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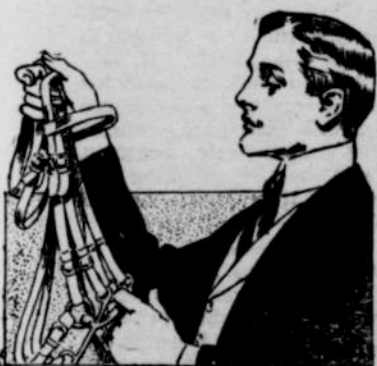
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SAVE HIGHEST RECOMMENDATION. S. A. Davis, 27 Washington St., Concordville, Pa., is in his 85th year. He writes us: "I have lately suffered much from my kidneys and bladder. I had never backache and my kidney action was too sluggish, causing me to lose much sleep at night, and in my bladder there was constant pain. I took Foley Kidney Pills for some time, and am now free of all trouble and again able to sleep and am well. Foley Kidney Pills have my highest recommendation."

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A LUCKY SHOT.

It Helped the Captain Out of an Embarrassing Situation.

In the good old days the revenue cutters carried small rifled cannon, but they were only used to fire salutes with and now and then break up a derelict. The gunners were never expected to hit anything. When they used the guns on floating wrecks the cutter would bang away until he'd smashed the wreck or used up his ammunition. No one ever thought of keeping tab.

Captain E. P. Berthoff told a story the other day which illustrates the conditions which formerly prevailed on the "treasure fleet." When it is a matter of running down smugglers or putting an end to poaching or mapping a bad channel or destroying derelicts the cutters average 100 per cent of efficiency.

"Few gunners could hit a target," he said. "Really there was little need. They didn't use a loaded shell once in a lifetime. But now and then the board of inspectors came on board, and then every one was worried and nervous until the ordeal was over. The inspectors visited the cutter commanded by a friend of mine. He ordered out the firing squad.

"Bang!" went the rifle. The projectile hit the target squarely in the center. "Cease firing," ordered the captain happily. And he turned to the inspectors, pleased as Punch. "There's no use wasting ammunition," he said. "Our gunners can do that every time."—Herbert Corey in Cincinnati Times-Star.

OLD BAVARIAN TOWNS.

Many of the Smaller Ones Merely Walled Farm Villages.

In old Bavarian districts many of the smaller towns are merely walled farm villages. These settlements of agriculturists reproduce the ancient laager for all. Each is built in the form of a parallelogram, the shorter sides having each a gateway, with double gates, over which rise central square watch-towers capped with conical red roofs. A narrow road or street runs from gate to gate, with old half timber houses set back close to the inclosing wall. The ground floor of these houses affords stabling for cattle, and from these stables the cows are driven out through the town gates in the morning and brought in at night. Townships like this are merely clusters of houses intimately connected with the farm lands that lie beyond their gates. The peasantry, whether peasant proprietors or allotment leaseholders, go in and out to their work.

In eastern Bavaria, toward the Danube, where the better class farms are to be seen, one finds farmhouses of wood, a great shingled roof covering—as in Holland—not only the large living apartment, with many bedrooms, but also the stables for the horses and cattle. On such farms much of the farm work is done by girls, who usually wear short petticoats, tight bodices and kerchiefs on their heads. Most of the men are either in the army or working at trades.

Chinese Music.

All Chinese music is weird and screeching. They say their pleasure comes in exciting, not soothing, the nerves. They have flutes, horns, violins, mouth organs, guitars and table harps to be played with a loaded feather, which last make a delightful music akin to our mandolins. Every business house has its musical corps (just as we organize company baseball clubs), who in the evening are supposed to amuse the master, who lives on the story above the comrade's house. Seated on the counters which at night are also their beds, the folk-essays with a vengeance discords which are unquestionably disturbing to the occidental nerves, but for that reason the phlegmatic Chinese find them exhilarating.—J. S. Thompson's "The Chinese."

"Mad," but He Knew It.

FitzGerald, the author, was once walking down Church street. Wood bridge, in company with a friend on the way to the Deben to go aboard his yacht. The day was hot, and he walked bareheaded and barefooted. His shoes slung by their laces across his shoulders, his clothes untidy and ill fitting. At the four cross ways, where the postoffice now stands, was gathered a party of yokels, who made the strange figure the butt for coarse wit. "Ah, boy," exclaimed one in the sing-song Suffolk vernacular, "e's as mad as a hare in March." FitzGerald turned to his friend, having overheard the remark. "Yes," he said, "the fellow is right, but I'm sane enough to know that I'm mad."—T. P.'s London Magazine.

Love and a Breakfast.

"John," she said to her husband, who was grumbling over his breakfast, "your love has grown cold." "No, it hasn't," he snapped, "but my breakfast has."

Legal Lore.

"As a lawyer how would you advise me to sue for a girl's hand?" "Take the case to court and ask for immediate trial."—Baltimore American.

Incongruous.

Little Allick—What is an incongruity, uncle? Uncle William—An incongruity, child, is a divorce lawyer bumping a wedding march.—Satire.

Hatred is like fire. It makes even light rubbish deadly.—George Eliot.

BOSTON HARBOR FROZE.

But That Didn't Keep the Britannia From Sailing on Time.

Boston harbor froze over in January of 1844, and the advertised sailing of the Britannia, then in dock, seemed surely to be impossible. But the merchants of Boston would not have it so. They met and voted to cut a way, at their own expense, through the ice, that the steamer might sail practically on time.

The contract for cutting the necessary channels was given to merchants engaged, like Frederick Tudor, in the export of ice, but not ice cut from the harbor. Their task was to cut within the space of three days a channel about ten miles long. For tools they had the best machinery used in cutting fresh water ice, and horsepower was employed. The ice was from six to twelve inches in thickness.

As the Advertiser of Feb. 2, 1844, described the scene: "A great many persons have been attracted to our wharfs to witness the operations and the curious spectacle of the whole harbor frozen over, and the ice has been covered by skaters, sleds and even sleighs. Tents and booths were erected upon the ice, and some parts of the harbor bore the appearance of a Russian ball scene."

On Feb. 3 the work was done, and the Britannia, steaming slowly through the lane of open water, lined on either side by thousands of cheering spectators, made her way to the sea.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

It Has Frequently Expelled Members Legally Qualified to Sit.

The assumption made in more than one daily journal that the house of commons cannot expel a member who is "legally" qualified to sit is not warranted by precedent, the only authority to which the commons bow, says an English writer.

In the eighteenth century the south sea bubble caused many expulsions, although the members' defense and not the victims was the law courts. One of the victims was Chancellor of the Exchequer Aislabie, credited with having hazarded £250,000 from the public. In addition to expulsion, he was sent to the Tower and ordered to refund his booty. An Irish peer was expelled for directing a lottery, while for organizing a "charitable association" of shady habits Sir Robert Sutton and two others were shut out in 1730. Steele of the Tatler was prohibited the house for "maliciously insinuating that the Protestant succession in the house of Hanover is in danger under her majesty's administration."

But perhaps the oddest reason for closing the doors of the house of commons upon a man is to be found in the case of Mr. Asgill, whose sin was that, of writing a treatise "On the Possibility of Avoiding Death"—Philadelphia Ledger.

An Odd Incident of War.

In the Philippine portion of his book "The Memories of Two Wars" General Funston tells of a unique instance at the siege of Malabon: "Company I was firing a few volleys, and one of the men, having just discharged his piece, felt a second blow against his shoulder. It being almost as hard as the kick of the gun. Upon trying to reload it was found that the breech of the piece could not be opened, and it was laid aside to be examined by daylight, which was done in the presence of a number of us officers. Upon forcing the breech open it was found that the base of the copper shell of the cartridge that had been fired just before the weapon had been disabled had been shot away, while mixed all up in the breech mechanism we found the remains of the steel jacket and the lead filling of a Mauser bullet. There was a very pronounced dent on the muzzle of the piece. What had happened was that while the man had the gun extended in the firing position a bullet had gone down the muzzle. This weapon is now in the Army Ordnance museum in Washington."

The Wettins of England.

If the king of England were to renounce the throne and resolve to become an ordinary citizen he would be called George Wettin. How does the name Wettin come to be the king's surname? This is the answer: Queen Victoria married Albert, duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, of the senior branch of the house of Saxony. The family name by which this house dating from the middle of the tenth century, came to be known afterward was Wettin, and this was and is the surname of both branches—the Ernestine and Albertine—of the house of Saxony. The name comes from the castle of Wettin, near Magdeburg, which claimed Wittekind as the founder of the race.—London Answers.

Preaching and Practice.

The college instructor should take pains to practice what he preaches. One member of a class in English composition brought his theme to the professor after recitation hour in order that the professor might read a marginal correction which he had written and which the pupil had been entirely unable to make out.

An Eye to Business.

"I want to marry you," said the rising young author flunty. "Why?" coyly asked the great heiress, preparing to listen to his impassioned confession. "Well," he replied, "it would be a great advertisement for me."

Human foresight often leaves its proudest possessor only a choice of evils.—Colton.

BRETON PEASANTS.

They Always Treat a Stranger With Generous Hospitality.

In Brittany all peasants carry their own knives, and, as for forks, they have no use for them. George Wharton Edwards tells in "Brittany and the Bretons" of a visit to an inn where he met with the proverbial Breton hospitality.

An old withered Breton woman sat at the fireside busily knitting at a jersey of blue wool, and three men sat at a table playing some sort of game with dominoes. The men gave no apparent heed to our entrance, but I knew we were being discussed in their patois.

We asked for bread, butter and a pitcher of cider, which was forthcoming, but no knives were brought. Noting our predicament, the three men at once produced their knives, immense horn handled affairs, and after wiping them very carefully and conscientiously on their coat sleeves they opened and proffered them to us.

"And now, madame," said I, "what shall I pay you?"

"Five sous for the cider, m'sieur. There is no charge for the bread, for is not that the gift of bon Dieu?"

Thus it is throughout this strange land of Brittany. One may travel from end to end away from the large cities and everywhere meet with the same hospitality. The peasant will willingly share with you what he has in the cupboard and will not ask for pay.

I left an offering of silver upon the window sill among the balls of woolen yarn. I noticed that the act was not lost upon the old Bretonne, who when she caught my eye gave me a charming courtesy and a smiling "Merci, m'sieur."

THE ROCK PTARMIGAN.

A Bird of Storms and Ice, Raw Mist and Bleak Winds.

In order to make the acquaintance of the ptarmigan it is necessary either to journey into the snows and ice of the far north or to climb up to the very highest glacier valleys among the frozen peaks of the Rockies or Cascades, where circumpolar conditions are reproduced. While this curious bird is essentially a subarctic type, it is occasionally found among the isolated fields of eternal snow as far south as Colorado and northern New Mexico.

The rock ptarmigan is a bird of storms and ice and raw mists and bleak winds, in the summer gray as the rocks among which he lives, in winter white as the whirling snows in the midst of which he survives after every other feathered living thing, save only the fearless eagle, has fled to the lower valleys.

His brother, the willow ptarmigan, lives lower down by 500 or 1,000 feet, among the dwarfed shrubs which mark the upper edges of tree life, and, while similar in size and structure, is of a less somber plumage and more friendly disposition than the ghostly gray specter of the upper world, the rock ptarmigan. The males of the willow ptarmigan especially are beautiful birds, brownish gray upon the backs and wings, with rich reddish brown throats almost chestnut in color and dazzling white breasts.—Country Life in America.

Violins Old and New.

There is a general impression that very old violins and violoncellos are much superior in tone to similar instruments of modern construction. The point was debated by a number of Paris musicians, who decided in favor of the modern instrument. Six ancient violoncellos were chosen, including a Stradivarius, a Tickler, a Cappa, a Pressenda and a Guarneris, together with six modern instruments. These were played alternately by Senor Casals, who was hidden from sight, the instruments being indicated to the jury by a number and marks awarded according to beauty of tone. The modern instruments aggregated 1,484 marks and the ancient instruments only 883, although the six ancient violins represented a value of 16,000 and the modern ones 1160.—London Express.

A Chinese Columbus.

According to a Chinese chronicler, Hui Sen, who lived in the sixth century of the Christian era, North America was known to the Chinese under the name of Fusung or Fusu. It was said to be a continent lying 6,500 miles to the east of Asia. The chronicler states that in the year 453 five Buddhist priests sailed from China for Fusu, landing in Mexico, where they taught their religion to the natives, built temples and set up enormous statues of their gods all over the country. Traces of a Mongolian civilization have been found in Mexico. There exists in particular a statue of a god resembling not the Aztec god, but one of the grotesque deities of the Chinese.—Harper's.

Discoit.

"Tis a cowardly and servile humor to bide and disguise a man's self under a pitor and not to dare to show himself what he is. By that our followers are trained up to treachery. Being brought up to speak what is not true, they make no conscience of a lie.—Montaigne.

A Pen Pen.

Assistant Editor—Here is an article submitted by a convict in the penitentiary who signs merely with his prison number. Editor—Doubtless that's his "pen" name.—Kansas City Star.

Nothing more completely baffles one who is full of trick and duplicity than straightforward and simple integrity in another.—Colton.