Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

SOME JOCULAR JINGLES.

Revolt of the Babies.

DEAR MISTER EDITOR—We little children ask
your aid
To help us in our very righteous up to date
crusade.
We crave your ready sympathy, because we
think it plain
No "Tit-Bit" of humanity can plead to you in
vain.

The inconveniences of life are terrible to us,
Poor victims of conventional, unnecessary fuss.
Supposing, sir, you asked a friend to share your
weight of woes,
And he called you "chickabiddy" with unmeaning "catch-a-lo's!"

Well, that is how we're treated when for sympathy we cry,
Or else we have to listen to a puerile lullaby.
Ridiculously silly, with such grave defects of
style,
That, were it not so painful, 'twould provoke a
baby's smile.

You may guess such shocking twaddle most
injurious we find,
It has a very weakening effect upon the mind.
The acutest of intelligence faints and falls and
drops
If you feed it on such very unimaginative slops.

We don't want bits of Shakespeare for our intellectual feast,
But we think a minor poet's lay to be the very
least
That can ever conscientiously before a babe be
placed—
A lay, of course, appealing to a cultivated
taste.

Then when our nurses with us pace the verdure
of the parks,
In the confidential company of military sparks,
We think that chivalry itself most certainly
debars
Those sparks from choking us with smoke from
twopenny cigars.

Then the culinary principle on which our food
is dressed
Is really too absurd to be in common words expressed.
Monotonous fluidity that marks our bill of fare
Is far more irritating than our parents are
aware.

We wonder how papa would like to take his
ev'ning nap
On nothing more substantial than a small tureen of pap,
And how would our big brothers like on endless slops to feed
And pass their leisure hours away without a
single weed?

No banquets we're invited to, no fashionable
ball;
We know not pleasures of the play, delights of
music hall;
But ev'ry day and all day long we hear the
hours chime,
With no congenial company to help to kill the
time.

And so, dear Mr. Editor, we hope you'll heed
our plea
And help us to a higher life, more varied, fresh
and free.
"Strong meat" is all we ask for, as we sound
the war's alarms
And sign ourselves yours faithfully as well as
HABES IN ARMS.

—Tit-Bits.

The Season.

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my
childhood,
Noting of course an exception or two;
Notably when I paid home as requested
And pushed the lawn mower the rank, tough
grass through.
Caught by my father when stalled in the
greensward,
I gave vent to language to print quite unfit,
Grabbed by the collar and dragged to the
woodshed
And for days intervening unable to sit.
The rusty lawn mower, the edgeless lawn
mower,
The meanest lawn mower that ever I knew.
—Detroit Tribune.

When Our Wives Vote.

I'm going to the caucus, John,
So don't you go away,
But cook must come, for I suspect
We'll need her vote today.

Now, when you've made the beds, John,
And dusted all the rooms,
Go out and do the marketing,
But don't buy meat at Vroom's!

Last caucus his wife bolted
And nearly spoiled my plan
By voting with the antisaps
To nominate a man!

Now, mind you put the kettle on
And baste the meat yourself,
And don't forget the baby, John—
His bottle's on the shelf!

The paregoric's on the stand.
Now, John, mind what I say!
Ten drops in water every hour.
Come, cook! There, John, good day!
—New York Sun.

Take a Day Off.

Hills—they look so purty way off,
Set a feller wishin,
Kinder think I'll take a day off
An go fishin.

In the fields they've raked the hay off
Jaybirds all disputin,
Kinder think I'll take a day off
And go shootin.

Rivers where the lilies lay off—
Swallows crost 'em skimmin,
Kinder think I'll take a day off
An go swimmin.

—Atlanta Constitution.

In Church.

Across the aisle I see her kneel,
While her pure thought to heaven
wings.
There is no sign upon her brow
Of worldly care or temporal things.

But I am sure she would not kneel
Quite so demurely if she knew
The sunlight through the painted glass
Had dyed her features green and blue.
—Life.

Heartrending.

Lobengula—Do you know that the bearded lady died last night?

Young-Man-Afraid-of-the-Soap—Yes, I heard about it. It's awful sad. She left a wife and three children.—Life.

Sagacity.

The Pretty Housemaid (angrily opening the door two inches)—Well, what do you want?

Sharp (the peddler)—Oh—er—pardon me, madam. I'm sorry to disturb you. It was one of your servants to whom I wished to show my goods.

The pretty housemaid buys $5 worth of things she can never use.—Chicago Record.

An Old Method of Heating Houses.

There is an old town in Germany where there is a hot water spring from which pipes are laid in every street and are connected to every house for heating it, and nobody knows when this use of the hot water first began.—Toronto Empire.

HE POSED AS A BAD MAN.

Had a Right to Be Lynched, Maybe, but Not That Way.

"There isn't any kind of doubt that One Ear Dodge was an all round nuisance and infernal annoyance to the boys and maybe had a right to be lynched, but it doesn't seem to me that I'd have lynched him just the way they did," said Orrin Boyes of New Mexico. "It may be, too, that they didn't intend to lynch him. But, anyhow, he was lynched, and I said then, and I say now, that it wasn't done exactly regular.

"Dodge wanted to pass as a bad man—the worst kind of a bad man—but he wasn't, and that's what made him so unpopular. He couldn't originate anything bad at all. He could steal a horse or run off cattle, but he did it in the regular commonplace, sneaking way that every dirty Indian thief does it, and not by some stroke of genius that would have marked him as a chap worth cultivating. He could fill himself with rum on the slightest provocation, but even that never brought any spark of smartness out of him.

"He was a secondhand bad man. He was simply a copyist. He carried this to such an extent that he even tried that hackneyed, played out, discarded bit of cowboy playfulness that was once looked upon as fixing at once the title of bad man on the cheerful chap who tried it—the forcing of a tenderfoot at the point of a revolver to drink liquor he didn't want. Dodge made an effort at this trick one night at Lordsburg. Instead of the tenderfoot trembingly swallowing the liquor he laid hands on Bob. He took his revolver away from him and then good naturedly whacked one of the would be bad man's ears off close to his head with his hunting knife.

"After that Bob lost caste faster than ever. He became known as One Ear Dodge, and he got lots of hints that folks around there only wanted one thing to make them perfectly contented and happy, and that thing was One Ear Dodge's perpetual absence. But he wouldn't take hints and got to be a bigger nuisance than ever. There was a big cattle ranch just over the line in Old Mexico, and one day a lot of stray cattle came strolling in among us. Their brands showed that they belonged on the Mexican ranch. One Ear Dodge had been unusually disagreeable for a day or two and was hanging around, ugly and broke. When the boys saw whose cattle the strays were, they said it would be a good thing to get One Ear to drive them back to their owner. The matter was suggested to him.

"'Sther anything in it?' snorted Dodge.

"'Big reward in it, of course,' was the reply.

"The upshot of it was that One Ear got on his pony, rounded up the strays and started with them for their owner's ranch. After he had been gone an hour or so one of the boys said, as if he had just happened to think of it:

"'One Ear will have to drive them cattle onto and across that Mexican range before he gets to the ranch, won't he?'

"The reply was that he would.

"'If any of them Mexican ranchers should see him doing it they might think it looked suspicious, mightn't they?'

"'Naturally they might,' was the reply. 'But maybe they won't see him.'

"That was all there was said on the subject just then. One Ear Dodge didn't come back that day nor the next. Along toward night the next day some of the boys came together again.

"'Well,' said one of them, 'I guess they must 'a' seen One Ear.'

"'Looks that way,' was the quiet reply.

"Then the subject was dropped. Two or three days later word came from over the border that some Mexican ranchers had captured and strung up a one eared cattle thief, taken in the act.

"'Yes, they seen One Ear,' said one of the boys. 'I was afeerd maybe they would.'

"'And I said then, and I say now, that maybe One Ear had a right to be lynched, but I wouldn't have done it that way. It wasn't regular.'"—New York Sun.

Hotels In India.

A hotel in India is in some respects quite unlike a hotel anywhere else in the world. Every guest has a servant of his or her own. The hotel has some servants, but the guests do not depend upon them at all. My servant takes care of my room, brings me my tea and toast when I arise, prepares my bath and waits upon me at table. He also keeps my clothes clean and my boots blacked, sees to my laundry, gets me a carriage when I want one and does my errands. When traveling, he will attend to the tickets and the luggage and make my simple bed on the cars, for India is a country of magnificent distances, involving considerable night travel. There are no regular sleeping cars like ours, but the seats are long enough for the passengers to stretch out on and wide enough to make a reasonable couch, which the traveler provides with his own thin mattress, pillow and wraps. The number of servants in a great hotel is confusing at first. In a long corridor you see one before each door. They usually sleep there, wrapped in a sheet or blanket and curled up on the floor.—Boston Herald.

St. Andrew Undershaft.

In London, in Leadenhall street, there is a church bearing the strange name of St. Andrew Undershaft—a name that would not be intelligible to any one without a knowledge of the history of the locality.

It seems that some 400 years ago every May day a high shaft or pole was set up opposite the south door of St. Andrew's and adorned with flowers. So tall was the pole it was actually higher than the church steeple, which was therefore literally under the shaft. Now, there being several churches dedicated to St. Andrew, this one was further described as Undershaft to prevent it from being mistaken for any of the others. The old maypole having been denounced as an idol by an overzealous curate in the reign of the boy king, the inhabitants of the district sawed it in pieces for firewood.

Thus is it that in the name of a still existing church is preserved an interesting bit of bygone history which otherwise would probably have passed away forever.—New York Journal.

Cure For Insomnia.

Mrs. Chatter—Your husband is looking so much better now, Mrs. Sharp. Has he been cured of his insomnia?

Mrs. Sharp—Oh, yes, quite effectually.

Mrs. Chatter—How was he cured, pray?

Mrs. Sharp—Well, you know they have been rebuilding the interior of our church, and I had the old pew brought around to set up in the bedroom. He finds it just as conducive to repose as ever.—Yonkers Gazette.

Like Unto Like.

A gentleman of the old school employed a very polite and brisk Frenchman as a servant. One morning Jean Baptiste came to wait on him. The gentleman, who had not yet risen, said:

"Oh, Jean Baptiste, I can't get up. I'm as sick as a horse this morning."

"Ah! monsieur," exclaimed the Frenchman, springing toward the door, "I vill bring ze veterinaire at once!"—Youth's Companion.

TWO SWEETHEARTS.

The eyes of Lisette are like miniature seas,
With ripples that laugh, and willows that
sigh;
On the shore, and the low bending boughs of
the trees
Darken and soften the shadows that creep
At night near the ocean's edge, fashioned to feel
A vague love although the eyes of Lisette.

The eyes of Marie were designed to derange
The minds of weak mortals. There is something about
Them so exactly pathetic, as deep and as
strange
As two holes in the night where the stars are
pulled out.
How can I choose then, which shall it be—
Laughing Lisette or little Marie?
—Cy Warman in New York Sun.

A STRANGE AFFAIR

At a wayside inn, on the old road that then ran between Philadelphia and C——, in the state of Pennsylvania, a very strange and curious affair occurred in the fall of 1797. One dark, rainy, disagreeable night a mounted traveler, well muffled up in a great coat, with its broad cape turned up over his head like a cowl, his chin and lower part of his face buried in a large bandana handkerchief, and with a broad, black patch over his right eye, rode up to the tavern and called for supper and lodging. At the large fire burning in the chimney of the barroom he sat and warmed and dried himself while his meal was being prepared, without removing any of his garments, not even so much as his hat, and when the landlord at length announced that his repast was ready he simply remarked:

"I have a severe pain in my face, so you must excuse my going to the table as I am."

He ate his supper in silence, and showed no disposition for conversation, called for a strong glass of brandy and water, and soon after asked to be conducted to his room, adding that he was very much fatigued.

"By the way," he said to the landlord, who in person lighted him to his bedroom, "I may as well leave my pocketbook and watch in your possession till morning," at the same time handing those articles to the host, who took them with some reluctance, saying:

"I reckon they'd be quite as safe here with yourself, though I'll keep them for you if you wish me to."

"You'll oblige me by doing so," rejoined the stranger.

"Well, then, said the innkeeper, "I must know how much money you've got here if I've got to be responsible for it."

"Please open the pocketbook, then, and count for yourself," returned the stranger.

The host did so and said:

"I make it $215."

"Right," rejoined the traveler, "and while I'm about it I may as well add this purse, which contains fifty-one dollars in specie."

The landlord also counted the coin, part gold and part silver, said the amount was right and went out, bidding the other good night.

About 2 o'clock in the morning a neighbor living within a stone's throw of the tavern, and who chanced to be up with a sick child, fancied he heard above the roar of the storm, which had increased in violence, a wild shriek, followed by two cries of "Help! Murder!"

He was rather a timid man, and was much alarmed. He blew out his light, cautiously opened the door, looked out and listened. The storm beat into his face and howled around his dwelling, but he could see nothing, not even a light at the inn, and he heard nothing more that sounded like a human voice. He shut the door and fastened it, and then woke up his wife and told her all. She happened to be a woman of unusual nerve and courage, and after putting a few questions replied with a yawn:

"Oh, Jim, it was only one of your fancies. You're always hearing something that nobody else does! Just think how many times you've hunted the house over for robbers since I've lived with you! Just tend to Mary, will you, and let me get a little sleep, for you know I didn't have any last night."

"I know it wasn't any fancy, but a real human cry!" grumbled the man as he walked away and allowed his drowsy spouse to return to her dreams.

The dull, leaden gray of morning was just beginning to dispel the inky blackness of the stormy night, when the landlord of the wayside inn was aroused by a series of thundering knocks upon the outer door of his habitation. He sprung out of bed, hastily drew on his trousers and boots, took his waistcoat in his hand and hurried down to his supposed customers. On opening the door he found himself confronted with two rough looking men, well muffled up against the storm, which as yet had scarcely abated in fury. Their horses, panting, splashed with mud, with drooping heads, were hitched at the nearest post, and showed by their looks that they had been ridden fast and far.

"Did a mounted traveler stop at this inn last night?" abruptly inquired one of the two strangers.

"Yes," was the answer.

"Is he still here?"

"He is."

"Will you describe his appearance?"

"As well as I can," said the wondering host, "for I didn't get to see much of his face." And he not only proceeded with the description of his person, but added all that the traveler had said and done, including the affair of the money.

"I think we've got him this time!" said the one who had addressed the landlord, turning to his companion.

"It looks like it," was the reply; "but he's no doubt a desperate fellow, and we'd better proceed with caution till we make all sure!"

"Hark you, landlord!" said the first speaker in a low tone; "a word in your private ear! We are officers from justice, from Philadelphia, in pursuit of a bank robber, and we suspect your strange guest to be the man we seek! Here is the warrant for his arrest. Now conduct us quietly to his room, and, if need be, assist us in securing him!"

"Certainly," returned the host turning somewhat pale, as it was afterward remembered, and seeming not a little agitated. "Walk in, gentlemen—this way, gentlemen!"

He conducted them into the barroom and hurriedly struck a light, for it was yet too dark to see anything distinctly.

"I hope the fellow has not heard us!" said one of the officers drawing a pistol, while the other produced a pair of handcuffs.

"I hope it won't be necessary to shoot, gentlemen!" said the host with increased agitation.

"We will all go up softly and try his door," said the officer with the pistol, "and if we find it fast perhaps it will be better for us to remain on guard and wait till he comes out himself."

The host, light in hand, led the way, though with seeming reluctance, as if not over courageous. On reaching the door, which the three parties had approached with light, steady steps, the landlord tried it very gently, and finding it unfastened slowly and softly pushed it open and went in, followed by the officers. The next moment the innkeeper exclaimed in a tone of alarm and agitation:

"Gracious heaven! what's the meaning of this?"

The bed was tumbled, but vacant—no traveler was there—and the sheets and pillow cases were stained with blood!

The officers looked meaningly at each other and then at the host, who, pale and trembling, sunk half fainting upon the nearest seat. For a few moments there was a deep and ominous silence, and then one of the officers said, slowly and with pointed emphasis:

"Landlord, this is very strange!"

"The strangest thing I ever knew!" fairly gasped the innkeeper, glancing around him in frightened bewilderment. "Where can the man have gone to?"

"And this blood too!" sternly chimed in the other officer. "What does this mean, if not some foul play?"

"Oh, gentlemen," said the host in a low, tremulous tone, "I hope you don't suspect me, for I'm as innocent as a child unborn. And now I remember, too, when I went to the door to let you in I found it wasn't fastened, and I'm right sure I fastened it myself before I went to bed."

"We certainly do suspect you, sir," said the other officer; "for how can we help it since the man is gone and you, as you have confessed, have his money in your possession?"

"But he gave me the money to keep for him," cried the frightened host, "and I've got it yet."

"Undoubtedly you have, but that, you see, so far from proving you know nothing of the affair, only tends to make matters the worse for you."

"Perhaps he's about here yet somewhere!" suggested the innkeeper. "If he's a bank robber and heard your knocks, he'd be quite likely to hide himself, or run away, I should think."

The idea was worthy of attention, and a search for the missing man was forthwith begun. On looking under the bed blood was discovered on the floor, and the trail of this was found to lead out of the room, down the stairs and out of the front door—showing that the object of search, either living or dead, had gone out of the house. Beyond the building there were no traces, for the storm had obliterated them. The hostler was called, the only other man about the house, but he appeared to be a kind of stupid fellow, and evidently knew nothing of the matter, and a look in the barn showed the stranger's horse still there.

About an hour later the neighbor mentioned came over to the inn in great agitation and alarm, said there was the body of a murdered man lying by the roadside, and also stated what he had heard during the night.

All hurried to the scene of the tragedy, and there beheld the body of a coarse featured man of forty, which the officers believed from its general appearance to be that of the villain they were seeking; but whether that of the stranger who had lodged at the cabin no one could tell. The body was covered with blood, and the man had evidently died from knife wounds in the breast.

Throughout that thinly peopled section the news spread rapidly, and before night a large number of excited spectators, including the sheriff, coroner and two magistrates, had collected at the inn. An inquest was held and a verdict rendered in accordance with the facts; and, though there was no direct evidence against the landlord, yet suspicion pointed so strongly to him as the murderer, that he was taken into custody and committed for trial.

In due time the trial came on, but the jury could not agree and were finally discharged. A second trial resulted like the first, and the innkeeper, whose name was Williams, was kept in prison over a year.

How the affair would have eventually terminated had the mystery not been cleared up in an unexpected manner it is impossible to say, but ere the time fixed for the third trial arrived a stranger appeared before the magistrate of the county and deposed that he himself was the individual who had lodged at the inn on the night of the murder, and for taking whose life the landlord was still in prison.

In the course of his evidence he stated that he had been a merchant in Philadelphia, who finding himself on the eve of failure had collected a large amount of money and run away; and that all trace of himself might be lost and his death expected, he had adopted the plan of putting a small part of the money in the hands of the innkeeper, ostensibly for safe keeping, and secretly departing in the night on foot, not supposing anything very serious would result to the landlord from this course of action.

On getting up somewhere about midnight his nose had set to bleeding, which would explain the traces of blood he had left behind him. He made his way to Baltimore, and thence sailed to Havana, where he had been so fortunate in his speculations as to find himself in a condition to return and settle honorably with all his creditors. On coming home and giving an account of his adventures to a friend he had for the first time learned with horror of the almost fatal consequences to the innkeeper of his unjustifiable disappearance, and had hastened to make what reparation lay in his power. His testimony was subsequently corroborated on all important points, and the innkeeper was honorably discharged, to the great relief and joy of his sympathizing friends. As a partial recompense for what he had suffered on his account the merchant made him a present of the horse and money he had left with him and $2,000 besides.

But the clearing up of one part of this strange affair only seemed to involve the other in still deeper mystery. A murder had surely been committed, but by whom? And who was the unfortunate victim?

Even this, in course of time, was also made manifest. Some years after a villain, under sentence of death, confessed that he was a partner of the bank robber, and that, having made an equal division of the spoil, they had agreed to leave the city by different routes and meet at an appointed place, that, eager to secure the whole of the booty, he had secretly taken his partner's road instead of the one agreed upon, and had waylaid and murdered him within a few rods of the tavern kept by Williams, who by being arrested for the crime had drawn off all suspicion from himself.

Thus were these recorded deeds of that tempestuous night eventually brought to light, and the innocent cleared and rewarded, and the guilty detected and punished.—E. B. in Buffalo News.

About Women's Clubs.

Speaking of women's clubs and their management, a cynical man remarked that he had often thought what curious gatherings they must be. "Why," he said, "you don't smoke, you don't drink, you don't play cards. For goodness sake, what do you do with yourselves?" "Well," came the answer from an indignant member, "I'll tell you what we do. We come home sober about 10 o'clock, we don't lose our last cent playing poker, we don't smell of smoke and we don't wake in the morning with a head and a thirst that makes us empty the ice pitcher at one gulp. Those are a few of the incidental things we manage to accomplish outside of some discussions that are not gossip or fashions, nor yet concern sporting news or politics."—Philadelphia Times.

Baby's Picture.

It is a Chinese superstition that having a baby's picture taken is a sure precursor of illness, if not death. Strangely, the superstition has been apparently verified in the case of the baby of the Chinese minister at Washington. The minister refused to permit the child's portrait to be made, but the secretary of the legation, who was disposed to be skeptical, took the child surreptitiously to a photographer's. Since then the baby has been very ill.—Chicago Dispatch.

FRAUDULENT LOTTERY SCHEMES

Clever Devices and Bogus Circulars by Which Many People Are Being Swindled.

NEW ORLEANS, La., June 25, 1894.—Since the Louisiana State Lottery Company removed to Honduras and resumed business under the name of the Honduras National Lottery Company, the patrons of this great concern have been eager bait for clever operators, and every month thousands of people are taken in by lottery schemes which purport to be the original Louisiana State Lottery.

The modus op randi is to send a bunch of tickets to some prominent person, inclosing a complimentary ticket good for $5,000. The party is instructed to sell one-fifth of the ticket to some other well known prominent person, and keep the other fifth for himself. Another condition is that the party must remit $10 in payment for tickets, at least three days before the "drawing."

In order to make the offer appear genuine, a circular of the Honduras National Lottery Company is inclosed with the address of J. H. Lombard & Co., New Orleans La., carefully stamped in red ink over the address of Paul Conrad, Puerto Cortez, Honduras, C. A., care Central America Express, Port Tampa City, Fla. As a matter of fact, the Honduras National Lottery Company has no such agency in New Orleans and Lombard & Co. never had any connection with this company. The New England States are flooded with the bogus circulars, and a number have already been swindled.—Boston (Mass.) Herald, June 25.

The Longest Swim on Record.

The longest swim ever made without the aid of artificial help, such as life preservers, life suits, etc., was made by Samuel Brock, a Yarmouth (England) beachman, fifty-seven years ago, the night of Oct. 14, 1835. On the afternoon of the 14th Brock had noticed a ship at sea signaling for a pilot. He in company with nine other seamen started for the vessel in the yawl Increase. At 4 o'clock they came up alongside the ship, which proved to be the Spanish brig Paquette de Bilboa. A pilot and three beachmen were put on board and the Increase then headed for shore, which was twelve miles distant. At 6:30 o'clock, when the nearest land was still six miles off, a squall sunk the Increase and drowned all on board except Brock. From the way that flood tide was beating off shore it soon became evident to the man in the water that if he ever did manage to reach the land alive he would have to swim about fifteen miles in a roundabout way.

A swell sea drove him out over Cross Sand ridge before the 9 o'clock bell tolled at St. Nicholas' gate, and it was a long 2½ hours later before the nearly exhausted swimmer caught sight of the bell and light buoys themselves. It was now nearly midnight, and Brock had been in the chilly water about five hours. Within the next hour he sighted a vessel at anchor and by an almost superhuman effort managed to get within about 200 yards, when he hailed the lookout. A boat was immediately lowered and the half drowned man taken on board. The vessel proved to be the Betsy, of Sunderland, and her place of anchorage about 16¾ miles from where the Increase capsized. Thus it was proved that Brock had made the remarkable distance of nearly seventeen miles in 7½ hours on that chilly October night.—St. Louis Republic.

Dust Storms Here and Abroad.

Sand and dust whirls occur in arid regions in hot weather. They may be anywhere from a rod to several rods in diameter and from twenty to a thousand feet high. They are sometimes compound—a score or more small whirls forming a whirling circle around a common center. They are very common in India. They sometimes carry up so much sand in the Sahara and Arabia that those on whom the sand falls are overwhelmed. They occur also in the arid regions of the United States.

In the Magdalena valley, across the mountains westward from Socorro, in New Mexico, during a hot day in summer they form at the head of a valley in a long, slender, vertical column, perhaps 600 feet high, and then travel down the valley toward the village of Magdalena, over which they burst sometimes, bringing little puffs of contrary winds and a shower of fine dust. In some places a group of stationary whirls of the same general character as the preceding are tied down to one point. Such are the whirls which form sometimes over volcanoes.—Exchange.

A Beggars' Paper.

Paris is to have a new terror, a daily newspaper in the interest of professional beggars. It will give its readers a complete list of baptisms, weddings and funerals to take place the same day, which may be assumed to afford a good pointer for the use of begging letter writers. There is a special department giving the arrivals and departures of persons of known charitable tendencies.—Paris Letter.

At the Liverpool street (London) terminus of the Great Eastern railway, on a recent Wednesday, all the passengers arriving and departing by the local train service only were counted, and reached the enormous total of 92,456 persons.

Mothers,

when nursing babies, need a nourishment that will give them strength and make their milk rich.

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil, nourishes mothers and makes babies fat and healthy. Gives strength to growing children. *Physicians*, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists.

CURE THAT COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE

TAKE THE BEST

25cts., 50cts. and $1.00 Bottle. One cent a dose.

It is sold on a guarantee by all druggists. It cures Incipient Consumption and is the best Cough and Croup Cure.

NEARING THE GRAVE.

In old age infirmities and weakness hasten to close the gap between us and the grave. Happily scientific research and pharmaceutical skill have allied themselves to furnishing us a reliable means of ameliorating the ailments incident to declining years and of renewing waning physical energy. Its name is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a widely comprehensive remedy in disease and an inestimable blessing to the elderly, the feeble and the convalescent. Rheumatic ailments, trouble with the kidneys and lumbago are among the more common ailments of the aged. These are effectually counteracted by the Bitters, which is likewise a prevention and curative of malarial complaints, dyspepsia, constipation and biliousness. It is highly promotive of appetite, sleep and the acquisition of vigor.

For that matter, all first boy babies are princes, and princes of wails as a general thing, too.

"JUDGE."

This comic paper has some inimitable cartoons. But no one of them is more forcible than this testimony of its proprietor, W. J. Arkell, to the value of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. He writes:

"JUDGE BUILDING,
Cor. Fifth Ave. and Sixteenth St.,
NEW YORK, January 14, 1891.

"About three weeks since, while suffering from a severe cold which had settled on my chest, I applied an ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER, and in a short time obtained relief.

"In my opinion these plasters should be in every household, for use in case of coughs, colds, sprains, bruises or pains of any kind. I know that in my case the results have been entirely satisfactory and beneficial. 'W. J. ARKELL.'"

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Jones—So Smith gave you a cigar? Brown—Yes, but I was in luck; neither of us had a match.

There is more catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from ten drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address

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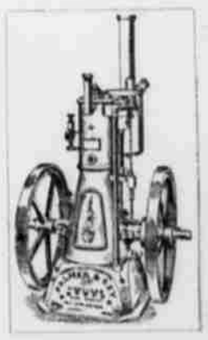

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