FORTUNE-TELLING.

Signs of Necromancy as Old as the Doings of Macbeth's Witches—Mysteries and Superstitions of the Black Art.

'One—two—three."

"What does that mean?"

"You must hold the tea-cup aloft and swirl it three times in order to bring the tea-grounds into a fortune-telling shape."

"Oh, it is a case of 'well shaken before taken.'"

"Is it?"

"Yes. A fortune that only covered the bottom of the tea-cup would be a very uninteresting one."

"But here are 'Alps on Alps' of tea-grounds on the side of my cup."

'"Read me my cup of tea,
Sybil of fate;
Tell what it holds for me
Of love or hate.'"

"This," said the sybil, describing a circle in the bottom of the cup, "is the course of true love, and it runs smooth. This triangle of black specks is a wish. This black square is a letter. This flock of birds means good news. Here are money and a surprise."

"What is that thing on the side of the cup?"

"That is an anchor of tea leaves. It is the symbol of hope."

"Here is a visitor in my cup," cries one.

"Bite it. If it is hard, it is a man; if it is soft, it is a lady."

The long tea-joint is fished out and proves to be soft—so the guest will be a lady. The gifted member of a company who can read the tea-cups finds her hands full. No guest is so dignified that she does not evince some curiosity as to her future. Sometimes the mildest-mannered one finds a gallows in the mystical dregs.

When the leaves have no shape, but are massed in a dark pyramid, it is a "bad fortune." Occasionally the distinct shape of a coffin can be traced. Then an entrancing shudder runs through the entire group. The plot thickens. The interest deepens. The tea-leaves become important factors in the happiness of a household.

Experts in forecasting events find rare things in the geometric lines of tea-grounds, and it has become the fashion at tea gatherings to read aloud each cup in turn, some ladies even declining to leave the table until the cup is read.

It is not as sociable a social custom as palmistry. A man who despises the tattling of a tea cup has no aversion to having his hand held by a pretty girl while the lines are read. But as men are not, as a rule, given to tea-drinking, they will not grope after futurity in tea leaves.

But the tea cup oracle is a very harmless, inexpensive form of destiny. Its present popularity is doubtless owing to that secret craving after the supernatural which marks the age. It gives expression to an almost despairing wish to see the coming to-morrow.

And in response to this demand come the soothsayers, astrologers, seers, clairvoyants, seventh daughters of seventh daughters, and others who predict future events. There are secret sessions where the flower and chivalry of the best society attend, paying a fee that ranges from $1 to $8—just from curiosity, you know!

What to learn?

The secrets of the past, present and future.

There is always some lucky hit—lucky for the fortune-teller.

The most of people who have lived to any age have friends coming from a distance. Many have relatives who die and leave them fortunes. Young people are usually in love with some one of the opposite sex who is either dark or fair; and a journey is imminent in nearly all conditions. Crossing the water may mean going over a ferry or a running brook as well as the ocean.

But the mystic quality lies in the fact that the person telling all these things is an announced seer—born with a caul, like David Copperfield, and having intimate relations with the world of futurity and the powers of mystery.

No matter how ignorant of the civilizing influences of this life the inspired fortune-teller may be, how cheaply gotten up, or with what sordid circumstances environed, professors of all the sciences are willing to kneel at her feet to learn the secrets of the past, present and future from her occult knowledge.

A new mythology would be a boon to society in its present condition, when everybody is looking for a sign.

The crowing of the cock was an omen of ill to Peter. It heralds a visitor in these days as well as a change in the weather.

If you drop the scissors, a fork, or a pen, and the point sticks in the floor, somebody is coming.

If your nose itches you are going to kiss a fool.

If your left hand tickles you will handle a sum of money.

If the right hand, you will shake hands with a friend.

If you first sea a visitor in the looking-glass it is a sign of misfortune.

Two spoons signify a wedding; *tea*-spoons are understood.

But these signs of necromancy are as old as the doings of Macbeth's witches, whose weird incantations are practiced to this day. Indeed, a Shakspeare fortune-telling book would not be a bad enterprise. It would give a higher tone to the soothsayer's art. It might be called "Easy Lessons in the Horation Philosophy," and serve as a text-book in supernatural lore, with a motto by the second witch:

By the pricking of my thumbs
Something wicked this way comes.

What Carried Papa Through.

Here is a little 5-year-old we have heard of who believes that prayers may be answered, and suggests the method. In her evening prayer she said, a few days ago, take care of papa on his journey; and if there is an accident and the cars catch on fire, rain down the rain as hard as you can thunder it."—*Augusta New Age.*

The One Weak Spot.

The great trouble with American journalism is that the men who know just how a newspaper ought to be run are, unfortunately, engaged in some other business—driving stage, digging postholes, herding sheep or acting as deputy sheriff.—*Burnet (Tex.) Hero.*

A man in Hillsdale county, Michigan, has offered $5 reward to any parent who will name a child after him.

BRIDES OF THE MAD KING.

Tragic Ending of a Strange Mania Among the Maidens of Bavaria.

A curious feminine mania is called to mind by the recent tragic news from Munich. Two young ladies of that city—Baronesses—have committed suicide by drowning in the Starnberg Lake, at the very spot where the mad King Louis drowned himself last year. The names of these ladies are familiar to all who have been admitted to the best Munich society. They were sisters, aged 23 and 26, and were famed for their beauty. Their family is a very noble and wealthy one. The mania to which they fell victims had its origin fifteen or sixteen years ago. The young King was then at the height of his romantic fame. His ideally handsome likeness was to be seen everywhere, and everywhere you heard talk of his poetic melancholy, his romantic spirit and confirmed celibacy. Naturally he became an object of intense interest to sentimental young ladies. Presently, among the other absurd tales that were told of him, there went abroad the story that he spent most of his time in wandering about his kingdom in disguise. He haunted shady lanes and romantic spots, seeking for some fair maiden who should be his chosen bride. Well, this silly tale was believed and set thousands of hearts to fluttering. Each maiden wondered if she would be his choice if he chanced to meet her under the lime trees. And she hesitated to plight her troth to her village lover until she should have had a chance to meet the King.

So it came to pass that in the village of Bertoldshofen, in the romantic mountain region of Southern Bavaria, the maidens formed themselves into a sort of sisterhood. They pledged themselves to each other not to marry until they were sure the King had passed them by. Each was to wear his likeness constantly next her bosom, and each was to choose for herself a secret bower where at eventide she should await his coming. A more foolish scheme, probably, never was devised by the silly brains of love-sick school girls. But more than a score of Bertoldshofen maidens entered into it with the zeal and devotion of nuns. The fame of this sisterhood spread to other villages, to towns and cities—nay, to Munich itself. Rustic wenches and the petted beauties of princely palaces alike caught the mad disease. Within a year not less than 10,000 young women, all through Bavaria, had taken upon themselves the "vows of Ludwig" and were waiting for their King.

In time many of these girls imagined they had been seen and passed by by the King, and, thus freed from their vows, accepted humbler husbands. Others grew tired of waiting and broke their vows. Still others waited and waited in vain, until all other suitors had passed them by; and they are waiting still and will be waiting all their lives. But as the ranks of the original sisterhoods were thinned new recruits were added and the "brides of Ludwig" were still counted by thousands. It is estimated that there were no less than 7,000 of them at the time of his suicide. When the news of that tragedy became known they forthwith put on mourning and called themselves "the widows of Ludwig." Many of them took solemn vows of life-long celibacy as a token of faithfulness to his memory. Among these latter two of the most devoted were the young Baronesses of Munich to whom we have referred. They constantly wore the deepest mourning, secluded themselves from all social pleasures and drove themselves into confirmed melancholy. Every week they went to Starnberg and threw garlands of flowers into the water at the spot where the King was drowned. Finally they determined to share his fate. They arrayed themselves as brides, even to donning veils and orange blossoms, rowed out into the lake to the spot where he was drowned and threw themselves into the water. Their bodies were found next day clasped in each other's arms and with portraits of the man King next their hearts.—*Paris Letter to Chicago Tribune.*

Fighting Savages.

Advices from Sierra Leone say that native warriors under three chiefs invaded the British settlement of Sherbro and Sultyus, pillaging and burning villages *en route*, torturing and killing the native inhabitants and taking 300 prisoners. On entering British territory the marauders divided into two forces and tried to capture the French factory at Salymot and an English factory on the Manoh River, both of which were stocked with valuable merchandise. Mr. Burnett, English Agent, at the head of native laborers and police, desperately resisted the savages, who were compelled to retreat after the third attack, leaving many of their number dead. They besieged the station, however, for three days, when the gunboat Icorious arrived on the scene and landed a force of marines, who quickly put the savages to flight. The attaches of the French factory repulsed the attack made upon them unaided.

After the Honeymoon.

Two young wives are talking of their husbands. "You can't imagine," said one, "what a stupid blockhead Charles is!" "And Henry!" ejaculated the other. "Why, his head must be made of wood, or something harder, for plates and dishes break on it with as little difficulty as the sea upon a rock."—*French Fun.*

The *Sanitarian* says that the well-known rain-water taste is due neither to roof-wood nor deposits nor to flying particles of dirt, but to the absorption of aerial gasses. Any water exposed to the open air will acquire the same taste.

Do not meddle with business you know nothing of.

A Highmore (D. T.) man who fears cyclones has anchored his house to the earth with long half-inch iron rods.

Grand Rapids (Mich.) men and boys catch fish by lowering into the water small loops of fine brass wire, with which they lasso heedless perch.

A general gopher hunt by the residents Wadena, Minn., resulted in the killing 2,300 gophers.

Ninety million pounds of soap are manufactured in Buffalo every year, which causes the Milwaukee *Wisconsin* to reflect that, "No one who has ever visited Buffalo would suspect it."

A VERY ANCIENT COP.

After Two Thousand Years He Still Pulls on to His Flask.

According to the latest advices from Italy a discovery of a most important character has been recently made amid the ruins of the buried city of Pompeii. While workmen, employed by an American speculator, were plying their picks with that subdued accent peculiar to natives of Southern Europe, they by the merest chance knocked the scuttle off the roof of a building which subsequently turned out to be a bake shop. It was a two-story and basement brick edifice. On the top floor, which was plainly but neatly furnished, were found the petrified bodies of the baker's wife and two children, one apparently about 12 and the other about 8 years of age. In the parlor, which had an extension looking out on a small yard, the speculators came across a lyre, something which looked like a baby carriage and a box full of ivory disks, some of which were colored red, others blue and still more white. In the basement, of course, was found the oven. It was about four feet high, two feet in width and six feet in depth, and, according to a calculation made by an eminent antiquarian, may have been capable, when in its prime, of turning out 347 Pompeian loaves an hour. The baker himself, poor wretch, was with face down right near the steps leading into the street. In one hand he had a policy slip and in the other sixteen demads, probably all the money he had taken in that day. One of the gentlemen conducting the search expressed his opinion that if Pompeii ever had boasted of policemen, there must be the ruins of one in that shop. Curious to relate, he was correct in his surmise. After a lot of stone crullers and adamantine pies had been shovelled away, the honest workmen turned up a regular old fashioned "cop." His clothes, which ages ago had lost their elasticity, consisted of a sort of Mother Hubbard tunic, cut slack in the back, a pair of full, regular made straw socks and a brass hat. The gentleman had evidently taken off his sandals, to give them a chance to dry, for they were found near the ash pit of the oven. His club, which had a lot of spikes and a piece of scythe stuck in it, was lying on the counter, as was his belt. Glued fast to the mouth of the deceased was a curious vessel, evidently of tin, and which must have been nearly full of some liquid, when nature stopped the clock and the policeman ceased to swallow. Experts, who have examined the contents of this vessel, say that could they be again reduced to a fluid state they would closely resemble the modern beer of commerce. The remains of the departed officer have been buried, and above them a stone bearing this inscription, "In death they were not parted," has been placed.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Good News from the Prairie.

Mr. Robert Gibson, son of Mr. Andrew Gibson, of Beverly township, and son-in-law of Mr. John Dickie, of Puslinch, writes a very encouraging letter under date of May 11th, from which is extracted the following: "We have had a very fine spring this year, and have just got through seeding. I started to sow on the 2nd of April, and was delayed about a week by snowfalls and frosts at night, but since about the 20th of April we have had most beautiful weather. Have sown 300 acres of wheat and 50 acres of oats, and now (at time of writing) it is almost all up, and looks nice, as we have had several fine showers this spring. We live nine miles south of the town of Virden, Man., one of the most promising places on the line of the C. P. R., which is surrounded by a country well adapted for general agriculture or dairy purposes. Oak Lake, a beautiful sheet of water, lies seven miles to the east of us; it contains an island of about 600 acres, mostly covered with oak timber. On a clear day we can see the water of this lake quite distinctly. Our winters out here appear to be long, but it is because there is no break in them. The ground usually freezes up about the 1st of November and winter sets in in earnest about the 1st of December, generally lasting till the 1st of April. On the whole we are well satisfied with the country and our Western home." Mr. and Mrs. Gibson are colonists of the right cast, possessing a goodly share of both industry and intelligence. The TIMES congratulates them on their enterprise and prosperity in the West, and the many friends of both throughout the townships of Bervely and Puslinch will read with pleasure of their well being and success.

A Wild Editor.

A Rockland newspaper man was wild last week, and when last heard from was hunting with a gun for the typesetter who upset his finest sentence, "the well trained and cultured voices of the choir showed to the best advantage in the anthem 'When morning purples all the sky.'" The choir were horrified on the appearance of the paper to find the title of their star piece to be "When mourning puppies fill the sky."—*Bangor (Me.) Commercial.*

Supposed Murder in the Northwest.

Robert McLean, a settler at Whitewood, N. W. T., was found dead on the Indian reserve on Thursday. He is believed to have been murdered by Indians. From the indications McLean never made a struggle after falling. His oxen were together in a slough about fifty yards from where he was found dead, and his waggon was partly loaded with poles.

"Lookee here, mister, I ain't complainin', but this 'ere moosic stool you sold to my wife, we've twisted it roun' till we've twisted off un's 'ead, an' not a ha'porth o' toon can we get out of 'un."

ELDER FREDERICK WILLIAM EVANS, the leading spirit of the Shaker community at Mount Lebanon, N. Y., is about to visit England to expound the doctrines of the Millennial Church. It is his intention to sail on June 3rd. He will visit Glasgow, Manchester and several other of the large cities, in the company of Dr. J. M. Peebles. Special interest attaches to the visit to Manchester, as it was in that city Mother Ann, the founder of the sect, was born. It is about a century since she left England for America.

A faith doctor near Richmond, Mo., has secured a large number of patients whom he treats by hanging mink-skins about their necks and telling them to feel sure that he will cure them.

THE QUEEN'S DONKEY.

A Rather Novel Present from the London Costermongers.

The costermongers of London have become imbued with Jubilee enthusiasm and have decided to present Queen Victoria with a gift on the occasion of her coming celebration. "The Jubilee Moke," a symmetrical, vigorous and well-groomed donkey, has been chosen as the patriotic sacrifice. The donkey's pensive, drooping attitude, its thoughtful eye and the traces of nervous strain displayed indicate that the creature is conscious of the sudden greatness thrust upon it. The donkey is in every respect the friend and companion of the London costermonger. He draws the costermonger's cart and carries his burdens. He is usually known to the fraternity as "Jerusalem." The Queen has already received a present of a pair of lions from the Olympia Menagerie and some rare cats from Crystal Palace. When she receives her costermonger "Jerusalem" it will be necessary to make some additions to the royal mews.

In the Spring.

For eight months the best-natured-creature-in-the-world had held undisputed sway in the kitchen and its environs; but toward spring the mistress began to take account of stock.

"Bridget," she asked, "where are the pots and frying-pans?"

"Pots, ma'am? and its good for nothing they are! Every family as I lives with in the winter always gets new pots in the spring."

"Bridget, I can not find the kitchen dishes!"

"Dishes, ma'am? and it's in the ash-cart they are! Every family as I lives with always gets new dishes in the spring."

"Bridget, what have you done with the bed and table linen? "It's positively in rags!"

"Rags, ma'am! What could you be expecting after the cold weather? Every family as I lives with always gets new things in the spring."

"Bridget, when I walked through the kitchen last night there were hundreds of roaches running over the floor and on the tables and shelves. How could you let so many bugs live in the house?"

"Roaches, it is, ma'am? and you haven't any at all! Bugs always comes out in the spring. Every family as I lives with always has as many running in the daytime as there is at nights."

"Well, Bridget, I think you had better get a new home."

"And I'm thinking so myself, ma'am. Every family as I lives with in the winter always get a new girl in the spring."—*Puck.*

It Might be Worse.

"No, sir," thundered the old gentleman, "I have made up my mind that my daughter shall never marry a man who plays poker."

"She might do a great deal worse, sir."

"Impossible! Poker has proved the ruination of thousands of men, and its victims never recover from the infatuation. She could never do worse."

"Excuse me, sir, but I'm sure she could. She might marry some fellow that thinks he plays poker."

The old man thought it over.—*Washington Critic.*

It's Always the Way.

"Didn't I tell you so?" said a gentleman to an acquaintance whom he chanced to meet on the street; "it's always the way." "What's always the way?" inquired a mutual friend of the two men who happened along just then. "Why, just this," replied the first speaker; "you see Smith, here, the last time I met him he had one of the worst coughs you ever heard. He complained of a loss of appetite, of night-sweats, of low spirits and other unmistakable premonitory symptoms of consumption. I told him to get a supply of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery at once. He did so, and look at him now! Did you ever see a healthier looking man? The 'Discovery' has snatched thousands from consumptives' graves. I knew it would cure Smith. It's always the way."

Seventeen destitute families, comprising 75 persons, arrived at New York from Ireland on the steamer City of Chester. They claim to have received letters from relatives and friends in Massachusetts requesting them to come to this country. These letters, they say, were confiscated by the Secretary of the Killarney Emigration Society, who gave them tickets to their destination. They are now at Ward's Island as paupers awaiting the action of the Emigration Commissioner.

Heat and Cold

is a never-failing cause of disease. At this season of the year neuralgia, toothache, and a host of similar diseases are rampant. The great question, then, is to find the quickest, surest and most economical remedy. Polson's NERVILINE exactly fills these requirements. It is prompt, efficient and most economical, for it exceeds in power every known remedy, and is as cheap as inferior articles. A 10 cent sample bottle will give every person a chance to test it. Large bottle 25 cents.

A workman in a vineyard in Napa Valley, Cal., committed suicide the other day by jumping into a cask of wine and drowning.

We ought not to be too anxious to encourage untried innovations in cases of doubtful improvement For a quarter of a century Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy has been before the public and passed through the severest test and is pronounced the most reliable remedy for that disagreeable malady. Thousands of testimonials of its virtues. 50 cents per bottle. By druggists.

The "infernal machines" received by Inspector Byrens, Capt. Williams and the British Consul at New York on Saturday were fuel cartridges manufactured in Troy, N.Y. The cartridges are filled with mineral cotton and are perfectly harmless. When saturated with kerosene oil they are ignited and used for kindling fires. They were sent as a joke.

I have much pleasure in recommending McCollom's Rheumatic Repellant as a remedy equal to its claims; at least I can so testify from my experience, since I was cured by it of a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism.—EDWARD IRVING, Smithville, Ont.

She Broke the Engagement

because she saw that he had ceased to love her. Her beauty had faded, her former high spirits had given place to a dull lassitude. What had caused this change? Functional derangement; she was suffering from those ailments peculiar to her sex. And so their two young lives drifted apart. How needless, how cruel! Had she taken Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription she might have been restored to health and happiness. If any lady reader of these lines is similarly afflicted, let her lose no time in procuring the "Favorite Prescription." It will give her a new lease of life. Sold by druggists under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers of perfect satisfaction in every case or money refunded. See guarantee on bottle wrapper.

They Don't Wear Pants.

"Mamma," exclaimed a precocious New York boy, "the policemen of Boston don't wear pants."

"Gracious!" exclaimed the scandalized lady, "you don't tell me."

"It's a fact," persisted the boy, "they wear trousers!"—*Life.*

In the spring a woman's fancy lightly turns the house inside out. When it is all over she goes to the country to get well, or in more extreme cases calls in the doctor.

The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing ailments peculiar to females, at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from patients and from physicians who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases which had baffled their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a "cure-all," but as a most perfect Specific for woman's peculiar ailments.

As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the womb and its appendages in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system. For morning sickness, or nausea, from whatever cause arising, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia and kindred symptoms, its use, in small doses, will prove very beneficial.

"Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhea, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

As a regulator and promoter of functional action, at that critical period of change from girlhood to womanhood, "Favorite Prescription" is a perfectly safe remedial agent, and can produce only good results. It is equally efficacious and valuable in its effects when taken for those disorders and derangements incident to that later and most critical period, known as "The Change of Life."

"Favorite Prescription," when taken in connection with the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and small laxative doses of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets (Little Liver Pills), cures Liver, Kidney and Bladder diseases. Their combined use also removes blood taints, and abolishes cancerous and scrofulous humors from the system.

"Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, **under a positive guarantee,** from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

Large bottles (100 doses) **$1.00, or six bottles for $5.00.**

For large, illustrated Treatise on Diseases of Women (160 pages, paper-covered), send ten cents in stamps. Address,

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When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT,

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THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.

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