

- Following are some of the high dwelling-houses in New York City: Osborne flats, 171 feet in height: Dakota flats, 155 feet; Munro flats, 155 feet; Navarro flats, 142) feet. The measurement is from the curb level to roof.-N. Y.

WHITMAN IN DURANCE.

How a Quaint Verdict Cleared the Author

of "Blades of Grass. The story that Walt Whitman is infirm and poor calls to mind a story of done in the land where the English the early days, when the author of "Blades of Grass" lived with his father ages in India. There is this great dif- in Babylon. The old gentleman occuference between Irish and Hindoo boy- pied the Mintura place, west of the village about a mile and a half. It was in political, semi-political or fiscal rea- 1840. The budding post, then eighteen years of age, had just remrned home after his venture in journs, sm in Hunt-Then the Irish is severer than the Hin- ington. His success had not been marked; in fact, it is questioned whether it should not be put down as a miserable failure.

Wait Whitman, as described by the old ladies of the village, was a handsome youth, full of life, pert in his manner and brisk in his walk. He was broad-shouldered and muscular, always walking erect, with a sailor swing of easy independence. His dress suggested a "water dog. His collar was cut low and his shirt front was usually rolled back, exposing his robust breast. A short sailor-jacket and wide trousers contributed an air of salt-water, and suggested a jolly marine out for an airing. Captain Simon Cooper is reported as saying: "I can Ireland for no fault of his own; but in smell salt water ten miles away just on seeing Whitman."

He was a popular favorite among both sexes in the village, and many jolly garns are told of those days which, boycotting is allied to outcasting, but no doubt, the now aged and suffering poet can recall with pleasure.

One of the stories called to mind is the arrest of the poet for an assault upon a young man named Benjamin Carman. The Carman farm joined the farm occupied by the Whitmans. A trout pond formed the boundary. In this pond Walt delighted to fish. On a certain day while Whitman was sitting in his boat angling, young Carman conceived the idea of annoying him. He first threw stones so as to disturb the water near the fisherman. Seeing no effect upon the stolid fisherman, he got in his own boat and commenced leisurely rowing around in the vicinity of the poet, to the total destruction of fishing. Even this annovance failed to call forth any reproof or remonstrance, and Whitman fished on as though nothing was annoying him. At first the lad was careful to keep beyond the reach of the lishing-pole, but finally, his suspicious being quieted by the manner of the lishrman, who in a casual sort of a way plied him with various questions, asking if he were not a namesake of Benjanin Franklin, and engaging him in cheerful conversation, the boy edged searer and nearer, until, coming within the swing of Whitman's fish-pole, the poet eaught him unawares and thrashed him unmercifully, breaking his pole and inflicting quite severe injuries upon the boy, dismissing him with the admonition that the next time be refrain-

from interfering with his fishing.

But this was not destined to be the

ast of the matter. The elder Carman, in rage at the castigation of his son, swore out a warrant for Whitman's arrest before Justice Joel Jarvis, of Huntlington. In those days Babylon was a land of 'wom and remance." and man quaint characters clustered about the village. The news of the important arrest traveled like wild fire, and when he constable produced his pri-oner before the magistrate the little 7-by-9 court-room was crowded. General Richard Udall, afterward member of the Assembly from Suffelk, appeared as attorney for Carman, while Whitman pleaded his own case. The jury was made up of men who thought more of common sense than of law. The fore man was John Edwards, an Englishman, fall of stubborn persist ence, prepared to insist upon having his own way. The progress of the trial was not devoid of interest; in fact, for years the case of "The People Against Walt, Whitman" was one of the most celebrated on the "merry old south side." General Udall made a clear case. The evidence was not dis puted. Whitman, when he sammed up his defense, told the jury the facts in the case. He admitted be had trouped the boy, ant plead in justification that Carman had Interfered, with his vested rights and had made himself a unisame, and the nuisance had simply been abated. The jury filed out. They were out but a few moments and re-

turned into court. The justice resettled his steel-bowed pretacles so that he could more readily look over them and asked: "Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon your verdier?

"We lave," said Edwards.

"What is it?" asked his Honor, "We find 'e did not 'it 'im 'ard enough," said the foreman.

The uproarious laughter which greetd this verdict the justice could not quell, and in his righteous indigobtion broke his spectacles in his endeavor to sufficiently express his disapproval. When quiet was restored he explained to the jury that they must find a verdict of "guilty" or "not guilty," when the spectators were again convulsed by the answer of the sturdy Yorkshire gentleman, who stubbornly insisted that the only verdict of the jury was that "Whitman 'ad not 'it 'im ard enough," and after repeated attempts to get matters right, the prisoner was discharged, and the verdict

not hit hard enough." Whitman's father was a coarse, largeboned, very tall and powerful man. His mother is remembered as a slight, refined, lady-like woman of most prepossessing manners. - N. Y. World.

stands to-day that "the plaintiff was

-Twenty-eight of the thirty-nine counties of Washington Territory have elected women as school superintendMR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

How Meek Mrs. B. Triumphed Over Her Ambitious and Learned Lord.

Mr. Bowser is a great man to "break out in spots." The other evening, after he had lighted a eigar and got his feet braced on the mantel, he suddenly ob-

"Mrs. Bowser, has it never occurred to you to call me Judge?"

"Never!" I promptly replied, for he had complained of the biscuit at supper. "Nor Colonel?"

"While I could probably have gone o the Supreme Bench, or been commissioned Colonel," he softly continued, "I did not care for the honor. am not one, Mrs. Bowser, to clutch at titles in order to lift myself up, but I dldn't know but it might please you to e known as Mrs. Judge Bowser."

"I don't want the title."

"Very well, Mrs. Bowser. If you nave no care for social distinction I'm ure I haven't. If your ambition is to lank yourself in the house with that wall-eyed baby and pay no attention to the demands of society I might as well join another lodge."

I felt a bit conscience-stricken over the way I had acted, and after awhile I went out and told the cook to call him Judge when she came in with the last cuttle of coal. When she came she managed to bump him to give her an excuse for saying: "Excuse me, coutable-excuse me!"

There was a solemn silence for five minutes after she left the room. Then Mr. Bowser observed:

"Perhaps, on the whole, Mrs. Bowser, it would be as well not to attempt to call me by any title. Hired help is so stupid, you know.

On a late occasion, as our fireside was a seene of peace and happiness, Mr. Bowser softly remarked:

"Mrs. Bowser, whenever it comes handy you'd better throw out hints to your lady friends that you were educated abroad."

"Why?" "Well, it will increase their respect for you.

"But I was educated in the little red chool house at Perryville, you know, and have never been out of the State."

"Don't talk so loud, as Jane may be fistening! I told a friend only tee other day that I was educated abroad, and had been through all the art galleries of Europe."

"What place did you say you studied

"Zanzibar."

"Why, my dear, that's in Africa!" "It ist Now that shows what you mow! Zanzibar is in Germany. Mrs. Bowser, I don't want to crow over you on the subject of education, but when you display such lamentable ignorance of geography I have to feel glad that my school days were not wasted."

"I say it's in Africa!" "Mrs. Bowserf"

"And I'll prove it by my atlas!" "If you do I'll give you lifty dollars

I got out the atlas, and there, over on the east coast of the Dark Continent was Zanzibar, as every school-child

"I'll take that fifty," I quietly re-

"No, you won't! Some fool of a mapmaker has gone and got drunk and mixed things up, and I'm not going to pay for it. When I know that Zanzibar is in Germany I know it just as well as the atlas or anybody else," "Did this friend of yours ask you

what old master you preferred?"

"Yes, ma'am, and I was posted there. too. You may think I go sloshing around with both eyes shut and no tongue hanging out, Mrs. Bowser, but sat's where you are dead lame. I told him Lourfelter." "Mr. Bowser!"

"What now! You don't spose I said Sam Patch or Buffalo Bill, do xon?

"But Longfellow was not a painter at all, he was a poet."

He drew in his breath until his face was as red as a beet, and he jumped up and down and flourished his arms like wind mill, and finally got voice to STEEL STREET

"I'll but you nine hundred thousand million quadrillion dollars to that old back comb in your hair! Mrs. Bowser, such assumption and assurance on your part is unbeafable!"

"Jane may bear you."

"Jane be langed, and you, too! Mrs. Bowser, I demand an apology for this insuit!"

"Wait till I prove that Longfellow was not an artist, but a poet."

"I'll give you a million dollars if you do it.

I got down the volume of poems by Longfellow which Mr. Bowser had given me a year before, and then I went to the encyclopedia and made a tight ease on him. He was at first inclined to give in, but directly he struck the table such a blow that baby screamed

out, and then shouted: "I see how it is! You are looking for Longfellow all the time, and I distinetly stated that it was Long feller! If the printers have got drunk and left the name out ara I to blame?

"Mr. Bowser, I believe I will say I was educated abroad. I will do it to please you.

"Oh! you will! Well, you needn't do any thing of the kind! Folks would all know by your freekles that you sat in the sun in some country school foundry! Mrs. Bowser, you've broken up the peace of this fireside by your malicious conduct, and you needn't sit up for me to-night. I may not come home before to-morrow." - Detroit Free Philadelphia Call. Press.

-Some men are born mean and some achieve meanness. No one has means who dresses extravagantly generally

MUSICIANS. The Old Love of Music Still Lingering in the

In days of yore, long ere the hills of England were tunneled, its rivers crossed, or its valleys were invaded to make way for railway trains, it was sweet to listen to the mild music which, smanating from some Gypsy camp in a secluded dell, mingled with the rich notes of the nightingale and other birds of song, just as the sun, on his vermillon ear, sank below the horizon in the distant west. Although inroads have been made on the haunts of the Gypsy tribes, and there music is not heard so often now as formerly, the old love of it still lingers in the tents, and lives in the hearts of this singular people. Their nome is now and then enlivened by, music and dancing, especially when the women have had "good luck, and the men have been successful in their speculations. It is then they inluige, more than they usually do, in both eating and drinking. A few of "fortune's smiles" will make them so light-hearted, and they become so merry, that a tune on the violin is proposed, to which all that are able and so lisposed dance with great hilarity, specially to that known as "The White lockade." Many of the men dance well, and the women and girls generally move lightly and elegantly, and all of them seem to enjoy the pastime. The favorite instruments of the Gypsies are the harp, fiddle, tambourine and tin whistle. Such apt pupils in music are many of them, that if they had proper facilities and efficient tutors they would be no disgrace whatever either to the most eminent composers or to he most accomplished musicians. In lifferent parts of Europe, particularly a Russia and Hungary, many Gypsies nave become very popular as singers in eathedrals and churches, and have often seen employed to sing before Princes and fashionable assemblies, both private and public. In Spain some of the Gitagos are theatrical performers, and cases are not infrequent in which they have attained great eliciency and popularity. In Hungary a writer relates of knowing everal Gypsy women who were popular is public singers, and one in particular whose voice was of such remarkable sweetness that she was almost constantly ingaged in singing at concerts given in the private mansions of the rich and noble for many miles around, and for which she was always very munificently paid.—Interior.

## READING FOR GIRLS.

The Point at Which Their Intellectual Career Is Closed.

We all know Charles Lamb's views on the subject of early reading, as expressed in his triumphant vindication of Bridget Elia's happily neglected education: "She was tumbled by accident or design into a spacious closet of good old English books, without much selection or prohibition, and browsed at will upon that fair and wholesome pasturage. Had I twenty girls, they should be brought up exactly in this fashion." It is natural that but few persons are anxions to risk so hazardous an experiment, especially as the training of "incomparable old maids" is hardly the recognized summit of maternal ambition; but Bridget Elia at least ran no danger of intellectual starvation, while, if we pursue a moderate school girl along the track of her elf-chosen reading, we shall be astonshed that so much printed matter can vield so little mental nourishment. She has begun, no doubt, with childish stories, bright and well written, probably, following each other in such quick succession that none of them have left any distinct impressions on her mind. Books that children read but once are of scant service to them; those that have really helped to warm our imaginations and to train our faculties are the few old friends we know so well that they have become a portion of our thinking selves. At ten or twelve the little girl aspires to. comething partly grown up-to those nondescript tales which, trembling ever on the brink of sentiment, seem afcaid to risk the plunge; and with her appethe whetted by a course of this unsatisfying diet, she is soon ripe for a little more excitement and a great deal more love, so graduates into Rhoda Broughs ton and the "Duchess," at which point her intellectual career is closed. She ias no idea, even, of what she has arised in the world of books. She tells you that she "don't care for Dickens," and "can't get interested in Scott," with a placidity that plainly shows she lays the blame for this state of affairs on the two great masters who have amused and charmed the world. As for Northanger Abbey, or Emma, shuwould as soon think of finding enterainment in Henry Esmond. She has probably never read a single masterpiece of our language; she has never been moved by a noble poem, or stirred to the quick by a well-told page of history; she has never opened the pores of her mind for the reception of a vigorous thought, or the solution of a mental problem; yet she may be found daily in he circulating library, and is seldom cisible on the street without a book or two under her arm. - Agnes Kepplier, in Atlantic. A Fine Marine View.

Landlord-"Why, how is this? This s no marine piece. It is almost an exact representation of the interior of my

Artist-"I meant it for that."

"But I told you to paint me a bit of sea coast, a tasty little marine morrean, a -"That's what it is, sir, Don't you

ee the schooners crossing the bar?"--It is said that women dress extrav-

agantly to worry other women. A man ness thrust upon them. - Texas Siglings. worries his tailor. - Rochester Union.

AN HONEST FARM

How He Managed to Sell a Lot of Poor Wood at a Good Figure.

A woman was standing with her arms resting on the front gate when a squinteved old fellow, wearing the conventional habiliments of the pine hills and carrying an enormous ox whip camdong and asked:

"Have you seen any thing uv er little bay steer round hyar?"

"Er steer with er white star in hiforehead."

"Sorter limps with the left hind foot, but pretty peart taken altogether."

"I tell you no," the woman snapped "Fotch er load uv wood in this mornin" an' old Darb-that's the steer's namegot out uv the wagin yard an' cl'ared hisse'f. It's the steer I bought frum Ben Hardin' last fall-lean Ben. Yer know him, I reckon?"

"No, I don't." "Wall, rest easy erbout it fur it ain't your fault, kase Ben gits acquainted with mighty nigh ever' woman he ken. I don't know wh'ar Ben got the steer, but that ain't none uv my bus'ness. Ain't seed him, have yer?'

"I tell you no!" the woman almost

screamed. "I didn't know but he would er come up thiser way, fur than ala't no tellin' whar he'll go when he gits a chance. Went over to old Jim McLanthem's place one day an' fell in the well. Don't

know old Jim, do you?" "No, I don't, and more than that, I don't want to know him, nor you, either. Go on away from here.

"O, yer oughtenter talk thater way erbout old Jim. W'y, he's the man that diskivered the persimmon puddin'. Ain'tseed nuthin' of the steer, yer

"If you don't go on away from here I'll call a policeman."

"O, don't put yerse'f ter no trouble on my ercount. I may be honerylookin', but I ain't no fool. I married the puttiest 'oman in all our neighborhood, an' when I leaves home, I allus tells my wife that if I find a puttier 'oman than she is, that-well, I never expected ter see one, that's all, but I have. Mulam," taking off his yellow slouch hat and making a bow, "you air that lady,

"O, what an old fool you are!" the woman laughingly replied.

"Yes, madam, I am er fool, er fool erbout beauty, but not erbout nothin' else. Some men air erfeerd ter tell er oman that she's purty, but I ain't. Thar never waz nothin' cowardly erbout me. Ter tell yer the truth, I ain't riding habit, and ran off with it has lost no steer, but when I seed yer I had ing to the saddle. A young man can ter trump up some sort uver yarn. I've the horse and led it back, and i ter trump up some sort uv er yarn. I've got er co'd an' er half uv wood round here on er wagin that I'm goin' to sell. out sense I've been talkin' ter you I've forgot all erbout the wood. Yer'll uv cose excuse me fur talkin' ter yer so, fur I am er ole man while you air young ernuff ter be my daughter. Yer'll pardon me, won't ver!

"O, certainly. What do you ask for our wood?"

"You may have the co'd an' er ha'f fur five dollars."

"All right," the delighted woman replied. "Bring it around here and throw

t over the fence." He drove around, threw over a quarter of a cord of green pine poles, collected the five dollars, bowel to the

woman and went away. - Arkansaw

Traveler.

LEFT IN THE COLD. The Troubles and Tribulations of the

Smallest Commonwealth in Europe. The lillipatian principalities of Lichtenstein, San Marino and Monaco, hitherto considered to be the smallest commonwealths in Europe, are relatively well-sized territories as compared with another—the village of Rusekersdorf. For while the afore-mentioned States count their territories by square miles and their population by thousands, or hundreds at least, Rueckersdorf comprises only a few square meters, and its inhabitants at the present time do not exceed fourteen.

It is situated in the eastern part of the duchy of Altenburg, about an hour's distames from the watering-place of Ronneburg, ten minutes walk from the foot of Mount Rouster, which vises to a height of 358 meters above the level of the Baltie, and from the samuelt of which one overlooks an extent of country of nearly sixteen square miles, subject to the sway of eight culers.

The commune of Rucckersdorf, twelve farms, with the land belonging thereto. constitute an earlave of the kingdom of Saxony, six of which farms, in alternate order, belong to Saxony, and the other six to Altenburg. Thus far it is not cleared up which of these two States has the right of patronage over the church and school. In the easternmost part of the village, on a steep bluff, are two houses with outbuildings. No one knows to whom they belong, for time out of mind nobody has ever claimed them. Sick and weary of this the population has offered litself en masse to Saxony, and begged to be taxed by her, conscripted by her-any thing but left out in the cold shade. - Court Journal.

-A woman in Flatbush, Long Island, has brought suit against a druggist for \$2,500 damages. Some time ago she took two prescriptions to the drug store to be filled. One was a liniment, the other to be taken internally. As he mixed the labels after filling the two bottles she took the liniment in internal doses and rubbed herself with the other stuff. Neither of them did her any harm.

-"I suppose you must be tired of my talking," said his girl after she had been talking about fifteen minutes without his being able to get in a word. "O, no," he replied, "I get shaved at a burber's."-Chicago Tribune.

MISCELLANEOUS.

-Coulonge, Can., claims to have marksman who recently, at five his dred yards, struck squarely the head a pin stuck in the center of an envi

There was a street illumination ; a Western city recently, and the a porter called it "a revelation from some planet where the sordid things of sem had never seen the light, but where is superbly esthetic had ever held fal sway."—Chicago Times.

-The word "seismic," just now prominent in the description of ears quake phenomena, is from a Greword meaning "to shake." With stretching things, an attack of malars fever might be called the seismies. Springfield (Mass.) Union,

-A peculiar sand known as "squeit, ing sand" is found at the boiling spring on the Ira Hill farm in Deyton. What rubbed or pressed in the hand it end a succession of sounds which it wou defy a tight-fitting door to outle-Biddeford (Me.) Times.

-Louisville has 40,000 colored pa ple, many of whom are prosperous and some of whom are rich. Some of p best real estate in the city is owned be colored men; there are three or for large furniture dealers and many cul yards; groceries and saloons owned is negroes. - Louisville Courier-Journal

A farmer near Lawrenceville Cas. recently mounted a horse to rescue couple of drowning sheep. He was just entering the stream when his horn pitched him over his head. He appear to have been struck by the animal boof and stunned, for he sank at one and when the body was recovered than was a black mark on his forehead.

-It is said that in a Maine town in postmaster was Republican and a pointed his wife, who is a Democra as his deputy. With the change of a ministration the husband lost his place as an offensive partisan, and the best ocratic wife was appointed, and a has reciprocated the favor by selection her husband as deputy, thus keepi the office comfortably in the family, spite of the revolution of parties. Buston Traveller. .

-A Boston whisky dealer bought; cheap coffin, put a 41 gallon keg of a whisky inside, screwed a plate on the lid of the collin, on which were engraved the name, age and birthplan of the alleged corpse, boxed the colls as is usual, and shipped it to a town Maine. There an undertaker box charge of the box and drove ten mile into the country before the collings opened and the liquor removed.—N. I.

—A lady had a peculiar experience few days ago in Portland, Ore., with riding a horse. The animal was high spirited and, becoming unmanaged threw the woman entirely out of le young woman took the habit from a saddle, out it on, mounted the how

The trigate bird is considered to the fleetest animal that flies. Index its speed is such that seamen have belief that it can start with the peeps dawn from the coast of Africa, and following the trade winds, land on the American coast before sunset. It as undoubtedly fly more than two hunds miles an hour, but there is no tras is capable. - Chicago Times.

-A physician said lately in a pape at Saratoga that it should not be sufgesied to children that they are nervous. There is any amount of wisdom in the sentence. Children with either physica or mental infirmities should not be constantly reminded of them. The mind broading over such troubles fixe them moon the system as chronic and incurable—when the trouble by wis treatment would be outgrown and for gotten—Troug Times. cotten .- Trou Times.

The following is related of an East Bridgeport man: He went home a fer nights ago, an l. not feeling well, too what he supposed to be four pills af then slept the sleep of the just. Win his wife awoke in the morning she gan to search for four shoe butters which she intended to sew on babil shoes before the Little one awoke. \$2 could not find them, and the husband joined in the search. Finally he is membered where he had found the pilk and said: "Good heavens! I swallows! them outtons." - Brid poport (Comm)

- San Francisco boys stele the row of the new City Hall, which is of lead taking it away piece by piece. - Son

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