How a Decided Coolness Sprang Up Between Two Old Friends

A Rochester man named Muggs has been out in the town of Wheatland vislting some friends who live on a farm. Mr. Muggs is not only a man of more than average intelligence, but he is also of an inquiring turn of mind; and while he was visiting on the farm he managed to pick up a good deal of information by asking questions about things. One of the first things that exc'ted his curiosity was a hen that was on a nest under the end of a lumber

pile. "This must be a hen," said Muggs, confidently.
"It is," said the farmer.

"She seems to be taking life pretty

easy," ventured Muggs.
"Quite the contrary."
farmer. "She is busy." "Laying an egg, probably," suggested

Muggs.
"Probably not," said the farmer.
"She is setting."

Then Muggs made some patronizing remark to the hen and reached down to stroke the fur on her neck. The hen was busy, but not too busy to keep an eye on Muggs, and when his hand came within reach she picked a small pece of skin off from it. Muggs took is hand away with wonderful quick-ness and put it into his pocket. Then he stood and contemplated the hen in silence for several minutes. At length

"I suppose hens seldom have hydro-phobia?"

"Seldom," said the farmer. "But when they do have it they bave it pretty bad, don't they?" in-

Muggs, with considerable anxiety. "Oh, you needn't be alarmed," said "The hen is mad, but not the farmer. in that way. Her fangs are not poison-

"I suppose, now," said Muggs, "that on industrious, persistent hen like that will hatch out a chicken every day, and

"There is a difference in hens," said the farmer. "Some hens set harder than others and hatch chickens faster. I have got one that hatched out a trood of chickens last summer in ten She never stopped for Sundays or legal holidays, but just kept right at it. But it wasn't a very good job, because it was rushed too much. Nine of the chickens were foolish and the other four were not any too You see, they were not expecting it, and they seemed to be sort of dazed-couldn't understand how they got here so soon. They would stand around in a half-witted kind of way and try to figure it out, but they never seemed to understand it at all."

said Muggs, "I should think," thoughtfully, "that chicken hatched so fast as that would be apt to mature quickly—get old while they are young, as it were."

"Exactly—they do," said the farmer.
"You remember that I bought a couple of spring chickens from you last fall," said Muggs, still more thoughtfully, as if an idea had occurred to

h.m. "Yes, I remember," said the farmer, who was also beginning to have an idea. "What of it?"

"O, nothing; only I thought perhaps they belonged to this brood that you have been speaking about. We broiled them a couple of days and then gave We broiled th m to my loy to cut up into lean-

A coolness has since existed between Muggs and the farmer. - Rochester Her-

# FOREST DESTRUCTION.

Evils of Deforestation as Seen on the Once

The evils of deforestation have been so many times rehearsed that it is only necessary to mention them briefly here. Trees are necessary in the hills and mountains to perfect the springs and insure a steady supply of water throughout the year. If all the trees about sources of the springs are cut away the springs flow but a short time after the winter rains cease. In early summer they have d sappeared entirely, and with them the small brooks they have fed, and which were wont to supply the creeks and rivers now either greatly reduced in volume or vanished. Consequently drought, poverty and suffering from fine agricultural possibilities ruined with a soil deprived of its needed moisture. There is another evil scarce-ly less serious. This results from the inundations which almost annually devastate those parts of Europe which in the long course of ages has been gradually denuded of their forest with little or no effort at renewal. Spain has in this respect been the worst sufferer. Except in certain favored localities, principally along or not far from the southern base of the Pyrenees, or along the Mediterranean, it may be described as an absolutely tree-less country, its vast olive or-chards affording here and there a partial exception. One may travel by train for days here and there over the great central plateau, which constitutes the greater part of the peninsula, and scarcely see a tree, not even an olive, on the plain, and not a grove on a hill or mountain side. Such desolation seems appalling. As a natural con-sequence, the rans that fall, not being detained by groups or forests of trees, run off at ones into the valleys, where they swell the creeks and rivers to enormous volume and cause those frightful inundations which two or three times every year form the burden of Spanish dispatches and deplete the purses of the benevolent in every part of the world. In Austria, Hungary and in different parts of Germany, there are similar experiences, with incal-culable loss of property and loss of l.fe. and to a certain extent in France and Italy, though the two latter countries find a remedy in the universal dissemination of the olive and vine, one or the other of which clothes, and to a great measure protects the most barren hillsides. There are also in both countries efficient laws regulating both questions of deforestation and afforestation, which have done much for the protection of all interests concerned .- Cor. San Francisco Chronicle

#### A FAIR EXCHANGE.

Why a Detroit Tay-Payer Preferred a

He slid quietly into a Jefferson avenue hardware store yesterday forenoon, unrolled a paper on the counter, and as he held up a patent door-spring he "I buy him two days ago, und I like

to oxchange him for a wheatstone.' "What's the matter?"

"Vhell, I can't make him fit on my creen door."

"Why, that's the easiest thing in the world. See here: This end screws on the door, and that end on the easing. "I tried him dot whay, und he doan'

"When it is on you take this metal pin and turn the spring. See the holes "I does dot vhay, und my screen

doors flies open."
"You turned the wrong way."

"I turns him eafery way. Some-times der door vhas wide open, und all der flies in Michigan go in, und sometimes he vash shut oop so tight I can't get in my own house. I begin on him in der morning, und I doan' leave off till night, but he won't work right.

"That's curious. What tools did you

"I use a hammer und screw-drifer und cold-shisel und saw und auger und crow-bar und lots of more, but he doan' spring for me. My wife works at him, too, und my hired man he lose half a day, und I vash discouraged. I guess I trade him for a wheatstone." "Well, I'll exchange with you, but

I'm sure I can show you how to adjust

"I guess I doan' try any more. You see, my life vhas short, und I can't spare so mooch time mit machinery. If I get a wheatstone I doan' haf to screw him on nor turn him around. Dere vhas no pins or ratchets in his stomach. He vhas all right both ends oop. Maype he doan' keep oudt flies, but he makes no troubles for me."

The exchange was made, and the man went away light-hearted, calling back from the door "I can make oudt a wheatstone all right, und I vhas obliged mit you. A wheatstone winds oop only one vhay.

### SWEEPING DAY.

-Detroit Free Press.

How It Can Be Robbed of Some of Its Most Disagreeable Features.

If you look at your house-work as the means to a delightful home, it will not seem hard or hateful; even the dreaded sweeping day, which I own to liking worse than wash day, leads to the repose of fresh, fragrant rooms, and a sanctity from dust and defacement. It need not be quite so much a penance if you have proper aids. These are covers of glazed cambric for large furniture, carpet sweeper, brushes, patience, care, etc.)

If you sweep with a broom, use damp tea leaves, bran, coarse meal. saw-dust or dry snow, to keep down the dust, remembering to have these things damp, not wet; to sprinkle only a yard or two where you mean to sweep at once, and to take it up with the sweepings before you go to the next place. Brushing a damp mass of dust and trash over a whole carpet is not the way to improve it. Fine carpets like Wilton or Moquette should be swept with the pile to keep them from wearing; and dealers say that Brussels should be swept only one way. It is a good rule always to begin at the corner furthest from the door, taking up the dust every yard or two. Take rugs up, bringing opposite sides together, not to spill the dust; lay them face down on green sward, or hang them so out of windows, and beat the backs till all the dust is out. Beating on the face sends the dust into the firm woven ground of the rugs .-Baptist Week'y.

# AT THE AUCTION.

Veracious Account of a Meeting Between

Smarty and the Auctioneer. And it came to pass after the going down of the sun that young Smarty was passing the mart where a certain man cried out in a loud voice; "Two am I offered; do I hear two and a

"Aha!" cried young Smarty, turning to the companions who attended him. "behold! the auctioneer. Let us enter in, and mark how I will paralyze him." So entered they in.

And still the voice of the auctioneer was lifted up:

"And a haf'n a haf'n a haf'n a ha'f. Anybody say three-quarters?"

Three-quarters said they not.
"Prythee, sir," said young Smarty,
"will you allow me to make a bid?" For Smarty, the juvenile, had read in the chronicles how a man had once propounded that query to an auctioneer

who stood in the market place, and on his replying; "Yea, verily." he said; "Then I bid you good night." As the ox goeth to the slaughter, so marched Smarty up to the very front

of the auctioneer.
Will you allow me to make a bid?" Up spake the auctioneer, who was fly with regard to the ways of the un-

godly:
"No, I will not. I never take bids from children and fools." Then the people laughed Smarty to scorn and he slunk away, sorrowing. —

#### Texas Siftings. A Juvenile Tilt.

First Boy-My pa blows a horn in the band.

Second Boy-That ain't nothin'. F. B.—Mischief it ain't; mo'an your your ole pa can do. My pa goes to parties an' pienies an' your ole pa can't

go there. S. B.—Yes, an' my pa is in the penitentiary an' your ole pa can't go there. either.-Arkansaw Traveler.

-The writer of the new song, " Love You, Darling, in My Dreams, should not forget that dreams go by contraries. Little mistakes like this sometimes produce a discord .- Washington Critic.

-The Queen Regent of Spain will maintain and educate at her private expense the children of those who per-ished in the recent tornado at Madrid

#### MASCULINE MEDDLERS.

Why a Snappish Woman Carried a Finke

In one of the parlor cars on a west bound Northwestern train sat a woman who was not as young as she had beer and whose temper was, apparently not as sunny as it might be. For she scowled and looked sour and tried to read a bit and slammed the book down and banged the window up and then banged it down again when she found the wind played hob with the carefully trained bangs on her forehead. Taking it all around she was in a fine state of mind, and there was a big piece of soot on her cheek of whose presence she did not seem to be aware, but which was observed and commented on by all

low a tone that his fellow-passengers were bitterly disappointed in not being able to hear his remarks or the reply The reply, however, was apparently very short and quite conclusive, for the traveling man retired about as quick as he knew how and with something on his face which resembled a blush remarkably close, considering that he was a traveling man.

Presently an oldish gentleman-not too old to snooze in public when it is warm, but yet old enough to be laboring under the delusion that he is vet something of a lady-killer-presently an oldish man of this sort woke out of a nap, looked about the car to see if there was anybody he could scrape an acquaintance with, spied the soured and spluttering female, and immediately began arranging his necktie and mopping off his face. Then he happened to notice the piece of soot, and, as he left his seat and approached the woman, the passengers all watched him expectantly.

"I beg pardon, miss," he began with a smile meant to be charming. you know there was a flake of soot on your face?"

"Yes, I did," was the reply, snapped out like the cracker on an old whip.

This rather staggered the old party but he partially recovered himself and remarked: "B-but don't you want to wipe it

"No, I don't," the snapper-like jaws rattled out again, as the passengers

"And may I ask why you wish to car-"Because you are the fourth med-dling old fool who has told me it was there since I left Chicago, and I want

## QUAINT OLD LUBECK.

how many more there are of you."-

Chicago Herald.

A Visit to the Market-Place of the One Famous Hanseatic City.

The market place is a large quad rangle, entered only by narrow passageways at the corners, and through the colonnade under the Rathhaus. The scene in this enclosure is, every morning of the week, a very charac teristic and lively one. The pavement is covered with farm produce and merchandise of all descriptions. Robust peasant women sell the freshest of regetables and the most delicious dairy produce; fish women, ranged in rows, each with her feet and petticoat hem tucked away in a box to keep the draughts off, attract by their vigorous cries, customers to select from their stock of live fish swimming about in trays; carts are crowded together in one corner, piled full of great loaves of bread; pigs squeal and fowls clatter in pyramids of cages; tables creak with a burden of quivering cheeses that thicken the surrounding air; it is a Babel of sights and sounds and odors. multitude annear and thrive upon, while the stranger, if at all fastidious, holds his ears and his nose, or takes a speedy flight. At noon time the shadows of the house At gables fall upon a clean swept pavement, with only a couple of fruit "Ver booths to remind one of the tumult of judge. the early morning. This is the hour to sit on the well-worn bench under some overhanging story, and imagine the scene when merchants of every important town, from Novgorod to Bergen, from Wisby to London, sought this their commercial capital, in the days before the discovery of the New World, with its immeasurable resources, gave a new direction to trade. and made the greatest commercial partnership in history no longer a necessity. A Lutheran priest in long black robe and high ruff hurrying through the colonnade, completes the illusion of the past induced by this unique picture of its grandeur. little children in latest Paris fashion trip along with their nurse, and the spell is broken.—Christian at Work.

# A Paying Enterprise.

I know a rich man in New York whose office rent is \$2,500 a year, every penny of which is paid by another man who for the expenditure contents himself with a desk room in a far-away corner. The name of having an office with the millionaire, the rep utation of hobnobbing the day through with a magnate—that is what he gives his money for. Silly? No; it pays. Two years he went into the scheme as a sheer speculation. He hadn't \$10 then; now he can draw his check for \$100,000. He has been trading on the prestige of his office friend, and credited with a good many secrets and lots of information that he doesn't possess, he coins money out of the crowd, who try to "work" him in seeking inklings of the millionaire's stock market plans. There are enterprise and enterprises in this world .- N. Y.

-According to the Kievlanen, is Pereislavl there lately died a Jew named Sribnyi, aged one hundred and seventeen, who up to his last remaine hale and sound, possessed an acut memory and a sane intellect, and eve a few months before his end, contem plated marrying a ninth time. His eleest son was only eighty-two year- old but looked much older

[Detroit Free Press.]
"Want your sidewalk cleared off?" he asked of a citizen of Wo dward avenue.

"Just got a man." "Have any badges on?"

"I believe he has five or six."
"Then let him keep the job. I'm a tramp and hard up, but them roller skating champions has got to earn a living somehow, and I'm not the man to stand in their way. They are entitled to public symp.thy and

LIME KILN CLUB RULES On motion of Waydown Bebee by-law No 63,894 was amended so as to read: "Any person coming before this club with a salve or cintment warranted to cure chilb'ain shall not be permitted to experiment until he has given bonds in the sum of \$25, and the first experiments shall be made on the feet of members who are in arrears for

the smoking-room, took a look at the state of things and accosted her in so low a tone that his fellow on the state of things are second to the law in the case, and satisfied himself that any member who, hy accident tribution box instead of a button, could not reclaim the same except by burglarizing the

The meeting then went home.

A DOG WHICH CAUGHT ON. "Yes, that 'ere dog belongs to me, I s'pose, replied a farmer at the market yesterday when rallied in regard to an ungainly cur which was lying under his wagon.

"Is he any good?"
"Not the least bit. I've tried to give him away, and I've tried to drive him off, but it's

"Why don't you lose him here in town?" "I've tried it in vain. Lemme tell ye what I did in September. I brought that cur up here with me, and I got on the street cars and rode around for half a day. Away up Jefferson avenue he got into a row with some other dogs and lost the car, and I went home feeling that he was done for. Next morn ing I went at it w. h my boys and painted the front fence and the house so he wouldn't know the place if he came along. I tied up a calf in the front yard, cut down all the weed and so changed the general looks of things that my neis or siden't hardly dare come On the third day we saw the cur coming down the road from town and everybody got inside. He came up, looked around in great astonishment, and his tail dropped as if somebody had tied a brick to it. In his bones he felt that it was the old place, but the painting up sorter paralyzed him. He sat down to think it over, and all at once he came over the fence and began to gambol around as if tickled to death. He had got on to something and it was no use trying any longer to fool him."
"What did e discover?"

"Why, there had been three panes of glass out of the garret winder for over two years and we'd forg ' to put 'em in. As soon as he raised his eyes and saw that winder he knowed the house belonged to me, and a dozen o' your best lawyers couldn't have to keep it on long enough to find out away. Dogs is ro fools, and don't you for

# Where He Was Struck

Witness-Yes, sir; he struck me on the bridge-

Lawyer (sharply interrupting)—How is that! You said a while ago that he struck you on the belcony.
Witness-So he did, sir. I'm telling you

Lawyer-Did he strike you more than

Witness-Only once, sir. Begorra, I was quite satisfied. Lawyer-How, then, could he strike you on the bridge and on the balcony at the same time, and with one blow?

Witness-Anyhow, he did, sir. Judge (interfering)-On what balcony! Witness-The balcony of the hotel, your

Judge-And on what bridge? Witness—The bridge of my nose, sir. Had the spalpeen waited I d a told him.

#### Stories from Detroit. "A LADY FROM 'WAY BACK."

A Montana woman had a neighbor woman arrested on charge of slander. The trial took place before a justice of the peace. The slanlered woman, being duly sworn, took the

witness stand and began:
"I'll tell ye in derned few words how it
was, Jedge. That lyin' old thing thar give it
out cold that I wa'n't no lady, be gosh! An' if she or any other old slouch thinks I'm agoin' to lay low an swaller talk of that kind they're badly left. I'm a lady from 'way back, Jedge, and I've got the papers fer it! And I kin jist everlastingly lick the -"Verdict for the defendant!" roared the

SOLOMON IN TENNESSEE. A certain justice of the peace, who lived n Tennessee, was once trying a negro for stealing. Among the defendant's witnesses was a girl. It was very evident that she was not telling the truth.

The magistrate stopped her in the midst of her testimony and said, "Do you know whar you'll go if you swar a lie!" "Yes, sir," she replied.
"Whar?"

"I'll goter torment!"

"Torment? You'll goter jail, en from thar you'll goter the plenipotentiary, that's whar

During the rest of the trial she spoke the Two truth, the whole truth and nothing but the ruth. For the jail had more terrors for her than "torment.

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# OUR BREAD IN DANGER.

# The Alarming Increase in Baking Powder Adulterations.

Among recent important discoveries by the food analysts is that by Prof. Morr, U. S. Government Chemist, of large amounts of lime and alum in the cheap baking powders. It is a startling fact that of over one hundred different brands of baking powder so far analyzed, comprising all those sold in this vicinity, not one, with the single exception of Royal Baking Powder, was found free from both lime and alum.

The use of alum is to produce a cheap baking powder. It costs less than two cents a pound, whereas pure cream of tartar costs forty. Its effect upon the system has been ascertained to be poisonous, and overdoses have been attended with fatal results. Lime is the most useless adulterant yet found in baking powders. It is true that when subjected to heat a certain amount of carbonic acid gas is given off, but a quicklime is left, a caustic so powerful that it is used by tanners to eat the hair from hides of animals, and in dissecting rooms to more quickly rot the flesh from the bones of dead subjects.

The effect of lime upon the delicate membranes of the stomach, intestines and kidneys, more particularly of infants and children, and especially when taken into the system day after day, and with almost every meal, is pernicious in the extreme, and is said by physicians to be one of the chief causes of indigestion, dyspepsia, and diseases of the kidneys. Chemists have found 12 per cent., or one-eighth of the weight, of some of the baking powders prominently sold in this vicinity, to be lime. The wickedness of this adulteration is apparent.

The absolute purity and wholesomeness of the Royal Baking Powder-now affirmed by every chemist and food analyst of prominence, and conceded by all manufacturers of other brands-arises from the exclusive use of cream of tartar specially refined by patent processes, which remove totally the lime and all other impurities. These facilities are possessed by no other manufacturer. The Chemist of the Department of Health of Brooklyn, N. Y., in which city the works of the Royal Baking Powder Company are situated, after recent numerous experiments, reports:

"I subjected several samples of the Royal Baking Powder, purchased from dealers in Brooklyn, to chemical analysis, and I take pleasure in stating that this powder has attained a most remarkable purity. I am unable to detect the slightest trace of lime tartrate in it, while all its constituents are pure and of the highest quality. The 'Royal' is a baking powder undoubtedly of the greatest leavening power, and perfectly wholesome. Dr. O. GROTHE,

" Chemist Department of Health, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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