

TWO CUTE FOXES.

They Had Fun While Baffled Hunters Wondered Where They Were Hidden. In Outing is told the story of a pair of foxes that for a time, at any rate, enjoyed the sport of a fox hunt. The dogs jumped them, but after awhile the trail ended at a pond.

About the center of the pond was a bent tree, the two ends of which were in the water, while the highest point of the curve was perhaps 20 feet above the pond. The dogs were working about the pond, looking for the trail, and the men were looking, too, and they were beginning to feel rather curious, especially as every few moments they would hear a fox yelp sharply.

"Upon this tree," the account continues, "seated comfortably at the point of its highest curve, was an old dog fox. The cunning rascal had traveled across the pond on the logs, then scaled the bent tree, and while he watched he jerked his goodly brush up and down and barked his derision at the whole performance. After awhile we saw his vixen seated on an adjacent log. They were simply watching the futile efforts of our pack to locate them, and, likely enough, they enjoyed the experience."

JOHN H. SURRATT.

His Escape From Capture When He Was a Papal Zouave.

Whether Surratt was in the city on the day of Lincoln's assassination will probably never be positively known. During his trial he attempted to prove that he was in Elmira, N. Y., doing special service for the Confederacy, and the proof which he furnished was sufficient to convince 8 out of the 12 jurors that he was not present and took no part in the plot. Surratt claimed to have first learned of the murder on the morning following the assassination from the newspapers while in Elmira and on the next morning, while en route to New York city, of his suspected complicity in the plot. He fled immediately to Canada, where he remained concealed by Catholic priests for nearly five months. Leaving Canada, he went to England, thence to Paris, and thence to Rome, where, under the name of Watson, he enlisted in the zouaves of the pope.

While in the Papal zouaves he was recognized by a Canadian acquaintance, who betrayed him. On the day following his arrest, while under the guard of six men, he leaped blindly from a rocky precipice over 100 feet in depth, and, alighting by chance on a projecting rock 50 feet below, clambered quickly down the abyss, escaped, reached Naples in the course of a week and sailed to Alexandria on the same vessel which carried the instructions to the consul there that led to his capture. He was finally brought back to the United States and tried at Washington by a civil court. The trial extended over a period of two months, and more than 200 witnesses appeared on the stand. The jury disagreed, as above stated, and the government did not prosecute the case further. "Four Lincoln Conspirators," by Victor Louis Mason, in Century.

"I'm sure to hear you play the violin, Mr. Tillinghast," said 7-year-old Tommy Dillingham, who was entertaining the caller. "But I don't play the violin, Tommy." "Then papa must be mistaken. I heard him tell mamma that you played second fiddle at home."—Exchange.

THAT TERRIBLE SCOURGE.

Material disease is invariably supplemented by its twin—the nerves. The removal of both the cause and its effects, Hostetter's stomach Bitters is fully adequate. It kills the bill as no other remedy does, performing its work thoroughly. Its ingredients are pure and wholesome, and it admirably serves to build up a system broken by ill health and short of strength. Constipation, liver and kidney complaint and nervousness are conquered by it.

There are in the German empire to-day about 180 electric factories, distributed in 168 localities. We will forfeit \$1,000 if any of our published testimonials are proven to be not genuine. The Pitt Co., Warren, Pa.

There is more catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly falling to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by J. C. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circular and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, etc. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

FITN.—All is stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No matter how long you have suffered from nervousness, or if you are afflicted with any of the following troubles, send for a free trial bottle free of charge. Address: Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Quick steps are said to be indicative of energy and agitation.

Cures Hood's Sarsaparilla. Talk in favor of Hood's Sarsaparilla as for no other medicine. It has the greatest record of cures of any medicine in the world. In fact, Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only medicine in the world that cures the blood. It is the only medicine that cures the skin. It is the only medicine that cures the hair. It is the only medicine that cures the eyes. It is the only medicine that cures the ears. It is the only medicine that cures the nose. It is the only medicine that cures the throat. It is the only medicine that cures the lungs. It is the only medicine that cures the stomach. It is the only medicine that cures the bowels. It is the only medicine that cures the bladder. It is the only medicine that cures the kidneys. It is the only medicine that cures the liver. It is the only medicine that cures the spleen. It is the only medicine that cures the pancreas. It is the only medicine that cures the gallbladder. It is the only medicine that cures the intestines. It is the only medicine that cures the rectum. It is the only medicine that cures the anus. It is the only medicine that cures the vagina. It is the only medicine that cures the uterus. It is the only medicine that cures the ovaries. It is the only medicine that cures the fallopian tubes. It is the only medicine that cures the cervix. It is the only medicine that cures the uterus. It is the only medicine that cures the ovaries. It is the only medicine that cures the fallopian tubes. It is the only medicine that cures the cervix.

PRESIDENT FOR 20 YEARS.

And Now Diaz Is Again Chosen Chief Magistrate of Mexico. The recent election of Gen. Porfirio Diaz to a fifth term in the presidency of the Mexican republic is evidence of the strong hold which this progressive old statesman has on his fellow countrymen. It is all the more noteworthy because the election was unanimous—an unparalleled triumph in the history of republics. For twenty years he has held the presidency of Mexico.

It is to his personal traits and talents that his success must be attributed.



GEN. PORFIRIO DIAZ.

He is a man of serious character and judicious disposition, possessed of remarkable perseverance, firm of purpose, broad minded, sincere, thoughtful and of sound judgment. When first he entered upon office he made it his business to put an end to the brigandage and rapine by which Mexico had been disturbed for generations; and he was successful in this work. He next undertook the settlement of all outstanding disputes with foreign governments; and his success in this undertaking furnished evidence of his diplomatic ability, which was manifested even in the case of the United States, and in dealing with American claims against Mexico. Since that time he has been constant in his efforts to advance the well being of his country. At the close of President Diaz's fourth term of office the people of Mexico are better off than they ever were at any other time since the Spanish conquest. The population has advanced beyond 12,000,000, and is probably one-fifth greater than it was at the time of his first election as President twenty years ago.

Diaz, who is 66 years of age, has had an adventurous career. At the age of 17 he entered the army, and at the same time continued his education in law and the sciences. Throughout the revolution of 1855 he was active and at its close was elected to Congress. When Maximilian established his empire, Diaz was one of the patriots who demurred, and in the war which ended with the young Austrian's execution Diaz was a leader. At its close he resumed a seat in Congress, was active in politics, and in 1876 was elected to the office which he now holds.

SOMEBODY'S ABSENT DARLING.

Where Wandering Willie Is To-Night—According to Him.



Dear Father: Have been unable to write lately, as have spent most of my time in wheeling. Have succeeded in making a very fast record for myself and am now doing great time. The machine I have been using is one of the old-fashioned kind, rather heavy, with non-detachable chain and ball bearing. Notwithstanding this, I expect to lead all competitors in the 20-as-you-please race to-night and get way easy. Your affectionate son, JIMMY.

HOOF PARINGS A PANACEA.

Blacksmith Tells Queer Tales of Superstitious Persons and Dogs. What becomes of the parings from the hoofs of horses in blacksmith shops? A horseshoer who was asked this question let his hammer fall on his anvil and told a reporter some queer things—that dogs make away with most of the parings, which are esteemed a great delicacy in canine households; that a choice paring is a fancy tidbit which can be secured by the commonest dog if he be watchful and industrious. The glue in the paring is probably the part relished, the smith said.

Negroes have a superstitious fondness for hoof parings. Some are said to carry a piece for good luck. Others use the parings to make decoctions for various diseases. An old white-haired negro, suffering with toothache, went into a Grand avenue shop not long ago and said that if he could get some horse hoof parings to smoke in his pipe he could cure his toothache. The blacksmith's helpers were ready to assist him, and being a wazzy lot of fellows, they did even more than was expected. The old negro's pipe was

filled with parings, horse hair and other things that made the vilest smell imaginable when a match was touched to them. One of the helpers inhaled the smoke from a cigarette, which act the old negro imitated with his pipe. It was momentarily expected that he would collapse, but he didn't. He walked away, saying: "Young gentlemen, I'm done cured, when yer get de toothache, jes smoke hoss hoof."

A story is told that gypsies stole away valuable dogs by occasionally dropping a small paring which the dog finds and eats. The animal continues to follow the gypsy until he is caught and carried away.

PAINTER THOMAS' TIN HOUSE.

Probably the Biggest Coffee Pot in the United States.

At Denison, Texas, lives Mr. John Greenfield Thomas. John is a painter, has one eye, had a wife and home, and has had so much whisky that now he has nothing except an old coffee pot. But it is a big coffee pot—possibly the biggest in the country. This coffee pot was originally made to do service as a sign on Burnett avenue, and is 9 feet high and 3 1/2 feet in diameter. Its days of usefulness as a sign have passed, and John has exercised squatter sovereignty and made it his sleeping apartment. For three years he has comfortably bunked there. He



MR. THOMAS AND HIS COFFEE POT.

doesn't enter by the top, but by a door cut in the bottom, the coffee pot now lying on its side.

Lowell's Stoicism.

Some men are full of surprises, even to their intimate friends. No one ever suspected the poet Lowell of stoicism until he suffered from gout; then the pain brought out that "he had the pride of a North American Indian in the unflinching endurance of physical agony." Mr. G. W. Smalley, in an essay on "Mr. Lowell in England," published in Harper's, refers to this side of the poet's character.

"Visit him in these days, and if you did not know him well you might never guess that he was suffering. The worst paroxysms were borne in silence with a set face which was capable of a smile." Mr. Smalley narrates that one summer Mr. Lowell had an unusually violent attack. Perhaps the trouble might be something besides gout. He took Mr. Smalley's advice regarding a physician, "no gout specialist, but a first-rate all-around man."

Doctor Broadbent—now Sir William Broadbent—was called, and went at once to see him. It was gout and nothing else, though a very acute attack, and the pain violent.

The physician wrote a prescription. "What is that for?" inquired the patient. "To relieve the pain." "Thank you, doctor, but I only wanted to know it was really gout," and no persuasion could induce him to take the medicine. He seemed to wish, says Mr. Smalley, to convince himself that he was not to be conquered by pain. Later he had too many opportunities; but to see others suffer was a thing he could not bear.

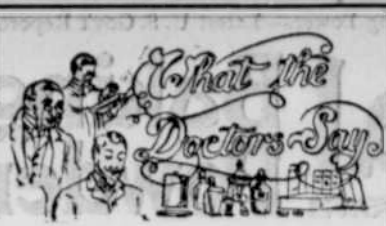
Wellington Hated Flattery.

As the duke of Wellington was standing one day opposite his house in Piccadilly, waiting an opportunity to cross the street, an entire stranger to him offered his arm to the duke to assist him in crossing. Although Wellington hated assistance of any kind, he accepted the stranger's arm, and the latter, having secured a passage by signing to the driver, of the vehicles to stop, conducted the great man in safety across the street. "I thank you, sir," said the duke, releasing his arm and proceeding to his house door. But the stranger, instead of moving off, raised his hat and delivered himself to the following effect: "Your grace, I have passed a long and not uneventful life, but never did I hope to reach the day when I might be of the slightest assistance to the greatest man that ever lived." "Don't be a damned fool!" responded the duke, and turned on his heel.

Showman—This is a picture of the Israelites crossing the Red Sea. One of the audience—But I don't see the Israelites! Showman—Oh, they're just crossed over! One of the audience—Well, where are the Egyptians? Showman—They're just gone under! Say, how much will you take to take your money back?—Pick-Me-Up.

Hicks—Do you think it naturally follows because a man is a politician that he is a liar? Wicks—Oh, no; but unless a man is an expert liar I should not call him much of a politician.—Boston Transcript.

Do men who have cork legs go to bed with them on?



What the Doctors Say.

A boy's first teeth are the central incisors, and appear from the fifth to the eighth month.

Five grains of pure boric acid, dissolved in one pint of hot water form an excellent wash.

Lozenges made of glycerine and fujube paste are a beneficial alleviant for a dry throat at night.

Muscular rheumatism often yields to doses of salol and phenacetine, five grains of each drug every three hours.

Equal parts of powdered camphor, borax and salt, used as a snuff, will be found to be a good remedy for a cold in the head.

Fennel tea, a simple but effective remedy for colic, is made by infusing two drams of the seed in a pint of boiling water.

This remedy for frost-bitten feet is worth saying: Pure carbolic acid, one-half dram; tannin, one-half dram; tincture of iodine, thirty drops; simple cerate, two ounces. Apply twice a day.

When persons addicted to the use of ardent spirits feel the need of a stimulant, its place may be taken with a dose of concentrated tincture of common oats, fifteen to thirty drops in hot water.

Where limbs become badly chafed, sore, itchy, and rough, frequent applications of an ointment composed of two drams of tar ointment, one dram of oxide of zinc and one ounce of cold cream will be found soothing and healing.

The preparation known as "mustard liniment" is composed of one dram of oil of mustard, two drams of gum camphor, one-half ounce of castor oil, and four ounces of alcohol. Dissolve the camphor in the alcohol, and then add the other ingredients.

Acute bronchitis will sometimes yield to the following treatment: Rub the chest with warm camphorated oil, and cover it with a piece of flannel. Take one teaspoonful every three hours of a mixture consisting of two drams of fluid extract of cubeb, two drams of brown mulberry of ammonia, two drams of mixture and enough syrup of wild cherry bark to make four ounces.

GOTHAM'S FINE CLUBHOUSE.

New York Athletic Club Erecting an Elegant Eight Story Structure.

The New York Athletic Club is at work building a fine little eight-story club house, which will be a credit to the town. The architecture is Moorish.



NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUBHOUSE.

The building is going up on the southwest corner of 50th street and 6th avenue. It will have a frontage of 170 feet on the Central Park side and 100 feet on the avenue. Its depth will be 100 feet. The plans and specifications provide for bowling alleys, swimming baths, Turkish baths, barber-shop, billiard-room, a gymnasium 116 feet long by 58 feet wide, a running track sixteen laps to the mile, and fencing, boxing and lounging rooms. The main dining-room will be 116 feet long and 40 feet wide; there are to be five private dining-rooms and a roof garden. Card-rooms, library, cafe, officers' rooms and private apartments complete the building. The interests of the cycling division have been studied by the plans for the accommodation of 750 wheels in the storage-room. There will also be a repair shop and a cleaning room. It is believed that the new clubhouse will be ready for occupancy in one year.

What the Stripes Mean.



St. Nicholas.

Harold is Annoyed.

Harold Frederic is much annoyed by the betrayal of his identity with "George Forth," under which name he published his clever book, "March Hares." The book has already established itself as a favorite in London. Mr. Frederic resorted to anonymity in this case because he did not want to interfere with the sale of his more ambitious book, the novel "Illumination."

A man does a fierce job of loving while he is at it, but it doesn't last longer than ice cream in front of a boy.

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