A Good Fee.

Ministers in New England villages are not usually the recipents of liberal salaries, and the number of marriages in a year is seldom large enough to make the fees much of an addition to the slender sum. The fees themselves are apt to be slight, and sometimes are omitted altogether, although the clergyman is usually presented with some little "remembrance" of the happy occasion.

One clergyman has a good many amusing stories to tell of his "wedding experiences," but he once received a wedding fee which has never been duplicated, and which, he says, lasted ten times as long as any other which was ever given him.

He performed the ceremony which united the daughter of the Widow Robbins, the thriftiest housewife of his parish, to a poor but estimable young man, whom the widow had selected for her son-in-law, and with whom her daughter had dutifully fallen in love.

The wedding was a merry one, and as the "officiating clergyman" was putting on his coat in the hall, ready to start for home, the Widow Robbins bustled out to him and said: "I sent Harry over with your fee about half an hour ago. Mr. Lathrop. I told him people wouldn't miss the groom for a few minutes, and sure enough they didn't. He said he gave it to your wife, and I hope you'll like it; you always have!"

Mr. Lathrop murmured his thanks and hurried home to be greeted by his wife, whom a severe cold had kept in the house, in a voice shaking with suppressed laughter.

"Where is my fee?" demanded the clergyman. "I hear it has been put in your keeping."

"It's on the dining room table," faltered his wife.

He strode out to the dining room, and there on the table were ranged four rows of glass jars, three in each row; they were well filled, and labeled respectively, "currant jelly," "chili sauce," "sweet pickles," and last but not least, "raspberry jam."

"We had a good laugh, of course," says Mr. Lathrop, "but we also had some of that 'fee' the very next day, and we never enjoyed one better."—Youth's Companion.

Through the Tunnel.

A railway mail clerk, who has a car to himself, left it for a moment to run forward and speak to the engineer as the train stopped for water at a station in the Allegheny mountains, just west of the great tunnel. When the boiler was filled and the train started he sprang for his car.

The entrance to the car was on the side, and a solitary handle offered itself to the grasp of the passenger. As the clerk seized this hurriedly and pulled himself up he discovered to his horror that the door had jarred shut, and could not be opened from the outside.

At that moment the train shot into the tunnel. The man shrieked for help, but the noise of the train drowned his cries, and with both hands grasping the handle, his feet on the iron step and his body glued to the side of the car lest he should be dashed against the jagged wall, he was carrred into the darkness.

As the tunnel is a mile long and the atmosphere almost stifling, the hapless man's predicament can be better imagined than described. When the train came out into daylight again the engineer looked back, as usual, to see if the train was following, and discovered the mail clerk in his perilous position.

The train was stopped as quickly as possible, and the engineer and conductor hastened to the man's rescue. He was all but demented, and on being assisted to the ground fell unconscious.

For six months afterward he was under a physician's care, and when he had recovered from the shock he said:

"The tunnel seemed at least ten miles long, and my head, I thought, was hollow, with the smoke rushing in at my mouth and nostrils and pouring out again through my ears. Whenever I think of it my brain reels and I feel myself crouching, just as I crouched against the outside of that car, while being dragged through that horrible darkness."—Washington Star.

Considered Her Case Incurable.

"I can't find that there's anything the matter with your daughter, sir," said the superintendent of the asylum when the old gentleman called to make inquiries. "She's been here two weeks now, and she talks as rationally as any woman I ever saw. There's nothing erratic in her actions either."

"I know it," said the old gentleman. "Poor girl! She's in no way violent now —just a little weak minded—but there's no telling how soon she may be raving, so I thought it best to have her under treatment. There's no use taking any chances."

"Quite right! Quite right!" admitted the superintendent. "But, frankly, I don't quite understand the case. She seems to be extremely intelligent and is a remarkably bright looking young woman. What have been her symptoms?"

"There has only been one," returned the old gentleman, solemnly shaking his head. "Only one," he repeated, "but that convinced me"— He tapped his forehead significantly, and then added, "She persisted in riding in the smokers' seat in the street cars."

The superintendent looked serious.

"I'm afraid she's here for life," he said. "I never knew of a cure in such a case. I suppose she looks insulted when any one lights a cigar?"

"Oh, yes; always."

"The most aggravated form of the mania," said the superintendent. "I'll do the best I can, but I have no hopes." —Chicago Tribune.

The Largest Tip.

The most valuable tip ever received by a waiter was £1,200, which we are assured on excellent authority was given some time ago by an eccentric customer to a waiter in a restaurant in Leicester square, London. The lucky recipient is now proprietor of a flourishing public house in the south of England.—London Tit-Bits.

Peach Day in Colorado.

Yesterday was Peach Day at Grand Junction. It was the first festival day of the kind ever observed in this state, or perhaps in any other. Colorado, indeed, seems to have set the example of setting apart days for the commemoration of special resources and special products. First Rocky Ford had its Watermelon day, then Monument on the divide established its Potato Bake Day, and now Grand Junction has followed with its Peach Day.

The governor and his staff graced the occasion. Representatives of every city, town and section of the state were present. The arrangements for the entertainment of the great throng were ample and perfect and worked admirably.

The peculiarly significant thing about the celebration was the illustration furnished of the marvelous growth of the new west, a growth that would be possible only in a region of wonderful fertility of soil. Five tons of peaches were put up in tempting pyramids and terraces, to be gratuitously distributed to the attending crowd. Yet only six short years ago the country about the spot where the city of Grand Junction is now situated was reported in disgust by one of the leading newspaper men of eastern Colorado as a dreary, dismal waste of sand and cactus and sage brush.

Since then irrigating ditches have been built. The gladdening water has been made flow over the sand, and it has developed a wondrous fertility. On no ordinary soil could richly bearing fruit orchards be developed within six years or less.—Rocky Mountain News.

Looking for Morse's First Message.

The Western Union Telegraph company is trying to get hold of the first message that was successfully sent over the wires, in order that it may be placed in the exhibit that the company will make at the World's fair in Chicago. Major Stephen Johnston, of Piqua, O., to whom Professor Morse handed the slip, with the message in cipher, in 1844, has mislaid it somewhere among his papers, but it is thought that it will be found.

J. W. Kirk, the veteran telegrapher, tells an interesting story of the way the slip happened to come into the possession of Major Johnston. In 1844 Professor Morse was experimenting with his telegraph line from Washington to Annapolis, and Mr. Kirk took Major Johnston to his room in the Capitol. Professor Morse said that he had sent a man to Annapolis to see if he could send a message over the wire, and while Major Johnston was there a message began to come in.

Professor Morse cut off the slip of paper and handed it to Major Johnston, who carefully put it away in his pocket. The next day Professor Morse astonished Washington by announcing an hour before the news arrived by train the candidates nominated at the Whig convention in Baltimore.—New York Times.

Inoculation for Diphtheria.

Among the European medical cases recently reported are three of severe diphtheria, which quickly recovered after they were attacked with erysipelas. This led the physician to experiment with the treatment of diphtheria by inoculations with the cultures of erysipelas microbes, fourteen patients being treated by this method. The inoculations were made by means of scarifications in the neck, at the side, directly under the jaw. The symptoms of erysipelas showed themselves in from four to twelve hours, and as this disease progressed the diphtheric membrane gradually disappeared from the throat, the glandular enlargements went down and other associate symptoms disappeared. In two cases only was this treatment ineffectual, and in these death occurred before the erysipelas developed. No additional treatment was resorted to. —New York Tribune.

Two Boys Fish for an Electric Current.

Walter Fitze and Vetener Bailey, boys of Houston, procured a piece of fine wire which they threw over the wire supporting the trolley wire on Fanning street for the purpose of getting a shock. The wire came in contact with the trolley wire, and no sooner had the boys each seized an end of their wire, when the deadly current began to burn them, causing them to fall to the ground, the smoke issuing from their clothing and causing the victims to emit piteous screams for help. Young Bailey was badly burned, and young Fitze had his right hand so fearfully burned that he will probably lose all the fingers and part of the palm of the hand mentioned. —San Antonio Express.

Explorers' Helpers Scarce.

It is not generally known that most African explorers entering the continent from Zanzibar have been compelled to fit out chiefly with slaves hired from their Zanzibar masters. A few weeks ago the British Antislavery society issued a protest agaidst this practice and called attention to the fact that the expedition which H. H. Johnston had just led into the country was made up of slaves. The sultan of Zanzibar has now issued a decree forbidding the enlisting of slaves on these expeditions. There is, accordingly, a great scarcity of labor, and explorers and the German East Africa company cannot get all the men they need.—London Letter.

Hard Times for Georgia Alligators.

Lake Iamonia is fast drying up. Thirty years ago the lake dried up and one could walk over any portion. Hundreds came with wagons and hauled thousands of pounds of fish away. Alligators were as plentiful as logs. No cause for the strange disappearance of the water can be assigned. Dozens of alligators are crowded together, and parties are already seining the holes for fish.—Cor. Atlanta Constitution.

Business in the London fashionable marriage market seems to be unusually active. One leading confectioner received in one day no fewer than thirty-eight orders for brides' cakes, to be delivered during the month.

Keen Scented Bloodhounds.

This county, several months ago, purchased a pack of young bloodhounds to [redacted] Sally, in the presence of a crowded room, when called upon, say for bits of straw in her cage, would give you the exact number you named up to ten, and the keeper has found her, when alone, count in this way up to twenty. If one of the public asked for five, six or nine straws, or whatever quantity up to ten, she would pick each deliberately up, without any mistake, put one by one in her mouth until all were got together, and then give them into your hand.

If asked for a "buttonhole," she would take a straw, break off part of the stalk and put the ear into the buttonhole of the keeper's coat. She knew right from left; would use a spoon and sip with it until the cup was empty. She was 4 years old when first brought to this country, and was therefore 12 years of age when she died.—London Tit-Bits.

One Man's Loss Another's Gain.

"Whenever there is a fire you can be sure that while it may bring loss to some one it brings gain to others," said J. Harry Sutterlie, of a big importing house, as he stood in his office under the big Brooklyn bridge.

"There was that warehouse fire down near Wall street, where so much chemicals were burned. Nearly, if not quite all, of the shellac in bulk now in this country, except fifty bales we had here, was destroyed. That meant that we controlled the market the second day after the fire. The price jumped over 100 per cent. and is still climbing. It was about twenty-two cents a pound the day before the fire. We have fifty bales, with about 225 pounds to the bale. Shellac comes from Calcutta, India, and before any more can come we shall probably be sold out. So you see that fire meant gain to us if loss to some other dealer."—New York World.

What the Dude Wears.

Perhaps you haven't heard that the entirely correct and unexceptionable dude at present has the flower for his buttonhole cut with a long stem, which must be permitted to stick out carelessly from under the lapel of the coat. It seems a trifle, but of course it is just such matters of no apparent moment that distinguish the really, truly well dressed man from the mere imitator. The latter is always somewhat behind the mode and never up with it. For instance, just now he keeps on wearing a sash instead of a leather belt, which is the proper caper. By next season he will have caught on, and by that time the swill will have adopted further touches.—Interview in Washington Star.

Uprising Against the Winchester Rifle.

Owing to the numerous murders which have been committed in Effingham county, steps outside of law have been taken to preserve the peace. At a public meeting of citizens held at Guiton, Ga. the following resolution was adopted:

Any person hereafter visiting this town armed with a repeating rifle shall be waited upon by a standing committee and required to show good cause for carrying such rifle, it being the unanimous opinion of the meeting that one armed with a Winchester is prima facie in quest of gore.—Cor. New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Longest Coal Train.

A train of 225 loaded four wheel coal cars passed over the Lehigh Valley railroad a few days ago. It was the longest and heaviest train ever carried over any road in this country, and that means in the world. Naturally this train suggests a comparison with the trains of Conestoga teams which sixty years ago toiled between eastern Pennsylvania and Pittsburg. The teamster of that period never, in his wildest conceptions imagined such an event as the one related above. —Scranton (Pa.) Truth.

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Afflicts half the American people yet there is only one preparation of Sarsaparilla that acts on the bowels and reaches this important trouble, and that is Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla. It relieves it in 24 hours, and an occasional dose prevents return. We refer by permission to C. E. Elkington, 125 Locust Avenue, San Francisco; J. H. Brown, Petaluma; H. S. Winn, Geary Court, San Francisco, and hundreds of others who have used it in constipation. One letter is a sample of hundreds. Elkington, writes: "I have been for years subject to bilious headaches and constipation. Have been so bad for a year back have had to take a physic every other night or else I would have a headache. After taking one bottle of J. V. S., I am in splendid shape. It has done wonderful things for me. People similarly troubled should try it and be convinced."

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A Revelation.

Few people know that the bright bluish-green color of the ordinary teas exposed in the windows is not the natural color. Unpleasant as the fact may be, it is nevertheless artificial; mineral coloring matter being used for this purpose. The effect is twofold. It not only makes the tea a bright, shiny green, but also permits the use of "off-color" and worthless teas, which, once under the green cloak, are readily worked off as a good quality of tea.

An eminent authority writes on this subject: "The manipulation of poor teas, to give them a finer appearance, is carried on extensively. Green teas, being in this country especially popular, are produced to meet the demand by coloring cheaper black kinds by glazing or facing with Prussian blue, tumeric, gypsum, and indigo. *This method is so general that very little genuine uncolored green tea is offered for sale.*"

It was the knowledge of this condition of affairs that prompted the placing of Beech's Tea before the public. It is absolutely pure and without color. Did you ever see any genuine uncolored Japan tea? Ask your grocer to open a package of Beech's, and you will see it, and probably for the very first time. It will be found in color to be just between the artificial green tea that you have been accustomed to and the black teas.

It draws a delightful canary color, and is so fragrant that it will be a revelation to tea-drinkers. Its purity makes it also more economical than the artificial teas, for less of it is required per cup. Sold only in pound packages bearing this trade-mark:

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