

24,000

Remarkable Tale of a Child Who Had Been Thought Dead.

It is a strange story, that of thirteen-year-old Daisy Williams, who died the other day at San Jose, Cal. Some weeks ago the girl fell sick. One morning she



en. I saw my little sister Anna there. She was singing, and was just as happy as she could be, and when she saw me she flew to me and took me to Jesus."

"Her mother asked her where Jesus was and how he looked. "Oh, mamma, Jesus has feet and hands, and looks just like any other man. I saw God here Jesus, and he was like a man too. Jesus took sister and me by the hand and showed us all through heaven. I can't begin to tell you all I saw in heaven. There were thousands and thousands of angels flying all around me, and even I met grandma, who is an angel now, and she kissed me many times. I saw my uncle, too, and I knew him as soon as I saw him. Then Jesus took me by the hand and led me to where I could look down into hell. It was awful place. Satan himself was there. Jesus told me I could go back and tell my folks and everybody I saw what I had seen, and if they did not believe he would send down my little sister Anna, and if they did not believe her he would come himself. Papa, do you believe what I have said? Well, papa, if you do and also do not swear any more, the Saviour said you could come to heaven too."

The child repeated this story substantially in the same words to a number of persons. She lingered along for a month and finally died beyond any possibility of doubt. Her narrative is implicitly believed by all who heard it.

Sights on Bridges

The front stoop offers facilities for courtship, and among the young people of Brooklyn the front stoop is a popular summer institution. The Brooklyn bridge is a bridge of sighs. It is the high bridges over the Central tracks in upper New York, however, that are most ardently wished for this purpose.

An evening stroll that takes the observer over one of these bridges will show dozens of couples leaning against the rail and apparently investigating the red and colored signal lights of the trains below. A manly arm drawn from a slender waist is to be stealthily slipped back at the moment. The skirmish is going on there while you are at the theater. It is the engagement of the poor and lowly who meet and have no front gate steps. For them the bridge arm nights is a dish of ice cream two spoons in it.—New York

on Account of a Dog.

husband who was lately
the health of a dog by a
and presented it to his wife
a dog! De dog! Yee
at dat dog! De
He at

EXIT PERFUMERY.

Poor Tony Hart! While his relatives and friends are quarreling over the will of his dead wife, who was known in the theatrical world as (Gertie Granville, the once clever partner of Ned Harrigan) is slowly but surely wasting away in an insane asylum at Worcester, Mass. In fact, he is but a shadow of his former self. When Tony Hart was in the very zenith of success and fortune smiled upon him he was straight and erect in stature; but now he is bent and his gait is a shuffling one, while his voice, but a little while ago clear and musical, is nearly gone; he can scarcely articulate and the listener cannot understand him.

Paralysis, that dread disease of the brain, is gradually doing its fatal work, and, according to the statement of Dr. Noble, the superintendent of the asylum, who has attended Tony since he was committed to the institution, the days of the poor fellow are numbered. Dr. Noble expressed the opinion to a visitor at the asylum, who once knew Tony that the latter can scarcely survive six months longer, and paralysis of the brain may result at any moment and be followed by death shortly afterward.

The contest over the will of the late Mrs. Tony Hart will be renewed before Surrogate Rollins shortly, when some interesting evidence regarding the bequests and the reason why no provision was made for Tony will be brought out. The fund raised at the benefit performance, and placed in the hands of Frank W. Sanger and A. M. Palmer, the theatrical managers, as trustees, is used to pay Hart's expenses at the asylum.—New York Telegram.

Cider to be kept unfermented should be made as late in autumn as possible as it would be difficult to keep from fermenting when made early in the season. November made cider, if bunged tight and stored where a temperature near the freezing point can be maintained will probably keep sweet indefinitely. Some people put in a half pound or a pound of mustard seed to the barrel of cider and others use sulphite of lime in the same way. The old time method of heading is considered by many people one of the best and least objectionable methods.

We see this described as follows: When the cider has slightly fermented it should be drawn or dipped from the casks where it has been standing to settle into large copper kettles or an old copper still, and be heated just up to the boiling point and no longer, when it should be again put into open casks to settle and become cold. It will then be ready to be tightly bunged in barrels and stored away. During the heating a large quantity of scum will rise to the top to be skimmed off, and during the cooling most of the impurities still held in solution will be deposited as sediment in the bottom of the casks.—*Popular Gardening*.

I was talking with Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher a few days ago regarding the widely copied report that some account books kept by Mr. Beecher of his farming and domestic expenses had been rescued from a pile of house-
were about to be published.
truth in the report whatever
Beecher. "Why, Mr. Beecher
last man in the world to keep
as account books. How
his life, for he had been
it. I have

11. 12. 13.

Enter the Fashion of Bringing the Odors
of Springtime Into Boudoirs.

Women who abominate a personal use of perfumes have invented a brand new way of suggesting sweet and flowery odors. These aristocrats protest that immaculate cleanliness, sunshine and fresh air supply the only fragrance a thoroughbred should care to carry about with her and in proof of their good faith they all affect superline but scentless soaps, salves and lotions, with pure starch powders, at the toilet. In genuine English fashion they insist that every garment before it is worn must be exposed to a prolonged sun bath.

No more violet-sashed lace-poloys dried hair, with breaths of white rose and jasmine to stir the senses as my lady goes by. All those little tricks have been relegated to another class. Still, notwithstanding her vigorous demure, the feminine soul cleaves to goodly perfumes. She could not put them altogether from her, and as a sort of compromise has transferred the formerly cherished luxury from herself to her surroundings. This new prejudice does not extend to her apartments, as these she is filling with vague yet delightful suggestions of flowery meadows, rain-washed woodlands, clean-smelling herbs and exotic blossoms, rich and heady.

Indeed, the odor and not the color is now used to distinguish different chambers. The rose room signifies that charming nest, lying very possibly in warm pink tints, where every inspiration fills the lungs with an ecstasy of subtle sweetness. Not only does this conserve of blended fragrance rise from wide mouthed jars guarding the deep heart, but liberal handfuls of the spicy petals have been strewn beneath the divan rug and insinuated into seductive silk pillows heaped high in the dusky corner. It permeates cunningly worked hearths, ornamental pouches decorating low embroidery chairs. It is recognized in the very wax melting in tall taper stands, and again in rare incense

Roses of every color
and white,
tins and tins
ished in sauc
Lavender va
verte verre le
to fresh chint
making the
and outdoor

It is exactly
sticks any hori-
ental fragra-
daped boulon-
lounging, con-
stained glass
gained by fir-
thy saucer of
men are so cap-
that when go-
apartments a
quarter of an
strangers' air
tinges the air
while the exte-
always Gellig-
favorites.—N

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