

FUN AT ANNAPOLIS.

How the Naval Cadets Relieve the Monotony of Their Existence.

Hops are given by the officers and cadets alternately every Saturday night, but when a contagious disease breaks out in the family of an officer his quarters are quarantined and he is not allowed to attend the hops. The measles broke out in the family of a very original Lieutenant, only one or two of his little ones being taken sick. Fearing that he would be quarantined from the hops for some time if he allowed the disease to pursue its own course and take effect on his children one by one, he conceived the brilliant idea of putting the sick and well ones together, so that all would be sick at once, and thus shorten the time of quarantine. Happily no serious results followed this device and the officer was soon attending the hops again.

When the cadets are reported for any breach of discipline they have the privilege of making any excuse they may see fit, though it must be brief and to the point. One cadet was reported for amilitary conduct in raising his hand in the ranks. He submitted this excuse: "Bug in ear." The excuse was satisfactory, though he was warned not to repeat the offense.

There is a Lieutenant attached to the academy as officer-in-charge whose duty it is to inspect the cadets' rooms every morning. The Lieutenant is very absent-minded, and on one occasion he brought his absent-mindedness into requisition, much to the amusement of a cadet. While on his tour of inspection one morning he found an unauthorized article hanging on the wall in one of the rooms. "What is that doing on the wall?" he asked. "The wall has been there all the time, sir," replied the cadet. Turning to the master-at-arms, he asked whether that wall had been there before. The astonished man replied that it had, and the Lieutenant walked out satisfied with the inspection. Passing on to the next room there was a cadet visiting contrary to regulations. The cadet had time before the officer entered to get behind the wardrobe door, but his feet were in sight beneath the door. After looking around the room the officer espied the shoes and reported the cadet who lived in the room for allowing his shoes to be out of the proper place, which was under the foot of his bed, and he walked out, feeling that he had conscientiously performed his official duty.

The cadets are required to keep the floor of their rooms clean every day. One Sunday morning the commandant was making an inspection of the quarters. Entering one room he saw that the floor was not very clean swept, and spoke to the cadet about it. The cadet replied that the floor had been swept that morning. The commandant was dressed in a clean white suit, and to show that it was really dusty sat down on the floor, and getting up he turned around and asked the cadet: "What do you think now?" The cadet replied: "I think you are a confounded fool." The order was issued the next day for the cadets' dismissal.

Practical jokes are seldom played by the cadets on the officers, but last January some of them thought they would have a little fun at the expense of the late Lieutenant Danenhower, who was officer-in-charge on the occasion. Several of them got together one night and rigged out a dummy cadet, putting on an old undersuit, shoes, cap and every thing complete. They then lifted the dummy over the balustrade and dropped it from the fourth floor, at the same time raising a dreadful cry. At the foot of the stairs stands a marine, who acts as messenger to the officer-in-charge. The cadets never thought of the marine being underneath, and down went the dummy striking the poor man and nearly scaring him to death. The cry brought Lieutenant Danenhower to the scene, and, being nearly blind, he took the dummy to be a dead cadet, or pretty nearly so. The dazed marine was dispatched in great haste to the hospital for doctors. Soon four stalwart blue-jackets came with a stretcher to carry the supposed dead or dying cadet to the hospital, and behind them hurried all the doctors in the yard. The dummy was immediately put on the stretcher and taken to the hospital, where the doctors found out the true state of affairs. The doctors were the only ones who did not enjoy the joke, though perhaps it might not have been so funny for the cadets had they been caught.—*Cor. Buffalo Courier.*

—Judge:—"Of course, you have an excuse ready." Prisoner:—"I have, your honor. I was full, but it was for medical purposes. Whisky is good for snake bites." Judge:—"Were you bitten by a snake?" Prisoner:—"No; but, your honor, 'an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.'" Judge:—"I see, I see. But you should have confined yourself to the ounce. I fine you ten dollars for prescribing medicine without a diploma."

—Baltimore Girl (to young Mr. Waldo, of Boston):—"Are you addicted to the habit of cigarette smoking, Mr. Waldo?" Mr. Waldo (at a loss for something to say):—"Well—er—really, Miss Terapian, I—ah—am ashamed to say that I do occasionally, only occasionally, you know, smoke them." Baltimore Girl:—"Well, I wish you would give me one. My case is quite empty."—*The Epoch.*

—The flexibility of the English language is shown in the reply of an Irishman to a man who sought refuge in his shanty in a heavy shower and, finding it about as wet inside as out, said: "You have quite a pond on the floor." "Yes; sure we have a great lake in the roof."

CARL DUNDER'S TALE.

The Old Gentleman Tells The Intriguing Story of a German Miser.

Children, maybe you have noticed how many burdocks vhas growing in der gardens and all around der fields. Esafery pody chops him down and pulls him oop, but he comes pack next year all der same, and he vhas sooch a nuisance dot peoples get madt and shwear. I shall now tell you der shory of how dot burdock come about.

Vhell, once upon sometimes a man lif near Bremen, in Shermanny. He vhas an oldt man and he vhas a miser. He goes hungry and in rage, and he sheeps on der floor and doan' care how mooch his pones ache. He vhas werry, werry rich. He can buy outt our city hall and haf some money left. He lends money at twenty per cent. interest, and he turns poor peoples outt door and vhas so hardt in his heart dot esafery body hates und vhas in fear of him.

Now, I tell you, shildren, it vhas no good to spend all your money und pring oop in der poor-house when you vhas oldt und feeble; but nobody likes a man who vhas so stingy dot he goes hungry and ragged. It vhas shust ash wicked to be stingy as extravagant.

Vhell, to go on, dot rich oldt miser vhas a burdock grow in his garden. It vhas der only one anypody eafers sees in Shermanny, und der peoples belief dot der leaves vhill cure all diseases. One day a poor woman mit a sick shild come to dot place, und begs und pleads mit der oldt miser for one leedle leaf to cure her shild. Does he gif it to her? No! He vthants money, und if she can't pay, dot shild may die. Der poor woman cries und sobs, but it vhas no goot, und so she falls on her knees by der road'side und begins to pray. Pooty soon a leedle oldt man comes outt der bushes und says:

"How vhas dis? Who makes you weep und be sorrowful?"

"Dot oldt miser vront gif me some burdock to safe my shild's life," she tells him.

"Oh—ah—I see! Money vhas der more value dan human life, vhas she? Und we haf only one burdock, und she vhas in der hands of a miser! Woman, wait a leedle bit."

Und he goes by der gate und holds outt his arm so, und says:

"Hoky-poky! presto change! Let all der money in dis house turn into burdocks!"

And, shildren, shust as true as I vhas here before you all, dot money come running outt doors, und vhas turned into big und leedle burdocks, und der poor woman sheeps on 'em as shu vha's koss. Dot oldt miser gif one big yell und falls deadt, und dot vhas der last of him. So you now see why burdocks vhas so plenty und money so scarce, und you may believe he vhas allt right. Esafery burdock comes from dot one, und dey grow all aboutt us dot der lesson of charity may eafers be before our minis.—*Detroit Free Press.*

It Was All There.

The joker who makes a bad joke deserves to have it turned on him, as it very often is.

A man who had dined at a restaurant was asked by the waiter what he would have for dessert.

"You may bring me baked apples and cream."

"Yes, sir."

"Only let us have them without the cream."

"Yes, sir."

"And without the apples please."

"All right, sir."

The waiter disappeared, and soon returned with a plate on his salver, on which lay a spoon, and a little powdered sugar. The customer looked surprised.

"It's your baked apples and cream, sir, without the baked apples and without the cream," said the waiter.

The item figured on the bill just the same, and the customer felt bound to pay it.—*Youth's Companion.*

She Did Not Decline.

Mrs. Bascom—You wouldn't believe it, Mrs. Tibbitts to look at me now; but when I was a girl about nineteen years old, I lost my appetite, and grew so pale and thin that everybody said I was going to fade away and die.

Mrs. Tibbitts—Indeed! and what was the matter with you?

Mrs. Bascom—Love.

Mrs. Tibbitts—Do tell! how did you ever recover?

Mrs. Bascom—Oh, it came around kind of natural like. You see, Joshua called to see me one night, looking awful blue; and says he: "Mildred, folks say you're goin' into a decline." "No, I ain't, Joshua," says I, "not if you'll have me."—*Tid-Bits.*

A Gentle Texas Pony.

A greenhorn from New York went to Alf Reaver's livery stable in San Antonio to hire a pony. When the animal was brought out the greenhorn objected.

"I don't like that horse," he said.

"What's the matter with him?"

"He is the same one I had before. He is not gentle enough. He lifts up one end and then the other. He rocks up and down."—*Texas Siftings.*

A Sensitive Nature.

Mr. Waldo (coming from the minstrels)—Are you fond of negro minstrelsy, Miss Breezy?

Miss Breezy—Well, n-no, Mr. Waldo, I can hardly say I am, such performances, I think, possess a certain lack of refinement that is rather trying to the finer sensibilities of one's nature; and, aside from that, many of the jokes this evening had gray whiskers on them.—*N. Y. Sun.*

THE DANISH HORN.

A Remarkable Relic Said to Be a Genuine Trumpet of Zion.

In the royal museum of Copenhagen there is, and has been for more than two hundred and seventy-five years, a golden trumpet, known throughout Denmark as the "Danish Horn," with engraved emblems, comprising the symbol of purity, the triple lily. Its weight is one hundred and two ounces and it measures two feet nine inches in length. This horn is said to be a genuine trumpet of Zion. The surrounding circumstances strongly sustain the position, and up to the present time there has not been the slightest scientific doubt as to the genuineness of the relic. The lily, as a symbol of purity, was generally carried in the right hand by the vestal virgins of the temple; it also forms the emblem on the "shekel," the Jewish coin. There are also discernable the much effaced remains of what has the appearance of pomegranates, and traces of an inscription which, as far as it can be made out, is engraved in that kind of Hebrew characters known as the Samaritan text. The emblems and inscription may be easily accounted for and accepted for the meaning of the word "Jehovah."

The trumpet was discovered by a farmer's daughter, partly concealed in the ground, in 1630, in the diocese of Rypen, Jutland. As to how it found its way from Palestine to Denmark can only be conjectured at. It is accepted as a fact that the relic at one time was one of the instruments anciently used in Solomon's temple. Certain ornaments, and especially the beautiful engraving near the opening of the large end of the instrument, forming a turreted border around its edge, are the most convincing proofs for this position. When Titus Vespasianus, the youthful Roman General, subjugated Judaea and destroyed its temple, he took the renowned tables, the seven-branched candelstick, the "Sacred Books" and the trumpets to Rome, where they were, with other trophies of victory, carried in procession through the city in honor of the conqueror. Upon the arch of Titus these things were sculptured and may be seen in Rome in a fair state of preservation to-day. The "Sacred Books" the victor presented to Josephus Flavius, the Jewish historian. Afterward, when Titus became emperor of Rome, the instruments and "tables of schew bread," by decree of the Senate and council of Rome, were placed in the great temple of Jupiter. Between the fourth and sixth centuries Rome was overrun by hordes of northern barbarians. The city was taken, religion for the time dethroned, and temples, regardless of the sanctity, sacred or historical, were sacrilegiously plundered. After their retreat from Rome the Vandals carried off with them the spoils they had seized in the temples.

This trumpet of gold which corresponds in every particular with the trumpets sculptured upon the "Arch of Titus," was doubtless carried to the north with the other plunder and in turn lost by the conquerors of Rome, who had taken it from the conquerors of the Jews.

Another illustration of the old adage, that "History repeats itself."—*Earth.*

NAPOLEON'S WEALTH.

Absolute Disappearance of One of the Greatest Personal Fortunes.

One of the most remarkable historical incidents of this century was the disappearance of Napoleon I.'s enormous fortune. In 1810 he was far and away the richest individual in the world. He came out of the Italian campaign ending in 1800 with \$4,000,000, according to his own account. This he maintained was his private property. Taking the statements he made to his friends and others at St. Helena he must have hidden away when he left France the last time the enormous sum of \$40,000,000, or 200,000,000 francs. This would make him very much the wealthiest man in the world, for that sum then was equal in influence to \$200,000,000 now. No sovereign of his time could begin to approach him in personal fortune. Marshal Soult, the last of the Imperial Marshals (who died in November, 1851, just about a year before his great antagonist, the duke of Wellington), told a venerable French general officer, who repeated it to the writer, that when the Emperor went to Elba he had 60,000,000 francs covered up in Paris alone.

Of the \$12,000,000 hard cash paid over at one time by the United States to Napoleon as First Consul in 1803 it was common rumor—not very general, you may be sure, however—that 7,500,000 francs of the sum was never accounted for in vouchers. This might easily have been. Napoleon was then First Consul for life. He could do just what he chose and nobody dared call him to account.

It is not very difficult to hide money in large sums, too, so it can not be found, be the search ever so careful. Ferdinand Ward has some millions thus covered up, and no human being has ever yet found a clue to the stolen treasure. It was said and believed by many people, too, that Stephen Girard, of Philadelphia, had a large sum in his hands belonging to Napoleon I., which he would have handed over to him had he succeeded in getting away to the United States after Waterloo, as he tried to do. Louis XVIII., through his Minister of Finance, did all in his power to discover this hidden treasure, but those who knew would never tell. They probably took it themselves when the Emperor died in 1821. But it is a very interesting and romantic story, the disappearance absolutely of the greatest fortune in the world's history up to that time, leaving not a trace behind.—*Washington Herald.*

WOOD PULP PAILS.

How Serviceable Goods are Made of Indurated Fibre.

Durable, serviceable and economical pails are among the numerous useful articles now manufactured from wood pulp. The pulp pail is in one piece and has no hoops. It is light and never leaks or falls to pieces. It is made as follows: The wood, preferably spruce, although any soft, fibrous wood will answer, is first cleared of its bark and cut to a length uniform with the grindstone to be used, generally sixteen to twenty-four inches. It is then placed against the face of a rapidly revolving grindstone, the grain of the wood being in a line with or parallel with the axis of the stone, and a hydraulic or worm screw piston keeping the wood constantly pressed against the stone. The result, which is washed off the stone by a shower of water, after being screened of slivers and sawdust, is a milky white liquid. With the water sufficiently extracted this is the wood pulp used in the manufacture of paper and indurated fiber ware. The process of manufacture of the ware from the pulp is exceedingly simple and is similar in all the lines made. In making a pail the machine for first molding the pail from the pulp is provided with a hollow perforated form of cast iron, shaped like the inside of a pail, and covered first with perforated brass and then with fine wire cloth. This form, worked by a hydraulic piston, is pushed up into a large cast iron "hat," which fits over it very tightly. Within this hat is placed a flexible rubber bag, and between this and the inner form first mentioned is admitted the pulp, still in a liquid state. The pulp being pumped in under pressure, the water immediately begins to drain off through the wire cloth and perforations, and the rubber bag swells until it fills the hat. The supply of pulp is then shut off, and water under high pressure is admitted within the hat and outside the rubber bag, thus squeezing much of the water from the pulp. After standing some eight to ten minutes the pressure is shut off, the inner form lowered, and the pulp-pail removed. At this stage the pail is still nearly fifty per cent. water, but is sufficiently strong to allow handling. This water is first all dried out in dry-kilns, and then the pail is turned off on the outside with a gang of saws. After sandpapering inside and out the pail is ready for the treatment house, where it is charged with a water-proofing compound, which permeates thoroughly the material of which the pail is made. Baking in ovens at a high temperature succeeds each dip or treatment. The polish which the goods present is described as being the result of the final treatment. After this the handles are riveted on the goods, which are then ready for the market.—*Mechanic.*

FACTS ABOUT LICORICE.

Where the Root is Obtained and How It is Prepared for Market.

"It is almost an impossibility," said a well-known pharmacist recently, "to tell how much licorice is really consumed by people in the city of New York. The amount is almost incredible, and probably reaches thousands of pounds annually."

"How is the drug obtained," was asked.

"A species of licorice is found on the shores of Lake Erie, though a good deal comes from further West. The plant from which it is obtained is called glycyrrhiza. It grows very erect, to the height of about four or five feet, and has few branches. It bears a flower formed like that of a pea, but of a violet or purple color. The root in its raw state is well known as the "licorice root" of commerce. It attains a length of several feet and is often an inch in diameter. When the root has attained the age of three years it is taken up and from this, before it becomes dried, is made the extract of licorice, sometimes known as Spanish licorice. This juice is prepared by boiling the root with water; the decoction is then decanted off and evaporated to proper consistence for forming the substance into sticks five or six inches long and an inch in diameter—these are the Spanish licorice of commerce."

"Is not the article adulterated?"

"Yes, it is often nothing else than a mixture of the juice with the worst kind of gum arabic. Metallic copper scraped off the evaporating pans is very frequently present, and starch and flour sometimes constitute nearly one-half of the substance."—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

Jones Paid the Money.

In Providence are two men who look very much alike, and who may be called Jones and Johnson. Jones is a rather influential member of a congregation presided over by a new pastor, who, soon after his installation, started out with a subscription paper in a worthy cause. He met Johnson on the street. "Oh, my dear Mr. Jones," said he, "I have been told that you are interested in this cause. I hope that you will give freely." "Certainly," said Johnson, who was quick-witted. "Put me down for one hundred dollars." Days passed and Jones didn't send the money; so the person called at his office, and said that he'd be glad to have the money. "What money?" asked Jones. "Why the one hundred dollars that you subscribed." Jones couldn't remember any such subscription, but he did remember that about that time he was on a quiet and very private spree. Could he have met the pastor then and subscribed? Possibly, and so, rather than confess his weakness to his pastor, he paid the one hundred dollars. Johnson soon told of his share in the joke, but he refuses to accept Jones's suggestion and pay him fifty dollars.—*N. Y. Sun.*

ETIQUETTE OF KISSING.

Conditions Under Which Modern Society Permits Osculation.

Kissing is out of style. Nobody does it now but sweethearts, young children and teachers. The first blow was struck by the medical profession about the time of the decease of Princess Alice. Ever since the practice has been denounced, and in families where proper respect is paid to hygiene children are strongly cautioned against promiscuous kissing.

In society a woman is not kissed twice in a season. When an old friend is greeted and she advances with her lips the victim turns her face and the caress falls askance. Possibly the very woman who is opposed to the practice takes the initiative, but her lips never meet lips. She may kiss within a fraction of your mouth—kiss your chin, your cheek or your forehead; kiss your eyelid into repose, or kiss your hair—but if she had any training socially she will never kiss your mouth.

The repugnance to kissing is due largely to academic training. In nearly all the famous colleges for women there is a special teacher or doctress in physiology, and in the so-called oral recitations the pernicious effects of osculation are considered at great length. By way of tolerating what seems to be a necessary evil various theories are advanced and various provisions advocated. The girl who comes from Smith College, Northampton, kisses on the oblique lines that fall from the left corner of your mouth, but when kissed is so adroit in the way she jerks her head that the point of salutation may be found on a radius from the right of her demure little mouth. The Vassar graduate kisses more than her Smith College friend, but the chin is her choice, as you will observe in an attempt to salute her. The seniors from Wellesley press their kisses high up on the face, almost under the sweep of the eyelash, and the Lake Forest and Harvard Annex maidens kiss at a point equally distant from the nose and ear.

Nothing is more dainty than the kiss of a well-bred chaperon, who, mindful of the time and trouble spent over the powder-box, gently presses her lips on your hair just north of your ear. The minister's wife is another sweet soul who knows where a kiss will do the least harm, and her favorite method is an air kiss, with the gentle pressure of her cheek to your cheek. The woman of fashion, who patronizes you and lets you visit her while she is at her siesta, kisses you any where about the triangle between the eye, ear and hair line. She learned long ago about the incompatibility of haste and grace, and as she advances you see her lips turn in, and simultaneously with the kiss is a thick, viscous noise that sounds like the tearing of a middle-aged marsh-mallow drop.—*Epoch.*

A Young Girl's Mania.

In one of the vicinity towns there is a young girl, about twelve years of age, afflicted with a strange mania. She is large for her age, of fine physique, possessed of good features, and more than ordinarily prepossessing. She is robust in health and shows great activity, and is unusually smart and intelligent with the exception of this mania. Every night about eight o'clock she will go to a neighbor's house to borrow a lantern. Each time she will make a new excuse for doing so. If she succeeds in getting the lantern she then takes long walks. She does not confine herself to the public highway, but wanders about the fields and frequently to the woods. She does not seem to know what fear is, either of man or beast. She frequently perches herself upon a fence and sits there a long time, dangling her lantern. About ten o'clock she returns home and goes to bed contented. Her friends, of course, object to these lantern strolls, and she has to steal away. Those of her neighbors who know about them refuse her a lantern. She has a number of times greatly frightened persons, which seems to please her amazingly. She is in no respect wayward, but seems possessed of a strange and fascinating mania for a lantern.—*Danbury (Conn.) News.*

Origin of Some Words.

Mercy and commerce are from the same root. Attack and attack are etymologically identical. Valet used to be written vaslet, from vassel, vasallet. Pontifex probably meant originally a pathmaker. Skeptic originally implied merely an observer, thence an enquirer, doubter, unbeliever. Idea, that which is seen, idol, a little image. A little statue, a little "that which is seen." Wisesacre, Old Dutch wisesegger, soothsayer, German wisesager, wise-sayer, weissagen, wizagon. Pabulum is from the Aryan root pa, through the latin, and food is from the same root through the Teutonic language. Pasture and fodder are from the same root through the two channels.—*Boston Journal of Education.*

Story of the Dahlia.

No flower of the garden blooms more profusely and beautifully this fall than the dahlia. The plant was found originally in Mexico, and was similar to the single-petaled specimens now popular. A plant was sent to Madrid in 1788, where it was seen in blossom by the Abbe Cavanilles, who named it after his friend, Prof. Dahl, of Stockholm. In 1804 Humboldt went to Mexico, and sent to Europe seeds of the wild dahlia, and from his seeds the plants now grown universally descended. By degrees it doubled and sprouted till it became the perfect flower we now enjoy.—*Springfield Union.*

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—One of the brightest looking little school-boys in Washington is a son of a secretary of the Chinese legation. The young mandarin wears a magnificent costume, Oriental in character, and with his school-books under his arm forms a striking and interesting picture. He has understood English only a year, but is making rapid progress in his education.

—On the farm of Harrison Loring in Duxbury, Mass., there was recently found a curious medal. It is apparently of pewter, about an eighth of an inch greater in diameter than a silver dollar, and around the rim in Roman letters a quarter of an inch high is the inscription "Gloria in Excelsis. 1633." A circle incloses a draped, winged figure, whose right hand holds a sword, the left a torch or mace. The reverse is plain.

—Editor Twitchell, of Gorham, N. H., owns a spinning wheel with a bit of history. Eighty-five years ago Mr. Twitchell's grandfather went to Fryburg, Me., on horseback to try to find a wife, and led behind him a second horse on which to bring her home should he be so fortunate as to find a bride. Mr. Twitchell's grandfather rode back on the horse, with the spinning wheel tied on the beast's back behind her.

—A man well known in St. Louis has, the doctors say, a heart forced to the right side and greatly displaced, and the liver to the left. The lungs are compressed and the stomach badly crowded, but the ribs and sternum being firmly set, the position is permanent. He has been so since boyhood, and, with the exception of his irregular form, is a perfectly healthy man. Consumption or pneumonia would be sure death, they say.

—A Maine sailor played a mean trick on a shark one day not long ago. The tiger of the sea had been following the boat for several days and existing on the garbage thrown overboard, and the sailor decided to have some fun with him. He took a large piece of lime and threw it at the fish, which greedily gulped it down. The lime at once began to slake, and the shark after thrashing about in terrible agony for a few minutes, turned over and died.

—Mr. Blaine's wonderful memory for names as well as faces is well known, and he declares that he cultivated the habit in early life by always indexing alphabetically all names, so that when he meets a face he recognizes the initial always comes up in his mind and aids him to recall the patronymic. Sometimes he can not recall the names, and then he contents himself with addressing the gentleman by his initial until he secures the name by some casual remark.

—Pope Leo XIII. derives his revenue from three sources. One is the interest of the vast sum left by Pius IX. in the Pontifical treasury, invested chiefly in English consols. This interest amounts to about \$625,000 a year. Another source is the Peter's pence contribution, which, in spite of the very great reduction in late years, averages about \$415,000 annually. The third source is the Apostolic Chancery, the receipts of which include sums received for titles and decorations, privileges of the altar, private chapels, etc., and aggregate about \$520,000 a year. The entire annual income of Leo XIII., therefore, is about \$1,560,000.

—Without adversity a man hardly knows whether he is honest or not.—*Field ng.*

—It matters not how much intelligence one may claim, if he does not show it he will pass for a nobody.

—Unless the diamond possesses the necessary number of karats the young woman now-a-days is apt to turnip her nose.

—Give your growing boy a yeast cake when he goes to bed at night if you want him to rise early.—*Somerville Journal.*

—Gratitude is the virtue most despised and deserted. It is the ornament of rhetoric and the libel of practical life.—*J. W. Forney.*



DYSPEPSIA

Up to a few weeks ago I considered myself the champion Dyspeptic of America. During the years that I have been afflicted I have tried almost everything claimed to be a specific for Dyspepsia in the hope of finding something that would afford permanent relief. I had about made up my mind to abandon all medicines when I noticed an endorsement of Simmons' Liver Regulator by a prominent Georgian, a jurist whom I knew, and concluded to try its effects in my case. I have used but two bottles, and am satisfied that I have struck the right thing at last. I felt its beneficial effects almost immediately. Unlike all other preparations of a similar kind, no special instructions are required as to what one shall or shall not eat. This fact alone ought to commend it to all troubled with Dyspepsia.

J. N. HOLMES,
Vinceland, N. J.

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