MRS. ELMIRA HATCH.

HEART DISEASE 20 YEARS.

Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

DEAR SIRS: For 20 years I was troubled with heart disease. Would frequently have falling spells and smothering at night. Had to sit up or get out of bed to breathe. Had pain in my left side and back most of the time; at last I became dropsical. I was very nervous and nearly worn out. The least excitement would cause me to faint I was also much troubled with fluttering. For the last fifteen years I could not sleep on my left side or back until began taking your *New Heart Cure*. I had not taken it very long until I felt much better, and I can now sleep on either side or back without the least discomfort. I have no pain, smothering, dropsy, no wind on stomach or other disagreeable symptoms. I am able to do all my own housework without any trouble and consider myself cured.

Elkhart, Ind., 1888. MRS. ELMIRA HATCH.

It is now four years since I have taken any medicine. Am in better health than I have been in 40 years. I honestly believe that *Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure* saved my life and made me a well woman. I am now 62 years of age, and am able to do a good day's work.

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THE SUNDAY SIDE.

The world has many a joy to give,
Many a token of balm and bliss,
Of refuge and rest for the troubled breast
We blindly miss,
And in darkness and dullness we grope along,
Lamenting ever the light denied,
That would soon shine in did we once begin
To walk through life on the Sunday side.

The weekday trouble and weekday toil
Like a dark miasma obscure the way,
And the gods we love, as we daily prove,
Are gods of clay.
But better things we may hope to reach,
If we follow the steps of a better guide,
For the life is vain that does not contain
A little bit of the Sunday side.

The houses we build may far excel
The costly palaces of the east,
And jewels most rare and blossoms fair
May grace the feast.
But it is not home in the sweetest sense,
If the doors and windows so long and wide
And the hearts that within their fancies spin,
Open not out on the Sunday side.

'Tis all a folly and all a waste
To spend our lives, as it were, for naught,
The good to shun and to have not one
Uplifting thought.
And where'er in the world 'tis our lot to dwell,
In rustic cottage or halls of pride,
There's a chance, I'm sure, for us all to secure
A little bit of the Sunday side.
—Josephine Pollard in Ladies' Home Journal.

The Drawbridge Keeper's Heroism.

Drecker, while stationed at his post of duty at the drawbridge above the Passaic river, heard the whistle of an approaching express train. In his haste to close the draw, which he had opened for a passing ship, he knocked his six-year-old boy into the river. What should he do? Save his only boy or the trainload of passengers rushing toward the open chasm? What mental agony was involved in the choice! Nothing but a high sense of moral duty and with quick action could save the passengers. As the child sank from his view Drecker swung the heavy draw into place and then only did he spring into the river after his child. It was too late, but a train crowded with passengers whirled past in safety and ignorant of the gatekeeper's heroism. This seems to me the bravest act I ever personally knew.—Cor. New York Press.

Shearing Camels In China.

Camel's wool, used for padding clothes, is an article of considerable traffic in North China, and when spring zephyrs take the place of winter blasts the herdsmen of the plateau shear their camels by a process which preserves the merit of extreme simplicity, pulling out by hand whatever has not been shed naturally. Many animals are kept for the sole purpose of yielding wool, but the amount obtainable from each is singularly disproportioned to the huge bulk of its producer. A heavy fleece taken from a full grown camel will seldom average over seven pounds, while $8 is a high price for the picul of 133 pounds.—N. B. Dennys in Century.

A Little Dear.

"Darling, don't you think little Johnny resembles you more and more every day?"

"Do you think so, dearest?"

"Yes, love. If you notice you will find that he always wants the best in the house, and that he never does as you want him to, and that he is continually overeating, and yesterday he kissed the servant."

"That will do, Maria."—Philadelphia Times.

Why Burton Committed Suicide.

Burton, the vivacious author of "The Anatomy of Melancholy," who had the reputation of being able to raise laughter in any company, however "mute and mopish," was in reality constitutionally depressed, and it is believed that he was at last so overcome by his malady that he ended his life in a fit of melancholy.—Dr. Charles W. Pilgrim in Popular Science Monthly.

A Slow Young Man's Trifling.

Miss Keedick (to her sister)—Mr. Linger has been coming to see me for several years, so I told him that if he had anything to say it was time he said it.

Miss Margaret—What was his reply?

Miss Keedick—The horrid thing said he never was much of conversationist.—Vogue.

The Numbers Five and Six.

Five occurs as the number of fingers and toes that, barring accident, all are supposed to possess, and also the number of petals in many flowers. For the claims of the number six to special consideration we may turn to the little busy bee and count the cells of his wonderful honeycomb.—New York News.

You cannot create a big business in an hour. All the large houses in New York city were once little concerns. That is the trouble with the rising generation. They want to commence at the top instead at the bottom.

He that marries is like the doge who was wedded to the Adriatic. He knows not what there is in that which he marries; mayhap treasures and pearls, mayhap monsters and tempests await him.—H. Heine.

Sacchini declared that he never had any moments of inspiration except when his two favorite cats were sitting upon each shoulder.

It is stated that the percentage of accidents since the Forth bridge has been opened has been greater than while it was being made.

The moment a man finds out he has been making a fool of himself he has learned something valuable.

Cork Soled Shoes.

The popularity of cork soled shoes is on the increase, and the so called cork is being manufactured in large quantities, the substance being produced in long rolls and lengths, and sold thus to the trade. The only peculiarity about the fashion is why the material is called cork. Certainly it is far more valuable for its purpose than cork itself could possibly be, and this is one of the cases in which the imitation is far superior to the original. Some new and more appropriate name is sure to be adopted before long, but not until the demand for cork soled shoes, so called, decreases. The shoes of this type were in great demand, even when they were both costly and clumsy, and the avoidance of both these drawbacks has paved the way for an apparently long lived career of popularity. Every one who wears them has his own reasons for so doing, some thinking they increase the temperature of the feet and some holding exactly the contrary, but the fashion has been established, and that is practically all that is necessary.—Exchange.

A Monstrous Spider.

Mygale avicularia is a monstrous spider, with a body two inches long and legs, when expanded, reaching to seven, who kills small birds and hangs them up in a larder of thick web for future use. This robber carries on his murderous trade with cunning dexterity, for which the poor finches are no match. His huge brownish body being thickly covered with coarse gray hairs and exactly matching in color the trunk of the tree, in some rough crevice of which he lurks unseen, he is ready to pounce out at a moment's notice upon his hapless prey when once entangled in the fatal web.

Another monster of the same genus, "five inches in expanse," of a brown tint with yellowish lines on his thick hairy legs, is equally rapacious; but, carrying on his depredations only at the door of his den in the brown earth, needs no protecting color, as he comes out only at night when all about him is in shadow.—Nineteenth Century.

About Lifting the Hat.

There are certain courtesies generally paid by men to women that long usage has led us to take as a matter of course. One of these is that of raising the hat. There is no question but that this is a graceful and becoming act for any man, whatever his age or station may be, or whoever the woman is to whom he pays the little mark of deference. At the same time many men do not follow the custom, and the omission is not necessarily to be attributed to ignorance nor to a lack of respect for women, especially if the man is past middle age.

Most men who are bald are obliged to be careful about exposing the head to a draft, and for that reason avoid taking off the hat out of doors. Of course there are times and places when they could do it without danger, but it would hardly do to vary the rule to suit the weather.—Manchester Union.

A Dissertation on Hamlet.

One of Miss A. C. Graham's scholars, according to her article in The University Correspondent, wrote the following:

Hamlet was weakminded. Fond of study. But was too weak to fulfil his duty which the Ghost had told him. He was very good to his mother. He profains madness, he really only put it on but some people say he was mad. One day when he was fighting the king asked him if he would have something to drink & he had put poison in it & Hamlet said he would wait the Queen took it & then she falls down dead Hamlet immediately stabs his father & drinks the poisin and dies.

Moderation In Exercise.

We may well rejoice that the day has vanished when a pale face, dull eyes and a week chest were the signs of knowledge, but we will do well to guard against the other extremes which regard physical culture as the most important thing in life. The young people who attend our institutions of learning should be encouraged to take plenty of physical exercise. Their inclination toward outdoor games should not be frowned upon, but they should be held to moderation and to such a wise division of their time as will enable them to devote proper attention to their studies.—Altoona Tribune.

The Age of Turtles.

The age of turtles, like the age of some excellent women, will never be known. In many parts of the country boys cut their initials on the shell of the tortoise, with the date, and then watch for them in later years. At Hatboro, in Pennsylvania, one was found with "L. W., 1833," cut on the shell. Mr. Levi Walton, who cut the lettering, is still living, but the slow going turtle will probably outdo him in the race of life.—Meehan's Monthly.

Irrigation In Colorado.

There are 5,000,000 acres of land in Colorado subject to irrigation, but only two-fifths are under cultivation as yet. About 26,700 acres are in fruit, and 7,900 will be added very soon. Water is conveyed through 12,000 miles of ditches.—Boston Transcript.

CLEANING THE STREETS.

Ash Barrels Which Offend and Odors That Come Not From Balsamic Pines.

New York has a street cleaning department that is not wholly a disgrace, though in some respects it sometimes comes mighty near it. The principal effort seems to be in the direction of the better part of town—on the supposition, it is presumed, that the best people are the richest and do the most kicking. The other fellows—well, what right have they to grumble anyhow? A few years ago, under a different political regime, a great outcry was raised about the matter of ash barrels.

The ridiculous spectacle of a row of garbage and ash barrels on the curbs of New York streets made this city the laughing stock of every other city in the country. Just about the time we had become fairly noted all over the world for our curb barrels and telegraph poles along came a new order of things. Down came the poles, and the ash barrels were ordered to the rear. But the ash barrel nuisance has only been concealed, not abated. In theory they are removed the first thing every morning. As a matter of fact they are left nearly all day hidden behind the stoops to offend the eye and nostrils.

Even in the most fashionable parts of town the garbage is not removed until about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. As this is after the time when fashionable calls have begun, it is very aggravating. Sometimes the swillman arrives simultaneously with the guests at a fashionable reception. If the wind happens to be blowing the right way, the ashes take the unfortunate callers in the neck, or the powerful odors of the disturbed garbage can follow them into the drawing room.

But such trifling incidents are not to be mentioned in comparison with the discomforts and worse arising from the presence all day of these garbage cans in the basements of residences. It is true they are outside, but they are directly under the front windows and in plain sight of all the inmates of the mansion. Their presence is a great outrage. Better a thousand times be on the sidewalk, where at most they offend only the eye.—New York Herald.

Words Used In Communication.

A French peasant, whose sphere of thought is not very wide, gets along with 600 words, while a philosopher will use 20 times as many. The Old Testament uses only 5,642 words, Shakespeare 15,000 and Voltaire 20,000. In view of this, why should an ape not be satisfied with 20? Garner's experiments must needs be verified by many anatomical and physiological examinations, for Broca has, as it seems, proved absolutely that articulated language depends upon certain convolutions of the brain, particularly on the left side of the head. Do the speaking monkeys possess those convolutions? Broca has admitted the possible rudiments of such convolutions in certain apes, but later researches have not proved their existence in lower apes.—Copenhagen Family Journal.

The Fatal Trousers Stretcher.

Of all the godsends that have been put upon the market in the shape of patents, the trousers stretcher has done the most for the maker of "pants exclusively." There is no manner of process or treatment which is so quickly fatal to a pair of trousers as the trousers stretcher. Ye who groan over folding them up and laying them away; ye who are blessed with a pair of suspenders for every pair of trousers, and hang them up, bless your lucky stars that you never gave way to the delusive, honeyed words of the trousers stretcher man. It will use up more trousers in one year than the splintered cellar door of your earliest recollection.—Clothier and Furnisher.

After Falling Off Forth Bridge.

Sir Benjamin Baker, one of the engineers of the Forth bridge, notes as a curious fact that during the progress of the work several of the workmen fell from the bridge 150 or 160 feet into the water without being killed or even stunned. They had breath enough left in their bodies to enable them to catch a rope when it was thrown to them, but not breath enough to speak for the next fortnight. During that period they lay perfectly still, and at the end of the fortnight they generally said they felt as if they had been beaten up inside, "a sort of whipped egg arrangement."—London News.

Misleading Names.

The Impecunious club is composed of men of means who are above impecuniosity notwithstanding their occasional protest to the contrary, and the lavish feasts they indulge in at least once a year as a club pronounce them good livers, who do not mind the expense. The Paresis club has recently been organized to develop the cure and seek a preventive for paresis, particularly in the theatrical profession, and not to encourage and spread the disease.—New York Times.

Uniforms on Horse Cars.

The reason why policemen and firemen ride on street cars oftener in uniform than not is because when in uniform they don't have to pay fare, and when not in uniform they do.—New York Sun.

A MYSTERIOUS WARDROBE.

How One Well Dressed Woman Seemed Never to Wear the Same Gown Twice.

At a reception one guest was the admired of all the men and the envied of all the women. The latter were in despair over her gown.

"It is of no use trying to discover her dressmaker," they said, "because all her dresses are imported."

They talked about her always wearing either white or green, and said she must have a fortune in those two colors. She had taken to the empire styles particularly, and actually never seemed to wear the same dress twice, and they were all so lovely too. There was the one she had on then, a green satin with a square train that fell from between the shoulders, and a white Josephine slip belted across the breast with a cord of silver. The sleeves were enormous puffs of green velvet. Her blond hair and lovely skin completed the picture, and one woman went so far as to whisper to her, "Oh, do wear this dress again; it is so lovely." But she only looked mildly bored. Of course ill natured things were said, too—that her husband could not afford anything like it, and all that. So she remained a mystery, and to-night a more lovely one than ever.

Now for the other side of it. She never had but one dress at a time, and if you had jumped at her suddenly for a given gown she could not have furnished it. Her wardrobe consists of three or four great square trains long enough to come from the shoulders, if need be, and all lined. They are in satin, silk and velvet. Some are white and some green. All the greens will go together, by the way. Then she has a lot of puffs for sleeves, some green and others white. She has any number up to five frocks that are made empire in one way and another. Two have trains enough of their own to go either with or without another train. Then she has off yards of ribbon, sash widths and narrower. She has embroidered pieces of various kinds and lengths and widths. She has a good deal of old lace, a shawl or so her mother had given her, some lengths, and so on.

It is not meant that she never has a new dress. She has about as much to spend on her gowns as any ordinary woman, but not enough to dress in the extraordinary way she does unless by some extraordinary means. She puts dresses together piecemeal. They are pinned on and sewed on as she stands in them, and in no way can a dress be made to look so much a part of the wearer. A train is puckered narrow at the waist for one time and worn wide as a cloak and from the shoulders the next time. Her maid is expert with benzine and pressing irons. She herself is fertile of designs. The idea is too good a one to be allowed to remain with just one woman.—New York Sun.

Married All of Them.

The first place in the list of those who have married early and married often must be taken by Lady Elizabeth Darcey, the daughter of Thomas Earl Rivers, on account of the curious coincidence attending her marriages. She was wooed by three suitors at the same time, and the knights, as in chivalry bound, were disposed to contest the prize in the customary manner. This the lady peremptorily forbade, and promised in a jocular manner, if they had but patience, she would have them all three in their turn, and, what is most remarkable, she literally fulfilled her promise. First, she married Sir George Trenchard, of Wolverton, who left her a widow at seventeen; secondly, Sir John Gage, of Firle, and thirdly, William Henry, of Hickworth, the three original claimants for her hand.—All the Year Round.

Velocity of Raindrops.

Of course we all know that it would be an utter impossibility for stormclouds to form and rain to fall were it not for the 40 odd miles of atmosphere that rises above our heads. But supposing it were possible for human beings to exist in an atmosphere that only rose to a level with their mouths, and that stormclouds could form in the region outside such a low grade atmosphere, then every raindrop would prove as fatal to earthly creatures as if it were a steel bullet fired from a dynamite gun.—London Nature.

A Clergyman's Prayer.

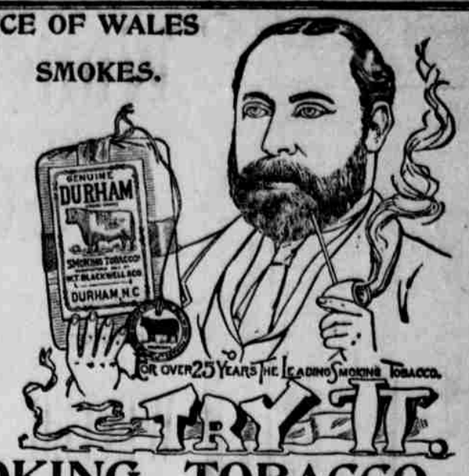
An old clergyman in Maine, in a dry season, exchanged with a brother from the seacoast. The congregation was made up of men, half farmers and half fishermen, and the soil was sandy and poor, while his in the interior was fertile and rich. He opened his prayer as follows, "O Lord, I have been asked to pray for rain, and I do so, but thou knowest, O Lord, what this soil needs is dressing."—New York World.

A Quick Reply.

The Duchess of Lauraguais, who was somewhat given to making poetry, could not think of a word to rhyme with coiffe. Turning to Talleyrand, who chanced to be by her side, she said, "Prince, give me a rhyme to coiffe." "Impossible, duchess," replied Talleyrand without a moment's delay, "for that which pertains to the head of a woman has neither rhyme nor reason."—San Francisco Argonaut.

THE PRINCE OF WALES SMOKES.

THE BULL DURHAM



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