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KNOWLES CHAPTER No. 12, O. E. S.—Meets a Masonic hall the first and third Monday evening in each month. Visiting members cordially invited.
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CUSTER POST No. 9—Meets the second and fourth Saturday of each month in Union hall at 7:30 p. m. on second Saturday and at 10:30 a. m. on 4th Saturday. All members of the order are cordially invited to attend our meetings.
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L. T. L. at 3 p. m.
MRS. A. J. WHITMORE, Pres.
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RISKED LIFE AND LOST.

The Man Who Permitted Doctors to Bore Into His Stomach.

Ferdinand Pietrich, the man who sold himself to South American surgeons, is dead. Here is the story: Last August a man named Obaldeston advertised in the New York papers for a man who would consent to go down to Guayaquil, Ecuador, and there submit to an experimental operation by two South American doctors. Osbaldeston acted as agent for those physicians. It was illustrative of the hard times that more than 120 answers were received.

The operation in question was simply an incision in the stomach, through which the action of the gastric juices might be observed. The cavity thus made was about the size of a hazel nut. Tubes of gold and silver were inserted, and through these the nourishment taken by the patient was forced, the digestive process being marked by the aid of an electric light. Incidental to the operation certain chemical substances were administered to the patient through the tube to ascertain positively the action of drugs in combination with each other.

Among the 120 persons who answered the advertisement was a well knit, powerful looking fellow who had been a sailor. He was about 5 feet 8 inches in height, weighed about 180 pounds, looked hard and wiry and was active as a cat. Osbaldeston decided that he would do. His name was Ferdinand Pietrich. The first week in September Pietrich sailed for Guayaquil. There for four or five weeks he remained under medical care in preparation for the ordeal, and it was the second or third week in October before the chief surgeon, Dr. Adele Ajalco, ventured to perform the operation.

Osbaldeston has received information that the operation had been completely successful and that the patient was on the road to recovery when he took to drink. Under these conditions it became necessary to stop the treatment for a time, and in this interval Pietrich while sitting on the battlements of a fortress one morning was sunstruck and died within two hours. He was alone in the world, and it does not appear that he ever received the money for which he had risked his life or in fact anything beyond his traveling expenses.—New York Letter.

COWED BY A REDHOT IRON.

Lioness Victoria Was Then Whipped, and Her Mate Nero Did His Tricks.

A few persons saw a thrilling exhibition at the London zoo before the regular performance began the other afternoon. Mlle. Beatrice, who was recently bitten in the face by the lion Nero, went into his cage for the first time since then. Nero was in an ugly temper, and his mate, Victoria, when the woman tamer stepped upon the steps leading into the cage, sprang against the door and remained in front of it with uplifted paw and mouth wide open.

Mlle. Beatrice tried to drive the lioness back with a whip, but Victoria bit and struck at the whip and roared with rage. A blank cartridge discharged squarely in her mouth by Mlle. Beatrice intensified the brute's rage.

Manager Francis Ferreri then brought an iron bar redhot at one end. A touch of this had the desired effect, and Victoria withdrew to the other end of the cage, and Mlle. Beatrice entered. She whipped the lioness severely. Nero roared, but he was as much in fear of the hot iron as Victoria. Half a dozen attendants covered the two lions with revolvers loaded with ball cartridges while Mlle. Beatrice made Nero go through his tricks. She omitted the kissing act, in the performance of which she was bitten three weeks ago. She will always carry the scars of that bite. Nero is 4 years old and always appeared perfectly docile until his attack upon Mlle. Beatrice.—London Standard.

THE BIGGEST WHEEL.

The English Are to Build One That Will Surpass the Ferris.

English writers just now are gloating over the fact that the great wheel which is now being built at Earl's court according to the plans of Lieutenant J. W. Graydon is to be considerably larger than the Ferris wheel which was shown at the World's fair in Chicago. The British wheel will be 300 feet in diameter, whereas the Ferris wheel measured only 200 feet across. It will be able to hold 1,600 persons, and the Ferris wheel could accommodate only 1,368 at a time.

The big wheel at Earl's court is also different from the Ferris wheel in respect to the towers which support the axle on each side of the wheel. They will be over 170 feet high, and four stories will contain saloons and will be connected with outside elevators as well as staircases. The steel axle, which is seven feet in diameter, will have a passage through it.

Of course it is expected that the masses in London will avail themselves of this opportunity to enjoy a new recreation. The carriages and cars will be so arranged that each one will hold 40 persons and may be entered at eight different places. Each turn of the wheel will take about 20 minutes, and there will be five stops. The wheel will be probably in operation some time in July or August.

China's Boy Emperor In Danger.

A letter dated Peking speaks of the disquiet felt among the Chinese on account of the reported change to be made in the ruler of the empire. The letter says: "The approaching celebration of the sixtieth birthday of the empress dowager promises to be a great event. Millions are being spent in preparation, but the country can ill afford the money. There is so much feeling that the air is full of rumors that there is to be a change of emperors. The present young fellow was not the rightful heir, but was put on the throne by intrigue. Many high officials, it is said, propose, as he has no son yet, to displace him and substitute one from another branch of the same family."

CUSTOMS OF COSTERS.

They Lead a Precarious Life, but Are Philosophers All the Time.

A writer in the London Quiver says that the costers are now a large class. Though the coster's work is extremely hard and his profits are precarious he lives for a good purpose. When he speaks of himself as "a general dealer," he means that he trades in anything which enables him to turn an honest penny. His ordinary mode of life is even lower than is meant by living from hand to mouth. When he turns out in the small hours of the morning to look round the markets, he may not even know whether this traffic for the day will consist in fish, vegetables or fruit. He may take a hasty penny breakfast in the street and then go to Billingsgate with the idea of "loading up" with the first, only to find that everything is too dear, and then he must hie away to Spitalfields or Covent Garden. When he thus arises with the lark, he cannot tell whether he will have "a good day" or a very poor one.

The most despairing time of all is when the markets all round are too dear to allow of the barrow being "loaded up." If the coster can clear 3 or 4 shillings in the day, he will not be downhearted, and should he earn nothing, or even make a loss, he looks at the matter as philosophically as one could expect. There are shrewd business men among the costers who rise into thriving shopkeepers. The bank establishment for their own use teaches them to save, and the evening for receiving deposits will be one of the liveliest of the week. The fact is also learned that there is strength in unity, so that the London Union of General Dealers in its way exercises as farreaching an influence as a city guild.

The chairman might correctly have described himself in the words of one of his brethren, "I ain't a eddicated person, but I know wot's wot." He proved this characteristic by rising into a thriving tradesman, having one or two shops, and when on one occasion his errand boy stole a box containing nearly 100 sovereigns the police would not believe that such a man had so much money to be stolen. The fact was as stated, however, and the "general dealer" still continued to make progress, while he was well known to Lord Shaftesbury, who publicly alluded to him as "My friend ——." At first sight it may appear to be a humble thing to be a leading spirit among such humble folk, but in a way there is ample scope for administrative ability and enterprise.

PLAYING IN THE GARRET.

Some of the Resources and Pleasures of the Playroom Under the Roof.

"There is one delight," said a man who was reared in a small town, "that I suppose many children born in great cities never know, and that is the delight of playing in the garret. Many city children, to be sure, have relatives in the country or in smaller cities or towns whom they have visited, who live in houses with garrets, and these know something of the delights of the garret, but there must be many city children who never even heard the name.

"For myself, I remember well a garret to which I used to climb in rainy weather up a steep and narrow flight of stairs. It was warm and rather stuffy in the garret, but the rain made music on the shingled roof, and the garret itself was full of treasures. There was room, to begin with, space to move about in, though you needed to look out a little for the timber in the sloping roof. There was a swing from two of the beams, and we used to swing and swing in that and never get tired of it. There was a chimney up through this garret, a great, big, friendly chimney, and we used to play tag around that chimney until we couldn't run any more. There was a great lot of old magazines, and these were an unfailing source of delight. There were old books in queer type, and with strange looking pictures. There were queer old hair covered trunks, with round tops, studded with brass headed nails. In these trunks and around in the garret were curious, old fashioned men's clothes, and the most extraordinary gowns and capes and hats of women—not fancy costumes, but the real things, such as they actually wore many years ago, and looking stranger than anything you could hire at a costumer's. We used to dress up sometimes in these old, old things and parade around in the garret and have great times generally, and so forgot ourselves in the delights of the garret that the very world itself looked strange when we came down stairs and back to it.

"What is there in the big city that takes the place of the garret?"—New York Sun.

A Campaign Relic.

A relic of the presidential campaign of 1884, consisting of a copper coin issued by the opponents of Andrew Jackson, is in the possession of Ira H. Benjamin of Romeo, Mich. On one side, encircling the center, are the words: "Perish Credit. Perish Commerce. 1834." In the center is the figure of a hog running, with the words, "My Third Heat" on it. Above the hog, "My Victory." Below it, "Down With the Bank." On the other side, encircling the center, are the words, "My Substitute For the U. S. Bank." In the center is a medallion of Jackson, and below it the words: "Experiment. My Currency. My Giory."—Chicago Herald.

Catarrh.

Many cases of catarrh might be avoided and others greatly relieved if at the first sign of any trouble in the "early snuffles" period the nose and throat were thoroughly sprayed at least once a day with one part of listerine mixed with two parts of water. A throat specialist thinks this treatment as much a part of the good and cleanly toilet as brushing the teeth or hair or bathing.—New York Post.

THE BROOK.

I looked in the brook and saw a face.
Heigh-ho, but a child was I!
There were rushes and willows in that place,
And they clutched at the brook as the brook ran by.
And the brook it ran its own sweet way,
As a child doth run in heedless play,
And as it ran I heard it say:
"Hasten with me
To the roistering sea
That is wroth with the flame of the morning sky!"

I look in the brook and see a face.
Heigh-ho, but the years go by!
The rushes are dead in the old time place,
And the willows I knew when a child was I.
And the brook it seemeth to me to say,
As ever it stealeth on its way,
Solemnly now and not in play:
"Oh, come with me
To the slumbrous sea
That is gray with the peace of the evening sky!"
Heigh-ho, but the years go by,
I would to God that a child were I!
—Chicago Record.

A SUBTERRANEAN OCEAN.

It Is Believed to Underlie Nebraska, Kansas and Indian Territory.

The best scientists of the land favor the opinion that Nebraska, Kansas and part of Indian Territory are situated over an immense underground lake or sea. It is a well known fact that in several places in Kansas whole sections of land have suddenly disappeared, leaving only fathomless lakelets to mark the spot where they were once situated. Proof that there is something peculiar with the foundation of the section of the country mentioned may be found in the celebrated "tide wells" of Polk, Butler and Colfax counties in Nebraska. Polk county is best provided with these curious wells, having between a dozen and 20 which roar and ebb and flow with an unseen tide. The roaring of these remarkable curiosities—they cannot be called natural wonders, because they are the work of man, at least so far as excavation is concerned—is caused by the inhalation and exhalation of immense quantities of air. There are hours, regular and uniform, in which the air will rush out with a loud, hissing sound, and again an equal space of time in which it seems that all the air of the Platte valley will be sucked into the cavernous depths of these wonderful wells.

The period of this ebb and flow does not seem to depend upon either the seasons or the state of the weather, but is thought to have some mysterious connection with the high and low tide periods of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. A meteorologist of national reputation, who sought to fathom the mystery of the "Platte river tide wells," and who issued a little pamphlet with the title "Roaring Wells of Nebraska," gave it as his opinion that the roaring phenomenon was in some way connected with the prevailing direction of the wind, being strongest in time of west or southwest breezes. The farmers in the three counties mentioned as being best provided with these tide regulated, air expelling wells believe that the water supply is connected with a body large enough to have a regular ebb and flow of tide. All the wells in the counties of Polk and Butler which are tide regulated are of about the same depth, those of Colfax being deeper, but all extending to a porous stratum having the same general characteristics.—St. Louis Republic.

Fraudulent Sweetbreads.

"A true sweetbread is perhaps the most healthy meat that can be eaten," said a doctor yesterday, "but you are never able to get it. The sweetbread proper is the pancreas, which is one of the most effective agents in promoting digestion, but the sweetbread of trade is usually obtained from the throats of cattle and is what is called the thyroid gland. This gland rests against the windpipe, and while its texture is similar to that of the real sweetbread it has not the same beneficial qualities. But some butchers, in order to make money, pass off the salivary gland, that which furnishes the saliva, located in the cheeks, for a sweetbread. This is the most inferior substitute of all. The pancreas, or real sweetbread, is a most dainty morsel. It is of triangular form, while the sweetbreads obtained from the throat are of an oval form. But what is the use of making people dissatisfied? They have been eating thyroid and salivary glands for sweetbreads for years and have been satisfied. But then they have never tasted the real thing."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Tenor's Little Joke.

A popular tenor, whose dislike to encores is well known, had been singing "Come Into the Garden, Maud," when there arose a vehement outcry for an encore.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the singer as soon as the noise had somewhat abated, "I am sorry to inform you that Maud is laboring under a severe cold. In fact, her mamma has just sent her to bed. Under these circumstances it will be quite useless for me to ask Maud to come into the garden again this evening. As soon as she has recovered I shall only be too happy to oblige you."—London Tit-Bits.

Behind the Age.

When the Mother Hubbard toilet was abroad in the land, one Ohio town distinguished itself by passing a law prohibiting the wearing of the gown outside of house limits. And the landlady of a small village inn in England has handed herself down to posterity in similar fashion by refusing to let two women cyclists, clad in knickerbocker suits, sit down to dinner in her public coffee room.

Washington has salmon fisheries worth $1,500,000 a year and catches 10,000 fur seals. It exports $8,000,000 worth of lumber and coal and raises 15,000,000 bushels of wheat.

Tweed, as a cloth name, arose from a mistake. Its name was twill, but in a blotted invoice sent to a London merchant the word looked like tweed, and so it came into use.

FOR GOOD HEALTH.

Suggestions as to the Uses and Luxury of the Daily Baths In Summer Weather.

Every 24 hours the human body loses an amount of heat by radiation from the surface during perspiration. But, contrary to what might seem probable at first thought, this loss is oftener advantageous than otherwise.

In this way an escape pipe, so to speak, is provided for the human mechanism, and just as the escape pipe of a steam engine is self regulating, so fortunately the radiation of the heat from the surface of the body is under the control of the nervous system.

When the fact is made apparent to the nerve centers that the temperature of the body is getting too high, notice is immediately sent along the nerves to open wider the blood vessels at the surface of the body, with the result that the blood flows nearer the surface, the sweat glands are stimulated to increased action, more water is excreted by them, and with the water goes off the heat.

Since it is by this means largely that the superfluous heat of the body in health as well as in disease is got rid of, it is clearly very important, especially at this time of the year, that the pores of the skin should never be allowed to become clogged.

With the increased amount of dust in the atmosphere and its natural propensity for adhering to the perspiring body the daily bath becomes more of a necessity during the summer months than at any other time of the year. One should take great care, however, that the bodily temperature is reduced as nearly as possible to normal before the bath is taken. If the temperature be somewhat high and the body perspiring freely, the danger of taking cold will be increased by reason of the sudden congestion of the blood in the dilated vessels at the surface of the body.

Much of the advantage to be derived from sea bathing will be lost unless the crusts of salt that form in the pores of the skin on the evaporation of the water are removed by subsequent brisk toweling or fresh water sponging.

Not only is the perspiration an efficient means of removing superfluous heat, but by this same channel go out many of the waste products of the body. These waste products are always relatively increased in the summer months, and so it is doubly important that during this trying season we should keep the skin in a healthy and cleanly condition.—Youth's Companion.

PRINTING SPEECHES.

Members of the Present Congress Have Broken the Record In This Respect.

There is one industry which is not in the least affected by the hard times. This is The Record division of the government printing office, which has charge of printing congressional speeches for distribution. There has never been a congress when the presses were worked so incessantly for this purpose. Already over 5,000,000 speeches have been sent out over the country under congressional franks, and the number is piling up daily until by the close of the session it is expected that it will far exceed any record which has hitherto been made. Tom Johnson alone gave an order for 1,000,000 copies of his speech on the income tax in the tariff bill. He leads the record.

But in the number of speeches ordered by other congressmen Burrows heads the list. Over 200,000 copies of his tariff speech have been issued, and he has taken very few himself. Most of them have been sent to western farming constituencies by Republican representatives. Reed's speech at the close of the tariff debate is not printed by the government printing office, but by one of the private concerns in Washington, and this has just about equaled that of Burrows. There is a great demand for Wilson's speech on the Democratic side, and tens of thousands of copies of the speech of Crisp have also been sent out. In the senate 20,000 copies of Senator Lodge's speech have gone out, many senators franking them to the college students in their states. Senator Morrill's speech is also in great demand, and the first speech delivered by Senator Hoar has gained a wide circulation. The efforts of Voorhees and Mills, which opened and closed respectively the general debate in the senate, have been circulated almost as widely by Republicans as by Democrats.—Boston Advertiser.

"Bissell" Postoffices.

There is now a "Bissell" postoffice in nearly every state in the Union. When Mr. Bissell was appointed postmaster general, not a single postoffice in the country was honored by the name of "Bissell." Mr. Bissell has since corrected this singular omission on the part of former postmaster generals, and when The Postal Guide was printed last December had already added an even dozen "Bissells" to the postoffice nomenclature of the country. He has been steadily progressing ever since, and there are now probably between 20 and 25 postoffices so designated. In some cases the naming of a postoffice after the postmaster general is pure sycophantry. Oftener, however, the name is suggested by the department in cases where there is any difficulty over the selection of a proper title for an office. In The Postal Guide printed last December there are 29 "Clevelands" and 19 "Grovers." The "Bissell" offices will eventually outnumber all others.—Indianapolis Journal.

Lambs at the Bargain Counter.

The sale of live lambs at a department store in Lexington street Saturday was a novelty to shoppers. The lambs were not as gentle as the little one that belonged to Mary, and some amusing scenes were caused by the animals struggling to release themselves from their purchasers. Those who bought the lambs were required to take them away themselves. Ladies, who were the principal buyers, managed to do this by grasping the little creatures in both arms. Nearly every one of the lambs, it is said, was bought to be kept as a pet.—Baltimore Sun.

JERUSALEM'S BOOM.

The Holy City Has Caught the Fever of Modern Progress—Promising Environment.

The British consul at Jerusalem in his last report gives some interesting details respecting the state of the Holy City. It appears that buildings of various kinds continue to be erected in the vicinity, and that the city is far outgrowing its former limits. On the western side houses have increased so rapidly within the last few years that quite a large suburb has arisen where formerly there were fields and vineyards. Every available piece of land is now being bought up by private persons or by benevolent societies and missions, and already the name of Modern Jerusalem has been given to this new quarter.

Last year the first public garden was completed outside the Jaffa gate, and the trade is generally increasing, especially that in Jaffa oranges, olive wood work (now an important local industry) and olive oil. The export of colocynth declined in consequence of a tithe levied on it by the authorities. It is gathered by Arabs in the neighborhood of Gaza, where it grows wild. An interesting enterprise which has recently been commenced is the collection of the bitumen which rises to the surface and floats about on the Dead sea. Two sailing boats were taken by train from Jaffa to Jerusalem and then conveyed in carts to the Jordan, where they were floated down the river to the Dead sea, and they are now engaged in picking up the bitumen, which is in much request in Europe.

The consul thinks it would be advantageous to trade with the inland districts if a steam launch and lighters were placed on the Dead sea to ferry across the produce of Moab, which is a country that is rich in cereals, fruit and cattle. At present it is conveyed by caravans round the north or south end of the Dead sea, entailing a journey of from four to five days. Kerak, the chief town of Moab, is now garrisoned with Ottoman troops, and authority is established there, so that if rapid communication were established the whole produce of Moab would find its way to Jerusalem and the coast.—Boston Transcript.

ROSEBERY AND RACING.

The Prime Minister Is Not Yet Out of His Wrangle With the Nonconformists.

The nonconformist conscience has finally succeeded in drawing out Lord Rosebery on the subject of horse races, or rather race horses, for a sharp distinction is made between the two phrases. The premier's clever interpretation of the Puritan figure of Cromwell between himself and his virtuous critics is accepted as a practically conclusive argument in a country which ranks precedent as higher authority than principle.

This paramount characteristic of the English mind is amazingly shown in the reply to the prime minister's urbane retort. Instead of defying the historic example of the lord protector and sticking to its guns, the Antigambling society weakly suggests that if Cromwell had possessed as much knowledge of the evils of gambling as is now available he would have sold his race horses, as Rosebery is asked to do.

The two letters have started the discussion afresh, but the episode has so amused the English that the winner of the Derby has little to fear. It is an interesting fact that Rosebery's most numerous and enthusiastic defenders are among his political opponents. The Liberal party has much more to fear from the stern virtues of the nonconformist conscience.

So some organs which support the prime minister politically take a dubious view of the incident. Enemies like The Times and The Telegraph chuckle gleefully over the discomfiture of the critics. They review copiously the history of the great pretender's sporting proclivities and lament any decadence in the favorite national pastime.—New York Sun's London Letter.

HOMING PIGEONS IN THE NAVY.

A Trial on the Monongahela Demonstrates Their Value as Messengers.

The United States practice ship Monongahela, Captain C. M. Chester commanding, has arrived in Gardiner's bay from Annapolis. She has three classes of naval cadets on board and is on her summer cruise.

An interesting experiment with a pigeon messenger service was tried. The Monongahela took with her a number of birds from the Naval academy loft. Each day after leaving Annapolis one of these was released with messages for home. The last was liberated 90 miles off Cape Henry and fully 200 miles from Annapolis. Advices received from Annapolis show the birds reached there in good time.

Lieutenant F. N. Tyler will put in a messenger pigeon loft at the Norfolk navy yard, as the experiment, the officers of the Monongahela declare, has shown such a messenger service can be made an important feature of all our naval stations and warships cruising along the coast.—New York World.

A Fine Knot Squirrel Hunt.

"A pine knot squirrel hunt is about the most exciting sport I know," said A. E. McIlvane. "In the pine woods of the south there are a great many squirrels, and the ground is covered with knots. These are very hard, and their shape renders them much easier than stones to throw straight. Frequently parties of expert throwers are formed to kill squirrels without guns, and it is remarkable how successful they are. When a squirrel is sighted, the man who discovers him has the first throw, and if the squirrel is not hit it belongs to whoever gets it. About one-half of the throws bring the squirrels down, and the party will often return with 100 of the animals. As the trees are high and the squirrels are generally on the branches, the difficulty of hitting them is very great, but the skill of a great many with these knots is remarkable."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

PICKETT AND THE ARCHIVES.

The Light Turned on a Hidden Chapter of Wartime History.

Frank Riggs, the son of the famous banker and his father's successor in the financial circles at Washington, tells me an interesting story that corrects a false impression which many good people have carried for years. During the second term of President Grant a man of the name of Pickett sold to the government of the United States the records of the executive departments of the southern confederacy. From these documents was obtained much evidence that prevented the payment of claims of southern citizens who pretended loyalty for losses growing out of the war. In a single instance they saved several millions by showing that mail contractors throughout the south had been paid from the Confederate treasury for services performed by them for the postoffice department of the United States before the outbreak of the rebellion. They proved to be of great value in many other directions, and the price paid Mr. Pickett for them, which was something like $60,000, proved to be one of the most profitable investments ever made by the government.

Pickett had been the chief clerk of the Confederate state department or held some similar office which made him custodian of the archives. When President Davis and his cabinet fled from Richmond, Mr. Pickett carted the records away and hid them in some place that escaped the searchers of the Union army, and the manner of their disappearance was a mystery until they were delivered to Secretary Fish. It was always believed that Mr. Pickett pocketed the money, and he was universally condemned by southern people for betraying the secrets of the lost cause for a price.

"The facts have never been told," said Mr. Riggs, "for Mr. Pickett exacted the strictest pledges of secrecy from my father in regard to the disposition of the money. But both of them are dead now, and there is no reason why the truth should not be known. Mr. Pickett never had the benefit of one penny of the money he received from the government for those records. He deposited the entire amount as soon as he received it in our bank to the credit of 'George W. Riggs, trustee for,' and it was distributed in small amounts among the widows of Confederate officers. Mr. Pickett made out the list of the people to whom he wished it sent. The checks were all signed by my father. Each one was accompanied by a letter, which he prepared and which my father signed, saying that the inclosure was forwarded at the request of a gentleman who felt an interest in their welfare, but for reasons of his own desired that his identity should not be disclosed. The account was carried for several years, and all the checks and vouchers are now packed away in our bank."—Chicago Record.

Stopped Smoking to Save.

Xerxes Jones determined to quit smoking, not, you know, that it had any baneful influence upon his health, but solely for the reason that he didn't feel justified in spending 25 cents a day for the weedy luxury. Jones had a good disposition and began his new scheme on Sunday. "Seeing I've quit smoking, I'll put an extra quarter in the collection box today," he mused, and in the money went.

On Monday, just to please his little wife, good Jones bought a 40 cent box of mixtures and handed it over with the remark: "No, my dear, it's no extravagance. Just about what I saved on cigars today, and we both can enjoy this after tea." Tuesday Jones bought a 50 cent toy for his little boy out of the cash saved by abstinence from tobacco. Wednesday he changed his dining place down town from a 25 cent to a 50 cent table d'hote, feeling justified in spending the extra quarter saved on cigars.

Apparently forgetting this on Thursday, the reformer remarked to himself: "There's that new umbrella my wife's been talking about. I'll buy that and charge it up to two weeks' savings on 'smoke.'" On Friday a new dinner set was purchased to please the wife of his heart and set over against 20 weeks' savings from tobacco, and on Saturday Xerxes Jones spent 25 cents for cigars, having lost six days of his luxury, and figured up that he had "saved" on the wrong side of his books just about $38.90.—Philadelphia Call.

Eskimos and Tobacco.

"There are many interesting features about the Eskimos of Alaska," said A. C. Bruce, who is in charge of Lake Charles Reindeer station, at the Gibson. "One of the most interesting features of this peculiar people to me has been their habit of smoking. They are inveterate smokers without regard to sex. Their pipes are made of walrus tusks and are hollowed out in such a manner that a great deal of the tobacco as well as the smoke is inhaled. They will meet every whaling or other vessel, and almost any kind of a trade can be made for smoking tobacco. They will deliver up the ivory of the walrus at very much less than its value and take in exchange smoking tobacco at several times its real worth. The greatest punishment you can inflict upon an Eskimo is to deprive him of his tobacco."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE SODA FOUNTAIN.

Some of the Dangers of Using It as a General Prescription Counter.

"Nervousness is as much a fad as anything else," said Dr. Egbert Dixon of Buffalo, "and the modern soda water fountain has more to do with the increase of the mania than anything else. In days of old when soda water was first added to the wares of the druggist it was devoted entirely to satisfying the public taste for something cool, sweet and refreshing. Fruit sirups of a harmless character were fizzled up to a proper degree of gaseous bubbling, and the mission of the soda water fountain was a commendable one.

"Nowadays it is devoted to bromos, nervines and lots of other things that are made from the deadliest sort of drugs, while they are hung with signs inviting people to become their own physicians by trying some of the countless nostrums which are alleged to cure anything from a headache to an ingrowing toe nail in an almost inconceivably small space of time. The tired out individual sees one of the nervine signs and mistakes his weariness for nervousness and straightway proceeds to doctor himself with something, he knows not what, but which, on account of its powerful properties, braces him up and makes him feel bright.

"The natural result follows. He takes some more of the soda water fountain stuff whenever he gets tired, and in a month or so his system is on the road to general breaking up. Drugging one's self at a soda fountain is dangerous, and, as I said in the beginning, nervousness is largely a fad. If supposed sufferers from nervous attacks would only go out and split wood for half an hour, if men, or take a brisk walk, if women, and then take a bath and take a nap, there wouldn't be so much heard of this silly rot about nervousness being our national disease."—Washington Star.

Evil.

Evil is evil because it is unnatural. A vine which should bear olive berries—an eye to which blue seems yellow—would be diseased. An unnatural mother, an unnatural son, an unnatural act, are the strongest terms of condemnation.—F. W. Robertson.

Life savers on the French coast are hereafter to be aided by trained dogs.

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