PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND

The Best Remedy in the World—It Makes People Well.

There is one true specific for diseases arising from impure blood and a debilitated nervous system, and that is Paine's celery compound, so generally prescribed by physicians. It is probably the most remarkable remedy that the scientific research of this country has produced. Prof. Edward E. Phelps, M. D., LL. D., of Dartmouth college, first prescribed what is now known the world over as Paine's celery compound, a positive cure for dyspepsia, biliousness, liver complaint, neuralgia, rheumatism, all nervous diseases and kidney troubles. For the latter Paine's celery compound has succeeded again and again where everything else has failed.

To be perfectly proportioned it is claimed that a man should weigh twenty-eight pounds to every foot of his height.

Iowa almost from the date of its admission has been called the "Hawkeye state." Hawkeye was the name of a noted Indian chief.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound of imperfect hearing and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Street railway rails in Memphis, Tenn., are being welded together with molten steel.

HOITT'S SCHOOL FOR BOYS

At Burlingame, San Mateo County, Cal., is one of the most thorough, careful and practical "Home Schools" to be found on the Pacific coast. It prepares boys for any university, technical school, or for active business; is accredited at the State and Stanford Universities, and under the able management of Ex State Superintendent Ira G. Hoitt Ph. D., ranks among the first schools in the United States. Re-opens August 4.—*Mining and Scientific Press.*

I never used so quick a cure as Piso's Cure for Consumption.—J. B. Palmer, Box 1171, Seattle, Wash., Nov. 25, 1895.

FITS—All fits stopped free by **Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer.** No fits after the first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

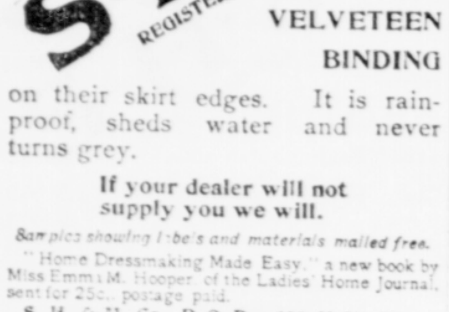
TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

Seaside and Country
Gowns need
Duxbak



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If your dealer will not supply you we will.

Samples showing labels and materials mailed free.
"Home Dressmaking Made Easy," a new book by Miss Emma M. Hooper, of the Ladies' Home Journal, sent for 25c., postage paid.
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PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 25 CTS CONSUMPTION

Around the Hearthstone.

OH, YE FACES.

Faces, faces,
Crowding city streets and places,
Bright with hope, and love, and laughter,
Dark with passions of despair!
Oh, the story of the faces;
Angel faces, demon faces,
Faces, faces everywhere.

Oh! the beauty of the faces,
Sunny locks and fairy graces,
Little wandering gleams of heaven
Lost among the ways o' men.
Oh! the brightness of the faces,
Maiden faces, childish faces,
Beauty in all forms and phases,
Sojourner and denizen.

Oh! the pathos of the faces,
Blighted hopes and dark disgraces,
When the angel robe is spotted, and the
White soul stained with sin;
Oh! the story of the faces—
Women faces, youthful faces—
All the harp-chords strained and broken
Ere the anthem could begin.

Oh! the pallor of the faces,
Flying from the cold death places;
Seeking, in the shouting highways,
Respite from the hell within.
Oh! the sadness of the faces,
Mother faces, widow faces,
Haggard with the toil and watching,
By the night lamp, pale and thin.

Oh! the horror of the faces,
Scowlings, frowns, and dark menaces,
Sodden with a thousand vices,
Hideous with the brand of Cain.
Oh! the terror of the faces,
Felon faces, traitor faces,
Plague spots on the fair creation,
Nightmares of a fevered brain.

Faces, faces
Crowding city streets and places—
Faces smooth with youth and beauty,
Faces lined with age and care,
Oh! the story of the faces,
Of the glad and weary faces,
Of the faces everywhere.
—Chicago Inter Ocean.

ANITA CORTEZ.

It was young Morgan's first appearance on any stage. The city editor wanted a two-column article on "Mrs. Bluebeard from Behind the Scenes," and Morgan was given the assignment. The press agent introduced him to the stage manager, who grunted a response and then turned his attention to weightier matters.

The stage was dirty looking; some scenery, backed up against the wall, appeared garish and cheap—not at all so soft and beautiful as when seen from the front. A chorus girl brushed past Morgan; she was plastered with rouge and had two heavy black lines painted under her eyes. Her lashes were thick with some black stuff—and yet from his seat in the parquet the other night he had thought her beautiful beyond compare.

The play had already commenced and the comedian was capering around the stage with the soubrette. A crowd of men incased in brass armor leaned against a stone painted wall, while some chorus girls gowned as peasants, were chatting and laughing a few feet away.

"What the devil are you girls gadding about over there?" came the voice of the stage manager. "I've told you a hundred times to stand in that second entrance and wait your cue there. I'll fine the whole crowd of you if I have to tell you again."

The girls moved in a matter-of-fact sort of way to the entrance designated. One of the girls, a light-haired little thing, stuck her tongue out when the stage manager's back was turned. "Cripps is an old crank," she said. The other girls laughed.

Young Morgan took a long breath. He was accustomed to profanity down at the office, but then there were no women there.

A burst of music and the girls tripped on the stage, just as the comedian, panting and persiring, came tumbling off. "I'm going to cut that dance tomorrow night, Cripps. It's too much exertion for a warm night."

"Cut your whole business for all I care," answered Cripps. "It's not my reputation you're making. The whole blooming show can go to the devil as far as I am concerned."

The comedian yawned. "Got 'em again, Cripps?" was all he said.

Six girls came jostling off the stage. One of them stumbled against a bit of projecting scenery and tore a rent in her gown. "Who's got a pin? Who's got a pin?" she shouted.

Cripps heard her. "Tore your dress, did you? That'll cost you a dollar—help you not to be so careless, too. Take the dress to Mrs. Ward after this scene and tell her to mend it."

"I couldn't help it, Mr. Cripps. I hurt my side against the scene, too. I've got enough to put up with without being fined."

"Can't help how the devil you did it," was Cripps' unfeeling rejoinder. "You girls come off that scene like a pack of frightened sheep. Take your time. Nobody's chasing you. Here, Gadsby, mind your lights! Quick now—out lights—down with that drop! Shove that wing around more—so-so—that's enough. Don't take all night with that table. That is a quick change, not a funeral! Get out of the way, you fool reporter! Push that chair on the stage. Now up lights—up lights for the love of heaven, and be quick about it!" And up went the lights as suddenly as they went out, and Morgan heard a burst of applause from the front as the "Exterior of the King's Palace" gave way in fifteen seconds to "A Room in Bluebeard's Castle." The girls were rushing up the narrow wooden stairs for a change of costume—armored knights were running past him toward the stage—the orchestra was playing a wild fanfare—the stage manager was looking at his watch and grinning triumphantly. "Made the change in four seconds quicker time than last night," he said.

"Have you a pin, please?" Morgan turned. It was the girl with a tear in her gown.

The reporter gave her a pin. "The stage manager is not gracious to-night," he said.

"Same as usual," she answered. "He doesn't change much. That's his daughter over there"—and she swept her arm vaguely toward a crowd of girls who were sitting on a flight of red steps.

"The one with a pink ribbon in her hair?" asked Morgan.

"No, that's the comedian's wife—Mrs. Winters. The girl with the yellow tights is Minnie Cripps. She and the comedian's wife are thick as thieves. They don't love me and I don't love them. Some day I'll get even with them—Mrs. Winters first, though."

"You're Spanish?" asked Morgan, looking at her lustrous hair and her dark Spanish eyes.

"Yes, my name is Anita Cortez."

"I remember you now. You do a Spanish dance around a dagger stuck in the stage."

"Yes, and if it wasn't for that dance Mrs. Winters and I—oh, well, I'll tell you after the show. Going anywhere after the show? No? Well, the curtain drops at 10:54 o'clock and it takes me about twenty minutes to get out. I'll meet you in the ladies' saloon at the cafe around the corner at 11:20 o'clock. I have to go up stairs and dress for the second act now. When I come down I'll show you my dagger. It's a beauty, full of jewels, and I can throw it fifty feet and hit a bull's eye. There goes the curtain down on the first act. I'm late." And she darted up the stairs.

Then there was pushing and shoving and hauling and hoisting as the coatless scene shifters began setting the scenes for the second act. The orchestra leader came through a little door that led up from under the stage. Cripps caught sight of him.

"Don't give an encore for the opening chorus to-night, Betterton. We're four minutes late now on the first act. It's twenty-one of ten."

"All right," answered the orchestra leader. "There's a fine house out front." Then, after a pause: "Say, Cripps, I don't want to interfere, but that Cortez woman is flirting with every man in the house again. She's got my first violin daft. He made two discords just because he can't keep his eyes off her."

"I warned that Cortez minx two weeks ago that I'd fire her. The two weeks are up to-night—and she goes. I guess she knows it, too, for she's been looking ugly—confound her!" He pulled out his watch. "We're ready for you, Betterton," and as the orchestra leader disappeared through the little door Cripps called upstairs: "All down for the second act!"

A few minutes later the curtain went up on the second act. Cripps was swearing, as usual, and a sensitive chorus girl was crying because he had merely called her a "waddling hog" and had threatened to fine her if she didn't walk with her head up in the air and not down on her chest, "as if she was rooting for walnuts." The act was half over when Morgan saw Anita Cortez coming down the wooden steps. At the foot of the steps stood the comedian's wife, Hay Winters. Her back was toward Anita. In a second the dancer had drawn a dagger from her belt—another second and she took a quick look around. No one but Morgan observed her; she saw that he was looking at her, and so she threw a kiss at him. Then, like a flash, the dagger flew through the air and buried itself to the hilt in May Winters' back. Simultaneous with her shriek came a cry from the dancer, as she deliberately tumbled down the steps, landing on top of the wounded woman. With the quickness of lightning she pulled the dagger from the quivering flesh and sprang to her feet.

"My God," she cried. "My God, Cripps, come here. My foot slipped on the stairs and the dagger flew out of my hands, wounding May Winters, and—oh, my foot's sprained and there's my cue." And with a limp she bounded on the stage and throwing the dagger, dripping with blood, point downward, she danced around it like a wild thing; while the audience, moved by her frenzy, rose and cheered again and again at her tempestuous and whirlwind-like entrance.

Behind the scenes a different part was being played. The wounded woman was carried into a nearby dressing-room and the stage carpenter had sped up the street for a doctor. Winters, the comedian, was stanching the flow of blood with his cap. The woman was unconscious.

"She did it on purpose," said Cripps. "That fall of hers was a regular stage fall—you can't fool me."

"I don't think it was done purposely," said Winters, unsteadily. He bent his head and the tears slowly rolled down his cheeks and fell on the pink tights of the hurt woman. Cripps walked softly to the door and went out; he whistled softly to himself.

The doctor arrived just as Cripps came to the door again: "Hurry up, Winters—your cue."

"By heavens, Cripps, I can't sing a topical song now."

"It's your bread and butter out front there. Your wife's in that room. You can't help her by staying. Better look after your bread and butter."

Winters dug his nails into the palms of his hands. Cripps half led, half pushed him toward the stage. "Your hand's full of blood; wipe it on the wings as you go past," he said, quietly.

And so Winters went capering on the stage and sang and laughed and made the audience almost wild with delight, and the doctor in the dressing-room looked brave and tried to stop the flow of blood.

After he had sung three verses he darted from the stage and was in the dressing-room. Anita Cortez was helping the doctor.

"I'm very sorry about the accident, Mr. Winters," said the dancing girl, calmly. "I've lost my position by it, Cripps has discharged me."

Winters looked at her and set his teeth. She looked at him and smiled. "Accidents will happen, you know," and she sighed. "Can I be of any further assistance, doctor?"

"I think not," he answered.

She walked to the door. "Good-by, Winters," she said, without turning her head. Noiselessly she opened the door.

Winters dropped on his knees beside his wife. "Well?" he interrogated, looking up at the doctor.

"Unless there's an internal hemorrhage, she's all right. I think, though, she'll pull through. Have some one ring for an ambulance. She'll be better at a hospital than at home."

* * * * * *

Young Morgan walked into the ladies' cafe at the saloon around the corner. Anita Cortez was sitting at a table. She looked handsomer off than on the stage.

"You're late," she said.

"Yes," he answered. "The manager kept me here making me promise not to use the story—it would hurt the show. And so I promised, though the city editor would kill me if he knew I had the story and didn't use it. What will you have to drink?"

"I'm not hungry," she answered. "Another thing—I didn't ask you here to eat and drink. I want to tell you a story. Once upon a time—that's the way all nice stories begin, you know—oh, but this isn't a nice story at all, so it must begin differently. Once there was a dancer, and she joined a burlesque company. There was a man in it, a comedian, whom she knew some years before. But they had certain reasons for not allowing other people to know this, so he treated her as coolly as she treated him—that is, when anyone was looking."

"Ah, I see now," said Morgan.

"No, you don't, my dear boy. Let me continue. This comedian was married to one of the chorus girls—had been married recently, too. This hurt the other woman's pride, for the man had sworn his love for her long before he had met the pretty blonde. But she didn't want the man now. She was too proud and she had also outgrown her liking or loving, call it what you will. See that table by the door? Well, three days ago the comedian came in here after the matinee. The other woman—well, I was the other woman—was sitting at that table alone. No one else was in the room. He came over to me and begged me to leave the company. His wife was jealous of me. Women grow jealous intuitively. I refused to leave the company. He got on his knees to beg me. Just then entered his wife. She marched up to the table, called me every vile name in the calendar, and before I had an inkling of what she intended to do she slapped my face. I was on my feet in an instant, but Winters came between us and got his wife downstairs. I swore I'd be even with her, and I have been."

"But," said Morgan, "if you'll pardon me saying so, don't you think she was justified in slapping your face?"

Anita Cortez laughed.

"What a guileless boy you are!" she said. "I'll tell you another story—a shorter one. Suppose a man marries a woman and in six months tires of her and leaves her to starve. Then suppose he marries another woman a year or so afterward. Wife No. 2 finds her husband with Wife No. 1 and slap's No. 1's face. Now, legally, if there was any slapping to be done the first wife should have the right, wouldn't she? Well, the first wife didn't slap—she stabbed. Will you kindly help me on with my cloak?"—Footlights.

HOW JUSTICE WENT ASTRAY.

Starving Man Who Stole Four Loaves of Bread Discharged.

A man with three loaves of bread under his arm and ravenously eating a fourth was arrested yesterday in Allen street on the complaint of Max Feldman, a baker. The baker had seen him slip up to the basket of bread on the sidewalk, steal a water roll and devour it. The man started to go away, then, as if overcome by the temptation, seized the four loaves and started down the street, eating as he walked.

The baker gave the alarm. A policeman overtook and arrested the thief. The man looked indifferently at the officer, and stumbled along, eating as he went. The baker's property was being consumed, and the policeman put no stop to the work of plunder and despoliation.

In the Essex Market police court yesterday morning the prisoner said that his name was Henry Meyer. He said: "Yes, I stole the bread; I'm guilty." His hand trembled as it clung to the rail, and he could hardly stand from weakness.

"I knew it was wrong," he said in a weak voice, and he looked around for the officer to lead him to prison. Magistrate Wentworth questioned him.

"I couldn't help it," continued the prisoner. "I had not eaten for three days. I had no work. I could not sleep. I saw the basket and I took the little roll. It only made me worse. Then I stole the loaves."

The magistrate tapped the bar with his pencil and looked at the baker.

"This is a sad case," he said.

The baker shuffled about on his feet and looked uneasy.

"You have done wrong," said the magistrate to Meyer. "I discharge you, though," and he leaned over and put a crisp bank note in the prisoner's hand.

Meyer thanked the magistrate and turned away with streaming eyes. A court officer secured a lodging place for Meyer, and his new-found friends are trying to get a situation for him. So it was that justice went astray yesterday down at Essex Market court.—New York World.

Story of Old-Time Thespians.

The following yarn about Sam Hill and Laura Keene is launched by Harry Hawk: At Ford's Theater, the winter before President Lincoln's assassination, Laura Keene was producing her great meledrama, "The Sea of Ice," and every member of the company not in the cast was ordered to go on the stage in the principal scene and hold up icebergs on the green baize sea. Sam Hill was given a small berg down front near the footlights. All went smoothly until Miss Keene was about to make her entrance. Just then Hill's little iceberg fell forward and left him stooping before the footlights. The audience recognized the young man and shouted with laughter. But Sam was unabashed; lifting up his iceberg he walked off the stage. In the wings he met Laura Keene boiling over with wrath.

"You have ruined my play!" she declared. She ordered him from the theater and wound up with an invitation for him to visit his satanic majesty in his fiery realms. The boy drew himself up in all his Southern pride and replied loud enough for all the other iceberg supporters to hear:

"Go there yourself, madam; I was employed to hold up icebergs!" Then he bowed politely and left the theater.—Troy Times.

The Kiss Ecclesiastic.

At a fashionable wedding party, just as the happy pair were about to start on their wedding tour, the pretty little bride was thanking the clergyman who had made her and her choice one; on which the reverend gentleman, who was an old friend of the family and a bit of a wag, said: "But, my dear, you have not paid me my fee."

"What is it?" said the bride.

"A kiss. Won't you pay it before you go?"

"Of course I will," she answered, blushing and laughing, and she did.

A severe old maiden lady, standing by, was terribly shocked at such levity, and worse, as she thought it, on the part of the jolly divine; but everyone else, the bridegroom included, smiled at the incident. As the old maid, a little later, was about to drive away from the door, she put her head out of her brougham window and said severely, as the parson among others bade her adieu:

"Well, Mr. Clergyman, how about that ecclesiastical kiss?"

"Not now," he answered. "I will give it to you another time. So very public here!"

She disappeared. The guests roared, and the parson scored.—London Tid-bits.

A Souvenir.

Bill (at the bachelor dinner)—One thing more, Jack; will you give me a lock of your hair?

Jack (prospective groom)—But I'm not going to die nor am I going to the end of the world.

Bill—No; but you're going to be married and you'll need all your hair in the future.—Minneapolis Tribune.

Repartee.

Servant (from the door)—Herr Mayer sends his compliments and would you please shoot your dog, as it won't let him go sleep.

Neighbor—Give my respects to Herr Mayer and tell him I shall be much obliged if he will poison his daughter and burn her piano.—Lyndon Union.

Fiat Population.

First citizen of Western town—Our water supply is very insufficient.

Second ditto—Well, in that event I suppose we can't claim so many people.—Detroit Tribune.

At the County Fair.

County fairs are nearly ripe enough to pick; and, by the way, county fairs are, collectively, a forceful event in the year's history.

The county fair is seen by the many, the city exposition by the few. The exposition is machine-made and tailor-finished. The county fair is home-grown and hand-picked. What the county fair does and says means a whole lot to a whole lot of folks.

It goes without saying that bicycle racing will be an important feature of interest and amusement in every up-to-date fair held this year.

Will the other and more important corelative of bicycling, good roads, receive the attention it should at these many farmers' shows?

In every county wheelmen should endeavor to have the directors of the fair incorporate in its exhibits an intelligent exposition of the value of good hard roads, the methods of building and maintaining the same, and such other information regarding the proper width of tires, etc., as will lead to the improvement of highways.

This feature should be made prominent in every county and district fair. The farmers should be the first to move in the matter, but as the wheelmen have thus far been the real force back of the good roads agitation, they should persevere until by sheer force example the truth is dinned into the minds of the whole people.

See to it that there shall be an attractive good roads exhibit at your county fair.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Protect the Roads.

Did you ever drive along through the country and notice two-wheel tracks that have worn deep ruts into the surface of the road? Have you noticed that these deep ruts give a severe wrench to a light carriage when you go to turn out for an approaching vehicle? Have you watched how these same ruts hold the water after a heavy rain and become two long muddy canals, through which you plough your way, while the rest of the road has become moderately hard? Now, when you come to look at the matter seriously, what is the use of those two ruts, and why can they not be avoided? Wouldn't we have better roads if we could do away with the ruts?

Of course, you may ask what this has to do with selling carriages, but you know well enough that good roads mean a greater demand for carriages because they increase the pleasure of driving. The ruts can be avoided easily enough if all vehicles do not track alike, or if drivers would exercise a little care in using the whole road, and would not all drive in the same track. There's a good deal of outcry in favor of wide tires, but even if every vehicle were compelled to have wide tires, and they all tracked alike, while the drivers continued to use the same care that they now seem to exercise in keeping exactly in the wheel tracks of every other vehicle that has used the road, we should only have a little wider ruts than we have now. That is about all we would gain from wide tires. If, on the contrary, we should arrange it so that the front wheels of every vehicle tracked inside of the back wheels, and if in addition we could educate drivers up to using the whole road, and not to continue following one another like a lot of school boys playing the old game of follow my leader, we might at least protect the roads we have, and keep them in much better condition than we possibly can under existing circumstances.

Can't you, as one of those who should be interested in the good roads question, do a little missionary work in this matter, and talk to your customers about protecting the roads by not all driving in the same track? Might not you gain a little advertising advantage over your competitors by putting up signs along the roads, here and there, reading something like this: "Protect the roads. Don't all drive in the same track." This should be in large, bold letters. Then follow it with an announcement of your business, briefly told, in letters legible enough, but a trifle smaller. You'll earn an enviable reputation as a public-spirited citizen, and at the same time will find the signs a good drawing card to attract custom. Why not try it?—The Hub News.

Discouraging.

"Well, how do you like farming? Has the hog cholera got in your pigweed patch yet?" asked the friend from the city.

Johnson, who had rented a farm to escape an epidemic of appendicitis that was raging in the city, extracted a sliver from his thumb and replied: "I can tell you that farming isn't the snap folks think. There's lots of work. A couple of weeks ago I wanted to set a hen. The hens were all laying and, not wishing to interrupt them, I set a rooster. I've been working with him ever since. That bird is as faithless to his vows as a summer girl. But my worst stroke of luck was last week."

"What was it? Forgot to put quilts on your onion bed?"

"No, not that. You see, I had a colt that was in rather poor flesh. One of the neighbors told me to feed it plenty of corn in the ear. I did so and I'm afraid it is going to die. The poor animal has been deaf as a bat ever since."—Truth.

An Unusual Occurrence.

J. S. Carpenter, living in the center of Des Moines, heard a flock of brant approaching one stormy night in early April. He grabbed a gun and went to the roof of his house, threw his gun to his shoulder and waited for the geese to come along. He could not see them, but a flash of lightning disclosed their whereabouts, and he aimed his gun and fired. His judgment was accurate and one of the birds was killed. The American Field says that this is the first incident of the kind it ever heard of. Birds are frequently killed by moon light.

Range of the Voice.

The range of the human voice is quite astounding—there being about nine perfect tones, but 17,592,186,044,515 different sounds; thus fourteen direct muscles, alone or together, produce 16,383; thirty indirect muscles, ditto, 173,741,823; and all in co-operation produce the number we have named, and these independently of different degrees of intensity.

Shoes.

When shoes have become stiff and uncomfortable from constant wear in the rain, or from lying by unworn, apply a coat of vaseline, rubbing it in well with a cloth, and in a short time the leather will become soft and pliable.

DOGS IN THE CHANCERY COURT.

Bull and Skye Terriers Figure in English Jurisprudence to Some Extent.

The courts in this country and in England have frequent occasions to determine suits growing out of injuries inflicted by dogs upon other animals or upon human beings. These suits are almost always what lawyers call actions at law, in which the plaintiff seeks to recover simply a sum of money as damages rather than equitable actions in which the complainant asks for preventive relief or protection. A case of the latter character, however, has recently arisen in London and has excited considerable amusement in professional circles there on account of its novelty.

It came before the chancery division of the high court of justice in which Justice Kekewich was presiding. The plaintiff and the defendant were next-door neighbors at a place known as Denmark Hill. The plaintiff kept a skye terrier and the defendant kept a bull terrier. These animals did not agree very well. There was also some evidence that the defendant's bull terrier had bitten the plaintiff's son, although this statement was denied in behalf of the defendant. At all events the parties met in January last and the defendant orally agreed that he would remove his dog from the neighborhood and keep it away. This agreement he did not fulfill. He took the dog elsewhere for awhile, but after the lapse of some weeks the bull terrier appeared again upon the defendant's premises, jumped over the garden wall into the plaintiff's yard and attacked the skye terrier. This was too much for the plaintiff and he applied, through counsel learned in the law, to one of her majesty's judges in chancery for an injunction which would compel the defendant to remove the obnoxious beast.

In the plaintiff's papers his own skye terrier was described as "a harmless little dog," while the defendant's bull terrier was characterized as "a certain ferocious dog," which was fed on raw meat. On the other hand, the counsel for the defendant told the court that a police inspector had pronounced his client's dog to be a harmless and well-behaved animal, while the plaintiff's dog was "a nasty little skye terrier." He ridiculed the plaintiff's statement that he kept his diminutive creature for protection and insisted that he kept it simply to excite the defendant's bull terrier and fight with him.

Now all this controversy took place, not in a police court or before a magistrate whose business was the trial of petty causes, but in the highest tribunal of original jurisdiction in England, and as the suit was brought in proper form the court was bound to entertain it, just the same as though it had been a graver matter involving interests of more serious import. Justice Kekewich, however, postponed final action in the hope that before a future motion day "the good sense of the parties would deprive the court of any further trouble or amusement." He thought the alleged agreement was rather shadowy and that the application was a novel attempt to extend the doctrine under which courts of equity interfere because the complainant apprehends danger, but the case was not weak enough to justify a dismissal.

The scope of the jurisdiction of courts of equity has been greatly broadened of late years, but we hardly expected that it would ever extend to a dog case like this.—New York Sun.

Homage Paid to "Sky Stones."

Because they come from meteors, bodies that fall in this way are called meteorites and for very many years past all the meteorites which have been seen to fall, or could be found, have been carefully kept, so that they may be studied. We know, too, that they have fallen in earlier times as well, because the histories of nearly all ancient peoples contain accounts of such occurences, and of the homage paid to the "sky stones" by those who thought them gifts from the gods, or miraculous objects. It is possible that the so-called goddess Diana who was worshipped by the people Ephesus was a meteoric stone.

A mass of iron which proved to be a meteorite was found in Texas a few years ago, at the crossing of a number of trails leading in different directions. It was learned that it had been set up by the Indians as a fetish, or object of worship; and whoever passed by was expected to leave upon it beads, arrowheads, tobacco, or other articles as offerings, since it was regarded as having come from the Great Spirit. Another, which fell in India some years ago, was kept decked with flowers, was daily anointed, and frequently worshiped with great ceremony. There is preserved to this day in the parish church of Ensisheim, Alsace, Germany, a stone weighing over two hundred pounds, which fell in the town Nov. 16, 1492. The king, being near at the time, had the stone carried to the castle, and after breaking off two pieces, one for himself and the other for the Duke Sigismund, ordered the remainder to be kept in the church as a miraculous object; and it still hangs there, suspended by a chain from the vault of the choir.—St. Nicholas.

Two Boyish Warriors.

It was only a little shepherd boy, you will remember, who delivered the Israelites from the hands of the Philistines, and saved his nation in a time of serious peril. The youth David went out alone and almost empty handed, when all the warriors of the army were afraid, and he slew the great giant Goliath of Gath, whose height, the Bible tells us, was six cubits and a span. This boy was a born fighter, for, before he slew the giant, he had killed a bear and a lion, when they tried to steal his father's sheep.

But in later times, as well, there have been several young warriors who made great names for themselves, such, for instance, as Alexander, who won the battle of Ceranicus at 22 years of age. The great Napoleon was a lieutenant of artillery before he was 18, and a young man when he commanded the armies of Italy. Think of it!—at the age when our West Point cadets are graduated, this young Corsican had held an important command in the French armies, winning victories and laying the foundation of the most famous military career the world has ever seen.—St. Nicholas.

The Horse's Hat.

The horse's hat, which last year a humane horse owner in Bordeaux provided for his horses, is now becoming a great article of trade in France, but is made of straw and covers the eyes and forehead of the horse, while openings are left for the ears. A sponge is kept in the inside of the hat and this is moistened from time to time with vinegar, so as to keep the horse's head refreshingly cool.

Gen. Sherman's Prediction.

In 1887 Gen. Serman predicted that "the most terrible war ever known will take place in America before the end of the century."

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Blood Poison.

Contagious Blood Poison has been appropriately called the curse of mankind. It is the one disease that physicians can not cure; their mercurial and potash remedies only bottle up the poison in the system, to surely break forth in a more virulent form, resulting in a total wreck of the system.

Mr. Frank B. Martin, a prominent jeweler at 926 Pensylvania Ave., Washington, D.C., says: I was for a long time under treatment of two of the best physicians of this city, for a severe case of blood poison, but my condition grew worse all the while, notwithstanding the fact that they charged me three hundred dollars. My mouth was filled with eating sores; my tongue was almost eaten away, so that for three months I was unable to taste any solid food. My hair was coming out rapidly, and I was in a horrible fix. I had tried various treatments, and was nearly discouraged, when a friend recommended S.S.S. After I had taken four bottles, I began to get better, and when I had finished eighteen bottles, I was cured sound and well, my skin was without a blemish, and I have had no return of the disease. S.S.S. saved me from a life of misery." S.S.S. (*guaranteed purely vegetable*) will cure any case of blood poison. Books on the disease and its treatment mailed free by Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

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