Kiss Her and Tell Her So.

You've a neat little wife at home, John,
As sweet as you'd wish to see;
As faithful and gentle-hearted,
As fond as a wife can be;
A genuine, home-loving woman,
Not caring for fuss and show;
She's dearer to you than life, John;
Then kiss her and tell her so.

Your dinners are promptly served, John,
As, likewise, your breakfast and tea;
Your wardrobe is always in order,
With buttons where buttons should be,
Her house is a cosy home-nest, John,
A heaven of rest below;
You think she's a rare little treasure;
Then kiss her and tell her so.

She's a good wife and true to you, John,
Let fortune be foul or fair;
Of whatever comes to you, John,
She cheerfully bears her share;
You feel she's a brave, true helper,
And perhaps far more than you know,
Twill lighten her end of the load, John,
Just to kiss her and tell her so.

There's a cross-road somewhere in life, John,
Where a hand on a guiding stone
Will signal one "over the river,"
And the other must go on alone.
Should she reach the last milestone first John,
'Twill be comfort amid your woe
To know that while loving her here, John,
You kissed her and told her so.

—*Lillie Sheldon.*

The Girl in a Calico Dress.

Though Queens of Society try as they will
To dazzle and charm us by dressing to kill
They cannot look ever, we have to confess,
As sweet as the girl in a calico dress.

No framework of satin, silk, jewels and lace
Can set off her picture of beauty and grace
Like a calico dress of neat pattern and shade
That her own willing hands have so tastefully made.

There's something so welcome, so homelike, so clean,
So honest and useful, so modest of mien
In a calico dress that its wearer, we know,
Partakes of its virtues and in them will grow.

No tailor-made girl, be she ever so smart,
And decked in the fashion of dressmaking art,
Can hold up a candle with any success
To the sensible girl in the calico dress.

And none, when it comes to the duties of life,
Can make for a man such a helpmate and wife
And build him a home that he proudly will bless
Like the brave little girl in a calico dress.

All praise to the girl in a calico dress;
A marriage with her is a certain success.
A kitchen or parlor—each one in its place—
She, like Cinderella, will equally grace.

My Ships.

If all the ships I have at sea
Should come a sailing home to me—
Ah! well, the harbor could not hold
One-half the sails that there would be
If all my ships came home from sea.

If half the ships I have at sea
Should come a sailing home to me—
Ah! well, I should have wealth as great
As any king who sits in state,
So rich the treasures there would be
In half my ships now out at sea.

If just one ship I have at sea
Should come a sailing home to me—
Ah! well, the storm-cloud then might frown,
For if the others all went down,
So rich, so proud, so glad I'd be,
If that one ship came home to me.

If that one ship went down at sea
And all the others came to me,
Weighted with wealth untold,
The poorest soul on earth I'd be
If that one ship came not to me.

Oh, skies be calm, oh, winds blow free,
Blow all my ships safe home to me:
But if thou sendest home a wreck,
To never more come sailing back,
Send any, all that skim the sea,
But send my love ship home to me.

—*Ella Wheeler-Wilcox.*

No Prayer To-Night.

No prayer to-night! No golden head
To lie in my lap with glittering light;
But a broken heart, and a sigh instead—
Ah me! ah me! no prayer to-night.

No lisping tongue, no dimpled hands,
To sing and strike in keen delight;
No hair to plait in glistening strands—
Ah me! ah me! no prayer to-night.

No prayer to-night—no bright eyes shine;
No cradled head to catch my sight;
No rosy lips pressed close to mine—
Ah me! ah me! no prayer to-night.

No trusting love; no pearly tears;
No smile; no laughter loud and bright;
No little voice to tell its fears—
Ah me! ah me! no prayer to-night.

No prayer to-night; an aching heart,
A life that is full of care and blight,
A life that has sorrow in every part—
Ah me! ah me! no prayer to-night.

—*Chambers' Journal for July.*

Content.

Happy the man that, when his day is done,
Lies down to sleep with nothing of regret;
The battle he has fought may not be won,
The fame he sought be just as fleeting yet.
Folding at last his hands upon his breast,
Happy is he, if hoary and forespent,
He sinks into the last, eternal rest,
Breathing these only words: "I am content."

But happier he, that, while his blood is warm,
Sees hopes and friendships dead about him lie,
Bares his brave breast to envy's bitter storm,
Nor shuns the poison barbs of calumny;
And 'mid it all, stands sturdy and elate,
Girt only in the armor God hath meant
For him who 'neath the buffetings of fate
Can say to God and man: "I am content."

—*Eugene Field in Chicago News.*

A Royal Epitaph.

Here is an epitaph composed for Frederick Louis, Prince of Wales, and Prince of Gamblers:

"Here lies Fred,
Who was alive and is dead
Had it been his father,
I had much rather;
Had it been his brother,
Much better than another;
Had it been his sister,
No one would have missed her;
Had it been the whole generation,
Still better for the nation.
But since 'tis only Fred,
Who was alive and is dead,
There's no more to be said."

"GOOD-BY."

We say it for an hour or for years;
We say it smiling, say it choked with tears;
We say it coldly, say it with a kiss;
And yet we have no other word than this—
"Good-by."

We have no dearer word for our heart's friend,
To him who journeys to the world's far end
And soars our soul with going; thus we say,
As unto him who steps but o'er the way—
"Good-by."

Alike to those we love and those we hate,
We say no more in parting. At life's gate,
To him who passes out beyond earth's sight,
We cry, as to the wanderer for a night—
"Good-by."

—*Grace Denio Litchfield.*

A new French invention, the thermographic press, is made for printing on wood by means of hot type. As neat an impression is claimed as is obtained in lithography, and by the use of a specially prepared ink it is said that cold type may be used with equally good effect. Its speed is 400 impressions an hour on flat wood.

A customer may abuse his milk dealer in the most scandalous fashion for supposed unfair dealing, but in the end the milkman will make him take water.

WHAT A CLOUDBURST IS.

A Lake of Water Actually Suspended in Mid-Air.

The phenomena of a cloudburst, which can only occur in a tornado or whirlwind, are not generally understood, says the New York *Herald*. The whirl in which it forms is not a very broad and shallow disk, but a tall, columnar mass of rotating air, similar to that in which the Atlantic waterspout or the famous pillar-like dust storm of India is generated. While this travelling aerial pillar, perhaps a few hundred yards in diameter, is rapidly gyrating, the centrifugal force, as Prof. Ferrel has shown, acts as a barrier to prevent the flow of external air from all sides into its interior, except at and near the base of the pillar. Their friction with the earth retards the gyrations and allows the air to rush in below and escape upward through the flue-like interior as powerful ascending currents.

The phenomenon, however, will not be attended by terrific floods unless the atmosphere is densely stored with water vapor, as it was on Tuesday in the Cayadutta valley, and as it was on May 31st in the Conemaugh valley. When such is the case the violent ascending currents suddenly lift the vapor laden clouds several thousand feet above the level at which they were previously floating, and hurl them aloft into rarified and cold regions of the atmosphere, where their vapor is instantly condensed into many tons of water. Could the water fall as fast as condensed it would be comparatively harmless. But the continuous uprushing currents support this mass of water at the high level, and as their own vast volumes of vapor rising are condensed they add to the water already accumulated thousands of feet above the earth's surface—making, so to speak, a lake in high air.

As the whirlwind weakens or passes from beneath this vast body of water, which its ascending currents have generated and upheld in the upper story of the atmosphere, the aqueous mass, no longer supported, drops with ever increasing gravitational force to the earth. In severe cloud bursts the water does not fall as rain, but in sheets and streams, sometimes unbroken for many seconds. The cloud burst of 1838 at Holidaysburg, Pa., excavated many holes in the ground, varying from 25 to 30 feet in diameter, and from 3 to 6 feet deep. In a similar but milder storm, which visited Boulogne last May, fissures were cut in the streets eight feet deep and openings made large enough to engulf a horse and cart.

Temperance Notes.

A STRANGE, SAD, TRUE TALE.

In his speech at the Presbyterian Synod, the Rev. John McNeil, of London, the "Scottish Spurgeon," created quite a sensation by telling the following tale: He was speaking of temperance, and said that last Sunday (when he preached a temperance sermon at the Tabernacle) he received a letter that had been written by a lady on the danger of the use at communion of fermented wine. The lady in her letter told a sad story of an inherited passion for drink. There were four or five of them, several brothers and two sisters, and the children of intemperate parents. The sister had, unfortunately, inherited the craving, and before she was fourteen had taken to drink. The others became converted, and did all in their power to cure their sister; but it was of no use. The sister at length married comfortably, and children were born. But the craving for drink grew greater and greater, and at length she was sent to a home for inebriates, where she stayed a year. She left apparently, said the sister, a changed woman. Soon after, however, her husband caught a severe cold, and before going out one morning drank a glass of hot whiskey—taking care, however, not to do so in the presence of his wife. Then, as was his custom, before leaving, he kissed his wife. At once the fumes of alcohol passed into her, and in an hour she was a drunk and roaring woman. She went from worse to worse, and at last left her husband and her children, one of them a cripple, through her drunkenness. The husband died two years ago, a white-haired and broken-hearted man, though only 45 years old. "Need I add," said the sister in her letter, "what became of her? Her story is that of Annie Chapman, one of the recent Whitechapel victims. That was my sister!"

"AFTER YOUR BOY."

During the Christian Endeavor Convention at Chicago, one of the delgates, a young business man, dressed in a natty rough-and-ready suit, every movement alert and eager and telling of bottled energy within, came suddenly upon a red faced citizen who evidently had been patronizing the hotel bar. Buttonholing the delegate a trifle unceremoniously, the latter said:

"What are you fellows trying to do down at the battery? You are hot on temperance, I see by the papers. Do you think you could make a temperance man of me?

"No," replied the delegate, looking him over from head to foot with a keen glance, slightly contemptuous, "we evidently couldn't do much with you, but we are after your boy."

At this unexpected retort the man dropped his jocular tone and said seriously, "Well, I guess you have got the right of it there. If somebody had been after me when I was a boy I should be a better man to-day."

The young man gave in a nutshell the sum and substance of the Christian Endeavor movement.

Mr. Simmons, Governor of Canterbury Prison, is authority for the following: 'The number of prisoners who have been committed to the prison with which I have been connected during the last ten years amounts to 22,000. Among them I have come in contact with ministers of the gospel, numbers of persons who were once members of Christian churches, as also children of pious parents; but, *I never met with a prisoner who was a teetotaler.*

Had Had Experience.

Merchant—"You want a place in my store you say?"

Applicant—"Yes, sir."

"Ever worked in a store before?"

"Yes, sir."

"Let me try you. Suppose a lady should come in with a piece of cloth, and want to get a number of yards to match it, what would you do?"

"I'd send her to the next counter."

"I guess you've had experience."

HE STICKS TO IT.

Dr. McGlynn Tells His Friends He Has Nothing to Recant.

The third annual excursion of the Anti-Poverty Society, like its predecessors, according to the New York *Mail and Express*, was a big success. Dr. McGlynn spoke to 3,000 of the faithful on his favorite theme. Among other things he said: "We have nothing to be ashamed of. We have nothing to apologize for. We have nothing to explain away; and, least of all, have we anything to take back. If at this late day there is some benighted, belated person, some one who has never read the newspapers or forgets all he reads, or some one perhaps who cannot read at all, I care not who he be, who will ask the musty, the stale, the moth-eaten, the chestnutty old question, 'Why didn't Dr. McGlynn go to Rome?' a sufficiently adequate answer to that is in the fact that with the command to go to Rome was a command to condemn in writing the doctrines that I have maintained. So help me God, whom I venerate as present here, in this, one of His first temples, since the groves were God's first temples, whence men looked up to the clear sky beyond and said 'our Father'—so help me God, I would, this or any other moment, sooner be burned alive by slow fires than retract what I know to be the very truth of God. (Applause.) For me under such circumstances to retract or go to Rome were to be guilty of an infamy. To retract under such circumstances, to condemn the truth that was God's, would have been not merely a blasphemy and sacrilege and perjury, a monstrous crime against God, against my own soul, and against the precious rights of humanity, but, to speak merely from a worldly point of view, it were a blunder worse than a crime. If I had the rare good fortune to be led out amid thousands of jeering, mocking, insulting, cursing, howling enemies, alone, unfriended and naked, to be burned at a stake for this truth, I should go smiling as to victory. I should mount the scaffold as if it were a royal throne. I should feel that from such a scaffold I saw the heavens open and that was the best ladder by which I could mount to God. And if I could permit, as I should not care to do, any mere worldly thought of personal glory to enter into my mind, I should feel that I was not so much making a prophecy as applying the teaching of all history, when I should say the very spot that you would make infamous by the ashes of a man whom you would burn to death for the truth shall be made memorable by this day's scene, and some after generation, better minded, shall come and consecrate the spot to liberty forever."

Statue of Wallace in Ballarat.

On May 24th a magnificent statue of Sir William Wallace, the great Scottish patriot, was unveiled in the Public Gardens, Ballarat, Australia. The statue was a gift to the city from the estate of the late Russell Thomson, a native of Scotland, who was long identified with the place. The sculptor was Mr. Percival Ball, of Melbourne. Wallace is represented as standing upon the Abbey Craig, watching for the precise moment when a blast upon the horn hanging at his side will give the signal for his forces to fall upon the English as they cross Stirling Bridge. The figure is of heroic size, standing over eight feet in height. His powerful frame is clad in a close-fitting suit of chain armor, which well displays the muscular development of the stalwart frame. The arms are bare to just above the elbow, and the large muscles stand out in cords through the armor. Both hands are grasping a representation of the immense sword that in Wallace's hands wrought such havoc among his foes. Over the figure is a light surcoat, with lion of Scotland emblazoned on the breast, and on the head is a simple morion, so that the features are not hidden by a vizor. These are most expressive, representing a stern resolve to do or die, not unmixed by anxiety, and full of vigilance and observation. The pose is natural and effective and the *tout ensemble* is pleasing to the eye. As might be imagined, the unveiling ceremonies were attended by the Scottish residents for a great distance around Ballarat, and prolonged and enthusiastic cheers greeted the figure when it was unveiled by Hon. J. Nimmo.

Hot Milk a Substitute for Liquor.

Mrs. Hayes always declared that a perfectly adequate substitute for liquor when needed as a stimulant could be found in hot milk, and after any cold or wetting she gave them this in place of the wine or whiskey which others would have considered necessary. This is, by the way, a custom of Mrs. Cleveland's also, who discovered after the fatigues of the many long and wearisome receptions she was obliged to go through, standing for hours on her feet and shaking hands with hundreds of people, that nothing would restore her so quickly as a cupful of boiling milk brought to her by her maid, and which she drank in little sips as hot as it possibly could be taken. The Washington girls caught the idea from her, and finding how quickly it helped them after a hard day of calls and social duties they began to substitute it for the various malt preparations they had been in the habit of taking, or the hot wine and water which their maids usually administered when they came in too tired out to dress for their next engagement.—*New York World.*

Apoplexy, pneumonia, rheumatism are prevented and removed by Warner's Safe Cure. Why? Dr. Geo. Johnson, of King's College, London, England, says: "There is wide-spread enlargement of the muscular walls of the small arteries in chronic Bright's Disease, not only in the arteries of the kidneys, but also in those of the pia-mater (investing membrane of the brain), the skin, the intestines and the muscles, as a result of a morbidly changed condition of the blood due to kidney disase." If the kidney disease is not cured, apoplexy, pneumonia or rheumatism will result. Warner's Safe Cure does cure kidney disease, thus enabling them to take out of the blood the morbid or unhealthy matters.

Before and After.

Evening Caller—"I have been wondering who those companion framed portraits are, one a beautiful young girl and the other a wrinkled, sad-faced old woman." Pretty Hostess—"Oh, that's ma, before and after marriage."—*New York Weekly.*

A DUTIFUL SENTRY.

Coolness and Bravery of a Private Soldier in the Crimea.

The true soldier esteems it a privilege to serve his country in word and deed. His resolve is to do his duty, come what may, and to do it even in the dark, where his self-devotion can meet with no recognition, much less with reward. How such a determination ennobles a man and lifts him out of the slough of selfishness is illustrated by a story told by Lord Wolseley in his "Fortnightly Review" article, "Is a Soldier's Life Worth Living?" The place was in the Crimea, the time during the dismal winter of 1854-5 and the hero a British private. One night the Russians forced their way into the English second parallel, drove out the men on guard and for a short time held the position. Then the English troops drove back the Russians to their own lines and reoccupied the parallel. On the extreme left of the parallel, where it dipped down into a ravine, an English sentry was found at his post, where he had remained during the Russian assault and occupation. They had not spread out so as to reach his post, though they had come very near it. His comrades had fled in a panic and he knew that he was in danger of being surrounded and taken prisoner. But he stood there waiting to be attacked before he retreated. When discovered by his comrades he was coolly looking over the parapet toward the Redan, he having been ordered to watch that Russian work. On being asked why he had not run when the others did, he answered that he had been posted there by his officer and could not leave his post until relieved or driven away by the enemy.

"His coolness and high sense of duty," writes Lord Wolseley, "made a deep impression upon my mind at the time. No marshal's baton was in his knapsack, he expected nothing, he got nothing. It was by accident only that his gallant conduct on that dark winter's night was ever known to any one; but he must have had the satisfactory consciousness in his heart that he had done his duty. How many are the heroic deeds which are never heard of."

A Ghost Story.

The late Dr. Fowler, Bishop of Gloucester, and Justice Powell had frequent altercations on the subject of ghosts. The bishop was a zealous defender of the reality of them; the justice was somewhat sceptical. The bishop one day met his friend, and the justice told him that since their last conference on the subject he had had ocular demonstrations which had convinced him of the existence of ghosts. "I rejoice at your conversion," replied the bishop; "give me the circumstances which produced it, with the particulars. Ocular demonstration, you say?" "Yes, my lord. As I lay last night in my bed, about the twelfth hour I was awakened by an uncommon noise, and heard something coming upstairs." "Go on, sir." "Fearfully alarmed at the noise, I drew my curtain——." "Proceed." "And saw a faint glimmering light enter my chamber." "Of a blue color was it not?" interrogated the doctor. "Of a pale blue, and this pale blue light was followed by a tall meagre, stern figure who appeared as an old man of 70 years of age arrayed in a long light-colored rug gown bound with leather girdle; beard thick; hair scant and straight; face of a dark sable hue; upon his head a large fur cap; and in his hand a long staff. Terror seized my whole frame. I trembled till the bed verily shook, and cold drops hung upon every limb. The figure advanced with slow and solemn step." "Did you not speak to it? There was money hid or murder committed without a doubt," said the bishop. "My lord, I did speak to it; I adjured it by all that was holy to tell me whence, and for what purpose he thus appeared." "And in Heaven's name what was the reply?" "Before he deigned to reply he lifted up his staff three times, my lord, and smote the floor even so loudly that verily the stroke caused the room to reverberate the thundering sound. He then waved the pale blue light which he bore in what is called a lantern. He waved it even to my eyes; and he told me, my lord, he told me that he was—Yes, my lord, that he was no more nor less than—the watchman! who had come to give me notice that my street door was open, and that I might be robbed before morning." The justice had no sooner concluded than the bishop disappeared.

The Best Time to Bathe.

It is best to bathe just before going to bed, as any danger of catching cold is thus avoided, and the complexion is improved by keeping warm for several hours after leaving the bath. A couple of pounds of bran put into a thin bag and then into the bath-tub is excellent for softening the skin. It should be left to soak in a small quantity of water several hours before being used. The internal aids to a clear complexion are most of them well known, and the present season is the best for a thorough cleansing and purifying of the blood. The old-fashioned remedy of sulphur and molasses is considered among the best. Charcoal, powdered and taken with water, is said to be excellent, but it is most difficult to take. A strictly vegetable and fruit diet is followed by many for one or two weeks.—*The London Lancet.*

A Library Without a Novel.

One would scarcely believe it possible for a circulating library to exist without works of fiction on its shelves. Yet, the Friends' Library, Germantown, Philadelphia, contains no novels whatsoever and loans out fourteen thousand and some volumes yearly and about twenty-five thousand people annually use its reading room.—*De Menil, St. Louis Magazine.*

A Hard Man.

Job Comfort—If you're in such hard luck, Jack, why don't you go to your Uncle Nathaniel and tell him the whole story? He's rich enough to help you.

Jack N. Aighps (gloomily)—It would be no use Job. He's one of those chaps who say "the Sabbath" when they mean Sunday.

Preparing for a Reception.

Young Coachman (to keeper of livery stable)—I'd like to get kicked by a mule if you've got one. Stable-keeper—What for? "I'm going to ask the boss if I can marry his daughter, and I want to see if I'm in condition to receive his reply."

WORLD'S TOBACCO YIELD.

It is Increasing More Rapidly Than That of Either Wheat or Corn.

The world's annual output of tobacco is increasing, perhaps more rapidly than that of either wheat or corn. Kentucky is the greatest factor in the tobacco market, and her product steadily grows. That of Virginia does likewise, and several of the Northern States are cultivating it successfully. Cuba has long been famous for her cigar wrappers, and in many parts of the island the planters are abandoning sugar and turning their attention to tobacco, finding the latter much more profitable. Even Germany is endeavoring to raise it. But the greatest efforts to extend cultivation of tobacco are being made in the East Indies. Both the soil and the climate of the great islands near the Asiatic coast are admirably adapted to the weed, and it has long been successfully grown there, but not until recently have attempts been made to produce it on such a large scale. Both the Dutch and the English are heavily interested, and the industry is not conducted by small farmers, as here in Kentucky, but by great companies on immense plantations, working a thousand or more coolies and Malays.

Siou Eye Sighed.

Sioux is pronounced Soos, therefore Siou would be "Soo." Eye is pronounced "I," and sighed is pronounced as though spelt "side." Yet S-i-o-u-x-e-y-e-s-i-g-h-e-d would be regarded as a most peculiar way of spelling suicide. It is an ugly thing however you spell it, yet thousands of women are *practically* guilty of it. Day after day, week after week, they endure that dull pain in the back, that terrible "dragging-down" sensation that tells of weakness and functional disorder, and do absolutely nothing to effect a cure. In a few years a broken-hearted husband and motherless children will follow her to the grave. False delicacy prevents consulting a physician, but even this is not necessary. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has cured thousands of such women. To suffer and to die when this would cure is plain, unmistakable *Suicide.* It is guaranteed to give satisfaction, or money paid for it refunded.

Electric Light on the Eyes.

Within the past ten years thirty people, suffering from a peculiar disease of the eyes, have come under the observation of a Cronstadt oculist. The symptoms were the same in each case, and all the patients had, owing to their employment, been accustomed to remain for hours at a time near electric light apparatus. The new disease is called photo-electric ophthalmia. The patient is apt to be awakened in the night by great pain about the orbits, accompanied with profuse lachrymation. Intense photobhobia is another characteristic of the malady.—*Journal American Medical Association.*

Successful Business Men.

Who are our most successful business men? Go out on the street and look them over. You won't find them men who have pale cheeks. They are not thin, emaciated men. They are not nervous, irritable men. They are men whose faces indicate robust health. Men with good blood, and plenty of it. That's the secret of their success. A man whose blood is thin and weak and poisoned with impurities, is never successful like his healthy neighbor. You cannot expect him to be, for without rich, strong, nourishing blood he will lack the "vim" and "push" which the man must have who would succeed. Such men should use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery to restore their impoverished blood to its normal condition. By the use of this great blood purifier and builder-up of the system, they may put themselves in a condition which will enable them to win the success they are anxious to achieve.

Lord Wolseley on the German Army.

The German nation may be thankful to the German army for other reasons than simply the defense of the fatherland, according to Gen. Lord Wolseley. He writes: "I take the German army as the highest existing type of the military system and organization, which the changes effected in armies by the French revolution have led up to; and much as I admire that army as a soldier I admire it still more as a citizen. Great as it is for war, it is infinitely greater as a national school for the moral, mental and physical training of the people. Designed exclusively for war, it has become the most important of peace institutions. In it all Germans are trained to strength and taught the first principles of personal cleanliness and of health. There they learn to be honest and manly, and are taught the excellence of those virtues which serve to make men good subjects and law abiding citizens. It is the school of the nation, in which deep love of fatherland is fostered and cherished, and where all classes learn that there is honor in obedience and nobility in self sacrifice.

Are you bilious and dyspeptic?
Does your liver sluggish seem?
Is your slumber often broken
By a hideous, nightmare dream?
Friend, be wise. The Pleasant Pellets
Made by Dr. Pierce procure,
And they'll bring you back the sunshine
Of good health, you may be sure.

Two Wardrobes.

Loving Wife—"My summer wardrobe is completed and I am now ready for Newport." Husband—"Well, I'll see if I can arrange my affairs so I can go." "Gracious! I can't take you along. You haven't a suit of clothes fit to be seen."—*New York Weekly.*

—Omaha Youth—"Are you in favor of annexation?" South Omaha belle—"Yes, if you can get papa's consent.—*Omaha World.*

—The language of a deaf-mute is a thing that goes without saying.

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DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND