

ON THE RESERVE

By Shan F. Bullock

WE were standing, Dan Wilson and I, on the bridge that spans the platforms of Clogheen station, just leaning idly upon a parapet and passing dull time. It was a chill, wet day in December, one of the last days of the year 1889. Twilight was falling rapidly through the mists. Above us the roof stretched black and grim; below, the platform lay cheerless and deserted, with the rails gleaming between them out and away to the shivering fields. There seemed no hope in the world just then, no light and no cheer. One felt, standing there, as if shut within prison bars away from all bounty of life.

In while the street door slammed behind us, feet sounded on the flags, and two figures passed out below the bridge and slowly went up the platform, a man carrying a rude bundle, a woman carrying a child and a basket. They were the only figures on the platform, and naturally one's eyes followed them as they went. Dan, beside me, grunted expressively, pulled his soft hat over his eyes, and leaning his chin upon the parapet, watched them keenly.

"Do you know them?" said I. "I do," came back. "Keep an eye on them."

It wanted yet some ten minutes or so (minutes are of small account on Irish railways) of the up train's time, and, discovering this by means of the station clock, the two put down bundle and basket and stood waiting by the bookstall, the man with his back toward us, the woman facing us in the lamplight. Distinctly now one had view of them and all their doings.

The man was tall, upright fellow of the farming class, dressed in tweeds, patched overcoat, peaked cap and heavy boots, his trousers heavy with mud, his back splashed to the collar, a clay pipe in his mouth and a switch in his hand. His face one could not see, but the woman's stood out clear before her flimsy hat, and the sight of it was not inspiring. It was pale and drawn, with a bristling showing upon one cheek, overflowing with grief or suffering, the eyes heavy as with weeping, the lips tight and quivering. In the sunshine maybe it had been winsome; now in the gloom and glare it looked tragic. Her whole bearing was listless and weary. She seemed stricken with hopelessness, and she rocked this way and that, as if hushing the child, with the ceaseless monotony of one fearing despair. She seldom spoke, hardly one looked her companion in the face. Just waiting and suffering, she seemed to stand, listening and watching, counting precious minutes of time. But the man stood impassive before her—stolid, you might think, as an ox.

Suddenly a bell tinkled somewhere; a signal dropped heavily; the station master, in his silk hat and braided coat, stalked out on the platform; two car drivers, a porter and a policeman strolled into the gloom, and with that the woman stepped nearer to the man, so that her arms touched his, and looked up in his face. She was crying, one could see; speaking passionately, one could guess. What was she saying? Why was she weeping? What had she done, or what was in store, that she should act so, should plead so, should strip the shawl from her child and passionately kiss its face, should waste her tears on that ox's yoke? Hastily and touched with much pity I turned to Dan, questioning him eagerly. Who was she? What had she done? What was going to happen? And for answer came the thunder of the train below our feet and the grinding of it up along the platform.

All was now confusion down there for a little while, the porter calling, the policeman stalking, the car drivers shouting, a passenger or two hurrying in and out, and clearly above the hiss of steam and tramp of feet one heard the sound of weeping, that bitter sound which goes up so often among Irish hills. "Ah, goodby, James!" came the voice, clear and broken, piteous and stricken. "Goodby, goodby! You forgive me, don't you? Ah, say 'ye do'!" Through the gloom one saw a pair of feet, one man standing with his bundle by an open carriage door, the woman clinging to him with one arm and holding her child with the other. "James," she cried, "I may never see ye again! Ah, say 'ye do'!" Her voice came pleading and wailing. From the windows curious faces looked toward her, and a little group behind her whispered and nodded. But the man stood impassive, one foot raised a hand on the carriage door, his head bent. Then, even as the guard raised his whistle, he flung to his bundle, turned and spread his arms. "Ah, goodby, James! God bless ye! God bless ye!" "Goodby, Mary; goodby!" "Just a moment they stood silent, then a bang and a shriek, a frantic wave of the hand and a shout from the window, and Mary stood alone in the gloom.

Then beckoned me toward the refreshment room. "Come till I tell you," said he. "Come away till I tell you."

"Over there," said Dan as we sat smoking in a corner, his words, as faithfully as I can reproduce them, being just these—"over there beyond Clogheen, on the way to Bunn, you'll find two houses in the townland of Giant standing nearly side by side on the face of a hill. They're decent little places in their way, with a share of bad land to each and a piece of turraby and no stint of fresh air whistling through the eaves. As long as I mind the same families have lived in them. Just struggling for life and bread and making their way through the world, and about the same time, some seven and twenty years ago, two children were born in them, a boy in this that they christened James and a girl in the other that they called Mary, the same pair, you'll understand, that we've just been watching on the platform—aye, the selfsame pair.

"Well, sir, they came into the world, and somehow or other they managed to keep alive in it and to thrive as they grew. They got their share to eat, I suppose. There was always a roof to stop the rain, and a hedge to turn the wind, and a place to stretch in at night. What clothes they had let out the way and let in the air. Some days they went to school, most days didn't, and for playground hadn't they the width of a county? They were like hares for wildness, and for devilment in every shape you couldn't match them from Mall Head to the Cove of Cork. No man fished better than they, and if you saw the whins slight on the hill, or a neighbor's donkey without a tail, or a stone flying through the window, ten chances to one, if you pulled the wrong ear when you met James, it was only because you missed Mary. They were devil-pure devils.

"Anyway, they grew up, and in the course of time things tamed them. Like every one else in this world of pain and hunger, they found a day when sport had to stop and work looked them in the eyes. For James 'twas a spade and pitchfork; for Mary, beam and church staff; for both, bent backs and busy hands. Only of a Sunday now could they fling their heels, or an odd while at a fair, or an hour maybe before the fiddler at dance or wedding, and when the long day was done, if one met the other by chance in the breen, 'twas 'Good night, Mary,' and 'Good night, James,' and so, quick and tired, to their beds. But always they had sight and knowledge of one another. Never did they forget those old free days, those mad, wild times of innocent childhood. Side by side, you might say, they grew together and put the years behind them. Always, through thick and thin, they were fast friends, and at last, as was only natural, there came a time when they were more than friends, when James didn't pass Mary in the lane, but strolled with her across the hills or stood looking at the moon with her

lived lonely on the hillside and wistful patient till one day he came swaggering back to her, straight in the back and like a nigger in the face, bringing little with him but his big self and a handful of trifles from behind the sea and a spear wound from a heathen he loved his heart. Man, but he marched a hero among the hills! Boys, but his tongue scattered lies about the hearthstones! Ah, sir, but Mary was glad to see him and walked proud by his side. She was happy now, happy as any queen. There was no dreaming in her eyes now when she looked at James, no sighing when she spoke, no mooning when she sat by him at the hearth. She just worshipped him, and he thought well of her, to be sure, and one day they joined hands before the parson, and he married them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE WORD "BUT."

An Analysis of the American Habit of Using It.

The word "but" is sometimes said to be characteristic of Americans. It marks the qualifying spirit, which hesitates at extremes and likes to adjust the balance of truth. If, for instance, somebody speaks extravagantly of Emerson's genius the critical spirit replies "Yes, he was a genius, but" he had such and such limitations. If, on the other hand, the limitations are mentioned first at another time, the same spirit observes, "Yes, he has those faults, but he is a genius with it all."

"But" expresses the desire to have both sides presented. Carried to excess, the habit leads to argumentativeness and carping. The person who gets only argument out of conversation is usually a barren companion. Sometimes also it shows an unkind nature, when the word is used regularly after hearing others praised. It becomes the index of envy or of the absence of enthusiasm. Qualifying too constantly in appreciation is like flattery, which is praise, or, rather, praising with an accompaniment of faint damns. The ardent, imaginative temperament makes less use of qualification. Carried along with a rush, whether of praise or reproach, it seldom stops to split the hair of exact truth. "But me no buts," it says. The little word is more leniently treated by the literary and scientific mind. If its instant use is typically American, as the English not infrequently allege, it fits in with the proverbial idea of Uncle Sam—a sort of cautious and skeptical New England farmer, with his "Waal, I don't jest know," rather than with the American type which has been developed since the west became a greater element in the compound.—Collier's Weekly.

Narrow Escapes.

Mr. L. Golding gives in Chambers' Journal some remarkable instances of narrow escapes and curious fatalities during the siege of Ladysmith. "While at lunch in their mess hut, which was protected by sand bags, certain officers were engaged in a heated discussion. In anger, one of the officers rose from the table and hastily left the hut. Hardly had he closed the door behind him when a shell came hissing through the air and pitched on the roof of the hut. Penetrating the insufficiently protected roof, the shell fell and exploded in the center of the group of officers, killing or maiming or maiming every one of them. The officer who had just left before had gone out of the hut did not receive the slightest injury." A doctor who had not stirred from his dugout for a fortnight came out one Sunday, a day on which the Boers, as a rule, did not fire, and was killed by a shell, and the writer was "impelled by a power he could not resist" to dismount from his horse, whose saddle was immediately afterward slit by a fragment of shell.

Life's Rocky Road.

A man's life is full of crosses and temptations, says the philosopher of the Athenian Globe. He comes into this world without his consent and goes out against his will, and the trip between the two is exceedingly rocky. The rule of contraries is one of the important features of the trip. When he is little the big girls kiss him, but when he is grown the little girls kiss him. If he raises a large family he is a chump, but if he raises a small one he is a thief. If he is poor he is a bad manager; if he is rich he is dishonest. If he's in politics it's for pie; if he's out of politics you can't place him, and he's no good for his country. If he doesn't give to charity he is a stingy cuss; if he does it is for show. If he dies young there was a great future ahead for him; if he lives to an old age he has missed his calling. He is introduced into this world and to the next by the same process. The road is rocky, but man loves to travel it.

Seeing in the Orient.

Many savage and semicivilized races of the orient have some curious customs regarding the nose. When the sultan of Monomotapa sneezes, for instance, the fact is made known from the palace by a certain signal. Instantly every subject within hearing of the signal sets up a shout, the cry is taken up by others and so extends until it runs through the confines of his empire. When the sultan of Senegal sneezes, on the contrary, every woman in his harem or within hearing turns her back on him and makes a sign of contempt by smiting her hips with her hands—disgusted that so mighty a personage should have to sneeze like an ordinary mortal.

Little Things.

Little words are the sweetest and best. Little charities fly farthest and stay longest on the wing. Little lakes are stillest, and little hearts are the fullest, and little farms the best tilled. And when Nature would make anything especially rare and beautiful she makes it little—little pearls, little diamonds, little dewdrops—militum in parvo. Much in little is the great beauty of all that we love best.

Had the Years.

Daughter—George and I are both old enough to marry, papa!

Father—I was wondering if that was the only collateral George had to start with.—Brooklyn Life.

TWO TURNS OF THE WHEEL

The Story of the Rise and Fall of a Comstock Fortune.

Sandy Bowers was a teamster, his wife a buxom and not uncomely Scotch woman who took in washing and kept a miners' boarding house. It was in the early days of Virginia City, before men had grasped the full value of the discovery, and the teamster, in company with others of his kind, came into possession of several hundred feet on the lode at Gold Hill.

His claim became one of the bonanzas of the region, and Sandy found himself richer than he had ever thought any one could be. Neither he nor his wife ever rose to the level of their fortune. They remained the teamster and the washerwoman to the end. There is a story that neither could read nor write. After giving an entertainment at the International hotel such as that hostelry of many grandeurs had never before seen they went to Europe for two years.

When they came back they were still the teamster and the washerwoman. Europe had added no veneer. But the money was still in plenty. "Money to throw to the birds," as the old man was wont to say. Nevada was more to their taste than anywhere else, so they elected to remain there, and that strange monument of wealth, which is known all through Nevada and California as the Bowers mansion, was built on the shore of Washoe lake.

The site was one of extraordinary beauty, with the wall of snow capped Sierra behind it, the sapphire sweep of water in front. Money was never considered in its construction. It was built of quarried stone and furnished with the costliest San Francisco could supply. A library of books with Sandy's name on every volume was one of its features. The door handles were of silver, the table furnishings the finest to be had at that place at that time.

Here the old people—for they were getting old—settled and dispensed a lavish hospitality. Here an adopted child whom they dearly loved and had named Peria died. Here, too, later on Sandy died and was buried in the garden under the shadow of the Sierra. And here—the shades of evening beginning to close on this strange drama—poverty overtook his widow. She strove to redeem her first losses by speculation, throwing good money after bad. In her case the wheel of fortune made a complete revolution. Her old age saw her as poor as she had been in her youth. She passed from stage to stage and finally made a livelihood by practicing fortune telling in San Francisco, it having been always understood that she had the gift of second sight. The crystal in which she gazed had shown her many things, but nothing stranger, more dramatic and varied than her own life.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Our Small Country.

One brother is a rich merchant in the Straits Settlements, on the Malay peninsula. The other brother was the cook in a cheap restaurant on South Clark street.

The merchant sent to the cook a draft for sufficient money to pay his expenses out to Asia, and the cook gave up his job and has started for his brother's home. The interesting thing about the whole incident is the letter written by the wealthy merchant which accompanied the draft.

In the first place, the draft was made payable in New York.

"I send you the money in a draft payable from faroff Asia. You can go over and get it cashed there. On the way I wish you would stop at Texas and see Brother Thomas. I haven't heard from him for two years now, and I'd like to know how he's getting along."—Chicago Tribune.

Witchcraft.

Jane Wenham was indicted at the Hertfordshire assizes on March 4, 1712, for "conversing with the devil in the form of a cat," under the provisions of the act of 1694, repealed in 1736. Her prosecutors wished to have her also indicted for practicing witchcraft to the harm of Ann Thorn, a servant girl about sixteen years old, but this was not allowed, though evidence was produced at the trial to show what injury had been done the victim by means of crooked pins and by placing cakes and cats' hairs in Ann Thorn's pillow and how the prisoner had caused the death of some cat simply by walking through a turnip field.

Keeping His Place Warm.

This story is told of a successful general who was far from being a brilliant scholar at school. After he became famous he one day dropped into the old school to pay a visit to the scene of his former woes. The teacher was anxious to make a good impression on the general and put the pupils through their lessons so as to show them to the best advantage. After awhile the general said: "But which is the dunce? You have one, surely. Show him to me."

The teacher called up a poor fellow, who looked the picture of woe as he bashfully came toward the distinguished visitor.

"Are you the dunce?" asked the general.

"Yes, sir," said the boy.

"Well, my good fellow," said the general, "here is a crown for you for keeping my place warm."—London Tit-Bits.

The Dead Man's Threat.

Returning home recently, a woman who had taken out a summons against her husband, a painter's laborer, on account of his ill treatment, saw by the light of the moon her husband standing ready to strike her. She ran away, but it was afterward discovered that the man was hanging by a rope from a ventilator over the door with his feet almost touching the floor. He was dead.—London Mail.

WOMAN AND FASHION

Walking Costume. The smart walking costume illustrated is of covert cloth with striped seams on coat and skirt and rows of



SMART COVERT CLOTH COSTUME.

stitching around the foot of the latter. The sleeves and cuffs are also striped, and two "patches," as the French fashion call them, fasten the front.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Child's Frock.

A pretty frock for a child is made of white pique embroidered. It is to be worn with a guimpe and is finished around the top with a deep shoulder ruffle embroidered around the edge with a little cluster of flowers at intervals. There are several rows of drawn work around the top of the ruffle outlining the neck. The sleeves are a little different from those usually seen, being long and full, then doubled in at the lower edge and finished underneath with a band at the elbow. The sleeve falling around the arm in a big deep puff. Around the upper part of the sleeve is an embroidered ruffle like that around the neck, this finished at the top, several inches below the shoulder, with a band of drawn work. The upper part of the frock is gathered full. There is a belt of the material, and below the skirt it is ironed into plaits.

Black Visiting Costume.

An attractive black visiting costume is built of fine plain and perforated satin faced cloth. It has a circular skirt with a yoke of perforated embroidery. The pelerine is narrow over the shoulders, the lower edge reaching half way to the elbows. In the front it falls in two loose points over the bust and in the back it continues in a single deep point to the waist line, where it is attached to the belt with large passementerie ornaments. The sleeves are quite large and are gathered into big ruffled cuffs edged with velvet. They are entirely of the perforated cloth and are slashed up the inside of the arm to show a panel of black dunny lace. There is a choker of the velvet.

Chic Shirt Waist.

The shirt waist styles are not vastly different from the things we have worn all summer, says New York Mail and Express. Striped and checked fabrics and the style of goods known as vestings will be much worn. A chic waist is the white flannel one here illustrated.



WHITE FLANNEL WITH ORIENTAL BANDS.

It gains distinction by two bands of oriental trimming down the front. Another good idea for a flannel shirt waist is also given. This has a double plait down the front, with corresponding plaits each side, those at the side coming over the skirt with rather smart effect. The cuffs are finished in similar fashion.

Many Uses For Lace.

Lace, lace, lace enough for one to be contented! It is used for trimming everything; buttons are also used for trimming; twine lace is also used for trimming coats; hosiery is set in walking skirts as a trimming very smartly. The hand embroidered effects are considered better than ever.

A Model Cook.

"Have you a good cook?" "Splendid!" exclaimed the bride. "Why, when I want to experiment with a new cookbook she takes the blame for all the failures and lets me have the credit for all the successes."—Chicago Post.

Unsatisfactory.

May—Did Clara's husband leave her much when he died?

Belle—He left enough to make her comfortable, but not enough to get her a second husband.—Life.

WAGNER'S HOME.

How Wagner came to make Balreuth his home is a rather interesting story. He had long dreamed of possessing a theater where his compositions could be interpreted to suit his ideas, but had little hope that the dream would ever be fulfilled. When, however, in his period of greatest depression and loneliness he formed the friendship of the late king of Bavaria it seemed suddenly as if all things were possible to him. In 1867 his royal protector instructed the celebrated architect, Gottfried Semper, to prepare the plans for the theater, which was to be built at Munich. Through political and professional dissensions and jealousies the town council of Munich refused permission for the erection of the theater there. In 1871 Wagner visited Balreuth and, after taking counsel with the celebrated bankers, Messrs. Fenstel and Gross, decided upon a site in that city. The municipality of the town, correctly estimating the financial advantages which would accrue, presented Wagner with two plots of land, one for the theater and the other for his own house. The latter was immediately built, and in 1872 Wagner removed his family from Trubchen, near Lucerne, to the new home, Wahnfried. The corner stone of the theater was laid on his sixtieth birthday, May 22, 1872. It was estimated that the theater would cost 300,000 thalers (about \$250,000), and this sum was very largely raised by Wagner societies throughout the world. It was completed in 1876 and dedicated with the presentation of "Der Ring des Nibelungen" on Aug. 13 of that year. Since then it has been the Mecca of the lovers of Wagnerian music from all parts of the world.

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REAL HORSEPLAY.

Some Franks Played by an Equine Practical Joker.

A Staten Island physician is the owner of a horse which has a fondness for practical jokes. Recently the doctor drove into the country to answer a sick call. Arriving at the farmhouse he tied his horse to a post, near which hung a rope attached to a large bell used as a dinner signal for employees, and went in to see his patient. Pretty soon the bell rang violently. The doctor and the man of the house looked out, but could see nothing except the horse. They had hardly turned again, however, before the bell rang again, and again they looked, but could see nothing.

This was repeated, and the doctor determined to solve the mystery, so at the third ring, instead of going into the house he stepped behind a tree in the yard. He kept his eye on the bell rope and in about a minute was surprised to see his horse lift up his head and give the rope a hard tug. When the physician sprang out and confronted the horse, the animal put on a look of innocence.

The same horse the next day was turned loose in the doctor's barnyard, and while there the beast saw a basket hanging on a pole about seven feet from the ground. In the basket was a pet cat. The horse put his nose up to investigate, and the cat gave the intruder a scratch. The horse turned around, looked back over his shoulder as though to take aim and measure the distance and kicked at and basket into the air. The equine joker then gave a low whinny of delight and walked away.—New York Mail and Express.

TEETH AND SIGHT.

Decayed Molars Cause Disturbance of the Ocular Nerves.

"Many people who come to me to have their teeth attended to complain incidentally of failing eyesight, and when I tell them that bad teeth in nine cases out of ten are the cause of feeble vision, they believe me," said a well known New York dentist.

"Bad sight is generally attributed to overstudy, debilitated constitution and a hundred and one other causes. But have you ever heard any one place the blame on the teeth? Bad teeth are the direct result of insufficient application of the toothbrush, and bad eyesight, resulting from the decayed molars exciting disturbances of the ocular nerves, is the next inevitable penalty. That is a fact which seems to be little known.

"The other day I extracted four decayed teeth of a young girl who was almost totally blind. Her pupils were dilated and insensible. A week after I had pulled her teeth her sight was practically restored. Two months previous to this cure the girl had been examined by an expert oculist, who, after putting her to various eye tests, designated the case as 'hysterical amblyopia,' and I guess that's about all the satisfaction the girl got, judging by her condition when she came to me. In saying this do not think for a moment that I am in any way prejudiced against oculists. I merely cite the instance.

Pickwick in Livery.

The dignity of some fat coachmen in New York is very impressive. Their development is outlined distinctly by their coats. They have swelled steadily and persistently year after year, and have even now and then the coats have been let out and the buttons moved to accommodate increasing inches of girth. A coachman's figure has a great deal to do with his success. The attempts of fat men to look lean sometimes verge on the humorous. They hold their heads high to escape the imputation of obesity and puff out their chests heroically. But with all their hauteur, pomposity and pretentious bearing they look only like very fat men in tight clothes, reminiscent of Pickwick in livery.—New York Press.

Without Trimmings.

Payne, an examiner at Cambridge university, whose questions were always of a peculiarly exasperating nature, once asked a student at a special examination to "give a definition of happiness."

"An exemption from Payne," was the reply.

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DROPSY

Do Your Ankles or Limbs Swell? Are Your Eyes Puffy? We are the Sole Agents for the Only Thing Known That Cures the Kidney Disease That Causes Dropsy, viz., Fulton Compounds.

It is now well known that dropsy is not in itself a disease, but is merely a symptom of kidney disease that accompanies the chronic stages heretofore incurable. Hence, up to the discovery of the Fulton Compounds, dropsy was incurable. It is now, however, curable in nearly nine-tenths of all cases. Here is an interesting recovery, to which we refer by permission.

Mrs. Peter Geyher of 908 Fillmore street, San Francisco, became alarmingly dropsical, her physician recommending that she be bled. She was tapped nearly forty times and grew worse from day to day. The physician finally told her husband that she had Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, that it was in an advanced chronic stage and that unless medical aid was given she would die. Her husband also gave her the usual trouble and she was in such a serious condition the relative of a friend called on her and advised her to try the Fulton Compounds. She stayed on the stomach, the first thing that had done so for many days. She took the dropsy dissolved a little and the swelling gradually subsided. The case was complete. This case was examined into by representatives of the San Francisco Star and Evening Bulletin, and the genuineness of the case and the recovery were fully attested in their columns.

Mrs. Thomas Christ of 408 Twenty-seventh street, San Francisco, was also swollen with dropsy, as the result of chronic kidney disease. She had been in bed for more than seventy-five pounds beyond her normal weight and had to be moved in a chair and was close to death's door, although she had four physicians. She was put on the Fulton Compounds and in six months she was well, and permits us to say so.

Save the Baby.

The mortality among babies during the three first years is something frightful. The census of 1900 shows that about one in every seven succumb. The cause is apparent. With baby's bones hardening, the fontanelles (the skull) closing up and its teeth forming, all these coming at once create a demand for some material that nourishes the baby's systems are deficient in. The result is weakness, wasting, diarrhoea, brain troubles, convulsions, etc., that prove terribly fatal. The deaths in 1900 under three years were 24,000. This is the vast number outside the big cities that were not reported, and this in the United States alone.

When baby begins to sweat, worry or cry or is sleep don't wait and see if a medicine or medicine nor narcotics. What the little system is crying out for is more bone material. Sweetman's Teething Food supplies it. It has saved the lives of thousands of babies. They begin to improve within forty-eight hours. Here is what physicians think of it.

324 Washington St., San Francisco, June 2, 1902.
Gentlemen—I am prescribing your food for the multitude of babies that die due to impeded dentition. A large percentage of infantile ill and death is due to the lack of teeth. Your food supplies what the deficient system demands, and I have had surprising success with it. In cases of diarrhoea, given with their regular food, has failed to check the condition. Several of the more serious cases would, I feel sure, have been fatal without it. It can be had in all the drug stores, or by direct order of the mothers of the country. It is an absolute necessity.
L. C. MENDEL, M. D.

Petaluma, Cal., September 1, 1902.
Dear Sirs—I have just tried the teething food in two cases and in both it was a success. One was a very serious case, so critical that it was brought to me from another city for treatment. Fatal results were feared. In three days the baby ceased worrying and commenced eating and is now well. Its action in the case was remarkable. I would advise you to put it in every drug store in this city. Yours,
I. M. PROCTOR, M. D.

Curious Tombstone.

On a gravestone in the parish churchyard of Great Yarmouth, England, there is sculptured the unusual representation of a clown seated in a tub, which is being drawn down a river by two swans. Beneath this stone lies one of the many victims who were drowned years ago by the collapse of an iron suspension bridge on which they had crowded to see a clown pass underneath in the manner described. The feat, which was a novel form of advertisement for the circus, was actually performed, but the rush of people from one side of the bridge to the other after the man had passed under caused the tragic ending.

Getting Around It.

"Thomas, you have disobeyed your old grandmother."
"Yes, I didn't, ma."
"Yes, you did. Have you not been swimming?"
"Yes, ma."
"Didn't I hear her say to you not to go swimming?"
"Oh, she didn't tell us that. She only came out and said, 'Boys, I wouldn't go swimming,' and I shouldn't think she would, an old rheumatic woman like her. But she didn't say anything about our girl's swimming."

An Infamy.

Some years ago we remember meeting at the door of a secondhand bookshop an excited Irishman. He had just bought the "Irish Melodies" for a shilling, when he turned round on the bookseller and burst out, "But I could kill ye for selling these immortal genes so cheap!"—Athenaeum.

All on One Side.

"I am told your bride is very pretty," said Miss Peppery.
"Yes, indeed!" replied Mr. Con Seat.
"Several of the guests at the ceremony were pleased to call it a 'wedding of beauty and brains.'"
"Well, well! She must be a remarkable woman! That's an unusual combination in one person."—Philadelphia Press.

It is said that it takes three generations to make a gentleman, but five to insure perfect and patrician hands.

The utopia of today is the reality of tomorrow.—Page