UNG FOLKS.

'KEEP A-GOIN'.

trikes a thorn or rose,
Keep a-goin'.
ks, or if it snows,
Keep a-goin'.
o use to sit and whine
he fish ain't on your line;
r hook and keep on tryin'
Keep a-goin'.

he weather kills your crop,
Keep a-goin'.
 tumble from the top,
Keep a-goin'.
ur out of every dime,
roke ain't any crime;
world you're feeling prime,
Keep a-goin'.

looks like all is up,
Keep a-goin'.
e sweetness from the cup,
Keep a-goin'.
ead birds on the wing,
bells that sweetly ring,
ou feel like singin'—sing,
Keep a-goin'.

RYING IT HIMSELF.

let's hurry," said Ben Rikar,
" asked Joey Clark.
t to ride my bicycle."
so; I want to ride my bicy-
d Ned Ankner, who always cop-
words and actions of others.
ys frequently remarked that
r knew what to do with him-
somebody else made a sug-

all go together and take a
ie. It's just the kind of a
t. Suppose we go up as far as
n Road."
om Louie Coombs.
et's," Ned quickly assented, and
, on mounting, asked to the
r boys had just come out of
nd street church. They were
down the steps when an old-
approached and inquired:
pastor inside?"
ir," Joey answered, politely,
es are having a meeting there,
show you where the pastor
you wish."
mind, thank you. I was pass-
hearing voices inside, thought
Payson might be there. An-
ne will do as well."
the old gentleman proceeded
the street and the boys started
way.
did you offer to go with him
're in such a hurry?" Ben
patiently.
uld have taken only a minute
th him around the corner," Jo-
red in a quiet tone.
nd what difference would that
ke with our bicycle ride?" said
ombs.
we have already wasted en-
me going up to the church on
and. We might have been off
n hour ago."
hen Joey paused to pick up an
peel and throw it into an ash

you are again," grumbled Ben,
stopping to do things like that.
urely no one ought to leave a
the sidewalk for people to slip
the way for."
s left there for us."
hat is no reason why we should
o for others," Louie interposed.
paid always tell what people
o do, but he generally forgot
what he preached. "Folks
n very badly injured by slip-
things like that," he went on
ise air. "It requires about half
to remove it, but an injured
take weeks to get well. Come,
on't believe you're as thought-
would make yourself appear.
the matter with you this aft-
anyhow?"
nothing the matter with me,
te fellows to be always stop-
o things for people when we're
ry. Just like hen running a
ock the other day to give an
n a handicarved she had
It was only a cotton one.

probably worth something to
y replied.
rse," said Ned.
fe is not long enough to be
ound to see what you can do
" Ben persisted as they hur-
g the street.
r says that life is long en-
us not to refuse the chances
o do little kindnesses," observ-
er-ready Louie. "He says, too,
e put ourselves in the place of
o need help we would under-
at the help would mean to

her remarks were made on the
nder discussion, for the boys
reached Ben's home, and Ben
ying in for his bicycle. He had
n the gate, however, when
"Look here, all sam,
on, don't forget that you are
t would into the shed this aft-
You had better get right at
he returned to the house.
eagerness and happy expecta-
left Ben's face, and he stood
ghast-ly at his companions.
you gave it until to-morrow?"
gue.
Lord! I think you could do
d Ned.
was to put it in yesterday and
before, and I forgot it both
ther was I be very angry if
again." Ned forgotten all
t mother spoke.
ere much of it," inquired Jo-
a big pile. See it back there.
ake ever so long. You'll have
rgotten me. It's too bad! We
had a day like this for two
and lip-merrow it will be sure
right help, and then go sug-
y."
rse" agreed Ned.
ies had he gleaned considerab-

d four of us will make quick
." Louie said with enthusiasm.
es, if it would take you two
our of us ought to be done in
hour. It is now half-pas three,
ar we can be off."
these calculations were going
had quietly gone to the back
rd and had begun the work
g the wood to the shed. Then
Louie started in a glen hesit-
a moment. He remembered
disobeying he had shown him-
e, and he was ashamed to ac-
help of his companions.
, boys, I had to keep you," he
kly.
mind; it won't hurt us to wait
hour," Louie replied good-na-

ndeed," echoed Ned.
as going off with his arms full
He was whistling and hadn't
ese remarks. Ben looked
ly after him. "He doesn't
I am sure," he said to him-
e added, and a very pen-
s crept into his face: "Well,
now what it is to be in
and after this I guess I shall
dge the little time it takes
ocesses for others." He
h a happy smile and a shout
good, you are boys!" he start-
rk in real earnest.

A LEGAL DILEMMA.

—Who owns the mul-?
—I own was half or hire an'
owns the ither. Yer Honer.
—Then what's the trouble?
—Fogdarty won't let his half

—Court's adjourned. I must
the logs.

About the House.

CARE OF THE BABY.

The Bath—As widely as this subject is, and has been discussed there is yet considerable to learn. Parental responsibility extends over both the physical and moral being of a child, and proper precautions as to its health are just as essential, for some time at least, as the training of the ethical nature. A mother's duties are many and varied; they embrace not only food and clothing, but an understanding of the physical requirements of her infant, and the acquirement of all the knowledge on the subject that she can obtain from books and physicians.

The question of greatest importance is cleanliness. The little one should own a bath-tub and every morning receive from the mother's own hands a thorough washing. The baby's bath should be regular. Midway between two feedings is the best time. Never when he is hungry or immediately after a meal. His second bath is usually given the third day after his initial toilet. There should be in a warm room two tubs of water at a temperature of 105 degrees as indicated by a thermometer. White castile soap is best for the baby, and then it is not necessary to use much every day on that soft skin. A little borax added to the water is cleansing and softening if rain water is not attainable. The baby wrapped in a soft warm blanket in the nurse's lap is then washed, beginning at the head and bathing and drying one part at a time. Great care should be taken that no soap enters his eyes. He is next dipped to the neck in the clean water, and allowed to remain for half a minute, then dried with soft, warm towels under a cover. If he happens to have a cold this bath should not be omitted. Wrap him up in a large blanket. Put a little cool water on his head and bathe the body with warm or tepid water under a cover. Sponge the skin, before drying, with equal parts of witch-hazel and alcohol. Before dressing warm the clothes by the fire. Many mothers use alcohol and water throughout the entire winter for the baby's skin, as it is an astringent, closing the pores, and thus preventing cold. He should be carefully dried with soft towels, as too much powdering is unwise. If used, however, procure good mineral powder, such as talc. Keep the scalp perfectly clean, using a soft brush in preference to a comb. Cleanse the gums several times a day with a soft cloth over the finger and dipped in cool water. Later on, a soft camel's hair tooth brush may be used.

Exercise—The baby should have plenty of fresh, pure air. Not less than two hours after his bath must he be taken out of doors. If born during the warm season he may be taken out every nice day after two weeks of age. Fresh air will never make a baby sick, but the warmest room may be infested with disease germs of the worst kind if not well ventilated and plenty of sun admitted. Outdoor life is as essential to the mother as the child. An outdoor stroll with the baby twice a day, and a drive occasionally will probably do more for both than many medicines and doctors. Children under six months of age need the protection of the nurse's arms in cool weather when taken out of doors and should not be bundled into a carriage. Young infants will get all the exercise they need if placed once or twice a day on their backs and allowed to kick their limbs at will. Under no circumstances should the little one be permitted to stand or walk until at least a year old.

Feeding the Baby—A baby must be fed regularly. Every two hours is considered correct, and by no means should the little one be dozed with an anodyne every time it cries or whimpers, neither should it be fed. If bottles are used too much care cannot be taken to keep them immaculately clean and pure. Rubber tubes should never be used, as it is impossible to keep them clean. If they are used they should be washed every day, inside as well as outside, in hot soap suds, using a brush to clean with. All milk used in bottles should be sterilized. A good home-made sterilizer can be fashioned as follows. Take a tin pail, perforate a pie plate and place bottom side up within the pail. Next place the bottle tightly corked, containing the milk, on this false bottom and fill in sufficient water to reach the level of the surface of the milk. Punch a hole in the cover of the pail, insert a cork and put through a chemical thermometer, placing it so that the bulb dips in the water. The temperature of the water must reach 155 degrees Fahrenheit, and by this method can be watched without removing the cover. The pail can then be removed from the heat and kept tightly covered for an hour. This milk can be used any time within twenty-four hours.

The baby's bed.—Give the child a bed, not a cradle. The tiny baby acquires bad habits as readily as an older person, and the mother who puts her infant to sleep by rocking it makes no small amount of extra trouble for herself. The baby is given its own little bed and placed there whether sleeping or otherwise, it is surprising how comfortably and sweetly it will lie without the aid of singing, rocking, walking, or other unnecessary care. It is the management bestowed by parent or nurse on the tiny bit of humanity which makes of it often a veritable little tyrant, or a good, sweet baby. But the baby's training commences at its birth.

The best mattress for baby's bed is one of hair. He should not sleep on feathers. If a hair mattress is well made it will not be too hard; and there is one advantage, it will always be flat and smooth. The pillows must be flat and quite small, in order that his little head may not be raised too high, thus keeping his body straight and erect. Small blankets can be bought or made to fit the bed, and four at least should be secured, so that the little bed can constantly be kept neat and sweet. As the baby grows older, or if the weather becomes warm, dainty little sheets may be substituted for the blankets.

The bed may be made as plain or elaborate as the mother's time and purse permits. One recently made for a little stranger, is of iron enamelled white with brass trimmings. It was as high, or perhaps higher, than an ordinary bed, and large enough to accommodate the little one for three or four years. The spring, of woven wire, was very pliable. A hair mattress six inches high exactly fitted the bed. One-half dozen dainty white woollen blankets with blue borders, as many lace-trimmed muslin sheets and pillow cases, and three soft cheesecloth comforters, completed the outfit. A canopy of pale blue silesia, over which was a curtain of white dotted swiss with a four-inch lace-trimmed ruffle, was drawn down to the sides of the bed and tied with pale blue ribbons. Three baby pillows, covered with blue silesia which peeped through the lace-trimmed cases, looked so dainty and inviting that one wondered if sweet sleep could be long in coming to the tiny one whose head should rest there. The three wadded comforters, one of blue, one of pink, and one of cream cheesecloth, were knotted and buttonhole stitched around with yarn of the same color as the cloth. There was but one thickness of the cotton, such as is made for quilts, used, making the little comforters light, soft and dainty. When the little one is placed in his bed care should be taken that he is not always laid on the same side. If given such a habit he will not sleep unless put just as he has been accustomed. Very often babies have become deformed by always sleeping in the same position, so it is well to guard against it.

ECONOMY IN THE SEWING ROOM.

In the home where every little counts and there are many such homes even in this prosperous land, a little economy exercised in the sewing-room will go quite a way toward making both ends meet.

By careful cutting of both materials and linings, by preservation of "scraps" for mending, and turning, by neatly folding and saving patterns intact for future use, much can be saved.

Basting-thread, costing only two or three cents a spool, will do its work even better than the sewing silk, so handy, to be sure, but costing ten cents a spool.

Buttons cut from old gowns and garments of every sort, and put into the buttonbag for future use, will not come amiss when fashion swivels herself around, or when other garments are buttonless. There is an old saying that if you keep a thing seven years you will find a use for it, but verily one need not keep buttons that length of time.

Dress-shields for the ordinary individual will outwear at least two gowns and hooks and eyes an indefinite number.

These seem but small things, yet the lininigs, etc., of a dress sometimes cost nearly as much as the dress goods.

When perchance a waist-lining cut from some pattern has been basted and tried on, and turns out to be a perfect fit, it is economy to spare the time to reopen the seams after trimming the edges, and to cut a pattern by same thus enabling you to always have a perfect lining or foundation pattern for any waist, fancy or plain, which you may desire to make.

All these are but little things yet a penny saved is a penny made, and pennies make the dollars.

Strawberry Ice Cream.—Sprinkle strawberries with sugar, wash well and rub through a sieve; to a pint of juice, add half a pint of good cream; make it very sweet; freeze and when beginning to set, stir lightly one pint of cream whipped, and lastly a handful of whole strawberries sweetened. It may then be put in a mold and imbedded in ice, or kept in the freezer. If not in the strawberry season, use bottled or canned berries.

A MARVELLOUS INSTRUMENT.

Mrs. Mabel Loomis Todd, while in Japan, became readily accustomed—as, indeed any good housekeeper would—to putting off her shoes before entering a palace or a temple where the exquisitely fine matting, or smooth, lacquered floor might be injured by contact with anything so coarse and heavy as the sole of a shoe, in which possibly, too, there might be a loosened nail to tear or scratch. But once, while traveling in a portion of Japan beyond the route of tourists, where she was the first foreign woman the inhabitants had seen, she had an odd experience.

She had just visited, in company with a Japanese gentleman who understood English, a temple of which the floor was of the most delicate and beautiful gold-leaf lacquer, and had of course discarded her European foot gear while doing so.

On coming out, she sat down on the top step of the temple stairs and proceeded to resume her boots when she found herself at once surrounded by a large, curious but perfectly respectful crowd, who chattered eagerly to each other, gesticulating, explaining, looking at her, and then back to each other with further rapid conversation, which she did not understand.

At length she asked her companion, who himself appeared interested, what it was all about, and why the people were so excited.

"It is the marvellous way in which you fasten your buttons so quickly, with that curious steel instrument," he explained; and he suggested that she should allow it to circulate among the crowd and be examined. Having her boots completely buttoned by that time she graciously consented, and had the satisfaction of looking on while the grateful Japanese—very polite and greatly wondering—passed from hand to hand, with ejaculations of surprise and delight, that convenient implement of civilization—a boot-buttoner.

DRESS DON'TS.

An exchange gives some "don'ts of dress" that are worth while remembering:

Don't wear precious stones on the street or expensive jewelry in the daytime.

Don't carry a toy or a muff made up of airy nothings with your tailor-made gown in the morning. Have a useful one of fur for then and a much-bedecked and bedizened one for calls and teas.

Don't wear a very full ruche if you have a short, stout neck. Leave these to your more swan-like sisters, and wear a frill just across the back and side of your dress.

Don't fail to shake the dust out of your skirts after wearing them, and don't forget to air your dress waists. It is not only more cleanly, but it is wearing to sew in your dress waists.

Don't see yourself in installments. Be as particular to look well around your feet as your face. Nothing makes a woman look more slovenly than an untidy, frayed skirt and run-over shoes.

Don't wear lace-trimmed skirts in the streets in unpleasant weather. They look poverty-stricken, and women of refinement prefer dark silk or moreen.

Don't put on the best you have to shop in, and dress as if going to a tea. Look neat and stylish always, but plain cloth gowns and a straw hat are best for this occasion.

Don't tremblins three or four unharmonious shades in the effort to secure a French effect.

MAXIMS OF THE DAY.

Grasshoppers have dumb wives. The female grasshopper is silent; that is why the male is always singing.

What would women do if headaches were abolished? They are the universal feminine resource.

There is nothing in the world so sensitive as affection. It feels its own happiness too much not to tremble for its reality.

The present age has been defined as the age of unfaith; its great maxim, distrust; is great wisdom, suspicion.

Choose always the way that seems the best, however rough it may be. Custom will render it easy and agreeable.

FASTING CURES HIS RHEUMATISM

John Lynch, of Eugene, Ore., a sufferer from rheumatism, has discovered that fasting is a cure. By abstaining from food for a week or ten days pain leaves him and does not return for some time. He has fasted five times and the result has been the same in each case. The longer the fast, the longer the cure, he says.

WARS GROWING SHORTER.

During the Last Thirty Years Wars Have Lasted Only a Few Months.

With the exception of the Franco-Prussian war, the greatest war which Europe has seen since the days of Napoleon was the Crimean war, which took place more than forty years ago and lasted about two years. The campaigns of Napoleon, of course, while they were considered short, as compared with some previous wars in Europe, were certainly long as compared with the wars of the past few decades. A distinct movement in the direction of the shorter duration of wars is to be noticed in the past few centuries.

The campaign in the Spanish Netherlands lasted forty-two years. Then followed the thirty-years' war in Europe, ending in the peace of Westphalia. Civil war in England lasted from 1642 to 1660, although hostilities were not in progress all that time. The wars of the Spanish Succession, of the Austrian Succession, the Swedish-Russian war, and the Seven Years' war followed, averaging about ten years apiece. The French and the American revolutions averaged about seven years apiece. The Napoleonic campaigns covered nearly fifteen years. The Crimean war lasted from 1854 to 1856. In the American civil war, the world saw the latest war which extended over four years of time.

Since 1865, with the general introduction of the telegraph, the electric cable, and the modern system of railways, war has become a matter of a few months at most. In 1866 Prussia defeated Austria in seven weeks. Prussia defeated France in about two months. The war between Russia and Turkey began in April, 1877, and was practically finished by the close of that year. The war between China and Japan began about midsummer, 1894, and ended in March, 1895. The present war between Turkey and Greece seems to be practically ended in about four weeks from the outbreak of formal hostilities. It seems to be shown by experience that two important civilized nations in these days of telegraph and railway can not conduct wars for any length of time unless the contending countries are separated by the ocean or some other natural barrier.

"YES OR NO!"

A pretty story of how Henry M. Stanley wooed and won Miss Dorothy Tennant, though coming to us from private sources, has been made sufficiently public to avert the charge of undue personality. Miss Tennant, it is well known, was the original of Sir John Millais's famous picture, "Yes or No?" It seems that Stanley had asked the question, and the reply was "No."

The great explorer went to Africa again, and after several years returned to London to find himself the most talked of man of the day.

The thought of Miss Tennant was still uppermost in his mind, and he resolved that his first visit should be to her home. In his impatience for the morrow, he turned over his cards, and notes with which the table was strewn and selecting one haphazard, decided to while away the time by attending a certain reception.

The first person he met there was Miss Tennant; they greeted each other formally but later in the evening, Stanley retired to a small ante room, to find that Miss Tennant had likewise sought solitude. A somewhat embarrassing silence ensued, broken at last by the woman saying, with the manner of one "making conversation:"

"Do you find London much changed, Mr. Stanley?"

"No, I haven't found London changed, and I've not changed either," returned the explorer, with his usual intrepidity. "Have you?"

"Yes, I've changed," answered Miss Tennant softly.

A few days later Millais received a note from his former subject, beginning:

"My Dear Sir John.—The momentous question has been at last decided. It is a joyful and triumphant "yes!"

NEW IN THE HARNESS.

When a young man marries and opens up a home, one of his chief anxieties is to appear master of the situation, and as much like a veteran as possible. Blueton, who would be widely known by his real name, is a new benedict, and just "settled." Here is a sample selected from his almost continuous conversation at the telephone:

"Send me up a pound of carpet tacks. Number! I don't know anything about the number of tacks in a pound. All you've got to do is to fill my order. And say, send me half a peck of nails. Tenpennies! I'm not asking the price, am I? Yes, half a peck, that's what I said. Now I want a saw. Don't you know your business? This is a private residence; Mr. Blueton's residence. It's no lumber mill. I don't want any buzz saw or gang saw, just a regular house saw. Throw in a hammer and a hatchet and a step ladder; and say, I want a good strong stove leg. We broke one in moving. None of your business who made the stove. All you've got to do is to send up a leg."

After swearing for a few minutes Blueton was rattling away at the grocery: Three pounds of steak. What kind? Beefsteak, of course. We're not eating horse steak or sheep steak at our house. Three yards of sausage. Never mind, now, how other people buy it. I always buy by the yard. A gallon of coffee, two dozen frying onions, half a bushel of oranges—yes, half a bushel. Now, where make of canned goods do you handle? All right, send us a couple of cases of selected, a quarter of a section of cheese, half a bale of lettuce, two of those cigar-shaped loaves of bread, a pail of butter and a sack of sugar. Yes, just a regular sack you know. And hold on, put in a basket of spring eggs. This spring's. Good-bye."

THE BALLOONIST WON.

An Odd Experiment Tried By a Paris Journal.

A very old experiment was tried at Paris on May 4, at the institution of Le Journal, one of the great Parisian dailies. The idea was to see whether a message could be delivered from Paris by balloon and bicycle to a given point, the city being considered besieged by the enemy. The aeronaut and bicyclist, Hervieu, made a balloon ascension, taking with him his bicycle. He was given a message to be delivered at St. Cyr, a short distance west of Versailles, and bicyclists of the supposed enemy, informed of his intention to take the message there, were sent out to intercept, and, if possible, catch him. They were distributed in such a way on the roads leading to St. Cyr form Paris and Versailles that, no matter where he landed, bicyclers would follow him on existing roads. A prize was offered by Le Journal, which fell to the balloonist on his unhampered arrival at St. Cyr from Bois d'Arcy, where he landed safely with his balloon. A reporter from Le Journal had accompanied him in his aerial flight in order to write up the story. The fact that the aeronaut allowed the balloon to go farther west than his destination and his intimate knowledge of the roads, enabled him to clear the bicyclists sent after him and to slip past them without difficulty.

STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL.

Mud doesn't seem to keep you from wheel-riding Jackson?

No; any old road is good enough for me when my wife is cleaning house.

A HUNTER'S STORY.

EXPOSURE BROUGHT ON AN ATTACK OF RHEUMATISM.

Nervousness and Stomach Troubles Followed—Sleep at Times Was Impossible—Health Again Restored.

From the Amherst, N. S., Sentinel.

The little village of Petitcodiac is situated in the south-easterly part of New Brunswick, on the line of the Intercolonial Railway. Mr. Herbert Yoemans, who resides there, follows the occupation of a hunter and trapper. His occupation requires him to endure a great deal of exposure and hardship, more especially when the snow lies thick and drep on the ground in our cold winters. A few years ago Mr. Yeomans tells our correspondent that he was seized with a severe bilious attack and a complication of diseases, such as sour stomach, sick headache and rheumatism. Mr. Yoemans' version of the facts are: "I became very ill and suffered the most excruciating pains in my arms, legs and shoulders, so much so that I could not rest in any position. I frequently could not sleep nights, and

when I did I awoke with a tired feeling and very much depressed. My appetite was very poor, and if I ate anything at all no matter how light the food was, it gave me a dull heavy feeling in my stomach, which would be followed by vomiting. I suffered so intensely with pains in my arms and shoulders that I could scarcely raise my hands to my head. I tried different remedies but all to no purpose. A neighbor came in one evening and asked "have you tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills?" I had not but then determined to try them, and procured a box, and before the pills were all gone, I began to improve. This encouraged me to purchase more and in a few weeks the pain in my shoulders and arms were all gone, and I was able to get a good night's rest. My appetite came back and the dull, listless feeling left me. I could eat a hearty meal, and have no load after efforts and I felt strong and well enough as though I had taken a new lease of life. My old occupation became a pleasure to me and I think nothing of tramping eighteen or twenty miles a day. I know from experience and I fully appreciate the wonderful results of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a safe and sure cure and I would urge all those afflicted with rheumatism or any other ailment, to try Pink Pills as they create new vigor build up the shattered nervous system and make a new being of you. The genuine Pink Pills are sold only in boxes, bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Protect yourself from imposition by refusing any pill that does not bear the registered trade mark around the box.

SCALPED BY INDIANS.

Two Former Canadians Meet an Awful Death—Benjamin H. and Peter M. Dorland Captured and Murdered.

A despatch from Akron, N. Y. says: —Dr. J. S. Dorland, a prominent dentist of this place, has received information from D. E. McCann, of Los Angeles, California, of the death of his two brothers, Benjamin H. and Peter M. Dorland, formerly of Oakville, Canada. In his letter, Mr. McCann writes that while a party of seven were prospecting for gold on Mt. Wahsatch they unknowingly crossed the line into the Wahsatch Indian reservation, and, while panning gold, were surprised by a band of about fifty Indians. Four of the party were successful in reaching their horses, but the other three, being farther down the stream, were unable to reach theirs and were captured, murdered, and scalped. Dr. Dorland has telegraphed the chief of police of Los Angeles to investigate the matter thoroughly.

A despatch from Miles City, Mont., says:—Sheriff Gibb returned on Wednesday night from the Cheyenne agency. The Indian situation, he says, is very grave indeed. He reports 200 or more Indians off the reservation, and scattered in the hills. Their warwhoop can be heard frequently and dancing continues. Old settlers look for trouble. The sheriff's posse, 300 strong, under command of Stock Inspector Smith and Captain Brown, are now stationed in small numbers in and about the settlements near the reservation to protect the remaining settlers and prevent the destruction of property by the Indians.

Benjamin H. Dorland was this summer to have been married to a young lady, at present a resident of Toronto.

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FAVORS THE NEW ONES.

Do you employ the old school doctors, Miss Elderly?

I should say not. I'm too progressive for that. I always call in one of the most recent graduates.

THOMAS DIED DECENTLY.

Had no Objections to Going but Wanted to do it in Style.

For weeks and weeks Tom Sheppard had been a sick man at our mining camp at Black Bear Valley. Everybody felt sorry for him, and yet a sick man in a mining camp was a great inconvenience and a burden. One day Judge Watkins went up to see him, and after finding him no better and no worse than he had been for many weeks, he said:

"Tom, I don't want to seem cold-hearted about this thing, but the boys are beginning to wonder why you don't die or get well."

"Yes, reckon they are," replied Tom, "and you can tell 'em I'm goin' to die."

"Do you feel it's for the best, Tom?"

"I do. I ain't got much to live for, and might as well peg out now as any other time. I've been waitin' fur a week or two."

"Waitin'? Fur what?"

"Fur to die decently. I'm no duke or lord, but I want things fixed up in good shape. I want to be washed up, shaved, hev my hair cut, and git into some decent duds, and I won't die till I do."

The Judge told the boys what was required, and that afternoon two or three of them knocked off work and fixed Tom up. A shirt was borrowed of one, a coat of another, a vest of another, and by and by the sick man was rigged out in the best the camp afforded. When all this had been done, he said:

"Now, then, I feel more like dyin, but there's one thing more I want. I want Joe Billings to come up with his fiddle and play me a few tunes."

Joe was sent for, and after considerable kicking he got his fiddle and went up to Tom's shanty. Tom was propped up in bed and waiting, and Joe sat down and gave him "The Old Oaken Bucket," "Old Folks at Home," "Nellie Gray," and half a dozen other well known airs. He had been playing for an hour, his eyes on the hills opposite, when Judge Watkins looked in and said:

"Cut it off, Joe. Tom's dead."

And so he was; and when the boys came to observe the pleased and contented look on his face they were agreed that he had died decently and been given a fair start on his way.

THE VISIBILITY OF LIGHTS.

Experiments show that a light of 1 candle-power, is plainly visible at one mile, and one of 3 candle-power at two miles. A 10 candle-power light was seen with a binocular at four miles, one of 29 at five miles, though faintly, and one of 33 candle-power at the same distance without difficulty. On an exceptionally clear night a white light of 3.2 candle-power can be distinguished at three miles, one of 5.6 at four and one of 12 at five miles.

"A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT."

Even if he has corns on both feet. But he is a stronger, happier and wiser man if he uses Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, and gets rid of the unsightly corns, painlessly and at once.

THE OTHER MAN PUT THE RING ON.

What did that pretty telephone girl say when you asked her for her hand, Chumley?

She looked as though she was in a trance and asked me to please ring off.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure cures where others fail. It is the leading Cough Cure, and no home should be without it. Pleasant to take and goes right to the spot.

MORE CARELESSNESS.

Excited wife—Oh, professor, the cook has fallen and broken her collar bone.

Professor—Dashburge her at once. You told her what? to expect if she broke anything more.

WHAT DR. A. E. SALTER SAYS.

Buffalo, N.Y.—Gents:—From my personal knowledge, gained in observing the effect of your Shiloh's Cure in cases of advanced Consumption, I am prepared to say it is the most remarkable Remedy that has ever been brought to my attention, and it has certainly saved many from Consumption.

IN A COMPLACENT MOOD.

This is a splendid chance for you to tackle papa, George.

How so?

He's just home from a fishing trip, and if he don't get you to listen to his stories he'll give you anything you ask for.

I'll do it for your sake, dearest.

Cure the Cough with Shiloh's Cure. The best Cough Cure. Relieves Croup promptly. One million bottles sold last year. 40 doses for 25 cents. Sold by all druggists.

A MATTER OF BELIEF.

Alice—Why did she refuse him—because they were of different faiths?

Clara—Yes.

Alice—And he refused to change his religion?

Clara—Oh no; his wheel.

Stop that Cough! Take warning. It may lead to Consumption. A 25c. bottle of Shiloh's Cure may save your life.

BICYCLE AILMENTS.

Brother Jim has the bicycle face, Joe has the bicycle back, and Sister Sue has the bicycle leg.

Any other bicycle ailments in your family?

Well, papa says he has the bicycle pocketbook and it's badly punctured.

Adams Ginger Beer

RECIPE.

Adams Extract	One bottle.
Fleischmann's Yeast	One half to one cake.
Sugar	Two pounds.
Cream of Tartar	One half ounce.
Lukewarm Water	Two gallons.

Dissolve the sugar, cream of tartar and yeast in the water, add the extract, and bottle; place in a warm place for twenty four hours until it ferments, then place on ice, when it will open sparkling cool and delicious. The ginger beer can be obtained in all drug and grocery stores in 10 cent bottles to make two gallons.

TRICKS OF TRADES.

New Clerk—This prescription calls for a drug I never heard of, and can't find in the books.

Druggist—That's one of Dr. Richman's prescriptions. He uses faked-up names for simple drugs, so that patients will have to go to Catchem & Cheatem's drug store to get them filled. He has a half interest in the firm.

I see. What shall I do?

Tell the messenger we don't keep photographic chemicals. Then the family'll get scared and hire another doctor.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.
A. W. GLEASON,
(SEAL) Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
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If you suffer its agonies, and fail to get a remedy, we want you to try Nerviline. Its action on nerve pain is simply marvellous. Nerviline is the most pleasant and powerful remedy in the market. Try it.

DESTRUCTIVE BULLETS.

Lee-Metford bullets were made effective during the recent Benin expedition through the soldiers shaving off the tops. This caused the case to drop off when the rifle was discharged, and enabled the leaden inner part to inflict a wound severe enough to stop the onset of attacking parties.

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Either is Dangerous.
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