MISCELLANY.

THE WOMEN WHO WAIT.

He went to the war in the morning—
The roll of the drums could be heard,
But he paused at the gate with his mother,
For a kiss and a comforting word.
He was full of the dreams and ambitions
That youth is so ready to weave,
And proud of the clank of his sabre
And the chevrons of gold on his sleeve.

He came from the war in the evening—
The meadows were sprinkled with snow,
The drums and the bugles were silent,
And the steps of the soldiers were slow.
He was wrapped in the flag of his country
When they laid him away in the mold,
With the glittering stars of a captain
Replacing the chevrons of gold.

With the heroes who sleep on the hillside
He lies with a flag at his head,
But, blind with the years of her weeping,
His mother yet mourns for her dead.
The soldiers who fall in the battle
May feel but a moment of pain,
But the women who wait in the homesteads
Must dwell with the ghosts of the slain.
—The Criterion.

SIR BRIAN'S FANCY.

IT was a boy who awoke her. He rushed into the room and shouted at her in the abrupt manner common to small brothers:

"Molly, what do you think? Sir Brian Rosymore is coming to dinner on Saturday."

"You're joking."

"No—honor bright."

"We'll go and look at him through the window, Bobby."

"I shall, but you're to have a new frock, made long, and go down to dinner, because the Baronet saw you in church last Sunday and told father you were very pretty. What are you getting so red for?"

"Did he really say he thought I was pretty?" said the girl in a tone of breathless delight. "O, Bobby!"

For several months past Molly had been agitating to have her dresses lengthened, but as there were six girls, and she was only the fourth, her mother had firmly refused to allow her to become grown up till some of her sisters were disposed of by marriage.

Nature had not intended Mrs. Thorne for a worldly woman, but necessity was fast making her one. As the mother of nine children and the wife of a struggling doctor she often found it difficult to make both ends meet.

Molly donned her gown on the important Saturday, and was escorted to the door by her faithful ally, Bob. She stopped short on the mat.

"He has come," she whispered. "I shall never be able to go in."

"Nonsense!" said the boy, valiantly.

But Molly refused to make an entry, till her brother, whose patience was soon exhausted, softly turned the handle and gave her a gentle push, which had the effect of lurching her into the middle of the room in a most undignified way.

Her face flamed scarlet, she could feel all eyes fixed upon her in the greatest astonishment, then her mother's voice, faintly reproachful, said:

"Sir Brian, this is my daughter, Margaret."

Perhaps the Baronet saw that the girl was unaccustomed to society and pitied her. He rarely spoke to her during the evening, although his eyes rested on her face with evident admiration.

But when they met by chance the next morning in the village street he turned and walked beside her.

She was not so shy now that no watchful eyes were there to note her solecisms, and it was astonishing how easy she found it to talk to this good-looking young fellow with the kindly eyes.

The Thornes saw a great deal of Sir Brian after that. Almost every day he found some excuse to call, and the girl grew to look forward to his coming, and to feel absurdly disappointed if he failed to put in an appearance.

"He must care for the child, else why is he here so often?" Mrs. Thorne said in confidence to her husband.

"My dear," he answered, "I shouldn't build too much on it if I were you. It's too good to be true."

But Molly was allowed to go to the dance given by Lady Conyers.

Brian met them at the head of the stairs on the eventful evening, and introduced them to his aunt.

The night passed all too quickly, and it was already late when, feeling rather tired, she seated herself beside her mother.

"Ready to go home, dear?" Mrs. Thorne inquired.

"After this next dance, mother," she said, looking at the Baronet's illegible scrawl on her program.

Suddenly Lady Conyers' voice in conversation with some one became audible from the other side of a clump of palms.

"Preposterous, my dear Mrs. Craig," she said. "Brian is engaged—at least he will be when we return to town shortly—to Lucie Maddox. He's simply amusing himself, as usual. He is such a dreadful flirt."

Mrs. Thorne turned to the girl. She had whitened to the lips; her brow was burning, her hands were icy cold.

"O, mother!" she murmured, "take me home."

* * * * * * *

"Molly, what have I done?"

"Hush!" she cried. "You have no right to call me that!"

"Then give me the right; there is nothing I desire more."

"How dare you tell me so when you are engaged to another woman? Let me pass, sir, at once!"

"Not till you have explained your words. Another woman? What on earth do you mean?"

"You pretend you don't know," she cried, her childish voice trembling with indignation, "and I heard your aunt say last night that you were going to marry Miss Maddox."

"My aunt must have been temporarily forgetful of the fact that her pet dream was not a reality when she made such a ridiculous assertion. You believe me, don't you?"

Apparently she did, for half an hour later they walked in together, radiant with happiness, and a ring was flashing on her left hand.

Bobby's lack of surprise at the news was explained during the day by a piece of advice he gave them, which, although it proved useful in the future, covered the girl with confusion and sent Brian into fits of laughter.

"I say, Molly," the boy said gravely, "I shouldn't make love in the orchard if I were you, because any one can see you from the schoolroom window."—Chicago Tribune.

Declined the Invitation.

The Strand Magazine tells an amusing anecdote of a well-known Edinburgh professor, who is both methodical and absent-minded.

Professor W. is accustomed to take a daily walk with another old professor, when they discuss matters quite beyond the comprehension of ordinary mortals.

One day, when the walking was exceedingly bad, Professor W. was on his way to the corner at which he and his friend always met, when he encountered a young student whose face he recognized dimly, having seen it every day for several weeks in the class-room. He accordingly hailed his pupil, who was wading through the mud to get across the street.

"Have you seen Professor S.?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," replied the student, pausing respectfully in the midst of a mud puddle to remove his cap. "He is at the corner below, waiting for you."

"Good, very good!" responded the professor, looking over his spectacles with his class-room air when well pleased with a student. "I thank you. You may be seated."

CUBAN DANDIES.

Fond of Finery and Leisure and with Delicate Features.

At first sight a Cuban of the well-to-do class seems to be nothing but hair, eyes and shirt collar, says the Westminster Gazette. But on nearer view you discover him to possess exceedingly refined features, often of great beauty and regularity. A coarse-featured Cuban endowed with a superfluity of flesh is unknown. The Cuban's figure emulates the skeleton dude's, it is so slender. He has spindle legs, arms like sticks and a torso like a crane's. His chest is narrow, his shoulders are angular, and he stoops, which in his case is no sign of lung delicacy or studious habits. His complexion is a clear olive. You never meet a Cuban who looks fatuous, or who has eyes that are not brimful of intelligence.

They are as fond of jewelry and finery as women. They squeeze their naturally small feet into smaller boots. They wear extravagantly high or low collars and gorgeous neckties. Lately they have been wearing trousers of such roomy dimensions that they flap about their thin legs like sails; whereas a year or two ago they wore them as tight as eelskins. But the piece de resistance—the crowning glory of a Cuban male toilet—is the hat. In spite of the tropical climate, it is invariably black, shiny, hard and narrow, like a chimney-pot turned upside down.

A Cuban flaneur is capable of sporting a grass-green shirt, with a black frock coat and white cravat. Born in a land of slavery, generally, with the expectation of coming in for a sugar plantation, or, at any rate, relying on support from wealthy relations, the average gilded youth of Cuba regards it as his metier to ornament the tropics and gracefully to kill time. He covers his soft, thin hands with rings sparkling with precious stones. His nails are long and cut in points, after the fashion of Chinese aristocrats. When you meet a Cuban going to the station there is always a negro boy behind, carrying his bag. A Cuban would be ashamed to be seen in the street carrying anything but a stick.

WHAT THE LAW DECIDES.

The remedy for failure of a servant or agent to pay over money on demand for collecting it for his principal is held in Royce, Allen & Co. vs. Oakes (R. I.), 39 L. R. A. 845, to be by assumpsit or debt, and not by trespass on the case.

An action against what purports to be a corporation, to recover a tax which it is required to pay as a condition precedent to corporate existence, is held, in Maryland Tube and Iron Works vs. West End Imp. Company (Md.), 39 L. R. A. 810, insufficient to give it a legal existence for all purposes, or to estop the city from denying its corporate existence.

An agreement by the owners of race horses entered at certain stake races to divide equally the premiums and stake moneys awarded to any of their horses, is held, in Hawkins vs. Ottinger (Cal.), 40 L. R. A. 79, to be valid, and not a wagering contract.

A partnership for horse racing on a bet with a person whom the partners regard as a "sucker" and a "big snap," into which they induce him to enter by making him think he has a sure thing and by deceiving him into the supposition that their horse is untrained and undeveloped, while they think they have a "dead mortal cinch," is held, in Morrison vs. Bennett (Mont.), 40 L. R. A. 158, to be such a conspiracy to defraud that the court will not aid either one of the partners to obtain an accounting of the profits.

A note to pay a bet on a horse race run in another State where such notes are presumed valid, and where a note of which this is a renewal was given, is dented enforcement in North Carolina, in the case of Gooch vs. Faucette, 39 L. R. A. 835, on the ground that its enforcement is contrary to the public policy of the State, even if the note is to be deemed a contract of the other State, in which it would be valid.

How Do Birds Foretell Death?

Most sailors believe that "rats desert a sinking ship," that is, refuse to go upon the last voyage which a vessel makes. Sailors suppose that the rats know instinctively when a disaster is about to occur, and they are induced with great difficulty to ship upon a vessel that has no rats aboard.

A curious story comes from Hamburg to the effect that, a few days before the cholera epidemic broke out some two or three years ago, all the birds took flight from the city. It was then recalled that in 1884, when the cholera was raging in Marseilles and Toulon, all the birds deserted those cities, and took refuge in Hyeres, which remained entirely free from cholera during the whole summer.

In the summer of 1872 all the sparrows in Przemysl, a town of Galicia, suddenly departed two days before the appearance of the pest, and not a bird returned until the end of November, when the cholera had disappeared.

"A little bird told me" is a common expression, but the important question seems to be, "Who told the birds?"—Pearson's Weekly.

A Deadly Grudge.

"You and Briggins don't seem to be very good friends any more."

"No, he is a wolf in sheep's clothing."

"Why, what did he ever do to make you conceive such an opinion of him?"

"Made me believe I ought to take my bicycle apart for the purpose of cleaning it."

End of His Labors.

"Hampsley worked hard for three years trying to get a public office."

"Indeed? What's he doing now?"

"Not a thing."

"Why, how can he afford that?"

"He got the office."

The Rip-Up Explained.

"Gee! What's the matter here? Are you preparing to move?"

"Oh, no; our little boy has been having a birthday party."

HOW THE ANACONDA WAS LOST.

It Was Chopped in Two After It Had Attacked a Giraffe.

"We lost a big anaconda once," said the old circus man, "in the most singular manner you ever heard of; you couldn't guess for forty years. This was at the time when he had the great eighteen-foot giraffe that I've told you about, and, by a very singular coincidence, this anaconda was just the same length—just eighteen feet long. It got out of its cage one day, how nobody ever knew, and strolled over to where the giraffe was lying, outside the big tent, asleep on the ground. What under the canopy could have possessed the anaconda to collar the giraffe I don't know, unless it was because it was the first living thing it come across, but it began coiling itself around the giraffe's head; it had taken about two turns, I guess, when the giraffe woke up.

"Frightened? Well, now! The show was going on—just started for the afternoon performance. The clown was walking around the ring and cracking his whip, when in rushed the giraffe, swaying his long neck and cracking his whip, the lash made of fifteen feet of anaconda, which the giraffe slashed around in the air and slatted up against the canvas room and slammed down on the ground, jumping around itself mad. I'd been in the show business some time, but I'd never seen anything like that.

"The people didn't know what to make of it first; they kind o' thought it was part of the show, though they acted as though they thought it was a pretty skeery part, but in about five seconds they realized what it was, and then they thought they'd had their money's worth, and they wanted to go, and they did go, dropping down from the backs of the seats, and down through the seats, and getting out any way they could, and leaving the big giraffe there 'rastling with the anaconda and thrashing it around and slatting it down, and making every effort to shake it off, but without any effect.

"Then's where the old man come in, as he always did in any real emergency. He was walking around the ring, now back of the giraffe and alongside of him, and keeping as close to him as he could and waiting for a chance. Presently the giraffe, slashing the great snake around in the air in all directions, doubled it around the center pole. It just happened so, but that was the old man's chance. When the anaconda's tail swung around he seized it, and fourteen other men tallied on in less than that number of seconds. A canvasman came out with an ax.

"'Chop!' says the old man, and one blow on the bend of the big serpent where he went around the center pole was enough. And that's the way we lost the big anaconda, but as compared with giraffes anacondas were cheap, and we were glad to get out of it as well as we did."—New York Sun.

The Undesirables of Life.

No one, however favored by fortune he may be, can escape the undesirable things of life. The most arbitrary have at times to bear what they do not like to bear—to tolerate persons who are a continual source of annoyance. There are the poor and fallen relatives whom family feeling will not allow us to abandon; the acquaintances whom our parents received but who are not of our standing; the friends whom once we loved, then learned to discesteem, yet from whom we cannot openly break away, because we will betray them to the world. Less serious than this are the annoyances caused by those undesirables to whom we are introduced by friends and acquaintances, thinking to do us a kindness or them a favor, writes Mrs. Lynn Linton. We are conscious that we are simply being "let in" for unmitigated boredom if we continue the association, or for a coolness between ourselves and our friends if we boggle at it in the beginning and drop it as we go on. We do not wish for either state. So here again we have those horns of a dilemma, on one of which we are bound to impale ourselves. Among the most undesirable of all things socially unpleasant, is the association with misfitting folks which come about in the houses of our friends. We know certain nice people, who are all we could desire that they should be; but their society is abhorrent—so little to our taste, that, heretical though it may be, we would prefer that of far less meritorious persons who have the faculty of adapting themselves to the people they meet.

Puns in Popular Estimation.

Many indorse the saying of Dr. Johnson that the man who would make a pun would pick a pocket. But as this form of wit has been known to all eras of literary history, it is reasonable to assume that the general dislike of the pun and the punster is a species of literary affectation. Puns must have been abundant in Dr. Johnson's time, else why his foregoing objurgation? They must have been frequent in the time of the poet Pope, else why his couplet, "Lead on, my sons, light armed with quips, antitheses and puns?" Tom Hood made the cleverest pun on record; it was he who said, "Were I to be 'punished' for every 'pun I shed,' how heavy would be my punishment!" Lord Macauley was once heard, when his History of England was being written, to assert that Henry VIII. was the most successful wooer known to history, "because he got wives by simply axin' for them." Horace Greeley was fond of a pun, and sometimes made a good one. What better than the following? Some one in his presence, speaking of a group of politicians, said of them that they had a fever for newspaper notoriety. "Ay," coincided the statesman editor, himself having been a compositor, "their fever is one of type us."

Court Fools Owned Whole Towns.

Hitard, who was attached to Edmund Ironsides, is the first court jester of whom we have record. He owned the town of Walworth, a gift from the king. He held it through four succeeding reigns; and before leaving England for Rome, where he spent his last days, he presented it to the church, placing the deed upon the altar of the cathedral of Canterbury.

Gallet, Galet, or Gollet, a native of Bayeux, was one of William the Conqueror's jesters. He was attached to William when only Duke of Normandy, and saved his master's life by disclosing a plot for his assassination. Berdic was another; he is enrolled in Domesday Book as joculator regis, and lord of three towns, all rent free, and five carucates in Gloucestershire. Rahere was jester to Henry I., and William Piculph, or Picol, jester to King John. "Master Henry," who, it is thought, may be identical with Henry of Avranches, the poet laureate or versificator, was jester to Henry III.—"The Court Jesters of England," by Amelia Wofford, in the St. Nicholas.

What has become of the old-fashioned lover who saw his girl only once a week?

I Have No Stomach

Said a jolly man of 40, of almost aldermanic rotundity, "since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla." What he meant was that this grand digestive tonic had so completely cured all distress and disagreeable dyspeptic symptoms that he lived, ate and slept in comfort. You may be put into this delightful condition if you will take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

America's Greatest Medicine.

Music for Invalids.

Miss Anna Estell Wilson, of New York, has found a decidedly novel occupation. She prepares music for invalids. She says that although the healing power of music is yet only dimly perceived, nevertheless physicians acknowledge that its proper use produces highly beneficial effects. Under the influence of certain kinds of music the nerve cells, if depleted or too relaxed, may be stimulated to more vigorous action. Music of an opposite character will diminish too great nervous activity and tend to produce a condition of peace and restfulness. Several physicians commend Miss Wilson's system. She does not say anything about how many different diseases of the nerves one piano in a flat house is capable of producing in a very short time.

Dear Madam:

Your grocer is authorized to pay you back your money if you don't like *Schilling's Best* baking powder.

No questions asked.

San Francisco A Schilling & Company

New Shoebrush.

Shoe brushes are being manufactured with convolutions of fabric covering the bristles and held in place by wires between the rows of bristles, the cloth polishing better than the brush and not wearing out as rapidly.

WAGONS IMPROVED.

The new improved Stoughton wagons stand the racket. Three more car loads are on the way. It pays to have the best. Write for free catalogue. JOHN POOLE, sole agent, foot of Morrison street, Portland, Or.

In fasting feats the sect of Jains, in India, is far ahead of all rivals. Fasts of from 30 to 40 days are very common, and once a year they are said to abstain from food for 75 days.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ld., 931 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The action of castor oil, supposed by some experiments to depend upon a body from the castor seeds supended in the oil, has been found by Meyer to be due to the rinoleic acid of the oil itself.

I know that my life was saved by Piso's Cure for Consumption.—John A. Miller, Au Sable, Michigan, April 21, 1895.

Scarpology is the art of reading character from the shoe soles. According to a Swiss physician, a symmetrically worn heel and sole indicate an energetic, faithful, well-balanced character.

Try Schilling's Best tea and baking powder.

When dead bodies are entered as a cargo on a ship, they are often recorded on the invoices as "statuary" or "natural history specimens," to allay the superstitious fears of the crew.

Mr. Maxim's new gun will throw a ton of wet compressed gun cotton five miles, with the effect of destroying everything afloat within the space of 132,025 feet of where it falls.

A seven-foot granite monument in the Upper Harz, Germany, has an iron tablet inscribed: "Here, in the year 1847, the first trials were made with the cultivation of the potato."

Cut flowers can be tinted almost any color by means of aniline dyes which are absorbed with the water.

Dr. Albert C. Peale reports to the government that there are 8,822 known mineral springs in the United States.

AIDED BY MRS. PINKHAM.

Mrs. W. E. Paxton, Youngtown, North Dakota, writes about her struggle to regain health after the birth of her little girl:

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—It is with pleasure that I add my testimony to your list, hoping that it may induce others to avail themselves of your valuable medicine.

"After the birth of my little girl, three years ago, my health was very poor. I had leucorrhœa badly, and a terrible bearing-down pain which gradually grew worse, until I could do no work. Also had headache nearly all the time, and dizzy feelings. Menstruations were very profuse, appearing every two weeks.

"I took medicine from a good doctor, but it seemed to do no good. I was becoming alarmed over my condition, when I read your advertisement in a paper. I sent at once for a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and after taking two-thirds of the bottle I felt so much better that I send for two more. After using three bottles I felt as strong and well as any one.

"I think it is the best medicine for female weakness ever advertised, and recommend it to every lady I meet suffering from this trouble."

Maternity is a wonderful experience and many women approach it wholly unprepared. Childbirth under right conditions need not terrify women.

The advice of Mrs. Pinkham is freely offered to all expectant mothers, and her advice is beyond question the most valuable to be obtained. If Mrs. Paxton had written to Mrs. Pinkham before confinement she would have been saved much suffering. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass.

WHEAT Make money by succesful speculation in Chicago. We buy and sell wheat on margins. Fortunes have been made on a small beginning by trading in futures. Write for full particulars. Best of reference given. Several years' experience on the Chicago Board of Trade, and a thorough knowledge of the business. Send for our free reference book. DOWNING, HOPKINS & Co., Chicago Board of Trade Brokers. Offices in Portland, Oregon and Seattle, Wash.

WILL & FINCK CO.'S SPRING EYE GRAIN BAG NEEDLES..... Plain or with Cutter. The best needle in the market. Used by all sack sewers. For sale by all general merchandise stores, or by WILL & FINCK CO., 820 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Cutler's Carbolate of Iodine. Guaranteed cure for Catarrh and Consumption. All Druggists. $1.00. W. H. Smith, Buffalo, N. Y., sole proprietor.

25 CTS PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS

SOLDIERS' FARE.

Not All Pork and Hard Bread, Says This Veteran of the Civil War.

"There can be no doubt that with long continued reiteration meals of pork, hard bread and coffee may at last become distasteful even to the man of the hardest stomach," said an old soldier; "but worse things can happen, namely, the absence of pork and so on, when not replaced by something else; and as for the other side of the question, why, some of the most delightful meals I have ever eaten I had in the army; the recollection of them lives with me vividly still.

"As I understand it, the army ration is rather more elaborate now than it was in civil war times, or the commissary carries a greater variety of things which may under certain conditions be drawn, and, as I understand it, there is now no sutler accompanying the troops. I imagine that, take it altogether, the ration now is rather better than it was. We had a sutler, who did not, of course, go on the march, but found us as soon as he could, or wherever circumstances permitted, when we were in camp. And we used to buy things of him when he was there or we had the money or credit to buy with.

"When we were where we could do so we used to build ovens and have fresh bread, just as they do now. Potatoes were issued as a ration with more or less frequency, and also sometimes onions, though I do not at this moment recall that potatoes and onions were ever issued at the same time. But I do recall that when we have had potatoes as a ration and the sutler was in camp and he had onions, I have drawn my potato, or potatoes, if I got more than one, of the company cook, and drawn from him also my ration of pork, and bought onions of the sutler. From these ingredients, with a little hard bread added later when it was finished, I have compounded and personally cooked an Irish stew that looms up in my memory as a cloud of fragrance that will never fade. I get the folks where I live now occasionally to make me a stew just that way, nothing else in it, no, nothing except potatoes and onions and strips of pork and crackers. This may indicate a low and depraved gastronomic taste on my part. Very likely so; but if I live to be a million years old, as I trust I may, I shall never cease to like it.

"We were more or less in regions where oysters abounded. I've often seen colored people going through the company streets carrying oysters in buckets and selling them at 10 cents a pint, the pint being measured in an army tin cup, which held about a pint and a quarter or pint and a half. Under such circumstances, if a man liked oysters it was simply a question of whether he had the money to buy them with, which reminds me that it's a mighty good thing to have a little money in your pocket wherever you may be.

"It was the same with sweet potatoes, which I remember we used to cook in a camp kettle with just water enough to cook 'em and no more, so that they'd cook dry. And sometimes we used to take sweet potatoes along on picket and roast them in the fire, if you were where you could have the fire; in camp we would bury them in the ashes of the cook's fire at the end of the company street.

I remember once we had a 'possum—'possum stew. The first fresh figs I ever ate I got in the army, and the same with persimmons and pomegranates. Maybe you don't like all these things, but they're all a good ways from pork. I don't know just what the boys get in the West Indies and Philippine Islands, but it probably isn't all pork and hardtack."—New York Sun.

Poor Jenny!

A few weeks before a certain fair at Forfar, Jenny, a young Highland servant of ours, found that, unlike her fellow-domestics, she had not been "trysted" by any of the neighboring swains. The prospect of seeing all the other lassies trysted by their followers while she was left out in the cold was too galling, so she prompted the senior herdsman, and gave him sixpence to ask in the presence of her neighbors, to get her "fairing."

At the appointed time the herdsman approached, and proposed to Jenny that she should "Come awa ower tae the nut-barrows and get her fairing."

"Oh, never heed," says Jenny, affecting to be bashful, and wishing to be coaxed, "I dinna think I'll mind."

"Aweel," angrily retorted the herdsman, "what did ye ask me tae come for? There's yer sixpence back!"—Scottish Nights.

Money Spent on Books.

If a man spends lavishly on his library, you will call him mad—a bibliomaniac. But you never call one a horsemaniac, though men ruin themselves every day by their horses, and you do not hear of people ruining themselves by their books. Or, to go lower still, how much do you think the contents of the bookshelves of the United Kingdom, public or private, would fetch as compared with the contents of its wine-cellars? What position would its expenditure on literature take as compared with its expenditure on luxurious eating? We talk of food for the mind as of food for the body. Now, a good book contains such food inexhaustibly. It is provision for life and for the best part of us; yet how long most people would look at the best book before they would give the price of a large turbot for it.—Ruskin.

"The Queen's Richest Subject."

The head of the Grosvenor family, the Duke of Westminster, inherited about £800,000 from his father, with the Cheshire estates, which bring in about £37,000 a year, and the London West End estate, covering 600 acres, which is worth some £400,000 a year now, but which, when the leases fall in some time during the next century, will bring in from two to three millions sterling per annum. In appearance the Duke is a lean, spare, wiry man, and even when a boy at Eton he was so thin and sharp featured that he got the nickname of "Jack Sheppard," for which name it is said his mother was responsible. It will be remembered that he owned Cliveden, on the Thames, till Mr. Millionaire Astor purchased it for a good round sum several years ago.—Golden Penny.

No Spot Cash.

In the British settlement in the great Chinese city of Shanghai ready money is practically unknown. After you have had lunch at a restaurant you calmly get up and walk out without a thought of paying in cash. Some time later in the day a coolie arrives at your residence with a tiny slip of paper—a "chit," as they call it—simply a memorandum of the amount.

Women are never so friendly with each other after they have had a business transaction together. One insists in paying more than her share, and is always mad afterward because the other let her.

Good Roads Are Easily Maintained.

"The great secret of success in road-making and road-keeping is to drain the roads, and keep the roads drained by keeping the ditches open," writes John Gilmer Speed on "How to Have Good Country Roads," in the August Ladies' Home Journal. "The old method was to run a plow through the side ditches and throw the disturbed soil, sod and all, in the middle of the road. There it would stay till a heavy rain came to wash this soil back into the ditches and fill them up again. If there were money enough this kind of thing would be done over and over again, as often as four times in a year. Where there was wet spots broken stones or gravel would be placed in the road and left for the passing wagons to wear this metal into ruts. The money spent was absolutely thrown away.

"By the new process all the road-mender needs to do is to provide ditches and outlets for them, and then to shape the road that the water falling in a rainstorm will run off at once into the ditches. The water must not be suffered to run in the road, but off the road. The rainfall, being thus simply and effectively disposed of, becomes a most beneficial instead of a destructive agent; it cleans, and shapes, and hardens the roadway, instead of washing it away and deepening the ruts. When there are wet places, such as springs, in the roadway, gravel and broken stones will not cure such things. The water must be drained off underneath the roadway and into the ditches by means of pipe or blind drains. The whole thing is so simple that any one can easily master the principles and put the details into practical operation."

THE BIGGEST BICYCLE IN THE WORLD.

A German has just completed a bicycle that has one wheel nine feet in diameter. Two people ride it—one on each side of the monster wheel. It runs as easily as a smaller bicycle because of its scientific construction. The scientific formula of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the reason of its great virtues in making the weak strong, and in curing most of the every-day ailments of men and women. If your health is poor, try a bottle.

A writer has calculated that from a single pair of New York rats there will spring in three years 650,000 descendants.

TRY ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

A powder to be shaken into the shoes. At this season your feet feel swollen, nervous, and hot, and get tired easily. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It cools the feet and makes walking easy. Cures swollen and sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. Ten thousand testimonials of cures. Try it *today*. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Sent by mail for 25c in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, New York.

Dr. Albert C. Peale reports to the government that there are 8,822 known mineral springs in the United States.

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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 or 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.

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The attention of the public is called to the professional work of Dr. T. H. White, No. 271½ Morrison street, Portland, Or. His electrical appliances are the most modern, and his crown and bridge work is of such artistic form and finish, that his patients are delighted not only with the looks, but with the comfort they receive from the use of such artificial work. All operations are painless under his methods. See that your teeth are properly cared for and that by a skillful dentist. There is no need to suffer the discomforts of broken-down and stained teeth when they can be made useful and pleasant to look upon without pain.

The English Archaeological school on the island of Milo recently unearthed three cities built on top of each other. Two belong to the Mycenaen period.

According to Nilsson, the zoologist, the weight of the Greenland whale is 100 tons, or 224,000 pounds, or equal to that of of 88 elephants, or 440 bears.

The German timber trade has increased enormously with the advent of railways through the Black Forest, the Odenwald and the Thuringenwald.

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Editorial Note.—The Doctor Slocum System is Medicine reduced to an Exact Science by the World's most Famous Physician. All readers of this paper, anxious regarding the health of themselves, children, relatives or friends, may have three free bottles as represented in the above illustration, with complete directions, pamphlets, testimonials, advice, etc., by sending their full address to Dr. T. A. Slocum, the Slocum Building, New York City. This is a plain, honest, straightforward offer, and is made to introduce the merits of The New System of Treatment that Cures, and we advise all sufferers to accept this philanthropic offer at once. When writing the Doctor please mention this paper. All letters receive immediate and careful attention.

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WM. H. MAY, M.D., May Laboratory, 94 Pine St., New York City.

Editor's Note.—All sufferers are advised to send for Gratuitous Expert Advice and a Free Bottle of this New Discovery, which is an Unfailing Cure for any and all of the frightful forms of Epilepsy and allied nervous diseases. When writing Doctor May, please mention this paper.

A Beautiful Present

In order to further introduce ELASTIC STARCH (Flat Iron Brand), the manufacturers, J. C. Hubinger Bros. Co., of Keokuk, Iowa, have decided to GIVE AWAY a beautiful present with each package of starch sold. These presents are in the form of

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