



ONE OF DR. CUPID'S PRESCRIPTIONS.

That Love sometimes cures disease is a fact that has recently been called to the attention of the public by a prominent physician and college professor. In some nervous diseases of women, such as hysteria, this physician gives instances where women were put in a pleasant frame of mind, were made happy by falling in love, and in consequence were cured of their nervous troubles—the weak, nervous system toned and stimulated by little Dr. Cupid—became strong and vigorous, almost without their knowledge. Many a woman is nervous and irritable, feels dragged down and worn out, for no reason that she can think of. She may be ever so much in love, but Dr. Cupid fails to cure her. In ninety-nine per cent. of these cases it is the womanly organism which requires attention; the weak back, dizzy spells and black circles about the eyes, are only symptoms. Go to the source of the trouble and correct the irregularities, the drains on the womanly system and the other symptoms disappear. So sure of it is the World's Dispensary Medical Association, proprietors of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, that they offer a \$500 reward for women who cannot be cured of leucorrhoea, female weakness, prolapsus, or falling of the womb. All they ask is a fair and reasonable trial of their means of cure. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets clear the complexion and sweeten the breath, they cleanse and regulate the stomach, liver and bowels and produce permanent benefit and do not react on the system. One is a gentle laxative. "The Common Sense Medical Adviser" is sent free, paper-bound, for 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send 31 stamps for cloth-bound copy. Address, World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N.Y.

BICYCLE BORROWING.

Neither Borrow Nor Lend Is the Rule for All.

The ethics of bicycle borrowing are beginning to agitate wheeling circles now that what is termed the legitimate riding season is at hand. Are cyclists expected to allow other people to ride their bicycles? This is the great question. In discussing it a genial and well known wheelman, who has suffered perhaps as much as anyone from the borrowing habit, as practiced by other cyclists, said:

"From the frequency with which requests for the 'loan of your wheel' are made by some people one might be pardoned for thinking that the sole mission in this world of the owner of a bicycle was to lend it to all his friends and acquaintances. Now, as a matter of fact, no one has the least excuse for making such a request of the owner of a bicycle, and owners should firmly and emphatically refuse to comply with them when made. If a man or a woman cannot afford to pay for the amusement of cycling they ought to forego it. I do not mean by this that if an unusually trustful and good-natured friend offers to lend a bicycle one is morally bound to refuse it, but I do mean that no one ought to be surprised or offended if a request for the loan of a wheel is refused.

"A bicycle is not a cheap, easily replaced article, such as a baseball bat or a pair of skates. Against the borrowing of such things there is no law, but your wheel is a different matter. No one, not even the most expert rider, can guarantee it against mishap, even if the accident be only the puncture of a tire. Too often, however, the pitfalls which beset the most wary rider are far more serious. The dangers of crowded streets, where it seems the chronic borrower of bicycles most doth like to ride, there is no need to enlarge upon. They are so common that the spectacle of a wheel being extricated from beneath a beer wagon, a street car or a cab, no longer attracts a crowd, even on Broadway. But even in less frequented roads a cyclist cannot always avoid danger, nor insure immunity for the machine he is riding. Accidents, however, undesirable as they are, are of comparatively small moment so long as the damaged wheel is your own, but if it is the property of some one else the case assumes a different complexion. Few people enjoy the process of confessing that the borrowed machine has come to grief while in their hands, and I suspect that few even of the most good-natured of friends are not moved to regret their unselfishness when the mangled remains of their machine are brought home.

"Never lend your wheel, and sit down most aggressively on all who make a request for a loan of it. These chronic bicycle borrowers should be taught lessons."—N. Y. Sun.

D. L. Rhodes, a Centralia barber who recently failed to pass the barber's examination, has begun suit to test the constitutionality of the Washington barber examination law.

The reduction in steerage rates to Europe has resulted in a flood of immigration. But very little of it is of a permanent character—all are tourists and visitors and will return this fall.

A New and Ingenious Process for Producing Oxygen from Solid Substance.

The progress of invention in submarine navigation has stimulated efforts to produce oxygen by cheaper and easier methods. If oxygen, the vital element in air, can be supplied as wanted, the length of time that men can remain under water may be indefinitely prolonged. A process of making oxygen, invented by George F. Jaubert, a French scientist, promises to answer the requirement, says Science. His object was to find a solid substance which would produce oxygen as calcium carbide produces acetylene gas. He selected for the purpose a peroxide of sodium, or of potassium, which can be cheaply manufactured by electrochemical means. It is called "oxy-lithe," and is made in little cubes and pellets, some only half an inch in diameter. When decomposed with water it gives off oxygen. Two or three ounces of this substance supply enough oxygen to enable a diver to remain under water for an hour. By suitable apparatus the carbonic oxide produced by respiration is withdrawn into the oxygen generator, and fresh oxygen takes its place.

CANOPIED FIELDS.

Many Acres of Tobacco in the Connecticut Valley Covered with Big Tents.

Travelers in the Connecticut valley may sometimes see many acres covered with white cheesecloth supported, at a height of nine feet from the ground, on a framework of posts and wires. Under these vast tents Sumatra tobacco is grown. Experiments conducted by the department of agriculture led to the use of this system of protecting the tobacco plants, and the results have been found excellent. The light, sandy soil along the Connecticut river is well suited for the growth of Sumatra tobacco. The United States government furnishes the seed and supervises the cultivation, preparation and sale of the product, the farmers paying the cost and receiving the profit. That the great cloth canopies can withstand storms was proved a year ago last July, when a hail-storm caused much damage to crops in open fields, but the acres of covered tobacco escaped injury. The cost of the shade is from \$260 to \$360 per acre.

Sackson Taylor, an assayer from New York, recently went directly from the Eastern coast to an elevation of 10,000 feet in Utah. He was overcome by the high altitude and died within 24 hours.

Many years ago a street musician in London bought an old violin for \$6. Afterward he sold it for \$125. Lately it brought \$350 being proven to be an Antonio Stradivarius.

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With tapestries soft and rare,
I have furnished those noble buildings—
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But I turn from the halls that glitter
And sparkle with every gem,
For I know that his lot is bitter
Who tries to live in them.
—Harry Romaine in Ladies' Home Journal.

THE SCOUT'S RIDE.

Christmas day, 1862, found the Army of the Potomac in winter quarters near Falmouth, Va., writes Major George F. Williams in The Rider and Driver. With that elasticity of spirit so characteristic of the veteran soldier, the Union troops had already recovered from the effects of that terrible battle at Fredericksburg, when the several corps were buffeted by Lee's guns on St. Mary's Heights. Many a familiar face was missing from the ranks, but convalescents were rapidly arriving from the hospital, and the army was preparing for its approaching spring and summer campaign, which ended at Gettysburg.

While his staff was exchanging Christmas greetings soon after reveille General Hooker summoned to his presence Jim White, one of the headquarters scouts.

"White," said the general, "I learn from Washington that it is believed that the rebels contemplate a movement through the Loudon valley. You must go and ascertain if this is true."

"All right, general," replied the scout, with a brief salute as he turned to leave the tent.

"What route will you take?" asked the general.

"I shall go by the Warrenton road and leave our lines from the pickets of General Sykes' regulars. From Warrenton to Aldie gap is a day's ride, and then I will be in the valley."

"I hope to see you then in five days."

"If I get back at all, sir, you will see me on New Year's eve. It can't be done any quicker."

"Very well. Go and get your pass."

It was a great disappointment for Jim White, this being summoned for dangerous duty on Christmas day, for he had intended being one of the guests of a comrade who had received a fat turkey from home. But, putting aside all thought of the proposed festivity, Jim got his pass for the picket line, and saddling his horse rode away from headquarters.

Reaching the little village of Aldie on the afternoon of the second day, Jim rode through the gap as the setting sun began to gild the mountain tops. Dressed in faded butternut, the usual costume of a Virginia farmer, the scout had met with no adventure, and he was looking forward to a speedy termination to his errand.

The horse Jim rode was a remarkable animal. Possessing good blood and action, it nevertheless was rather uncount in appearance. Its coat was very rough, and as the scout seldom used the curry-comb, the brute did not look like a fast one. Jim, however, knew the good qualities of his beast, for they had often been proved in critical moments. Always adopting the character of a Virginia farmer, Jim's shaggy horse aided in the deception, and only those who knew his real character would recognize a famous scout in the queer picture he made in the saddle.

"Seems to me," said the scout, soliloquizing, "those people in Washington are always finding mare's nests. Here I am in the Loudon and not a rebel in sight."

As he uttered the words, Jim came to another road which crossed the one he had been following. In an instant he discovered the approach of a Confederate cavalry patrol. Accustomed to such perils, Jim very coolly checked his steed and waited for the little party.

"What you cum from?" demanded the cavalry leader as he and his men rode up. "Bin down in Aldie," drawled Jim. "Went to see how things looked down thar."

"Belong to the army?"

"Well, not exactly, though I've done my share toward thinning out the Yanks."

"Oh, then you are one of Mosby's men?"

"Yaas."

"And whar are you going?"

"Up by the way of Ashby gap. Proceed to be in Martinsburg tomorrow."

A Great Mista is the Rape Seed.

Professor Craig relates how an exceedingly annoying and costly mistake was made by an English firm of seedsmen in filling orders from this country for seed of fodder rape with the seed of the common bird rape. Professor Craig intimates that most of the seed sent out to farmers by seedsmen has been from this importation of bird rape seed, and it is to be feared that nearly all who have made a trial of rape this year will have their troubles for nothing.

Professor Craig states the difference between the two kinds of rape, which is that the bird seed plant blossoms while the other does not the first year. Before he left Madison (about the 25th inst.) some of the rape on the college farm had revealed its character by its blossom and was promptly plowed under, and this course Professor Craig recommends with all fields of rape which are in bloom. The error is particularly exasperating and may set back many years the introduction of this valuable fodder plant.—Broaden's Gazette.

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