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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

WEDDINGS IN WALES.

Some Curious Marriage Customs That Still Exist Among the Peasantry.

Some quaint customs still survive among the peasantry of south Wales—at least in the remote villages. One of the oddest is the "bidding." When a young man and woman are engaged, a circular is printed—known as a "bidding letter"—and distributed at market and outside the chapels on Sunday, so that all may know of the event. The form is always the same and runs as follows:

As we intend to enter the matrimonial state, we are encouraged by our friends to make a bidding on the occasion at the young man's father's house (here follow the address and date of the entertainment), when and where the favor of your good and agreeable company is most humbly solicited, and whatever donation you may be pleased to bestow on us will be thankfully received, warmly acknowledged and cheerfully repaid whenever called for on a similar occasion by your obedient servants,

JOHN EVANS.
JANE DAVIS.

All being ready on the day, a party goes to fetch the bride to the bidding. She hides and has to be sought for in all directions, but being at last found is escorted in triumph. Her procession is met by that of the bridegroom, and they all repair to the church, where the wedding ceremony takes place, after which all return to the groom's house to make merry and to count the gifts. These are generally in money and vary from a shilling up to half a sovereign.

Each item is carefully entered in a book by the "bidding clerk," together with the donor's name, so that it may be repaid when he or she marries. As all the money will probably not be called in for many years—some not at all, if the givers remain single—the young couple receive a tolerable start in life. Oddly enough, the bridegroom is expected to provide the kitchen clock and table, the glass cupboard and the kitchen dresser, also the bedstead. Each of the young people is supposed to bring half a dozen chairs, the bride's especial contribution being the bedding, the crockery ware, the parlor table and a chest of drawers. Things are done methodically in that part of the world.—London Tit-Bits.

Curing a Dead Man.

"I was employed to cure a dead man," said Dr. C. R. Gregg of St. Paul. "I was awakened during one night and found a lady awaiting me. She told me that her husband was very ill and for me to bring my medicine cases and some surgical instruments, as I might have to perform an operation to assist him to breathe. It was but two blocks from my office to the house of my patient, and as we entered the room where the man lay no one else was visible. At a glance I saw that he was dead. I told the wife that her husband was beyond the reach of mortal aid. 'He is not dead, and you must cure him,' she said and locked the door. Then going to a dressing case she procured a revolver. I saw that she had become crazed and was at the time a dangerous lunatic.

"Making the best of the situation, I began a surgical operation on the windpipe, the woman watching me closely. I worked with the corpse and prepared medicines for three or four hours, assuring the woman that I would save him if possible. Succeeding in disarming her fears, she began to have entire confidence in me, and when I fixed a potion and gave it to the corpse, seemingly taking a similar one myself, I induced her to take one in order to quiet her nerves, as it might be some time before any change took place in the condition of the patient. I soon had the satisfaction of seeing the woman fall upon the floor in an insensible condition, and I made my escape from the house, calling sufficient assistance to attend to the wants of the wife and prepare the husband for burial. But I don't want any more calls to resurrect the dead under the superintendance of a dangerous lunatic."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

How He Explained It.

The affable young man was doing the polite to the very swagger young woman at a reception, and she was tolerating him because no swagger young man was in sight.

"May I escort you to the dining room?" he asked.

She hesitated and drew back.

"I'm sorry," she began.

"Thanks," he interrupted and disappeared.

That made her think a minute, and later in the evening she cornered him.

"Why did you say 'thanks' to me awhile ago?" she asked, quite reserved, but curious.

"Did I say that?" he said, with a faraway try to call it back again look in his honest eyes.

"Yes, you did."

"I didn't know I said it, really."

"Well, you did," she persisted, "and I want to know why."

"I presume," he responded, "it was a case of unconscious gratefulness." And he got away with some degree of precipitancy.—Detroit Free Press.

Postmasters and Stamps.

The postmaster who finds his office getting short of stamps makes out an order on a printed blank and sends it to the postoffice department at Washington. Here the postmaster's accounts are examined, and if his credit is good the order is approved, charged to his account and forwarded to the government agent at the factory where postage stamps are made. The government agent has the stamps counted, carefully packed and sent by registered mail to the postmaster, who sends a receipt for them to Washington.—Kate Field's Washington.

GREAT BOOK FREE.

When Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., published the first edition of his work, The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, he announced that after 680,000 copies had been sold at the regular price, $1.50 per copy, the profit on which would repay him for the great amount of labor and money expended in producing it, he would distribute the next half million *free*. As this number of copies has already been sold, he is now distributing, *absolutely free*, 500,000 copies of this most complete, interesting and valuable common sense medical work ever published—the recipient only being required to mail to him, at the above address, this little COUPON with twenty-one (21) cents in one-cent stamps to pay for postage and packing *only*, and the book will be sent by mail. It is a veritable medical library, complete in one volume. It contains over 1000 pages and more than 300 illustrations. The *Free Edition* is precisely the same as those sold at $1.50 except only that the books are bound in strong manilla paper covers instead of cloth. Send NOW before all are given away. They are going off rapidly.

COUPON No. 114

AS VIEWED BY AN ENGINEER.

Impressions of a Piano Solo From a Railroad Man's Standpoint.

"I was loitering around the streets one night," said Jim Nelson, one of the old locomotive engineers running into New Orleans, to a reporter. "As I had nothing to do I dropped into a concert and heard a sleek looking Frenchman play a piano in a way that made me feel all over in spots. As soon as he sat down on the stool I knew by the way he handled himself that he understood the machine he was running. He tapped the keys way up one end, just as if they were gauges, and he wanted to see if he had water enough. Then he looked up as if he wanted to know how much steam he was carrying, and the next moment he pulled open the throttle and sailed on to the main line as if he was half an hour late. You could hear her thunder over culverts and bridges and getting faster and faster until the fellow rocked about in his seat like a cradle. Somehow I thought it was old '36' pulling a passenger train and getting out of the way of a 'special.' The fellow worked the keys on the middle division like lightning, and then he flew along the north end of the line until the drivers went around like a buzzsaw, and I got excited.

"About the time I was fixing to tell him to cut her off a little he kicked the dampers under the machine wide open, pulled the throttle way back in the tender, and how he did run! I couldn't stand it any longer and yelled to him that he was pounding on the left side, and if he wasn't careful he'd drop his ash pan. But he didn't hear. No one heard me. Everything was flying and whizzing. Telegraph poles on the side of the track looked like a row of cornstalks, the trees appeared to be a mud bank, and all the time the exhaust of the old machine sounded like the hum of a bumblebee.

"I tried to yell out, but my tongue wouldn't move. He went around curves like a bullet, slipped an eccentric, blew out his soft plug, went down grades 50 feet to the mile and not a controlling break set. She went by the meeting point at a mile a minute and calling for more steam. My hair stood up straight, because I knew the game was up. Sure enough, dead ahead of us was the headlight of a 'special.' In a daze I heard the crash as they struck, and I saw cars shivered into atoms, people smashed and mangled and bleeding and gasping for water. I heard another crash as the French professor struck the deep keys away down on the lower end of the southern division, and then I came to my senses. There he was at a dead standstill, with the door of the firebox of the machine open, wiping the perspiration off his face and bowing to the people before him. If I live to be 1,000 years old, I'll never forget the ride that Frenchman gave me on a piano."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

This Dog Knew Too Much.

Jack, an Irish setter whose home is in Maryland, has the regular duty of bringing the mail from the letter box at the gate, the house standing well back from the road. His family were anticipating a two weeks' visit to New York and proposed sending Jack to the country during their absence. Jack's wishes in the matter were not consulted, and he was not invited to take part in the discussion, but that he listened was proved by his actions. It was decided to start on a Tuesday evening, provided a letter were received by the morning's mail. It did not come, however, nor in the afternoon, when Jack brought up a whole batch, and to his satisfaction no one left home. Several days passed. Then a telegram came inquiring what was the matter. An exchange of letters disclosed the fact that the promised letter was written and should have been received when expected. A search, into which Jack was impressed, much against his will, discovered the missing letter hidden in a hencoop, and it bore unmistakable evidence that Jack had placed it there.

Now, it is not to be supposed that Jack could read or distinguish handwriting, so his keen nose must have recognized the writer, who was a frequent visitor, of whom he was very fond, but only from listening to the talk could he have connected that person with the plans for departure. This is the only instance of Jack's ever betraying a trust, but the sagacity evinced was so great that confidence in him was increased instead of lessened by it.—Demorest's Magazine.

In Every Line.

The poet Bryant, while editor of the New York Post, insisted that young poets should be sympathetically noticed in the book columns of the paper. Once a subeditor handed him a thin volume of poems saying that they were worthless. Mr. Bryant looked through the book and then said, "You might say that it is prettily bound and clearly printed."

The editor of whom this story is told also had a soft side for young men who would write poetry.

"Give me your candid judgment of these lines," said the young man of literary aspirations. "Do they convey the idea of poetry at all?"

"Yes, sir," replied the editor, looking them over, "they do. There is something in every line that conveys the idea. Every line," continued the kind hearted man, letting him down as gently as he could, "begins with a capital letter."—Youth's Companion.

The Power of Song.

The power of song is illustrated in a custom on the railroads of northern Florida. Whenever a train crosses the Swanee river the conductor announces the fact in each car. If any passenger has never heard "Way Down Upon the Swanee River," this particularization of the stream must seem peculiar, and the Suwanee is like a dozen other rivers in the same region, and these are passed without comment from the conductor.—Philadelphia Press.

Gory War Trophies.

"Indians do not take scalps through cruelty," said a retired army officer to a St. Louis reporter, "but just as civilized soldiers fight for and preserve the captured battleflags of the enemy as trophies and proofs of prowess in war. During the years I spent on the frontier I was forced to witness many such sickening scenes. The scalp is taken by making a rough circle of slashes around the skull and then tearing off the broad patch of skin and hair by main force. It is a dreadful operation, and one never to be forgotten by those who have once seen it. The scalp is supposed to contain many magical powers and is cured with the greatest care by him who takes it."

BRUIN AS A NAVIGATOR

How a Yellowstone Bear Fooled a Hunter.

'TWAS A CASE OF PRESTO, CHANGE!

First He Saw a Bear, Then a Man, Floating Down the Stream In a Boat—An Amusing and Amazing Mystery That Was Easily Solved.

An old trapper was recently telling of some of his earliest experiences in the Yellowstone region of the upper Missouri and said in the course of his conversation:

"I think the most amusing and at one stage of the occurrence the most mysterious experience I ever had occurred away back in the early days while Bill Redwood was working with me in the far northwest.

"We had taken a number of skins during the winter, and were preparing to make a trip down the river as spring came on, when we decided one morning to go out and kill a bear which had been prowling around our camp. The sneaking brute, however, was hard to find, and we looked for him for two days unsuccessfully. The third day I took our side of the river, and Bill went across in the skiff to go up the other side of the stream.

"Every few minutes I would come back to the banks of the stream to see if I could see or hear anything of Bill or the bear, and then I would go back and continue my hunt on my side of the stream. Presently, on coming back to the river, I was amazed to see the skiff out in the middle of the river, drifting down stream, while in the center of the little boat sat upright upon his haunches a villainous looking black bear. He was several hundred yards above me, and as the current set in toward my shore I stood still and waited, knowing he was coming nearer to me all the time.

"I will confess, however, that I stared in open mouthed wonder at a bear coming down the river in a skiff and apparently enjoying his excursion. I kept trying to solve the mystery. How did he get there?

THERE SAT BILL REDWOOD, NATURAL AS LIFE.

If he had climbed into the skiff after Bill left it, how did he get it untied from the bank? Even if he had got into it and untied it, how could he have got it out into the middle of the stream?

"I soon saw it was useless to guess at these riddles, so I dismissed them from my mind, and examining my rifle 'drew a bead' on the strange looking boatman. It was as good a target as one could ask for, and at the crack of my rifle his bearship toppled over without a struggle.

"As there was a little point of land just below me near which the boat would drift, I turned and ran down there so as to be ready when it came by. I concluded I would probably have to get wet in order to get the boat, but thought that if it did come near enough for me to reach it with a pole I would be very glad of it.

"When I got out to the edge of the little point of land and turned to watch the boat, you could have knocked me down with a feather, I was so weak and amazed. There in the center of the skiff, where a moment before had sat the bear which I had shot and killed, now sat Bill Redwood, as natural as life and as unconcerned as you can imagine.

"I dropped my rifle in my amazement and rubbed my eyes and looked again. There was no possibility of a mistake about it. It was Bill, and I didn't need his horse laugh and hearty 'much obleeged' to convince me of it.

"As soon as he came to shore we pulled the boat up on the bank, with the dead bear in the bottom of it, and as soon as Bill stepped on the land he took off his clothes and began to wring the water out of them. I then learned from him the circumstances that led to the queer situation.

"It seems that he had fastened the skiff and before he started out on his part of the work concluded to catch an old opossum and some young ones which he saw just over in the thicket, and as they were leading him something of a chase he set his gun down and determined to catch them. It was in this condition that he ran upon the bear, to the great surprise of both. He started to turn and run away, but he saw the bear was more frightened than he, so as soon as it started off in its ambling gallop toward the river he followed. When it jumped into the stream to swim to the other shore, he sprang into his skiff and caught up with it in the river. Here he first realized his ridiculous position without his gun, and at the same moment the bear changed from a retreating to an attacking enemy. It took a very short while for the bear to climb into the skiff and Bill to climb out, and when I saw the strange skipper coming down stream in his craft Bill was hidden from view in the water, holding onto the stern of the boat and trying to think of some plan of procedure.

"My rifle shot was understood by him at once, and looking up and finding the bear dead he had climbed into the boat while I turned and went down the little point of land mentioned, so that when I got there and looked around I found Bill sitting up just where the bear had been. Of course it is all easy enough to understand when it is explained, but at the time I thought I must be going crazy."

HARRY W. COCKERILL.

The Death Tick.

The little insect popularly called the death watch or tick is a timber boring insect which usually commences its sound late in the spring, which is no other than the call by which the male and females are led to each other, the same as with birds during the mating season. The sound they emit is not owing to the voice of the insect, but to its beating on or striking any hard substance with the shield or forepart of its head. The prevailing number of strokes are from 7 to 9 and 11, and it is this circumstance which probably adds to the ominous character it bears among ignorant and superstitious persons.

A Fish With a Rubber Corset.

Forest and Stream speaks of a curious find in the Cape Ann fish market at Gloucester, Mass. It was nothing less than a mackerel with a rubber band around the body. The band had been put on the fish when quite small and staid there in spite of the rapid growth of the wearer. The fish's body under the band did not grow, which caused a depression in the full grown body of about 3 inches in depth. The depression was covered with a healthy skin in no way unlike that on the rest of the body. The fish measured in length 14 inches, diameter of body each side of the depression, 7¾ inches; diameter of depression, 5 inches. The fish was undoubtedly in a healthy condition, and the band was sound and could be stretched like any other band.

Couldn't See the Point.

"I can't see no fun in these newspaper jokes about plumbers' bills," said a wealthy plumber to a friend at the club.

"Neither do your customers see any fun in the bills," replied a friend who had recently paid a bill.—Texas Siftings.

HOW HE FOOLED THE SNAKE.

If This Man Had Been Twins, He Might Have Been Swallowed.

"I remember once," said a long haired man with a mild manner and a dreamy voice, "when I was in the unexplored regions of the upper Amazon, I had an adventure with a boaconda. The boaconda," he explained to the Detroit Free Press man, "is a snake unknown as yet to most naturalists, and it is a cross between the anaconda and the boa, with this

"I LOOKED DOWN AT MY LEGS."

remarkable peculiarity—that it has two heads. Like its congeners, however, its bite is not poisonous, and it swallows its victims. As I was saying, I had an adventure on the occasion with one of these monsters which I think I shall not soon forget. One morning I had gone into the forest with a native to hunt, and in the course of my rambles I saw a beautiful hued bird of the parrot family in a tree, and I shot it. The bird caught in the branches, and my attendant having become separated from me I concluded to climb for the bird myself. When I had reached the lower limbs with my prize, I saw stretched on one of them the largest sized boaconda, with its four wicked eyes watching me. The shock of this sight was so great that I started violently, lost my balance and fell from the tree, lighting full on my back with such force as to knock me entirely senseless. How long I remained in this condition I do not know, but when I recovered I felt as if my legs were fixed in a vise, and being unable to move them I became convinced that I had injured my spine and was paralyzed. After several ineffectual attempts to move I raised myself on my elbow and looked down at my legs.

"You may imagine my surprise, not to say horror, when, lying close to my body on each leg, I saw half of each head of that dreadful serpent. Why I should only see half I could not explain to myself, and before I had time to investigate I had fainted. This was of short duration, and presently I was myself again, and taking another look I found the serpent still there. Then I began to understand, and in a minute more I knew that the reptile had attempted to swallow me, for on my hands and face I could feel the slime with which these brutes anoint their victims before they begin to swallow them. Evidently this one had not been very careful in its calculations or possibly had never attempted to swallow a human being, for one of the heads had commenced on one of my legs, while the other head tackled the other leg, and when that much of me had been swallowed the remainder could not very well be, for reasons not necessary to explain here. In any event, that part which had been swallowed had stuck in the two throats, and while I was helpless the snake was in no better fix. What to do was the question now, and having become somewhat accustomed to my position I was cool enough to think of some way of escape.

"While revolving various plans in my mind my eyes wandered to one side, and there within reach lay my double barreled gun, with one load in it. The next instant I had hold of it, and the next I had slipped in another cartridge and was ready for war. I couldn't shoot the snake in the head unless I shot my legs off, but I calculated that its heart must be somewhere near the point of juncture of the necks, which was about three feet from the tip of the nose. Toward that point, then, I slowly slipped the gun, and when I had got it as far as I could I shut my eyes, breathed a prayer and let both barrels go. It almost tore the great body of the snake asunder, and in its death throes I was beaten around the bush in terrible fashion for a minute or two until I was thrown out of reach. In half an hour I had recovered sufficiently to walk.

"On my way back to the village I noticed a huge anaconda asleep by the pathway, and as I wanted the skin of one I drove my knife through the head of the sleeping reptile and proceeded to denude it of its integument. I observed, as I thought, that it had swallowed a lamb and was sleeping off the effects of it, but what was my surprise when I cut into it to find within the body of the attendant who had accompanied me out to the forest in the morning." The dreamy voiced man looked piously up toward the ceiling of the smoker and was silent a moment.

"Was he dead?" inquired the drummer, and the dreamy voiced man seemed lost in thought.

Writes Letters In Her Sleep.

The medical profession is greatly interested in the singular case of Mrs. Edith Morford of Kansas City, who recently passed several days in a trance. The most peculiar feature of Mrs. Morford's case is that she occasionally rose from her bed and walked about the house while in her prolonged sleep. Once she went to the table and ate a few morsels of food and then went to the pump and drew a glass of water. No heed was paid by her to members of the family, and not a word passed her lips. One night Mrs. Morford arose, and after arranging her hair attired herself in a black dress and went to the parlor. She seated herself at her writing table, with a Bible open before her, and began writing, and though her eyes remained closed the lines she penned were as straight and the words as correctly formed as though written by a good penman with both eyes open. This is vouched for by two reputable physicians.

Used Up the Alphabet.

A Toronto man has gone through the alphabet naming his nine children, beginning with Alice Beatrice Caroline and ending with Xerxes Yorick Zenith. All nine are living, and the oldest is only 14 years old, but there is one pair of twins in the list, which used up six letters of the alphabet. The children are easily nicknamed by calling their initials for short.—Toronto Empire.

Two Quotations.

This quotation appears on the bedroom door in a south Lancaster (England) hotel, "I will lay me down in peace and take my rest, for it is thou, Lord, only that makest me to dwell in safety." Below which the proprietor has penned, "Owing to the frequency of hotel robberies, you are requested to bolt your door."—London Globe.

M. Dufosse, a French savant, declares that fishes can talk. They can, he declares, produce certain sounds at will by the vibration of certain specially designed muscles. These vibrations are caused by a little air bladder, which is alternately distended and exhausted.

Quito, in Ecuador, though on the line of the equator, has a mean temperature the year round but little different from that of Boston, owing to its elevation, says a writer in Goldthwaite's Magazine.

The idea of the balloon first occurred to the Montgolfier brothers from seeing a large piece of paper fall over the fire, become inflated with smoke and hot air, rise and sail away.

Every man has within himself the germ of a noble life, if he will but pull up the weeds and let the showers and sunshine have a chance.

THE MAN IN A HURRY.

How He May Make Himself a Decidedly Unpleasant Person.

A stout and determined looking man with white chin whiskers, gray hair brushed severely back from his forehead and gold spectacles on his prominent nose entered a restaurant in Fourteenth street at the "rush" hour and strode rapidly to one of the tables at which there was a vacant seat. He hung a stout cane on the hatrack far up on the wall near the end of the table and was divesting himself of his overcoat when he happened to notice that the waiter was about leaving the table with orders for the other men.

"Hold on a minute, young feller, and take my order, too," he shouted. "Bring me some hash, with poached eggs on it, and a couple of sinkers and some coffee in a hurry."

Then he finished taking off his overcoat and tried to hang it on what he probably thought was a peg of the hatrack, but he hit on the end of his cane instead, and the coat flopped down on the floor, while the cane, after knocking several hats off the rack, fell on the head of a man near the wall and then bounded on the table with force enough to break several dishes and scatter coffee and gravy about promiscuously. The men at the table picked up their hats and began to say unpleasant things, but they were quickly awed to silence by the stout man, who declared with a foghorn voice:

"It's an infernal outrage for a man to keep such a rack as that in his place. If I was running this house, I'd see that there'd be decent arrangements for folks who patronized it."

Then he slammed his cane back on the rack, hung his overcoat on a peg and sat down to glare at the waiter, who cleared away the broken dishes and wiped up the spilled coffee and gravy with fresh napkins. Two minutes after the waiter had left the table the stout man began to grumble.

"I guess," he said, "that he has gone down town to buy the meat to make that hash with. He must have been born late in the day. I said I was in a hurry, and now I suppose he will take all day. If I don't get what I ordered right away, I'm going to leave."

Then the waiter came with the hash, sinkers and coffee, and the stout man made them disappear in a way that showed he was a "hustler." When his jaws had ceased to work, he yelled for his check and made a grab at his overcoat and cane. There was another shower of hats from the rack, but the man in a hurry did not stop to pick them up. He evidently was too angry to say more. The other men did not try to detain him, but one of them said:

"That man must have been born before daylight."

There were some expressions of assent to the remark, and then another man rounded it off with the declaration, "And he is trying the best he knows how to make other men wish he never had been born at all."—New York Tribune.

Disposing of a Difficulty.

Judge Kent once in a very sensible and summary fashion disposed of a quibble such as lawyers so often set up in defense of their clients. A man was indicted for burglary, and the evidence on the trial showed that it consisted in cutting a hole through a tent in which several persons were sleeping and then introducing his head and arm through the hole and abstracting various articles of value.

It was claimed by prisoner's counsel that inasmuch as he never actually entered the tent with his whole body he had not committed the offense charged and must therefore be acquitted.

The judge in reply to this plea told the jury that if they were not satisfied that the whole man was involved in the crime they might bring in a verdict of guilty against so much of him as was thus involved.

The jury, after a brief consultation, found the right arm, the right shoulder and the head of the prisoner guilty of the offense of burglary.

The judge therefore sentenced the right arm, the right shoulder and head to imprisonment with hard labor in the state prison for two years, remarking that, as to the rest of the man's body, he might do with it what he pleased.—Green Bag.

Early Efforts at Making Cook Stoves.

Doubtless some form of cooking stove has been used from a very early period. Previous to 1745 the stoves of all kinds used in America were imported from Holland or Germany, but in that year a stove was invented by Benjamin Franklin that was a great improvement on all that had preceded it. In 1771 he continued his inventions in this line and produced a stove for burning bituminous coal which consumed its own smoke and another which, after being filled at the top, could be inverted and made to burn from the base. Between 1785 and 1795 several improvements in stoves, ovens, heating and cooking apparatus were made by Count Rumford, and as early as 1798 his soapstone lined ranges had been introduced in New York and were coming gradually into general use.—St. Louis Republic.

They Remembered Him.

A circumstance happened in connection with the failure in business of a well known inhabitant of Yorkshire which caused much amusement. The bankrupt was asked the momentous question, "What are you prepared to offer?" and in reply stated that he had no assets whatever.

"What is there now, Joe?" asked a jolly looking creditor.

"Nothing," replied the bankrupt.

"Well, you can sing. Come, sing us a song."

Joe fumbled with his hat and said he hardly liked to sing.

"Come, strike up," exclaimed the creditor; "let's have something for our brass." Thus urged, Joe cleared his throat and began the ballad "And You'll Remember Me." As the plaintive melody fell on the ears of the creditors some of them began to feel indignant, but the humor of the situation at length burst upon them, and the final line was greeted with roars of laughter.—London Judy.

A Hard Times Story.

A young negro girl was met by an old negro woman, and the usual salutations, with by questions as to the health and happiness of the families, were passed. "Does you' mammy still take in washing?" asked the older. "Yes'm," replied the younger. "She been doing washing for Mr. Blank down here at Mrs. —— boarding house, but he says times is too bard to have clothes washed, and I dunno what she gwine to do now."—Valdosta (Ga.) Telescope.

A Comparison.

He (from Boston—very musical)—Wagner's works are simply grand!

She (from Chicago)—Oh, you ought to see Pullman's!—National Car and Locomotive Builder.

Three degrees of mining speculation—positive, mine; comparative, miner; superlative, minus.

Young America.

New York children are proverbially precocious, but especially precocious are the urchins who congregate about the benches at Tompkins square.

On one of the seats four little girls were observed the other day indulging in the feminine—masculine also—propensity for quarreling. The most self assertive of the group was a diminutive damsel whose head was adorned with a hat of monstrous red plumage. Sarcastic comments on her part had evidently irritated her companions.

"She's a sassy thing, Sally. I wouldn't speak to her no more," observed a young miss on the right.

The sarcastic damsel sniffed, but said nothing.

"Don't let's 'soclate with her no more," remarked a second.

The three little girls arose, and the third one had her say. "You can jist keep away from our party, Mary Baum," she said. "We ain't a-goin to look or speak to you no longer."

The self assertive maiden in the monstrous hat gazed contemptuously upon her whilom companions as they marched away. She shrugged her shoulders complacently. "Huh! Dere is odders," she observed, with a world of significance in her tones.

A short distance away sat two little boys who were comparing notes on family matters.

"Us folks has got de biggest family," remarked the first one confidently.

"Betcher ain't," returned his companion.

"Yes, we has. Dere's me an me two brudders, me daddy, me mudder, me aunt an me uncle. Kin you beat dat?"

"I should say," was the response. "We's got seben gals an boys in our family, an dere's five grownups."

"Well, anyhow, me daddy kin buy out your daddy."

"Kin he? Oh, kin he? Me daddy's a hoss car driver, an he owns a big stable wid two hunnerd hosses."

"Dat ain't nothin," retorted the imaginative youth. "Me daddy's a janitor, an he owns a house on Secon avenoo dat's five stories high an wid a hundred people livin in it. See?"—New York Recorder.

It Awed Him.

Two men went into a Turkish bath establishment the other day. They had a bath. When they came out, they found a new boy at the desk. The boy had been working but a day or two. He was a German. One of his duties was to attend to the desk when the regular cashier was out, and a limited amount of change was put at his disposal.

One of the men took a $20 bill and tossed it to the boy, saying, "Take the two out of that."

The boy picked up the bill and looked at it curiously. He turned it over and looked at both sides of it and then said. "There's 25 cents more."

"Well, take it all out," said the owner of the bill.

The boy looked the bill over carefully again. He laid it down and picked it up nervously. Clearly, he was stumped. After a couple of minutes' wait the man who owned the bill said sharply, "Well?"

The boy gave a start and laboriously counted out 75 cents in change and handed it through the wicket.

"That's a $20 bill," said he man who owned it, handing back the silver.

The boy flushed and looked the bill over again. Then he picked up the silver and handed it back, adding a silver dollar.

"I want $17.75 change," said the man who owned the bill.

"Wh-a-a-a t?" gasped the boy.

"I want $17.75 change, and hurry up about it."

The boy's face took on an expression of blank despair. He twisted and untwisted the bill. Then he mumbled nervously, "Why, mister, I didn't never see so much money as that in my life."—Buffalo Express.

Matrimony.

He leaned gracefully against the mantel.

"Yes," he repeated, "I love your daughter."

The old man in the easy chair regarded him keenly.

"Can you support a family?" he asked after a pause.

"That depends. How"——

He locked the father of his beloved straight in the eye.

——"how many of you are there?"

Presently they came to the terms of an amicable understanding.—Detroit Tribune.

SWEPT BY A CYCLONE

Of approbation to the pinnacle of popularity, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has acquired a commanding position, which has occasionally made it a bright and shining mark for knaves, who seek to foist upon the community spurious compounds in the guise akin to that of the real article. These are mostly local bitters or tonics of great impurity, and of course devoid of medicinal efficacy. Beware of them and get the genuine Bitters, a real remedy for malaria, rheumatism, kidney trouble dyspepsia, nervousness, constipation and biliousness. Physicians of eminence everywhere commend the great invigorant, both for its remedial properties and its purity. A wineglass thrice a day will soon bring vigor and regularity to a disordered and enfeebled system.

Teacher—If your father was to hear of your bad conduct, it would make his hair turn gray. Bobby—I beg your pardon, sir; my father hasn't any hair left.

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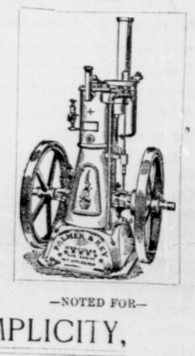

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