

FAITHFUL NATURE

Nature ever faithful is to much to trust her faithfulness...

THE MAJOR'S UMBRELLA.

"Isn't she ridiculous?" said Fanny Drew. "I declare," gaped Rhoda Filley, "I've laughed until my sides ache!"

And Martha Price, the youngest, merriest and prettiest of all the shop maidens, had caught it up, twisted a yellow handkerchief round her neck...

"That Patty Price is a regular little lump of witcraft," said he to Miss Daly, the cashier. "Just look at her, will you?"

"Girls," said he, "go back to your departments. This isn't business." The knot of damsels dispersed at once...

"Oh, but he has been so good to us," half-whispered Patty. "He left his handsome suit of rooms at the hotel and took board with mother..."

"I wish you wouldn't say such disagreeable things," said Patty, frowning. "Hush! don't you see there's a customer coming?"

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

"I don't matter," said the major, quietly interposing to prevent her picking up the ruins of the Sacred Biss. "But what is Miss Prudence Price to do with it?"

LOUISIANA'S GLORIES.

"But you are not an old fogey?" "At least not thirty. No! Well, people differ on such subjects..."

"There!" said he, "I won't have you fretting yourself so ceaselessly about an old umbrella!"

"My dear child, if you would only hear me out. The major—" "No, he's not going away. He—" "Then, I'm going to marry Prudence!"

"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?" asked a gentle, reassuring voice close to her. "And she started, to behold the very subject of her thoughts."

"No—yes—she faltered. "Please don't go away, Maj. Carson!" "It all depends on you, Martha, whether I go or stay," he answered, gravely.

"Does it, really?" Her heavy eyes brightened a little at this. "Then I will try to be good to her."

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

"To the prin—to the lady, I mean, whom you are going to marry." "I shall marry no lady, little Martha, unless you will have me," said the major, resignedly, shrugging his shoulders.

"Yes," spoke up Maj. Carson. "I hardly dared plead my own cause with you; but since Mrs. Price has not yielded my message, I must even try."

"No matter—no matter," said Patty. "I shall marry no lady, little Martha, unless you will have me, Maj. Carson's breast."

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

THEY ALL HAD SOAP.

Chicago Politicians Fall 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...

"It's a bar of soap." "A moment later Deputy Comptroller Frank Barrett was encountered. He, too, carried a parcel."

"What's that?" Frank was asked. "Mr. Barrett glanced around him, and he replied hastily: 'Oh, it's only a bar of soap.'"

"Right you are," interrupted the deputy city clerk. "I owe you a quarter."

"So's mine," muttered the alderman, as he descended to the street floor.

"What's that?" exclaimed Tom O'Neil in horror-stricken accents.

"The great vampire of South America, 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 Alderman Summerfield, who had just happened in, and was glancing timorously at the cage.

"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 cork and placed it against the cage."

"What's that?" "That, gentlemen," he exclaimed, "is a piece of bark of the soap tree of South America. From it has been manufactured a preparation unrivaled in cleaning gloves, taking grease spots from hats..."

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FACTS ABOUT CATARRH.

A DISAGREEABLE DISEASE WITH WHICH MANY ARE AFFLICTED.

It Originates in Different Causes—Not as Serious as Often Represented—Easily Cured Under Proper Conditions and Treatment.

The term "catarrh" 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.

The regions of the mucous tract most prone to catarrh are those of the nose, mouth, upper and lower pharynx, and the external of the chest, viz., the larynx, or voice organ; the bronchial tubes, the stomach, intestines and gall passages.

There seems to be a certain predisposition or structural development of the individual prone to catarrhal attacks. These originate in the chronic state of 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 these vessels pass are at the same time soft and yielding.

In a considerable number of cases, the system or susceptibility is the important and determining factor without its presence the existence of catarrh is an impossibility. As in consumption, so it is in catarrh, this predisposition may be of a constitutional or acquired nature.

The flaming advertisement setting forth the horrors of catarrh 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 results of a chronic catarrh are many and varied, and while marked by a high degree of persistency and stubbornness, relief can and should be attained. This is to be accomplished, first, by local measures alone, but more especially by attacking the individual and relieving the condition which makes the development of the catarrh possible.

Treatment locally might be pursued for a lifetime and nothing but relief of temporary character gained. Care should be given to the diet, surroundings and occupation, and you gain a potent influence for recovery.

One of the most common causes of catarrh, especially of the nose, is defective nasal 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 obstacles, relief can and should be attained. The most necessary factor is an intelligent conception of the condition which is the foundation of the disease. 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 arithmetic and geography.

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THE SPECTRAL DOG.

STRANGE STORY TOLD BY AN OLD RAILROAD FIREMAN.

A White Dog Running Side by Side with an Engine Going Sixty Miles an Hour. The Train Saved from What Might Have Been an Aerial Wreck.

A Tribune reporter was sitting on one of the seats on the Battery promenade recently when a well dressed 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.

"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 was walking on the Pennsylvania railroad ten 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."

"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's a white dog running alongside what's been followin' 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. He was swimming 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 could not 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 got 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 making it 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 he started to look at the throttle and the engine. 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 started the engine in a cloth or half cloth, the price of this valuable book has always been."

When the Eighth Vermont regiment was in Louisiana one of the officers was taken very ill, and left in charge of a picked post. A woman living near by offered him to come to her house, as the climate was malarious. He declined her hospitality, but before long became so much worse that his companions carried him to the house in almost a dying condition.

Mrs. Sparks—this was the good woman's name—perceived his almost desperate 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 remained to her were old and decrepit. Moreover, it was late in the afternoon, and rain was falling heavily; but something she must do, even though the sick man was in arms against her government.

"I tell you how to get away with the crows," said Neighbor Stokes. "How?" "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 field. The black rascals will eat it and get drunk, and then you can catch 'em and pull their heads off. That beats pizen or shootin'."

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