

SIR RUPERT.

He Is Restored to a Loving Heart, but Not in Good Order.

How I hate that insignificant little dog of hers! I can never see him without remembering the football game I won by dropping a goal from the 40-yard line, but I believe I could kick that dog at least 15 yards farther.

His name is taken from the painting of her alleged Elizabethan ancestor that hangs in the library. She calls him Sir Rupert, because when she first got him he affected rouds.

I am not jealous of Sir Rupert, although of course she does not think entirely too little of him. Neither do I fear him. His temper is naturally uncertain owing to the bewildering succession of slaps and kisses which is rained upon him, but his cowardice is his strong point. If he grows belligerent, a stamp of the foot will send him flying to the other end of the room—to satiate his wrath by chewing the window curtains.

No, the only feeling with which Sir Rupert inspires me is one of extreme boredom. She always has him in the parlor when I call, and the conversation is brought down to his intellectual level.

On my part it is a monologue addressed to vacancy. On her part it is a monologue addressed to the dog.

After I had heard him called "a naughty, naughty doggie" several scores of times and then assured in the same breath that he is "the dearest, cunningest little fellow in the world" I begin to wonder whether I could find any of the boys at the club.

But after what happened last Tuesday night Sir Rupert will find that he has another bone to pick with me.

It was just saying good night to her when he sneaked between my legs and out of the open front door and went bounding up the street as if the paving stones were red-hot. On examination the water was found to be a saturated solution of mosquito larvae. The local scientists focused their powerful intellects and microscopes upon a specimen of the water and figured it out that the prospective mosquito population had been 20,000,000 to the acre.

As there were forty acres drained, the appalling fact is apparent that 800,000,000 promising members of the mosquito race, who might have done good and telling work upon the Connecticut country boarders this year, were thus cut off before their youth had a chance to flower or even to sprout, or, to come down from metaphor to fact, to crack the shell of the embryonic state. Among other things, this little story teaches us to keep away this summer from undrained marshes.—New York Tribune.

I was completely winded before I collapsed Sir Rupert. For a time I wondered whether I was ever going to get my breath back. Even as I started back with him whining in my hands the lampposts went through a serpentine dance on the corner and the pavement undulated with a long, heavy ground swell.

But I didn't mind that. I was thinking of the debt of gratitude she would feel when I restored him safely to her.

She was still standing on the steps as I came up.

I handed Sir Rupert to her, and she clasped him in her arms with a joyful little cry.

Then she turned to me and said reproachfully:

"Oh, how could you make him run so? I can feel his poor little heart beating terribly!"—Brooklyn Life.

Hardly an Advertisement.

Sinnick—Did you hear about poor Kindley?

Quidney—No. What about him?

Sinnick—Why, only 12 months ago he invested all his money in a new invention and built a large factory, and last night a fire broke out and burned it to the ground, walls and all.

Quidney—Poor beggar! By the way, what line was he in?

Sinnick—Patent fireproof building materials.—Yankee Blade.

The Modern Way.

"I have been reading about the new railway at Jerusalem," said Mrs. Snuggs to her husband. "Isn't it strange?"

"Very," replied Mr. Snuggs.

"People no longer go down from Jerusalem to Jericho by the old way and fall among thieves."

"No, not exactly, but now they have to meet the Pullman porter and the candy butcher."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Farswing.

Hardhead—I have half a million insurance on my life now?

Friend—Good gracious! Why do you carry such a load as that?

Hardhead—I want my family to have something left after they get through fighting the insurance companies for the money.—New York Weekly.

Impossible.

Hostess—I didn't see Mr. Lighthouse at the play last night. Was he ill?

Friend of Mr. Fwaddy Lighthouse—No. He changed his mind about going. That was all.

Hostess—Changed his mind? How queer! Aren't you mistaken, Mr. de Yuder?—Chicago Tribune.

He Was Good.

Mamma—Were you a good little boy while I was away?

Little Johnnie—Yes'm. I went into the storeroom to see what was there, and it was empty, and the wind blew the door shut, and I couldn't get out till Jane came just a little while ago.—Good News.

A Request.

Treetop—In the big stores I was in they seemed to expect me to stand on my head.

Hayrick—Did they ask you?

Treetop—Not exactly, but every time I tried to get in the elevator the boy shut the door and said, "Other side up, please."—Brooklyn Life.

Literary Item.

Gus do Smith—May I read you my last poem about the discovery of America?

Miss Birdie McGinnis—Is it really your last?

"It is my very last."

"Then you may read it."—Texas Sittings.

A Substitute.

Beer Johnsing—How much you may get plaster done for?

Drug Clerk—Twenty-five cents.

Beer Johnsing—Gimme one of dem new stamps, boss. I ain't no millynnair.—Boston Courier.

Whistler's Frank Criticism.

A Paris letter says that Whistler seriously criticised one of Dana's pictures in a Paris art exhibition a week or so ago, and the next day a mutual friend mischievously introduced the two men. Meantime the censorious expressions of the former had been widely repeated. "Glad to meet you, Mr. Whistler," Dana is reported as having said, "particularly glad at this moment, as I hear you have been running down my pictures behind my back."

"Yes," returned the adept in the gentle art of making enemies; "I did say something rather harsh about it, and it was behind your back, as I never before had the pleasure of seeing you face to face."

"Now that I do see you, I will do you the favor to tell you the contribution you have sent to this salon has no business here. This is a collection of pictures, and you should be informed that half a dozen figures outlined on a wall do not constitute a picture. Something of intelligent composition, some attempt to represent an idea, some respect for the truths of nature are prime requisites, and your flat drawing over there does not embody any of these qualities. Good morning, Mr. Dana!"

Some of the good people of Stratford, Conn., decided this year to drain about forty acres of marsh land and had the necessary ditches dug. Afterward some of the ditches were partially filled up and the marsh water stagnated therein. On examination the water was found to be a saturated solution of mosquito larvae. The local scientists focused their powerful intellects and microscopes upon a specimen of the water and figured it out that the prospective mosquito population had been 20,000,000 to the acre.

As there were forty acres drained, the appalling fact is apparent that 800,000,000 promising members of the mosquito race, who might have done good and telling work upon the Connecticut country boarders this year, were thus cut off before their youth had a chance to flower or even to sprout, or, to come down from metaphor to fact, to crack the shell of the embryonic state. Among other things, this little story teaches us to keep away this summer from undrained marshes.—New York Tribune.

Mosquitoes That Never Lived.

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A Potato Vine Imitating the Lemon Tree.

J. W. C. Pogue brought in to Visalia this morning a remarkable freak of nature in the shape of a potato vine upon which was growing potatoes in all stages of development, from the size of a marble to one as large as the average Early Rose. The vine was discovered in Mr. Pogue's lemon grove. The seed planted was of the Early Rose variety, and some of the potatoes will be planted out to see if they will reproduce. When the vine was pulled up a few small potatoes were found at the root, but on the vine there must have been a hundred. The only explanation Mr. Pogue can offer is that the potato must have thought it to be its duty to produce lemons, as it was surrounded by that fruit, and that it made an honest effort in that direction.—Visalia Times.

Where Flies Come From.

If by stealth a man should let in a little light and air—that is a man's idea of cooling a room; to open it wider than the Chicago exposition and let in all the dust and heat and noise and flies and glare the street can pour into it—he is discovered every time. She whose genius had made every room in the house a storage warehouse for night air comes in and wonders "Where all these flies come from?" He, with extravagant gesticulation, doesn't know—at least he says he doesn't, and doesn't care, which is true: what he wants to know is when they are going back again!—Robert J. Burdette in Ladies' Home Journal.

The Latest Horror.

Scientists have built for advertisers, by an arrangement of mirrors, reflecting glasses and lights, a sort of gigantic magic lantern, by which images can be thrown upon the clouds, so that advertisements in letters 100 feet long will be visible over a dozen counties. On the bosom of an advancing cyclone horrified humanity of the future will be able to read in gigantic letters "Use Blank's Chest Protector," "Try Bragman's Pills."—Minneapolis Journal.

The Y. M. C. A. in France.

The cornerstone of the new building of the Paris Young Men's Christian association has been laid with appropriate ceremony at 14 Rue de Trevis. The efforts in promoting the good work have evidently been most successful, and the undertaking is sure to have the good wishes of the community at large.—American Register.

Death Rate Among Babies.

"The large death rate among babies," said a leading physician, "results to a great extent from the injudicious use of cow's milk. The child's stomach is too weak to bear anything but mother's milk or lactated food. This lactated food is a pure substitute for the natural diet, and in many cases in my practice has, I believe, saved the child's life."

Queen Elizabeth Didn't Use Forks.

It is difficult for us to realize what a comparatively modern invention the table fork is, or how our ancestors managed to get along without it. Queen Elizabeth never heard of such an implement, and it was many years after her death that the first table, or "dinner," fork was brought into England.

THE FOUNTAIN HEAD OF STRENGTH

When we recollect that the stomach is the grand laboratory in which food is transformed into the secretions which furnish vigor to the system after entering and enriching the blood; that it is in short the fountain head of strength; it is essential to keep this important supplying machine in order and to restore it to activity when it becomes inactive. This Hostetter's Stomach Bitters does most effectively, reasonably, regulating and reinforcing digestion, promoting due action of the liver and bowels. Strength and quietude of the nerves depend in great measure upon thorough digestion. There is no other tonic more highly esteemed by the medical fraternity than the Bitters. Physicians also strongly commend it for chills and fever, rheumatism, kidney and bladder trouble, sick headache and want of appetite and sleep. Take a wineglassful three times a day.

Professor Puterby—The body of the frog, gentlemen, is composed almost wholly of water. Froeblich—Spring water?

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No external remedy ever yet devised has so fully and unquestionably met these three prime conditions as successfully as ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. They are safe because they contain no deleterious drugs and are manufactured upon scientific principles of medicine. They are sure because nothing goes into them except ingredients which are exactly adapted to the purposes for which a plaster is required. They are speedy in their action because their medicinal qualities go right to their work by relieving pain and restoring the natural and healthy performance of the functions of muscles, nerves and skin. Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and do not be induced to accept a substitute.

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It is said good whisky can be bought in Eastern Tennessee for 25 cents a gallon, but that's all moonshine.

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In flesh, had a cough all the time, and sometimes I could not lie down for I was so distressed, short of breath. I consulted seven physicians and the conclusion was that I certainly had Consumption and my case was hopeless. One physician advised me to go either south or to Colorado, as I could not live in the north. My husband was in the drug business and sold out to go away, but a friend advised me to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I did so and have improved rapidly in health ever since I began with it, and am now able to do my own work. I feel like a new person." Mrs. F. G. STONE, Geneva, Ohio.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills cure constipation. 5c.

CURE THAT COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE

This GREAT COUGH CURE promptly cures whooping cough, Croup, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough and Asthma. For Consumption it has no rival; has cured thousands, and will cure you if taken in time. Sold by Druggists on a guarantee. For a Large Back or Chest, use SHILOH'S BELLADONNA PLASTER, 50c.

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I have been troubled with dyspepsia, but after a fair trial of August Flower, am freed from the vexatious trouble—J. B. Young, Daughters College, Harrodsburg, Ky. I had headache one year steady. One bottle of August Flower cured me. It was positively worth one hundred dollars to me—J. W. Smith, P.M. and Gen. Merchant, Townsend, Ont. I have used it myself for constipation and dyspepsia and it cured me. It is the best seller I ever handled.—C. Rugh, Druggist, Mechanicsburg, Pa.

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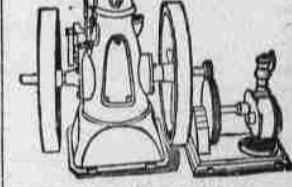
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