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OUR $1.00 A WEEK *Club System* while as convenient to the buyer as any instalment system, is *a wholesale spot cash system* to us. The co-operation of the club members sells us 28 watches in each $20 Watch Club, and we get cash from the Club for each watch before it goes out, though each member only pays $1 a week. This is why we give you more for your money than any one else and why we are doing the largest watch business in the world. We sell only first quality goods, but our prices are about what others get for second quality. Our $10 Silver Watch is a substantial Silver (*not imitation of any kind*) Stem-Wind American Lever Watch—either hunting case or open face. Our $25.00 Watch is a Stem-wind, Open Face, first quality, stiffened Gold American Lever Watch *guaranteed to wear 20 years.* It is fully equal to any watch sold for $50 by others. We find a first-class Stiffened Gold Case much more satisfactory and serviceable than any Solid Gold Case that can be sold at less than double the money, as cheap solid cases are invariably thin, weak, of low quality, and worthless after short use. Our $38 Watch contains numerous important patented improvements, of vital importance to accurate timing—*Patent Dustproof, Patent Stem Wind, &c.*, which we control exclusively. It is fully equal for accuracy, appearance, durability and service, to any $75 Watch, either Open Face or Hunting. Our $45.00 Railroad Watch is especially constructed for the most exacting use, and is the best Railroad Watch made, Open Face or Hunting. All these prices are either cash or in clubs of $1.00 a week. *An Ajax Watch Insulator given free with each Watch.*

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Agents Wanted.
Ajax Watch Insulator, $1.00
Fifteen protection against magnetism. *Put on any Watch.* Sent by mail on receipt of price. C. P. O. refer to any Commercial Agency.

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Try the Cure

ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD IN HEAD. CATARRH ROSE-COLD HAY-FEVER DEAFNESS HEADACHE. EASY TO USE. PRICE 50 CENTS. ELY BRO'S OWEGO N.Y. U.S.A.

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Cleanses the Nasal Passages. Allays Inflammation. Heals the Sores. Restores the Senses of Taste, Smell and Hearing.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50c. at Druggists or by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

FREE $85 Solid Gold Watch, worth $100, sent free to any one who will distribute 100 Patent Medicine Vials. Write at once. Address with stamp, VIAL, Box 1000, Augusta, Maine.

FREE One Person in each town can secure one free, together with our Illustrated Catalogue containing valuable lists of Items to be had free. Also Large Cards, Mottoes, Samples, Tinsel, Jewelry, etc., all of the kinds we send them in your home for 2 months and encourage them to those who may have called, they become your own property. Those who write at once can be sure of receiving the Watch and Samples. We pay all express, freight, etc. Address Stinson & Co., Box 912, Portland, Maine.

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THE BEST FAMILY SOAP —IN THE WORLD.—

It is Strictly Pure. Uniform in Quality.

THE original formula for which we paid $50,000 *twenty years ago* has never been changed in the slightest. This soap is identical in quality to-day with that made twenty years ago.

IT contains nothing that can injure the finest fabric. It brightens colors and bleaches whites.

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INSIST upon Dobbins' Electric. Don't take Magnetic, Electro Magnetic, Philadelphia Electric or any other fraud; simply because a dealer will ruin clothes, and are cheat at any price. Insist

—DOBBINS' ELECTRIC—

and take no other. Nearly every grocer in the U. S. to Mexico keeps it in stock. If your grocer does not, he will order from his nearest wholesale grocer.

READ carefully the inside wrapper around each bar, and be careful to follow the directions exactly on each outside wrapper. You cannot afford to wait longer before trying for yourself what this famous, and truly wonderful

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STOCK BRANDS.

While you keep your subscription paid up you can keep your brand in free of charge.

Allen, J H, Adamsville—Horses, double H side-wise on left shoulder; cattle, same on left hip.

Adkins, C R—Horses, J on right shoulder; cattle, A on right side.

Adkins, J J—Horses, JA connected on left thigh; cattle, same on left hip.

Blenkman, Geo., Hardman—Horses, a flag on left shoulder; cattle, same on right shoulder.

Bonnett, Cy—Horses, B on left shoulder.

Bonce, Mrs C A—B on left shoulder; ear-mark of cattle, crop off and split in left and upper half crop off right.

Brown, J C—Horses, circle C with dot in center on left hip; cattle, same.

Boger, W G, Lena—Horses, box brand on left hip; cattle, same, with split in each ear.

Borg, P. O—Horses, P B on left shoulder; cattle, same on left hip.

Biden, T. E., Lone Rock.—Horses o with bar under and over on right shoulder.

Burton, Wm—Horses, J Bon right thigh; cattle, same on right hip; split in each ear.

Clark, W. H.—Stock branded WHC connected. Mark, split in right ear.

Cook, A J., Lena—Horses, 90 on right shoulder; Cattle, same on right hip; ear mark square cro off left and split in right.

Currin, R Y—Horses, Z on left stifle.

Cunningham & Wilt, Newton Ranch—Horses, with figure 2 under it on left shoulder; cattle same on left hip and high, left ear square cut.

Cox & English, Hardman—Cattle, C with a in center; horses, CE on left hip.

Douglass, W M—Cattle, R D on right side, swallow fork in each ear; horses, R D on left hip.

Flock, Jackson, Horses, TF connected on right shoulder; cattle same on right hip. Ear mark, hole in right and crop off left.

Hamilton, John W—Horses branded half-circle H connected on left shoulder. Cattle, same on left hip. Range, near Lexington.

Flanigan, L A—Cattle, LF on right hip; horses F with bar under on right shoulder.

Florence, S P—Horses, F on right shoulder; cattle, F on right hip or thigh.

Armstrong, J L, Acton—T with bar under it on left shoulder of horses; cattle same on left hip.

Gay, Henry—GAY on left shoulder.

Goble, Frank—Horses, 7 F on left stifle; cattle same on right hip.

Gamage, A. L.—Horses, 31 on right shoulder.

Hunsaker, R F—Horses, 9 on left shoulder; cattle, 9 on left hip.

Humphreys, J M, Hardman—Horses, H on left flank.

Hayes, J M—Horses, wineglass on left shoulder cattle, same on right hip.

Junkin, S. M.—Horses, horseshoe J on left shoulder. Cattle, the same. Range on Eight Mile.

Johnson, Felix—Horses, circle T on left stifle cattle, same on right hip, under half crop in right and split in left ear.

Kirk, J C—Horses 69 on left shoulder; cattle 69 on left hip.

Kirk, J C—Horses, 17 on either flank; cattle on right side.

Larsen, Benjamin—Horses, R L on left hip.

Lewis, J R, Lena—Horses, P with — over it on left shoulder.

Minor, Oscar.—Cattle, M D on right hip; horses M on left shoulder.

Miller, C. E.—Horses C with M on inside on left shoulder.

Morgan, S N—Horses, M) on left shoulder cattle, same on left hip.

McCumber, Jas A. Atwood—Horses, M with bar over on right shoulder.

Morgan, Thos—Horses, circle T on left shoulder; cattle, Z on right thigh.

Mitchell, Oscar, Pettysville—Horses, 77 on right hip; cattle, 77 on right side.

Mason, Jos, Pettysville—Cattle, JM connected upper crop in each ear, dulap on throat; horses, JM on left shoulder.

McClaren, D G—Horses, Figure 5 on each shoulder; cattle, M2 on hip.

McDougald, H—Horses, HD connected on left shoulder.

Neel, Andrew, Lone Rock—Horses A N connected on left shoulder; cattle same on both hips or any other brand, simply for name. Horses N with half circle over it on left shoulder

Nordyke, E—Horses, circle 7 on left thigh; cattle, same on left hip.

Oliver, H C, Lone Rock—P O on left shoulder

Pearson, Olave.—Horses, circle shield on left shoulder and 24 on left hip. Cattle, circle shield on left hip. Range on Kight Mile

Pearson, Jas., Pine City.—Horses h2 on left hip low down.

Parker & Gleason, Hardman—Horses IP on left shoulder.

Piper, J. H., Acton—Horse, JE connected on left shoulder; cattle, same on left hip, under bit in each ear.

Reed, Andrew, Hardman—Horses, square cross with quarter-circle over it on left stifle.

Reninger, Chris—Horses, C R on left shoulder

Rector J W—Horses, JO on left shoulder. Cattle, O on right hip.

Rule, R. S.—Cattle branded R S on left hip. Horses same brand on left shoulder.

Spray, J. F.—Horses branded SF connected on right shoulder; cattle same on both hips.

Spray, J. C.—Horses branded S on right shoulder, cattle branded S on the right hip and a smooth crop off of the left ear.

Straight W. E.—Horses shaded J S on left stifle; cattle J S on left hip, swallow fork in right ear, underbit in left.

Soyer, Robt—Horses, S on right shoulder; cattl square on right hip and S on right shoulder.

Swagger, L, Alpine—Horses, S S on righ shoulder.

Sapp, Thos.—Horses, S A P on left hip; cattle same on left hip.

Shobe, D A J—Horses, D S on on left hip; cat tle, same on left side, wattle on left side of neck ears cut sharp at point.

Stevenson, Mrs A J—Cattle, S on right hip swallow-fork in left ear.

Shelton & Son—Horses, S on its side over an on left shoulder; cattle, same on left hip.

Sperry, E G—Cattle, W C on left hip, crop o right and underbit in left ear, dulap; horses, W on left shoulder.

Swagart, G W—Horses, 44 on left shoulder

Stewart, Geo., Hardman—Horses circle c on left shoulder.

Sharp, C—Cattle, 44 on left hip.

Thompson, J A—Horses, 2 on left shoulder cattle, 2 on left shoulder.

Tibbets, S T—Horses, C— on left shoulder.

Wade, Henry,—Horses branded see of spades on left shoulder and left hip. Cattle branded same on left side and left hip.

Walbridge W E—Horses branded U L on left shoulder, cattle U L on right hip. Range on Balm Fork.

Wells, A S—Horses, 2% on left shoulder; cattl same.

Wyland, J H, Hardman—Circle C on left thigl

Woodward, John—Horses, UP connected on left shoulder.

Wallace, Charles—Cattle, W on right thigh, hole in left ear, horses, W on right shoulder, some same on left shoulder.

Wren, A A—Cattle, running AA with bar across on right hip.

UNANSWERED.

Oh, dear, dark eyes, now shut to sight and sense,
White folded hands, at rest forevermore;
Can you not give me back one look from thence!
Can you not ope, just once, that silent door?

If I could have one look beyond it given,
To know you live, and love, and blame me not,
My mad, mad soul would give its hopes of heaven
And die, and be forgot.

Yet do not come; God does not heed my grief,
No voice will ever answer back from there,
My longings die in their own unbelief—
I perish in my prayer.

—Madge Morris in Frank Leslie's.

A Yankee Introduction.

"One time," says Mr. Sol Smith Russell, "Mr. William T. Adams, my father-in-law, went up to Keene, N. H., with me to assist in an entertainment given under the auspices of Dodge post No. 2, G. A. R. An old gentleman came behind the curtain and said: 'Now, look a-here, gentlemen, I'd kind o' like to know somethin' about this thing, for we thought we'd save a little on the expense by not havin' any programmes printed. If you'll jest tell me what's comin' I'll step out and announce it.' 'Well,' said I, 'the first number will be a reading by Mr. Adams 'Oliver Optic.' With this information the old gentleman stepped out in front of the curtain, and stood on the step leading up to the stage, where he rapped on the floor with his cane, and cried out: 'Oh, yes! oh, yes! Ladies and gentlemen of Dodge post No. 2, G. A. R., of Keene, I have the honor of announcin' that this thing will be opened by Mr. William T. Adams—Oliver Optic—who will read suthin' from his new book. Ice cream in the rear of the hall, ten cents a plate!'

"This original style of announcement was kept up through the evening, the old gentleman never once failing to preface his remarks with the conventional 'Oh, yes! oh, yes!' or to end them with the reference to 'ice cream, ten cents a plate!' But along about 10:30 o'clock he came behind the curtain and said: 'Look a-here, don't you think it's about time to wind up this show? I see that some of our old folks is yawnin' and actin' as if they wanted to go home.' 'Yes,' said I. 'You can announce that the entertainment will close with Mr. Russell's impersonations of curious human character.' The old gentleman poked out to his place at the head of the stage steps, and, having invited attention with his cane, said, 'Oh, yes! oh, yes! Ladies and gentlemen of Dodge Post No. 2, G. A. R., of Keene, thankin' you for your attendance here this evenin' I have the honor to announce that this thing will end with Mr. Russell's impersonations of curious characters he has met Ice cream in the rear of the hall, five cents!' "—Chicago News.

Saved From a Tiger's Jaw.

Only a few months ago, in India, in a certain planting district there was a notorious man eater. Two gentlemen, A and B, residing together on an estate, had lost, besides other employes, two chowkedars, or native watchmen, within a few days, and the unfortunate men had been actually carried off out of the verandah of the bungalow. A and B therefore determined to clothe themselves like natives, and sit during the night, armed, in the veranda, in the hopes they might be able to get a shot at the man eater, who, they thought, might probably return to the spot which had already provided him with two victims.

They proceeded to carry out this intention, and sat up till about 2 or 3 o'clock a. m., but nothing appeared. A then said he should not stay up any longer, as he did not believe the animal would come; but B announced his intention of waiting half an hour longer by himself. There were large windows opening down to the floor of the veranda, and through one of these A retired, and after entering his room, had just closed the window, and was gazing out for an instant, when he saw a dark mass land in the veranda, right on to his friend, then heard sounds of a scuffle, and a cry for help. Seizing his rifle to which a sword bayonet was attached, and flinging up the window, he rushed out, in time to see B walking down the steps that led up to the veranda alongside of the tiger, with his hand in the latter's mouth.

A was afraid to fire lest he should hit his friend, so, running after him, he, with admirable presence of mind, went up to the tiger, and, plunging his bayonet into the animal's body, at the same instant fired. There was a roar and a scuffle, and B took advantage of the moment to release his hand, and the tiger, after tumbling, died. B's hand was terribly mangled.—Court Journal.

Giving Her Pet Instructions.

A little Boston maiden of 6 summers has a prize King Charles spaniel, for which a doting aunt paid the neat price of $400. The aunt was desirous of entering the dog, and, obtaining permission of the girl's parents, she did so. It then became necessary to break the news to the child that for four days she would be separated from her pet. At first she refused to be comforted, answering all arguments and offers of bribes merely by extravagant lamentations; but at length the inevitable seemed to assert itself in the corner of her small brain devoted to philosophy, and upon the theory that what must be must be, she became more calm. She was overheard, however, giving very earnest advice to her darling upon the proper manner of conducting himself in this strange show to which he was going, and she laid especial stress upon the company he was to keep there.

"Don't 'sociate with common dogs," she instructed him impressively. "You may speak to the president's dog, Queen Victoria's dog and—and God's dog."—Boston Cor. Providence Journal.

Little Chance for the Beginner.

I must say, in all candor, that it is beginning to look to me as if, between the syndicate system, the ready plate system and the growth of exclusiveness and favoritism, that there isn't a fair show for the developing author. He may sally forth as boldly as ever with a free lance, but he cannot get into the arena in which he longs to deport. This exclusiveness has reached such a limit that one or two magazines state that they want nothing that has not been specially ordered. In other words, the writer with an established reputation is solicited to write an article, with the privilege of naming his terms; the writer without a reputation isn't solicited and isn't wanted on any terms, no matter how excellent the article he has to offer. I am speaking of the higher fields of literature and not of serial newspapers; for it seems to me they have dropped so far beneath mediocrity that any type can figure in them provided he knows how to be improbable and sensational.—"Observer" in Philadelphia Call.

Incident of a Railway Wreck.

Later in the day when I ran upon an old acquaintance turning away from a bulletin board on Washington street with a face so white and drawn that I inquired, with an interest quite apart from the conventional insignificance of the question, concerning his health. He was not ill, he assured me. It was this same horrible story of men and women and boys and girls crushed to death out at Forest Hills. Yet this man, who blanched and trembled almost to fainting at a story of suffering, had inspired his regiment with his own courage under the murderous fire that swept Cemetery Ridge at Gettysburg, had borne painful wounds with a gayety that cheered the whole hospital and has carried the reputation of a man of iron nerve. It is not, in my opinion, a question of nerves, nor yet of self control, but of that deeper and less readily classified sentiment of sympathetic humanity, which makes the bravest seem weak when in the presence of pain and helpless either to relieve it or to combat its cause.—Boston Post.

Vibration of the Ether.

Photography has never reproduced natural colors. Scientists explain this fact by the statement that color has no objective existence. It is simply the brain's interpretation of the rapidity with which the waves of a ray of light beat against the retina. Beats more rapid produce the sensation of the mind known as violet; beats less rapid, that known as red. Violet and red are nothing but variations of the ether until they reach the optic nerve and communicate to that the vibrations, which the brain translates. To photograph color is therefore as impossible as to photograph sound.—Frank Leslie's.

VALUE OF REFUSE.

CASH COINED BY THE DUSTMEN OF NEW YORK CITY.

The Work at the Street Cleaning Dumps. How It Is Done—What Becomes of the Day's Collection—Strange Finds Sometimes Made.

Before the scows of the street cleaning department are sent to sea with their cargoes of street sweepings, ashes, garbage and refuse of every description, it is necessary to distribute this mass of unsavory material so that the scow will float evenly, and not dump the load, together with the Italians who are employed to shovel the refuse, into the water, before the fleet reaches the boundary line within which the sanitary laws forbid the dumping of any material. The contractor who does this work is a broad faced, good looking Italian named Cicerelli, who, when the contract was put up at auction, astonished all his competitors and the city authorities as well by bidding $275 per week for the privilege of sorting over this material.

The contractor has the right to retain and sell anything of value that may be brought to the docks when the scows are loaded, and an Italian will recognize a value in refuse material which would be rejected by scavengers of any other nationality. There are sixteen docks along the water front of the North and East rivers where the collections of refuse are hauled upon the scows. Cicerelli sublets the privilege of sorting this waste at some of these docks to one or two of his friends. The men who do the actual work of "trimming" the scows are almost exclusively Italians of the lowest and most unintelligent class. They are filthy and dirty in the extreme, and the clothes worn by them are in a great measure cast off garments, found in the refuse as it is searched over and distributed properly in the scows by them. These men are paid small wages by the contractor or subcontractor, and are supposed to turn over to them all material on which it is possible to realize any money. Many small matters, however, fall to their lot in the course of work, and whatever can be secreted or stowed away and taken home does not go into the general harvest of the "dess."

The day's collection of salvage goods is stored on or near the wharf until it is disposed of to some speculator. Old tin cans, old shoes, broken umbrellas, bones, clothing, coal and other refuse is carefully laid aside to await a purchaser. This material is generally sold in bulk to regular customers, who dispose of their wares to the best advantage. The bones are carefully cleaned and sold to sugar refiners, who make them into the bone black used for clarifying sugar. Bones of larger size are sold to manufacturers of cutlery, who use them in making handles for razors and knives. The tin cans, battered and bruised out of all resemblance of the attractive form they have when they stand in rows on the shelves of the grocery stores, are sold to buttonmakers. They are put in a furnace, the iron is melted out, and then the tin plate is rolled together and is run length heavy dies, which punch out the circular bits of metal used on the back of cloth covered buttons. The old clothes, such as are not appropriated by the workers in the harvest field, are sold to the rag merchants. In the summer time it is customary to put these collections of rags and old clothing in a big wooden cage, such as is used for the drowning of stray dogs which have not been reclaimed from the pound, and to submerge it in the river twenty-four hours before the clothes are sorted and sold. The broken umbrellas are sold to peramubulating peddlers, who use the ribs and sticks in making old umbrellas "as good as new."

Occasionally articles of considerable value and even money are found by the trimmers. It may seem impossible that such a fragile article as a fine porcelaine vase could survive the vicissitudes of a journey through an ash barrel, be jolted over the rough pavements of this city in a springless cart, be dumped from the cart a distance of ten or fifteen feet into a scow, and yet escape injury, but the writer was shown not long since a handsome cream colored vase, about three inches high, on the side of which was painted a spray of forget-me-nots, which had been dug out from among the rubbish on one of the scows of the department.

Very frequently the men find silver spoons and forks while sorting over this refuse. These they sell to second hand dealers in silver, but sometimes they keep them for their own use. There is one Italian working on one of the dumps on the east side of the city who lives with his family, consisting of a wife and eight children, in two rooms in a rear tenement in the "Bend" in Mulberry street, who has his table set with silver forks and spoons. He has collected fifteen spoons and eleven forks, all of different patterns. These articles get into the garbage pail by the carelessness of servants, and even the rag pickers avoid these pails, and will not search through them for articles of value. Every day some one on every dump in the city will find one or more coins. These never reach the contractors, but are pocketed by the finders.—New York Post.

Tendency of the Newspapers.

The time is not far distant when the newspapers will crowd out all magazines and many books. The tendency of the newspapers at this time is to put before the world all hot, so to speak, the best efforts of the best thinkers in all directions. The cable brings the immediate news of everything, from the success of a new play to the latest discovery of the scientist. Presently the daily press will give the details as full as a book can of scientific discoveries and inventions. There will be no weary waiting for elaborate technical explanations. All that the public need to know will be given.

The most noted men are now more or less swept into the newspapers. They do not need to wait for issues of reviews, or of magazines, or special periodicals to air themselves. The daily paper is open and eager to place them before the public, not in mere reports, but with every encouragement of remuneration to write their best. The novelists will find the papers stepping into the field for their novels; the political economist will find room for his latest views; there is no subject for which the daily press will not be willing to open its columns, and no articles for which they will not be willing to pay noted men. A man will soon be able to follow, through his morning paper, the entire course of general knowledge, and only specialists will find it necessary to read books.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Team of Roosters.

An Oil City boy has a pair of Cochin China roosters of enormous size that he hitches to a small wagon of his own construction and drives them out in the premises.—Chicago Herald.

Monotony of Farm Life.

The monotony of farm life and its attendant dangers are well shown by the fact that the large majority of the inmates of our insane asylums have been farmers or their wives. The never ending round of work, with no opportunities for amusement, are the predominant features of such life. The dangers to physical health are also many. The water supply is too often contaminated by surface water containing decomposing animal and vegetable matters, while the sleeping rooms, in winter especially, are too frequently badly ventilated, and too warm or too cold. The need of change of scene, of air and of water is as pressing for the farmer and his family as for the merchant and the society lady.—Globe-Democrat.

The Perilous Bar.

It is a source of mortification to the "old salts" of New York city that their harbor is nowhere deep enough, even in full front of the Atlantic, to permit a steamer in distress to reach a point of safety inside of the perilous bar. The disabled and leaky Britannic was detained outside a long time because she draws thirty feet of water, and if a storm had arisen she would probably have been sunk in sight of land.—Chicago Times.

Robert T. Lincoln's law firm is said to have an income of $60,000 a year, and he declares that he will never hold another political office.

TURKISH BATHS AND BEAUTY.

The Art of Dancing All Night and Going Home Fresh in the Morning.

Ladies in New York are getting more and more into the way of resorting to the Turkish bath as a means of restoring color to the cheeks and brightness to the eyes after a night of dissipation. I know a girl whose complexion is of the clearest, but who has left the ballroom many a time as early as 3 o'clock, so fearful is she of injuring her greatest charm. She heard of the Turkish bath, and therefore risked dancing until 5 and after the other morning. From the ballroom she went directly to the bathing establishment, feeling as if the entire world saw her inflamed eyes and sunken cheeks. From the office she was conducted to a box of a room about as large as a section in a sleeping car. When my friend had removed her garments she was led into an iron walled room, where the air was so hot that the perspiration started at once [illegible] pore. She was told to sit [illegible] were several chairs for the [illegible] and to wait until called for. The heat was surprisingly great, but after a moment it produced that languid feeling that is perfectly delicious to a tired body. The attendant returned shortly and bound a wet towel about the new customer's head. It began to steam almost immediately. Five minutes of this and it became uncomfortable, ten a torture, fifteen frightful and the last five of the twenty minutes were simply immeasurable suffering. Then a strong, motherly looking woman came in. She had on a loose gown that had no sleeves and fell only to the knees.

"How long must I stay here?" exclaimed the suffering customer.

The attendant ran her hand along the dear girl's back and limbs, and said:

"You seem to have sweated pretty well; I guess you can come along now."

They went into a room adjoining. It was nearly as hot as the first. There was a table in it on which the parboiled girl was requested to lie down. Then the stalwart attendant went at her in a hammer and tongs style. She rubbed and scrubbed and lathered her for several minutes, and scraped her with a brush, and kneaded her flesh until it seemed as if her very bones must have felt the cleansing effect of the operation. The attendant was puffing and blowing from the exertion when she told the customer to sit up, and went to a hose that lay innocently coiled up at one end of the room. Without more than a "sit still now, please," she began to play a cooling stream of water on the lathered and glowing girl. The word cooling is used advisedly, for as it played it rapidly grew chilly, and presently the dear girl was spluttering a helpless plea for a change. The contrast with the intense heat she had endured was tremendous. The attendant dropped the hose when she thought best, but before the poor innocent customer could rejoice at the relief she was being pounded with the icy cold blows of a shower bath. It was agony itself, and it seemed as if every inch of her glistening cuticle were being overlaid with pricking icicles. But this, too, had its end, and the novice was all but crying with weariness and torture when the attendant led her into another room and began to dry her. When the water had been entirely removed from her body, she was wrapped in a blanket and taken to her room.

"How long will you sleep?" asked the attendant.

"Why, I don't want to sleep at all," replied the customer. "I want to go home."

But she was told she would have to lie there a while any way, and that she would surely fall asleep, so she would better say when she wanted to get up. She named her hour and was tucked up in her bunk. She was still perspiring, and in two minutes was sound asleep. She was awakened promptly, and her eyes feeling heavy and her body weary, was told to get into a tank of water sunk in the floor of still another room, into which she had been led. The water was chilly and she was glad to get out of it hastily. It was the last torture. She was rubbed with alcohol to prevent her from taking cold and then permitted to dress. When the dear girl got home it was just her time for breakfast. She slipped into the house unobserved and promptly appeared in the dining room, feeling as bright and vigorous as if she had had a full night's sleep and betraying not the slightest sign of her dissipation.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Police at the Epsom Races.

On the grounds the police swarmed everywhere. They were very skillful in their management of this holiday crowd. They were very careful about not using any arbitrary power which would provoke the crowd. They were very firm in saying what could or could not be done, but they acted more as friendly monitors than as arbitrary representatives of the law. The English constabulary certainly handle large crowds in this regard better than we. There is no pushing, no jostling, no scrambling permitted. The rights of the humblest are respected. The costermonger, with his overloaded vegetable cradle and his little rat of an animal, has as fair a chance in the street procession as the showy drag, with its handsome double teams. The police on this day, so far as I could see, made but few arrests. Where a man was found transgressing he was simply warned. If many arrests were to be made it is easy to see that the mob element might become excited, and the result would be anything but the good order which is now maintained.—T. C. Crawford in New York World.

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