# THE MAJOR'S UMBRELLA.

"Isn't she ridiculous?" said Fanny "I declare," gasped Rhoda Filley, "Fve

laughed until my sides ache!" "You ought to be an actress, Patty Price," said Mary Ellis, The girls stood around, in a little

group, laughing and applauding. It was a dull, rainy day, and business was not brisk at the "Dry Goods and Fancy Emporium" on the corner of Main street and Willow avenue. Maj. Carson had just been in to look at

yellow silk pocket handkerchiefs—a tall, slender man with very black eyes, and a omplexion that matched the pocket bandkerchiefs—and had gone away. leaving a curious old Madras silk umbrella with a hooked ivory handle, carved in the similitude of a stork's head, on the counter.

And Martha Price, the youngest, merriest and prettiest of all the shop maidns, had caught it up, twisted a yellow andanna around her neck, put one of the "newest styles" of gentlemen's felt hats on the side of her chestnut curls, and was parading down the middle of he side aisle, with an excellent imitation of the half halt that characterized Maj. Carson's gait. Even Mr. Hoyt, the dignified floor walker, looked on from a disince and smiled.

"That Patty Price is a regular little amp of withcraft," said he to Miss Daly, he cashier. "Just look at ber, will you? I'm told she is capital in private theatri als. And she is certainly very pretty. "Ye-es," primly assented Miss Daly. She had nothing against Patty Price.

out it is hard for a woman of 50 afflicted with chronic neuralgia, to sympathize eartily in the praises of a woman thirty ears her junior.

Just at the moment when the laughter pened, Maj. Carson himself re-entered, "Did I leave my umbrella here?" he

ked, with a quiet glance which swept he whole auditorium, and took in every letail of the scene. "Oh, yes, I see. A He lifted his hat with the quaint, old-

ashioned bow, and left the store.
Patty Price stood aghast, the felt hat till topping her crop of curis, the yellow locket handkerchief yet displaying its lat bow under the central dimple of her

The sudden laughter of her audience ras hushed. Miss Daly uttered a little asp of horror. Mr. Hoyt rapped sharply with his knuckles on the nearest counter

"Girls," said he, "go back to your de artments. This isn't business."
The knot of damsels dispersed at once ut Patty Price carried the heaviest heart olds of her blue delaine frock.
"I oughtn't to have done it," she faltred, busying her hands among the rolls

f colored ribbon that the porter had just rought upstairs. "Prudence always told ne that my fooligh, flighty ways would ring me into trouble. I'm quite, quite "What if he did?" encouraged Rhoda illey. "He can't have you arrested,

an her
"Oh, but he has been so good to us,"
alf whispered Patty. "He left his
andsome suit of rooms at the hotel and
ook board with mother just to help us ong; and sister Prudence says he is the ost perfect gentleman she ever knew. h, I don't know how I shall ever look im in the face again!"
"Is he an old beau of your mother?"

al Rhoda, indifferently Patty started. she cried: "of course not! Why 's not 40 yet, for all he looks so old. the East Indian climate has done Prudence says she thinks he's ery handsome and"—— "Oh!" laughed Rhoda; "then it's sister

udence he's in love with?" "I wish you wouldn't say such dis-recable things," said Patty, frowning. Hush! don't you see there's a customer

All day long Patty was in low spirits he went home at night with a head-he, taking care to be a little behind the rular family tea time, so as not to see

aj. Carson.
"If he told mother," she pondered, "as would serve me entirely right for him do, what will she say? Prudence, too Rhoda speaks truth, and she is rey in love with Maj. Carson—she will wer forgive me. And now I come to ink of it, Maj. Carson's profile is peret, and his quiet, courteous ways are t a bit like those of the other men ound here. He does walk a little lame one ankle, but when one remembers at he got the bullet wound in protecta party of women from the mail ers on the Neilgherry Hills-oh, dear! nat evil spirit did possess me to mimic n today? It was the sight of that eer old umbrella, I do believe, that t it into my head. Old Daphne always that piece of ivory on the handle carved out of an eastern amulet, and elieve she was right! Daphno don't to pass that umbrella in the dark. always utters some spell as she goes There it is now!

stopped and looked at the umlla as it leaned against the rail of the stand in the hall, where a single gas burned feebly in the lantern over-

'Is it a good spirit, I wonder," she ed herself, "or an evil one, that phne is arraid off" he took the umbrella in her hand and

ked wistfully at the carvings of the rk's head. "The Sacred Ibis, I suppose," she pon-red. "And I wish I hadn't made fun

it. Prudence will be so angry." She was still looking intently at the jor's umbrella when the street door ened and the major himself came in. "I'm afraid," said he, "that I am a le late for tea. Oh, you were looking my umbrella, Miss Martha. Well, I that you" (with a quiet smile) "it is her ridiculous; but it is a very old nd of mine, and I've a prejudice in or of old friends." atty burst into tears; the umbrella

clank against the iron shell of the rack, splitting the stork's head in

Please do forgive me, Maj. Carson!" sobbed. "I've behaved like a Pataian Indian, and I don't deserve that should ever speak to me again! But ver will again—and, oh, please, I've ten it now! What will Prudence

It don't matter," said the major, etly interposing to prevent her pick-up the ruins of the Sacred Ibis. But at has Miss Prudence Price. has Miss Prudence Price to do

I-I don't know," murmured Patty. says I have neither discretion nor ity, and she is right."

Now, Miss Martha, stop crying," said major, gently patting her hand. "If think that I bear you any malice on nt of this morning's innocent bit firlish masquerade, you are entirely taken. It is quite natural that half ozen gay young things should make

# "But you are not an old fogy!" "At cignt-and-thirty? No? Well, peo

ple differ on such subjects. And you are not to terment yourself about it any more—do you hear? Why do you look so earnestly at me? he added. The long, dark curtains of lashes fell

on l'atty's crimson cheek once more, "I don't know," she faltered. 'I was thinking how good you are. Here comes mother, and I know by the smell that old Daphne has taken the tea biscuit out of the oven. And oh, I am so sorry about the umbrella!"

The major picked up the umbrella, snapped the slender standard in two, and flung it composedly out of the hall

"There!" said he, "I won't have you fretting yourself so ceaselessly about an old umbrella!" Old Daphne, coming across the hall with the coffee pot in her hand, stopped

short. "Bress an' sabe us!" cried she, "if de spell ain't done gone outen de house! Well, it's a pow'ful lucky t'ing for we uns. I neber done feel easy while dat was stan'in' round.

"Martha," said Mrs. Price to her youngest daughter that evening while careworn Prudence was examining the baker's book down in the kitchen. "Maj. Carson has been speaking to me"

"I know," interrupted Patty, with a little guilty start, "He's going away—the best boarder you ever had—and it's

all my fault."
"No, he's not going away. He"-"Then," cried Patty, "he's going to marry Prudenco! And she's a dear, good girl as ever lived, mother, butbut do you think she is quite young enough for the major?"

My dear child, if you would only hear me out. The major"—
"Has got a wife already in India!" burst out Party—"an olive skinned prin-cess, with a diamond as big as a hazel nut in her tiara, and he wants to bring her here! There are some things I won't stand, mother. The Emporium people are going to establish a branch business at Denver, and I'll go out there with Miss Daly and the Wicklow girls. I don't believe"---At that moment there was an outcry

Patty was left alone.
"I wish I were dead!" sobbed she,

dropping her head on the cushioned arm of the sofa. "It's all the evil spell of that horrid old umbrella!" "Has your mother told you, Martha?" her elbow.

And she started, to behold the very subject of her thoughts.
"No—yes"— she faltered. "Please don't go away, Maj. Carson!"

"Does it, really?" Her heavy eyes shaft brightened a little at this, "Then I will face.

"To the prin-to the lady, I mean,

jor, resignedly, shrugging his shoulders. "Yes," spoke up Maj. Carson. "I hardly dared plead my own cause with you; but since Mrs. Price has not brim, the cheap circus people, traveling

"No matter-no matter," said Patty. and laughing on Maj. Carson's breast.

Sacred Ibis' head, lying out there in New Orleans Picayune. in the dewy grass. "I shall have it mended," said she, "and keep it always. Daphne is right— it is an amulet, and it has brought me

### luck!"-Saturday Night. Saved by His Monkey.

An instance of the instinct and fidelity of a young monkey comes from Batignolles, a suburb of Paris. A little boy (se says a French journal), the son of an in-habitant of that part of the city, was playing in one of the rooms of his father's flat with the monkey, which is a most intelligent and domesticated member of its species. The boy, in a fit of juvenile caprice, tied the cord of a window blind around his neck and pretended to hang himself, to the immense amuse ment of his Simian playmate, which grinned and chattered on a chair. Sud-denly the boy became livid and began to cry, for the cord got into a real noose around his neck. In a very short space of time the monkey took in the situ and tried to undo the noose with his paws, but had to give up the attempt then hopped away to another room, where the boy's grandmother was sit-ting, and began to pull at her gown, to chatter, grimace and look wistfully to-ward the door. At first, thinking that the animal wanted to bite her, the old lady was frightened; but, seeing that it was endenvering with might and main to drag her toward the door, she rose from her seat, and went, piloted by the monkey, to the room where her grandson was mosning. The boy was instantly extri-cated from his perilous position, though it was some time before he recovered from his pain and fright. Jocko, the deliverer, says the French authority for this strange narrative, received a nice little tablet of chocolate cream for his splendid action, and he deserved it,— London Telegraph.

## A Bit of a Woman.

Louise Lawson, the sculptor whose tatne of Sunset Cox is occasioning conlemble discussion just now, is a it of a woman, with golden brown nr. gray eyes, a lisp and a vivamanner. She wears, when work ing in clay, a dark blue blouse and trougers, and her studio costume is alof white linen-skirt and coat-the atter finished with an extraordinary oliar of coarse embroidery, tied with the traditional knot of baby blue ribbon. With this costume yellow shoes are worn. The whole effect is rather more bizarre han attractive. Whatever the critics say, the letter carriers swear by Louise and her nine-foot image. - Exchange.

# They Held Their Dinner.

Not long ago a local ministerial assoclation, at its regular meeting at one of the Boston hotels, partook of a dinner of eleven or twelve courses, which seemed altogether more claborate than the price agreed upon would warrant. After the meal it transpired that they had disposed of a dinner for a special party later in the day, and by mistake served to them. The ministers met the situation calmly left the landlord to settle with the other party.—Boston Congregationalist.

### LOUISIANA'S GLORIES.

THE BEAUTIES OF THE STATE AS SEEN BY ONE OF ITS RESIDENTS.

Scenery That Stirs the Soul of the Poet Romantic Spots by Lake and River. The Odd and Interesting People One

In New Orleans we bury in ovens above ground to escape the waters on which and in one parish the snows are orange blossoms, and in another they fall from heaven itself. In the Acadian country, when a ball is to be, a courier carries a flag and rides over all the country shoutout like a town crier in the olden days the summons to the fete. In Creoledom a young girl dead is borne to her grave by white veiled "death maidens," and in Acadia the very horses wear amulets to charm away the "gri-gri." There are out of the way little inns in Louisiana where the cooking is as good as at Delmonico's-nay, better. Who would not be proof against a day at Spanish lake, or a night's alligator hunt on the Atchafalaya? What Floridian scenery can equal our Tchefuncta? There is a street in Dublin only a few blocks long said to be the finest street in the world; and there is a river in Louisiana only navi gable for a little way that for beauty, for color of environment, is more finely picturesque and lovely than miles of the Thames, the Rhine, the Arkansas or the Hudson.

NATURE APPEALS TO THE ARTIST. Nature in Louisiana appeals to the artist, to the poet, to the photographer, to the tourist, who is none of these in practice, yet all and more in love with the beautiful. There is an indescribable charm in the softness of our lakes, the serene, deep beauty of our bayous, the splendor of our forests, the gayety and grace and lively life of our plantations. in the kitchen. Master Alonzo Price, the youngest hope of the family, had just come in with a bloody nose from single combat with some neighboring youth. Mrs. Price grasped a camphor bottle and rushed to the rescue, and run with pickaninnies, the royal come, the never failing hospitality. There you will find the adobe hut, the squalid tamales maker. Here you will find the voudou witch working charms; there you will find ma belle creole making a asked a gentle, reassuring voice close to novena before her saint and praying for a husband. There you will meet a patient, farm laboring friar or hear the dirgelike chant of the entombed Carmellite nuns. One day you may stand under an orange tree freighted with 10000 will be added to the control of the control don't go away, Maj. Carson!"

"It all depends on you, Martha, with 10,000 golden globes of fruit: anwhether I go or stay," he answered, other day you may climb up a ladder into the perch of the swamper or down a shaft into a salt mine far below the sur-

try to be good to her."

"To be good to whom?" said the major, with something of a puzzled expression in his face.

"To be good to whom?" said the major, as England. All is gentle and serene and matured and full of soft repose. The flowers and even fields, the still forests, the waveless bayous, the rich crops whom you are going to marry."

"I shall marry no lady, little Martha, unless you will have me," said the male everywhere, innumerable flocks of geese waddle over the green levees and nip grass in the orange orchards.

delivered my message, I must even try in caravans or in gay painted barges for myself. I suppose, dear, I seem very grim and antiquated to you, but my heart has never yet been touched by woman's voice or woman's eyes, and I have grown to love you very dearly. Do you think, Patty, you could learn to love me with silver; an evil Arab slinks by under the Cherokee rose hadge leading a the Cherokee rose hedge leading a Patty had grown first red, then pale. dancing bear. He gets out of the way Her hands futtered, as she glanced for the gentleman planter trotting by in his dog cart. Under the pent roof in the "Oh, yes, I am sure I could, because— because I felt so missrably jealous when I thought of the East India princess."

Teche country, in the tiny hut made on the gulf islands of wrecked ship's timbers, in the fine old country mansion, a palace guishable torch of genial hospitality And almost in a second she was crying Like the Spanish the house owner greets the new comer with that gracious But the next morning she crept out warmth and gives him not only the best into the garden and picked up the pieces he has but all he has.—Catharine Cole

## Teeth an Index of Character.

A leading dentist says: "To determine a person's character by the teeth take the upper front teeth. They are a true index of the nature of a man or woman. "Here," he said, "is the tooth of a young lady who has a lovely disposition and is universally beloved. tion is, and yet possessing all the

a sharp, fretful turn to it. and perfect in shape—one of the kind coal.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat. of teeth going with long, slender fingers. Again, this tooth is from the mouth of a much grosser nature. This woman is selfish, but has, on the whole, a kindly nature and would not willingly hurt another's feelings, but it is her nature to be regardless of others."-New York Ledger.

"The duke, being asked how he had succeeded in beating Napoleon's marshals, one after another, said: 'I will tell you. They planned their campaigns just as you might make a splendid set of harness. It looks very well and answers very well until it gets broken, and then you are done for. Now, I made my campaign of ropes. If anything went

wrong I tied a knot and went on. This, too, is a very characteristic story "When asked what was the best test of a great general he replied: 'To know then to retreat and to dare to do it."

Here is another anecdote: "The duke used to say that he attributed his success in some measure to always being a quarter of an hour earlier than he was expected, and that the wise course in action is to attack your enemy at the moment he is preparing to attack you." - Sir William Fraser's Reminis

## A Living Example.

Brown-I thought I told you to save every cent you got so you would have omething in your old age. And here I ee you have broken open your bank. Little Johnnie-Well, dad, I met an old beggar today, and he told me he used

### THEY ALL HAD SOAP.

Chicago Politicians Pall Easy Victims to the Persuasive Fakir.

The other evening as a representative of The Post walked down the corridor leading to the Mayor's office he met Private Secretary O'Nell wending It Originates in Different Causes-Not as his way homeward. The genial Tom Serious as Often Represented - Easily carried under his arm a lengthy and somewhat peculiarly shaped parcel. On being asked passingly what it contained Mr. O'Neil blushed, but, like our city floats; in St. Martinsville there the father of his country, he couldn't are dungeons of underground cellars: lie about it, so in a low tone he answered:

"It's a bar of soap."

A moment later Deputy Comptroller Frank Barrett was encountered. He, too, carried a parcel. The curiosity of glanced around him, and he replied hastily

"Oh, it's only a bar of soap." Just then Alderman John Summer field was stepping out of the city clerk's office. Deputy Clerk Van Cleave go a-swamping if only the way was brushed past him quickly; both carried shown him? How many tourists would parcels "Bet a quarter I can tell you what

> the alderman after Van's retreating "I'll go you," said Van. "It's a bar of soap," interrupted Mr.

> you've got under your arm," shouted

Summerfield. "Right you are," interrupted the deputy city clerk. "I owe you a quar-

"So's mine," mutered the alderman, as he decended to the street floor.

A scene enacted in the mayor's office in the early morning explains this mysterious occurence. About nine o'clock ing a huge cage, entered and placed the cage on John Fitzsimmons' desk. John took a look at it, and then beat a hasty retreat. The object that had disturbed the equanimity of Mr. Fitzsimmons was a bat of enormous dimensions, with gauzy, filmy wings, each at least two feet long, and the head and body of a monstrous rat,

"What's that?" exclaimed Tom O'Neil in horror stricken accents. "The great vampire of South Amer-

ica, whose food is the blood of sleeping victims and whose home is"- and the gentleman with the cage talked until he ran down. "What do you feed it on?" asked Al-

derman Summerfield, who had just happened in, and was glancing timorously at the cage. "Raw beef and liver," was the prompt reply.

By this time a crowd of goodly proportions had gathered round the vampire and its owner. Just then the latter drew from his pocket a long slab of something that looked like a sheet of something that looked like a sheet of cork and placed it against the cage. It was gnawed on one edge, and everybody thought it was the vampire's food. With that wonderful unanimity which, like the proverbial "touch of nature," often shows the whole world to be kin, the entire crowd cried out:

we can probably take the majority of the people in any city and by examination demonstrate that they have, in fact, a mild catarrh. These people are subject to taking cold, easily get a cold, and it is somewhat stubborn. They are usually afflicted during the spring and fall; steady warm or cold weather is beneficial to them, and only when they have a cold are they much inconve-

"What's that?" This was the vampire man's opportunity. "That, gentlemen," he exclaimed, while a ray of luminous intelligence played round his countenance, is a piece of bark of the soap tree of ive hat of at least six in the crowd, diligently rubbing away at them with men, the deputy city clerk, the mayor's private secretary and the deputy comptroller went home that evening each with a bar of soap under his arm.-Chicago Post.

Formation of Coal. There are half a dozen or more theories to account for the formation of coal, each of which differs from all the others in some particulars. It is known, See how regular and dainty the forma- however, that most of the coal was formed in what the geologists call the requisite points for a perfect tooth. carboniferous age, which was far ear-Here you see the tooth of a man who lier than the appearance of the higher is cruel, although his cruelty is of the animals or man upon the earth. In refined kind; notice that the tooth is that period large areas of the globe white and rather sharp and long. were covered with a vegetation much Then this tooth, stumpy and coarse in more luxuriant than is found even in form, denotes brutality. It is from the the tropics now. The atmospheric conjaw of a man of brutal nature. Here ditions were favorable at that time to is a curious tooth from the mouth of a the formation of beds of peat from this peevish, fretful woman. The crown has vegetation after its death. This peat, being submerged by the downward "Now we have the tooth of a sensu- movement of the earth's crust and ous woman. You see it is square, ale eventually buried under an immense though of good shape, and depressed in weight of sediment, lost much of its the center. Now we come to one that moisture by distillation, and at last, belonged once in the mouth of a lady after hundreds of centuries of time, bewho is noted for her refinement and in- came hardened and changed into the tellectual development. It is slender condition in which it now appears as

She Stopped for Breakfast A Dominican, in vogue in Paris as a preacher, the Rev. Pere Ollivier, is renowned for calling to order, without scruples, his pretty hearers. A lady arrived very late at his sermon. The noise of the moving of the chairs, as she walked up the church, much disturbed the reverend father, who spoke to her ironically in these words: "Madame is late. She doubtless stopped to take her cup of chocolate." At first surprised and embarrassed, she grew very red, and then replied, in a clear voice that resounded in the deep silence of the church, "Yes, my reverend father, and a little roll with it."

A Mother's Eyes. Mistress-Do you like children? Domestic-Depends a good deal on

the children, mum. "Well, yes, I presume it does. Where did you work last?" With Mrs. Goodheart, mum. She

had only one child." "Oh, well, if you could stand that horrid little brat of Mrs. Goodheart's I'm sure you will not object to my six little darlings."-Good News.

A Harmiess Symposium Spriggs (who is bald)-What makes your whiskers so thin on the right side your face! Figgs-Oh, that comes from always

sleeping on my right side. That rubs Bliggs—If that's the rule, then I suppose Spriggs must sleep while standing on his head.—Exchange.

Tom Knox—And a very thoughtful empire, was founded by Ashur about act it was in them, to be sure.—Puck. 2345 B. C.

on his head. - Exchange.

FACTS ABOUT CATARRH.

DISAGREEABLE DISEASE WITH WHICH MANY ARE AFFLICTED.

Serious as Often Represented - Easily Cured Under Proper Conditions and Treatment.

The term "caterrh" is from two Greek words meaning "I flow," and has its seat in the mucous membranes. Speaking generally, the mucous membrane is structurally the same as the skin. Its office is similar, being a lubricator, excretor and secretor in the functions of the body. The disease catarrh is one which, as before remarked, finds too, carried a parcel. The curiosity of the reporter was aroused. "What's and the extent of this tissue shows at that?" Frank was asked. Mr. Barrett once to what an extent the disease car exist, as there is no part or locality of mucous membrane which cannot and is not affected by the catarrhal condition.

The regions of the nucous trait most prone to catarrh are those of the nose, mouth, upper and lower pharynx, or back part of the nose and mouth; the larynx, or voice organ; the broughial tubes, the stomach, intestines and gall passages. These several regions give names to the existing catarrh, as nasal or nose catarrh, bronchial catarrh, pharyngial or laryngial catarrh, stoma or intestinal catarrh. In these different regions we find the catarrh acute or

PREDISPOSITION TO CATARRIL. There seems to be a certain predisposition or structural development of the individual prone to catarrhal attacks. These conditions are characterized by poverty of blood and nutrition, in which the walls of the capillary or minute blood vessels have a feeble tone or power of resistance, while the tissue through which such vessels pass are at the same time soft and yielding. This predisposition to catarrh is strongly marked in scrofula a picturesque looking gentleman, carry- and rickets, and as in bronchial catarrh, the morbid condition is a frequent at tendant on typhoid fever, measles, whooping cough and smallpox. Effeminate habits also augment the liability to

catarrhal affections.

In a consideration of the reasons why any one should suffer from a catarrh, acute or chronic, this condition of the system or susceptibility is the important and determining factor without its pres ence the existence of catarrh is an impossibility. As in consumption, so it is in catarrh, this predisposition is the re-sult of original organization of the individual, or can be acquired.

DANGERS GREATLY EXAGGERATED.
The flaming advertisement setting forth the horrors of cutarrh is a familiar object, and our ideas of catarrh are more largely influenced by what we read than what we know. While some forms of catarrh are truly of grave consequence and should receive intelligent attention, if this was true in the majority of cases, probably a large part of the population of the large cities would be patients of some physician or specialist. The truth is, outside of the common cold, there are many forms of what may be termed mild catarrh, which are not in-compatible with a state of health, and we can probably take the majority of the

have a cold are they much inconve-nienced. Their general health is good and influences brought to bear on the general health usually meet with a prompt effect on the catarrh. It is safe to say that, directly, a fatal result from catarrh is a bugbear and finds no foun-South America. From it has been and disability is due to the graver or manufactured a preparation unrivaled more chronic forms of the disease is in the fine old country mansion, a palace in the old days, there burns the inextin-If a consumption does follow a catarrh we are safe in saying that the catarrh his preparation. That's how the alder-was consumption from the first, and samptive taint through hereditary influences, or his habits and surroundings de veloped it in him and the catarrh was only the first local expression of the con-sumption. In that form of catarrh in which the disease extends to destruction of tissue and death of bone, we must not saddle the result on the catarrh; while this unquestionably was the immediate exciting cause, there was present and ready for the development of the result a soil so bad and vicious, either by he-

redity or acquisition, that the death of tissue and bone was perfectly rational and legitimate. VALUABLE HINTS TO SUFFERERS. The results of a chronic catarrh are many and varied, and while marked by a high degree of persistency and stub-bornness, relief can and should be attained. This is to be accomplished not by local measures alone, but more espe-cially by attacking the individual and relieving the condition which makes the development of the catarrh possible.

Treatment locally might for a lifetime and nothing but relief of temporary character gained. Correct all that is wrong in habits, surroundings and occupation, and you gain a potent influence for recovery.

One of the most common causes of

catarrh, especially of the nose, is de fective masal breathing or respiration. Again, the structural changes which usually develop in time from long continued and neglected catarrh are other reasons why catarrh is not readily relieved. Notwithstanding these obsta-cles, relief can and should be attained The most necessary factor is an intelli-gent conception of the condition which is the foundation of the disease. Relief for this in most of the cases means relief from the disease.—Cor. St. Louis Globe Democrat.

In the earliest days of the settlement of this country, provision was made for the instruction of the children at the public cost, the colonies of Massachusetts and of Connecticut taking the lead in the work, and the object being to give all children free instruction in reading writing, grammar, elementary arithme-tic and geography. When certain com-missioners addressed questions on this subject to the governors of the colonies. the governor of Connecticut replied that "one-fourth of the annual revenue of the colony is laid out in maintaing fro schools for the education of our children: but Governor Berkeley, of Virginia, replied, "I thank God there are no free
schools nor printing, and I hope we shall
not have these hundred years."—Hargivin 'em one grante' to the other
givin 'em one grante' to the other
givin 'em one grante' orn; and dinged e per's Bazar.

The simplicity of mechanism and the total absence of all reciprocating parts make the electric motor peculiarly adapted to the operation of a high speed car, and to these features its decreased weight, in comparison with the steam locomotive, lends additional

Couldn't Have Made On Hoffman Howes-I may wemind you, sir, that my ancestaws left me an hon- Hobbs.

Litowing Up Camela

Morrich traders in camela seem to be a more formest than Yunkee traders in corres have the reputation of being. The author of "Among the Arabs" describes as follows one of their tricks, which, as surding to his account, only an expert is daily to detect. On one occasion, while n an Arab village, he declared his intention of laying a young carnel. No scone had his deare become known than a least twenty camels were brought for his inspection. They were all fine looking animals, in excellent condition, apparently. In fact, the only fault our Frenchman could perceive was that the were too fat. After a proper amount o deliberation and bargaining, he selected the one which appeared to be the leanest, and paid the price agreed upon. The next morning, when he went to look at his fat camel be found a living skeleton, on whose almost fleshless bones the skin hung in large folds, and whose best development was about the joints.

The method by which the camels are

inch in length is made in each ear be-tween the skin and the flesh. Into this a small tube is fitted and secured by a silk cord. There it remains, hidden from the observation of all but the initiated and ready for use at any moment. When a merchant who is not acquainted with the blowing up trick comes to buy a camel the dealer takes two tubes, each a yard long, and inscring one end of each in the small tubes just described, through the other ends two Arabs blow with all their might, until the animal has attained the requisite degree of plumpness. The in-flating tubes are then withdrawn, and the air is prevented from escaping by means of a cork smeared with pitch. The poor animal now becomes, apparently, quite lively and frisky, trying to throw itself on the ground, or to press other object may be at hand, so as to get rid of the wind. Sometimes it manages to elude the vigilance of the Arab, and if the cork is not very securely fastened the wind escapes with a whistle like that of a steam engine and the fine looking benst suddenly collapses.—Springfield Repub-

### An Effective Valedictory,

"If you would like to say a few words before we string you up," said the spokesman of the vigilance committee, steruly, "you may have the chance,"

"There is something I would like to say," responded the condemned horse thief, pale but self possessed. "All I ask is that you will permit me to say it with-

out interruption."

"Go ahead," said the spokesman, laconically. "We'll let you finish."

"Then, gentlemen," began the condemned man, with deep emotion, "I have a few words of solemn warning to utter. In the innocent and happy days of my young manhood, before I came to Arizona and fell into evil ways, I was engaged in a useful and honorable call-ing. Had I never abandoned it I might have been still a respectable and upright citizen. Though I have become a bad man and am about to receive my just punishment, I have always kept a memento of those happier days. In my valise, gen-tlemen, you will find a copy of a little work, entitled 'The American Voter's Text Book, of which I sold nearly 1,000 copies in one county in Pennsylvania alone. It is indispensable to every man who would keep himself thoroughly informed as to those questions concerning which it is the duty of every citizen to be fully advised. You will find in that little volume, gentlemen, full and accurate information as to the political platforms of all the parties, election returns from every state in the Union, names of members of congress, judges of the vari-ous courts, etc., with a mass of miscella-neous statistics and facts never before grouped together in one work. Bound in cloth or half calf, the price of this valuable book has always been"—

He paused a moment to wipe the scalding tears from his eyes. When be looked about him again his audience had vantabed. ished. He was saved!-Chicago Tribune.

When the Eighth Vermont regiment catcher him to the house in almost a dying con-

Mrs. Sparks-this was the good wo man's name—perceived his almost des-perate case, but had no medicines, nor could any be procured nearer than New Orleans, ten miles away. What could she do for this enemy? Her husband was infirm, and the few negroes who re mained to her were old and decrepit Moreover, it was late in the afternoon and rain was falling heavily; but some-thing she must do, even though the sick man was in arms against her govern-

She sent one of her servants to the house of a neighbor, five miles distant, and this woman, a violent secessionist, went herself to New Orleans, through a drenching rain, for the medicine. She traveled fifteen miles in the storm and the darkness, and crossed the Mississippi river twice, and all to save the life of an

The officer remained in the house for six weeks, and was cared for most assid-uously. Such deeds are worth recounting; they go far to redeem the horrors of war.—Youth's Companion.

Farmer Crowder had finished planting his corn, but his heart was heavy. He knew the crows were whetting their bill to pull up the corn as soon as it appeared above the surface.
"I tell you how to get away with the

crows," said Neighbor Stokes. "Get you a gallon of mean whisky and soak some corn in it till it gets full of the stuff, and then scatter it broadcast in the The black rascals will eat it and get drunk, and then you can catch 'em and pull their heads off. That beats pizen

In a few days Farmer Crowder met hi

friend Stokes.

"Well, how's craps?" queried Stokes.

"My corn's bodaciously ruint," replied Crowder, dolefully, "I tried that 'ere scheme o' your'n, and it's a humbug. I soaked the corn and scattered it one day.

and next mornin' I went down to the new groun to see how it'd worked."
"Found 'em drunk, eh?"
"Found nothin'. I hearn a devil of a fuss down nigh the branch, and went to see what it was; thar was a dad-blasted old crow what had gathered up all the whisky corn an had it on a stump, an he was retailin it out to the others grains o' my planted corn; and dinged of they hadn't clawed up that field by sec-

There are in North America about 300,000 persons keeping bees. The annual honey product is about 100,000,000 pounds and its value is nearly \$15,000,000. The annual wax product is about 500,000 pounds and its value more than

Fame, like lightning, generally strikes be man who is not expecting it.—'Squire

Been an Awful Wreck.

A Tribune reporter was sitting on one of the seats on the Battery prome nade recently when a well woman passed leading by a strap a snow white Spitz dog. A man dressed in the rough garb of a laborer sat on the seat next to the reporter, smoking a short stemmed cob pipe.

THE SPECTRAL DOG

STRANGE STORY TOLD BY AN OLD

RAILROAD FIREMAN.

White Dog Running Side by Side with

an Engine Going Sixty Miles an Hour.

The Train Saved from What hight Have

"Talking about strange things," said the laborer, nudging the news gatherer, "I never see a white dog but what it calls up a strange experience I had while suddenly "fatteted" for the market is firing on the Pennsylvania milroad ten thus described. An incision about an years ago. I was in the cab with Tommy years ago. I was in the cab with Tommy Burns, one of the best engineers in the company's service, and our run was between Jersey City and Philadelphia. We left Jersey City at 9 o'clock one Saturday evening, pulling a long train of passenger coaches and three Pullmans. The cars were all full and we had the right of way, making no stops except at Market street, Newark, and Trenton. We rolled along all right over the Hackensack meadows and after we left Newark we struck a sixty miles an hour pace, and watched the telegraph poles flash by till they looked like the teeth of a fine tooth

comb. RURNS SEES THE SPOOK DOG. "We had struck the plain at Princeton Junction when Burns, who was looking out of the cab window, says to me: 'Look-a-here Jack! There is a white dog runnin' alongside what's been fol-lowin' us for five minutes and blamed if he ain't keepin' up to the injine. Look

at him.
"I was shoveling coal in the furnace at the time and the heat was blistering my eye balls in their sockets. It took me some time after gazing out of the window before I could make out the dog. Finally I saw him skimming along like a swallow. Now in the glare from the window he could be plainly seen, then he would get out in the line of the darkness and we would lose sight of him. But he would be sure to show up again in a few minutes. Ditches, cuts and sharp bends, it was all the same, that white dog stuck beside the cab as steady as its shadow. Burns and I couldn't make it out. First we thought our eyesight was deceiving us, for the awful heat from the furnace, the sharp wind or something else, or all of these things put together, is terribly trying on one's eyes who has to use them in an engine cab. The sight gets blurred and cloudy, and sometimes you see double, and sometimes you don't see half. Well, Burns and I thought at first we were fooled by our eyes and there couldn't be any dog. But mile after mile that white dog was alongside.

"Jack," says Burns all at once, 'this

is more'n I kin stand. If our eyes ain't mussed up there's something wrong somewhere. I am agoin' to stop her.'

THE HEAVY STONE ON THE TRACK. Sure enough he stopped and we both got off the cab. The conductor came running up and wanted to know what in the blue blazes was the matter. We told him about the white dog running alongside the engine, and we looked about to show him the blamed animal. But to our surprise there was no dog to be seen, and hunt high and hunt low we could not find him. The conductor laughed at us, and Burns and I got aboard again thinking that after all our eyes might have fooled us. Burns pulled back the throttle and we started on slowly. There was a curving cut just ahead of us. Fifty yards from it, before the wheels had fairly begun to revolve good, the headlight flashing on the track before us showed us a rock that must have weighed two tons on our track. We stopped the engine with the cowwas in Louisiana one of the officers was stone, which, loosened by rains, had rolled taken very ill, and left in charge of a picket post. A woman living near by urged him to come to her house, as the climate was malarious. He declined her climate was malarious. He declined her hospitality, but before long became so much worse that his companions carried have meant. I got shaky soon after that much worse that his companions carried and resigned, and the very mention of a white dog, much less the sight of one, brings that strange ride back to me.— New York Tribune.

A prison official relates the following story: "When speaking one day to a convict, a professional pickpocket, to whom I was giving a word or two of friendly counsel, I asked him why he could not turn over a new leaf and become an honest man. 'I could not, sir,' he replied, 'I must pick pockets. I would take your watch to-morrow if I met you in the strand; not,' he added, 'but what I'd give it back to you, for you've been very kind to me. Would you like to know how to prevent your watch being stolen' he continued; 'just let me have it for a minute.' Curious to learn a useful hint, I was about to draw my watch from my pocket, when I found it was already in this expert's hands, without my experiencing the slightest touch. He then explained to me that the most approved method of detaching a watch from its owner was to hold the ring to which the chain was attached firmly between the finger and thumb, and then, with a sharp twist, snap the steel pivot connecting A prison official relates the following finger and thumb, and then, with a sharp twist, snap the steel pivot connecting watch and ring, leaving the watch free in the thief's hand and the ring on the chain. 'A dead loss to us,' he added, with cool effrontery, 'of six shilling.' He then showed me that if the ring and watch were connected by a swivel joint, the difficulty of watch stealing would be increased so much as to make it scarcely worth the risk."—London Standard.

A Palace Made of Salt.

The people of Salt Lake City are contemplating the erection of a great "salt palace." It would be a structure that would lay in the shade all the ice and corn palaces ever constructed. The main part of the structure could be of the finest specimens of rock salt to be found in the quarries, chiseled, carved and artistically arranged, while the interior fittings should be of crystallized work from the lake on a grand scale. Such a palace should be permanent if properly protected from the winter rains; it could be made of the most unique and striking style of architecture; it could be made one of the wonders of the world. When lighted by electricity the structure would have all the sparkle and diamond glitter of the great ice palaces, and with the difference in the salt palace's favor that heat would not melt or dim its glories in the least.—Virginia (Nevada) Enterprise.

Music by Teleph While the reception was being held at Mrs. Dickson's, a gentleman went to the telephone to speak to a friend in another part of the city, when he was attracted by the sweetest music imaginable that came over the wires. He listened for a while, and said the distance and hour together made the sounds as sweet as scraphs' harps.—Atlanta Journal.

The rare ruby once presented by King Louis of Bavaria to Loia Montez, and valued at \$10,000, is now the property of Mrs. J. B. Haggin, wife of the California