Phases of Homas Nature.

They were waiting for the train at a country station. There was a dreary looking waiting room, 14 by 14, and there was a platform 79 feet long by 8 broad. The accuracy consisted of one water tank, five freight cars, two fields. one pile of Immber, three telegraph poles and a small boy. The rain poured out-side. The two women and as far from each other as possible and regarded each other with suspicion and distruct.

One seemed to be saying to herself: "If the is going to the lunatic asylum she should be looked after. Who ever saw any one come out in such colors and mix things like that? Such persons are dangerous." And the other one remarked:
"Must I wait here long in the company
of that thing? What a looking head!
What big feet and hunds! Lookins as if
she was going to work on a farm."

The two men who are strangers to each other and to the women were fair, mild eyed specimens of the human race. They stood and looked at each other, and might have said to themselves: "Looks might have said to themselves: "Leokis as if he had overdrawn his account at the bank. Seems to have an innocent look, but that is all put on." And the other might have mused: "So here's the "Rubber Kid" out on another expedition, but I'll spoil his game. My, but hasn't he got a hardened look!" But they did nothing of the kind. While these wemen sat several feet apart, hadded up in an exclusive sort of way and their veils drawn, the men walked arm their veils drawn, the men walked arm in arm, joked and smoked and talked stories and said they were glad to meet. They poked each other in the ribs, called each other "old boy," borrowed some line cut and every match they had was shared in lighting cigars.

One of the women got up enough cour-age to ask the other for the time. The latter might be addressing the cook of an Eric canal scow, she thought, but re-plied that she had not the time. Then both shrank away under their veils and turned up their noses. When the train came along the men got into the same car and the same sent. The women dain, entered separate coaches, and as the train moved away they were sorry they had noticed or apoken to each other and failed to stand on their individual dig-nity.—Albany Journal.

Writing for the Newspapers

I am very frequently asked whether the newspaper is the best starting point the newspaper is the best starting point for young authors, and in this question lies, in nine cases out of ten, a grave misconception. Many young writers believe that work rejected by the monthly magazine will find a market with the daily newspaper. It seems to be taken for granted that the same degree of care is unnecessary for newspaper work as for magazine writing, "The newspaper dies with the day, the magazine lives for a month," is the general feeling, and hence the impression that ephemeral work will find a ready market with the newspaper.

newspaper.
It has been my pleasure to write for It has been my pleasure to write for the newspaper press of America for six or seven years, and I give young writers a leaf from my experience when I say to them, do not allow yourselves to believe that minor work will find favor with the modern American newspaper. There is just as much demanded of a writer in the newspaper editorial office as in that of the monthly measure. A writer the newspaper editorial effice as in that of the monthly magazine. A writer commits the greatest mistake of her life when she looks upon the newspaper as a graduating school to the magazine. The same standard of grammar and expres-sion set by the magazine holds good with newspapers.—Edward W. Bok in Ladies' Home Journal.

Her Little Brother's Bet.

Little Tommy was entertaining one of his sister's admirers until she appeared.
"Don't you come to see my aister?" he

inquired. "Yes, Tommy, that's what I come

for."
"You like her immensely, don't you?"
"Of course 1 admire her very much.
Don't you think she's nice?"
"Well, I have to, 'cause she's my sister; but she thumps me pretty hard sometimes. But let's see you open your mouth once. Now shut it tight till I count ten. There—I knowed you could do it?"

'Why, Tommy, who said I couldn't?

"Why, Tommy, who said I couldn't"
"Oh, nobody but sister"
"What did she say?"
"Well, she said you hadn't sense enough to keep your mouth shut, and I bet her two big apples you had; and you have, haven't you? And you'll make her stump up the apples, wou't you?"
The young man did not wait to see whether she would "stump up" or not.—
New York Ledger.

"Of No Use to Him.

Count Ofortichski fanading brakeman his copy of the St. Petersburg Mail and Express — Perhapid you like to lookovitch at that, and Lung streaming in the June of Line of the St. Petersburg Mail and Express — Perhapid you like to lookovitch at that, and Lung Specialty.

Ilrakeman (glancing at it)—Thauks, solonel, 4 don't read music.—Pack.

Not Mach to Know.

"Do you really think Gus knows his own mind"
"Of course he does. Why?"

A Snake Story Brought Him Fortune

A resident of Martinsville, Ind., named Jerry Gavens, has received a letter from a rich uncle in California which indicates that the young man is likely to be adopted and made his heir. A strange family lifetory is recalled by this incident. There was an estrangement between the man now in California and the father of young Jerry who is long since dead. young Jerry, who is long since dead. Henry, the elder brother, drifted to the Henry, the elder brother, drifted to the far west, and discovered the whereabouts for the soung bett only through a public cation which narrated a remarkable adventure in which the latter was engaged. Some time ago while bunting in the White river bottoms he encountered a great nest of anakes. This circumstance gained wide reputation in the papers and finally caught the eye of the elder si Givens.—Exchange.

"Samantia, I wish I could break myself of this slavish habit of smoking?" said Mr. Chugwater, despairingly. "I'd give worlds if I could do it?" "Will you be guided by my advice, Josiah?" mixed Mr. Chugeston

maked Mrs. Chugwater.
"What do you know about such things?"
he demanded.

be demanded.

"Never mind what," she replied. "Will you promise to do exactly what I prescribe?" "For how long?" "For about two weeks."

"Oh, yes," he said, listlessly. "Go ahead with your prescription."

Mrs. Chugwater loft the room and returned in a moment with a bor of 100 cigars.

"Josiah," she said, tenderly, "I bought these of a peddler for fifty cents, and Proben saving them for you. You will smoke fourteen of them every day till they are all gone."—Chicago Tritums.

What the Law Allowed Him.

What the Law Allowed Him.

A friend sends in the following story which
may be a little gray with the frost of time,
though we do not recall seeing it in print.
We insert it, anyhow, with the thought that
"there's nothing new under the sun."

A young continuan and a young lady were
attending a wedding—their own wedding, by
the way. After the ceremony was over the
room, in a lumbless like manner, asked the

the way. After the ceremony was over the groom, in a business like manner, saked the minister for a statement of account. The parson told him the law allowed him \$3. The happy groom said, in a generous tone of voice handing him a fifty cent piece. "This, with what the law allows you, will make it three dollars and a half."—West Shore.

The Czar's Joke.

The Crarins—O, my dearoutich, does it not make your heartovsky beat with pridesky to think what a beautifuloritch country our own Russia is!

The Canr—No, sweetesky, I do not lovesky

Canr-No, sweetenky, I do not lovesky Would you know what I thinksky

"Yes, my petsky. What do you think of "It is-a-bomb-inable!"—Lawrence Ameri-

A President Boy.

Mr. Jones—Tommy, when your must comes you must kiss her and be very polita.

Tommy—No, pa, you just but I aim's going to kiss her.

Mr. Jones—Why not!

Tommy larged this—Great Scott! Don't you ever real the papers? Half the divorce suits and shooting scrapes come from men kissing other mon's wives.—Texas Siftings.

A Woman's Way.
Tailor-Well, Jones, how did your wife

Jones—Sile acted just as she flid when I first began to court her.

Tailor—How was that? Laid her cheek on

the lappeas?

Jones—No: violently opposed my suit.

Burlington Free Press.





Canal Boat Captain—Hey, you slim co nected son of a gun, what do you mean t cuttin' my towline!—Munsey's Weekly.

Of Course Not.

Bilkins—There, old fellow, cheer up! Never nind if she has jilted you. Look around for mother. Remember there are pleuty of good

another. Remember there are fair in the sea yet.
Tompkins dolefully)—Yes; but, confound R, I didn't want to marry a fish, you know.
—Lawrence American.

Too Suggestive.

"Molly," said the young and popular left fielder of the Neversweats, "you're a good girl and I like you. But I wish you wouldn't carry that."
"That what, Billy?" asked his flances.
"Muff! It's too suggestive."—Lawrence American.

"Of course he does. Why?"
"Oh, it's all the same if he does. I always said he didn't know much."—Lowell Chisen.

Proof Positive. Hotel Guest-Now you are sure this bed is most disan?

Bell Boy-Yes, sir, the sheets were only washed this morning. Just feel 'om, they sin't dry yet.—Onio State Journal.

Earning the Pse.
Cora—Oh, doctor, mamma soulded me for building plan in my moula. Is it really dangerous?
Sawbonss—No, my dear. It's only dangerous if you awallow thom.—Epoch.

Hidden Power. Friend — Your daughter does not look

rong. Father—You should hear her play the iano.—Chicago Times.

SOMETHING FOR THE NEW YEAR.

The world-renowned success of Hostetter's Simuch Sitters, and their continued popularity for over a third of a contury as a stouschie, is searcely norw wonderful than the welcome that greets the annual appearance of Hostetter's Almanac. This valuable medical treatice is published by The Hostetter Company, Pitteburg, Pa, under their own immediate supervision, craploying sixty hands in that department. They are running about eleven months in the year an this work, and the issue of same for 180 will be more than 19000000, pitted in the English. Ger medical produces the product of the English of the Company of the Com

The Recording Angel never strikes a bala, on his brocks by what is said of a man on gravestone.

THE PROGRESS OF THE CENTURY

THE PROGRESS OF THE CENTURY

Leads away from superstition and bind idoistry of issus and ice-aliquathic included. It leans towards motes not faucies. It leans towards immutable principles and invulnerable truth, and away from superammated authority, organized ignorance and dyed-in-the-wood prejudice. Billed empiricism in medicine has, with other fossilized hivalves, had its day. Yes, there are plenty of "beiated crats," but being born of darkness and fear—twin sisters of intellectual infancy—they cannot much longer with-mean distribution. They are slowly but surely "dying Egypt, dying," before the "search light" of myestigation. The advancing science. They are slowly but surely "dying Egypt, dying," before the "search light" of myestigation. The advancing thinker wonders how it was possible for that monstrosity—the medical science (7) extant now—to have survived to this late day! But where was the reform to come from? It is not only passe to attempt reform, it is outright dangerous. It requires a buildness akin to recklessness. Legion is the name who have tried; they have left their bleaching bones as a warning. An attempt at reforming theology brands you a "heretic;" in politics you are charged with every infamy under the sun, and in medicine every duck intellect "quacks" at you and you are accused of having no diploms when your diploma is on file in the courhouse under the very cyes of the slanderers. All this is caused by besotted ignorance, and since books are sent free of charge to every applicant and we pay the postage, there is no excuse for ignorance when it costs nothing to be informed. People who berate the Histogenetic system of medicine are either intellectual pariahs incapable of counting five in succession or understanding any 2x4 problem, or they are meatal sluggards and caunot screw themselves up to the point of information by reading up and forming a conclusion. In cither case their opinions are as valuable as that of Puget Sound oysters.

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genetic system.
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used Boschee's German Syrup for some trouble of the Throat and Lungs can hard-

appreciate what a truly wouder-I medicine it is. The delicious ful medicine it is. The delicious sensations of healing, easing, clearing, strength-gathering and recovering, strength-gathering and recover-ing are unknown joys. For Ger-man Syrup we do not ask easy cases, Sugar and water may smooth a throat or stop v tickling—for a while. This is as far as the ordinary cough medicine goes. Boschee's German Syrup is a discovery, a great Throat and Lung Specialty. Where for years there have been sensitiveness, pain, coughing, spitting, hemorrpain, coughing, spitting, hemorr-hage, voice failure, weakness, slip-ping down hill, where doctors and medicine and advice have been swallowed and followed to the gulf of despair, where there is the sickening conviction that all is over and the end is inevitable, there we place German Syrup. It cures. You are a live man yet if you take it.

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For coughs, sore throat, asthma, catarrh and other diseases of the bronchial tubes no more useful article can be found than "Brown's Broachtal Trockes."

Gallatin has a man so mean that he stole an overcost belonging to a prescher. In the next world he will wear no overcost.

Formerly tobacco chewers in Oregon pur chasel their tobacco by the plug without considering its weight, but emigrants from considering its weight, out emigrants from the East, where Star tolaceo is universally used, refused to take those short-weight pluga and demanded Star Ping, which is not only the best tolance, but each plug is a full sixteen-ounce pound, and now most chewers in Oregon use Star.

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GENERAL DIRECTION: —
freely in the bog swill. If they win
not eat, dresch with milk into which
small quantity of the Oil is put.
DISEASES OF POULTRY,
GENERAL TRIMETONS. General GENERAL DIRECTIONS Sature a pill of dough or bread, with Jacons O.L and force it down t fowls throat.

Child's rubber shoes, a ac.

Misses' footboilds, 10 to 2...

Misses' foreshoes.

Lisses' oreshoes.

Child's boots.

Misses' boots.

Lisses' oreshoes.

Lisses' oreshoes.

Men's short boots.

Men's oreshoes.

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