MEDICAL.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

CURES

DYSPEPSIA,
BAD BLOOD,
CONSTIPATION,
KIDNEY TROUBLES,
HEADACHE,
BILIOUSNESS.

B.B.B. unlocks all the secretions and removes all impurities from the system from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore.

BURDOCK PILLS act gently yet thoroughly on the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

DON'T DESPAIR

DODDS KIDNEY PILLS

WILL CURE YOU

We guarantee Dodd's Kidney Pills to cure any case of Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Lumbago, Dropsy, Rheumatism, Heart Disease, Female ... or money refunded. ... medicine, or by mail on ... or Six boxes $2.50 ... CO., Toronto.

INDAPO THE GREAT HINDOO REMEDY PRODUCES THE ABOVE RESULTS in 30 DAYS. Cures all Nervous Diseases, Failing Memory, Paresis, Sleeplessness, Nightly Emissions, etc., caused by past abuses, gives vigor and size to shrunken organs, and quickly but surely restores Lost Manhood in old or young. Easily carried in vest pocket. Price $1.00 a package. Six for $5.00 with a written guarantee to cure or money refunded. Don't buy an imitation, but insist on having INDAPO. If your druggist has not got it, we will send it prepaid. Oriental Medical Co., Props., Chicago, Ill., or their agents. SOLD by G. S. Hobart & Sons, Chemists & Druggists, sole agents for KINGSTON, ONT.

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CURE CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, SICK HEADACHE, REGULATE THE LIVER.

ONE PILL AFTER EATING INSURES GOOD DIGESTION.

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CYPHILENE BLOOD POISON
COOK REMEDY CO.

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Canada Pacific Railways

EXCURSION TO
OTTAWA
AUG. 14th.

FARE FOR ROUND TRIP
ONLY.... $1.50

Tickets good to return Aug. 15th, 1895.

One way Pacific Coast Excursions every Thursday.

Trains making direct connections with C. P. R. leave Kingston at 11:30 a.m.

Full particulars at K. & P. and C. P. R. Ticket Office, Ontario Street.

F. CONWAY, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt. B. W. FOLGER, Gen. Manager.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

CIVIC HOLIDAY
KINGSTON,
Aug. 12, '95

FIRST-CLASS RETURN TICKETS AT
SINGLE FARE
WILL BE SOLD FROM KINGSTON TO

Toronto, Orillia, Montreal and all intermediate stations, also to Ottawa via Coteau Junction or Brockville.

Tickets good going on P.M. trains Aug. 10th, and all trains Aug. 11th and 12th, and valid for return not later than Aug. 13th.

For tickets and full information apply to
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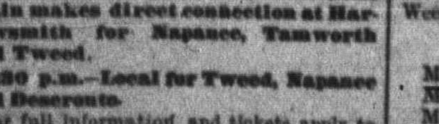

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NEW SHORT LINE.

6:45 a.m. Kingston and Pembroke train makes direct connection at Harrowsmith for Napanee, Tamworth and Tweed.

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GENERAL AGENCY,
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Houses and Lots Bought, Sold or Exchanged. Renting of Stores and Houses a Specialty.

EZEKIEL WEBSTER.

A MAN OF NOBLE MORALS AND DISTINGUISHED ABILITY.

Upon His Counsel and Wisdom His Brother Daniel Placed Complete Reliance. How the Father Estimated His Two Sons—Startlingly Sudden Death.

Ezekiel Webster, like his brother Daniel, was a lawyer, a portion of his preparatory legal studies having been pursued in this city in the office of Governor James Sullivan. In 1807 Daniel Webster removed from Boscawen to Portsmouth, and Ezekiel commenced practice at Boscawen, succeeding to his brother's business. Ezekiel was, by many persons who had an opportunity to judge his qualities, thought the equal of his more celebrated brother in intellectual endowments. In his younger years he was inclined to be timid, while Daniel was as bold as a lion, and their father was wont to say that Ezekiel could tell half he knew, but Daniel could tell more than he knew. In spite of his natural timidity, however, his talents soon won for him an exalted standing as a jurist, and at the time of his death he was regarded as one of the ablest lawyers of New Hampshire.

He was not only a lawyer of distinguished ability, but a man of noble morals and sterling uprightness. His bearing at the bar won the respect and confidence of both judge and jury, and he was esteemed and honored for his courtesy, talents and integrity. He was elected to the legislature 12 times—once as a senator and 11 times as a representative—and at the election in March, 1829, the month before he died, he was a candidate (an unsuccessful one) for a seat in the lower house of congress. He was a model lawyer, as he was a model man. In debate he was dignified and courteous, his weapons being sound arguments, clothed in simple but elegant language. He was a man of imposing presence, having a magnificent form, crowned with a princely head. His manners were kind and courteous, his heart warm and affectionate, his countenance of rare and striking beauty.

"My brother Ezekiel," said Daniel Webster in 1846, "appeared to me, and so does he now seem to me, the very finest human form that ever I laid eyes on."

Daniel Webster had for his brother Ezekiel not only the most devoted affection, but the most exalted respect. In his early years he looked as anxiously for Ezekiel's approval of all his acts as Coriolanus did for that of his mother. His confidence in his elder brother's judgment was unbounded; his reliance upon his counsel and wisdom was without limit. When, nine months after Ezekiel's death, he had brought the whole nation to pay homage at his feet for the splendor of his triumph over the southern champion, Robert Y. Hayne, he had one keen regret. "How I wish," he sorrowfully exclaimed, "that my poor brother had lived till after this speech, for I know that he would have been gratified by it!" In their younger days the two brothers shared the meager contents of a common purse until they had fully established themselves in their profession.

On one occasion, while Daniel was teaching the academy at Freyburg, Me., and at the same time eking out his income by acting as deputy register of deeds, he returned home by way of Hanover, where Ezekiel was at college. The first thing Daniel did was to find out whether his brother was in want of money, and although his salary as a teacher was scarcely more than the wages of a day laborer, being at the rate of $350 a year, he was ready to help Ezekiel if he was in need. The result of this visit of Daniel's to Ezekiel may be told in Daniel's own words: "We walked and talked during a long evening, and, finally, seated upon an old log, not far from the college, I gave to Ezekiel $100—the result of my labors in teaching and in recording deeds, after paying my own debts—leaving to myself but $3 to get home with."

With all the assistance, however, which Ezekiel got from his brother and from his father, he was still unable to pursue his college course without interruption. In the spring of his senior year, finding his longer residence in college impossible on account of lack of funds, he purchased the good will of a private school in this city, and he also took upon himself, in addition to this school, the teaching of an evening school for sailors. At this private school which he taught here it is interesting to know that George Ticknor and Edward Everett were among his pupils.

Mr. Ezekiel Webster's death was very sudden and utterly without premonition. While addressing a jury in the court of common pleas at Concord he suddenly fell to the floor a corpse. He was apparently in perfect health and had been speaking about half an hour, showing no diminution of his accustomed physical strength or intellectual power. He had closed one branch of his argument, uttering the concluding sentence and the final word distinctly and with his natural cadence, his form erect, his eye clear and bright, when the hand of death suddenly arrested his earthly course. Physicians were summoned, but no human aid was of any avail. It was thought that life was extinct before he reached the floor in his fall. At the time of his death his wife happened to be in the city, at the house of Daniel Webster, on Summer street, where, at about 2 o'clock on the morning of the following day, a messenger announced the sad intelligence of Ezekiel's death.—Boston Transcript.

How the Ancients Ate.

The ancients did not sit at table. The Egyptians, Assyrians, Persians and Hebrews are not known to have had chairs at their tables. On state occasions the king had a seat at the table, but the lords and nobles stretched themselves out at full length on the floor. So, too, among the Greeks and Romans. The former always reclined while eating, and when the meal was over they sat or lounged around in easy attitudes. The Romans had the same manners. At a grand banquet lasting three or four hours the guests reclined on couches, supporting themselves on one elbow and eating with the fingers from dishes placed by the slaves in the middle of the table. Obviously this was an awkward position, and one that made it difficult, if not impossible, to keep food and drink from dropping on the clothing or the draperies of the couch.

The ancient custom of eating in a reclining position came easy and natural to people in warm climates. It is all right where the floors are not damp, but it is not suited to the conditions of life in cold countries. And so we find the custom of sitting at meals in vogue among the people of France, Germany and England.—Lippincott's.

A Clear Case.

He—You can tell a woman's character even by the arrangement of the tidies on the chairs in her parlor.

She—But suppose there are no tidies?

He—Then she is considerate.—Detroit Free Press.

No Need of Wasting Effort.

"I have been requested," said the good pastor, beaming over the pulpit, "to offer prayers for rain, but the superintendent informs me that the Sunday school picnic is arranged for Tuesday."

Which, of course, would fetch a downpour.—New York Recorder.

Obeying the Doctor.

Family Physician—See here! I ordered an immediate and complete cessation of all mental labor, and here I find you writing.

Literary Man—It's nothing—nothing at all. Only a society novel.—New York Weekly.

Up to Date Ballroom Attire.

Maude—I'm in a horrible dilemma.

Marie—What's the matter?

Maude—I'm going to the ball tomorrow night and I can't make up my mind whether to wear a cutaway coat or a sweater.—Chicago Record.

A Successful Season.

"That's a very blurred picture you carry in your watch."

"Yes, it's a composite photograph of my summer engagements."—Life.

Lost on Him.

Nummer—What makes that Italian grin so while grinding his organ?

Heergood—He's deaf.—Boston Courier.

THE LAST WAS THE WORST.

A Man Runs From Footpads to Fall Into the Hands of a Doctor.

One night a clubman, who may be named Goodman without missing his nature very much, was on his way home when a curious series of adventures was encountered.

Crossing Clark street bridge somewhere about midnight he noticed a man ahead of him, standing and leaning over the rail.

Behind him came another man, walking his own gait and apparently in no hurry to reach his destination.

Goodman thought of footpads, but as he never had been held up he tried to forget the danger.

But it would not be forgotten. The leading figure straightened up as he neared it, and the man behind approached with a quicker pace.

"Hold on there! Give up!" commanded the man in front.

"Hit him hard, Jimmy!" said the man behind.

Goodman could not get forward nor back, and his escape on all sides was cut off. No other pedestrian was in sight, and no platoon of police marched strongly into view as they should when virtue is imperiled.

Goodman is not a fighting man, so he considered a partial surrender, but he is a prudent and a "forehanded" man, so he concluded not to yield up all his money.

"What do you fellows want?" he demanded.

"Your money and your watch."

"Well," running his hand in his trousers pocket and fishing out $3, "here's my money; take it. I don't want a row."

"Give up everything. Ain't you got any more than that?" The tone was scornful and brutal. It stung the freeman in him, and, instantly, like a flash, he struck one swift but unstrained blow at the footpad's jaw.

"I've got that much more," he ejaculated, following it up with a swing at the neck.

Both blows reached, and the fellow went down, his handful of silver scattering to the bridge floor and rolling off in the river.

But the rascal behind, against whom no guard could be made, sprang forward and swept a fierce blow with a slungshot. The vicious weapon caught Goodman on the cheek, cutting a gash and staggering him, but not knocking him down.

He stumbled forward, yelled, gained his footing and sped like a deer across the viaduct and down into the better peopled section of North Clark street.

The robbers did not follow him, and, while regretting the blood which flowed from a gash in his face, he congratulated himself on a watch and a roll untouched by the heathen.

Calling a cab, he got in and was driven to a physician whose sign he remembered. The doctor had gone to bed, but he rose at the call of duty, lighted his office, put Goodman in the chair and dressed his wound in about five minutes. It needed no stitches. Only three strips of surgeon's plaster and a wad of absorbent cotton were required.

But his bill was $10.

"What!" demanded the victim, out of all patience with his fortune.

"Ten dollars," said the doctor calmly.

Goodman paid it, and then, in a fever of hurry, gathered his hat and coat and started swiftly to the door.

"Where are you going?" asked the doctor curiously.

"Back to the bridge," said Goodman, with deep feeling. "You're a bigger robber than the two I escaped from."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Alluvial Gold.

Before the Royal society of New South Wales a member recently presented a summary of the various reasons which have been put forth to account for the existence of alluvial gold other than the old and accepted one—that it had been set free by processes of disintegration. Details are also given of a large number of experiments made with a view to determine whether a nucleus of gold, immersed in a gold solution and in the presence of such substances as would be likely to occur in nature, will increase in weight, the conclusion being that gold is deposited when the nucleus is in contact not only with metalliferous sulphides and arsenides which form strong galvanic couples, but also with such substances as iron oxides, charcoal, graphite, sandstone, granite, quartz, clay and marble, which form but weak galvanic couples with the gold nucleus. It is doubtful, he thinks, whether the common assertion as to the greater fineness of nugget as compared with coarse vein gold has any foundation in fact. With fine alluvial gold there is such a difference, but this is thought to result from the removal of silver and other impurities by solution, owing to the larger relative surfaces exposed. Furthermore, the author assumes that large nuggets could be artificially produced by methods used in his own experiments, and that gold is probably being so deposited at the present day.

Mrs. Paran Stevens' Bluntness.

Stories anent the late genius of New York society are still going the rounds and are likely, in view of Mrs. Paran Stevens' prominence and wit, to pass into folklore. She was an imperious, determined, quick tempered woman, bold, even audacious, in her opinions, but thoroughly good at heart when she allowed that heart to be shown. Her straightforward manner of speaking usually accompanied a sentiment of kindness and a poignant sting. On one occasion a proud girl in Mrs. Stevens' particular set spoke slightingly of a young southern girl who had been the rage during the season—a protegee of Mrs. Stevens. "My child," observed the awful Mrs. Stevens, "my young friend belongs to a good family, she is beautiful, she is kind, and she is sensible, and she is good, which is more than can be said of any woman in this room." You can fancy the general bewilderment among Mrs. Stevens' guests.

His Alarm Clock.

Above the headboard of Pat's bed was affixed on the wall a nondescript arrangement which quite resembled a small inverted saucepan, with hammer and spring attachment, from which a piece of twine dangled to within convenient distance of the bolster.

"What sort of an arrangement is that, Pat?" I asked.

"Sure, an it's an alarum clock," he answered.

"Does it work mechanically?"

"In coorse it do, sor. It's devil a bit ov a t'ing Oi have ter do at all but pull the sthring an it wakes me up in a juffy."—Richmond Dispatch.

So Much Like Her.

Fozzleton—Marie, that boy of ours takes after you.

Mrs. Fozzleton (with great satisfaction)—What makes you think so, dear?

Fozzleton—I caught him this morning rummaging through my pockets.—Brooklyn Eagle.

THE MISSION FIELD IN FAR ALGOMA.

The Missionary's Companion.

Mr. Geo. Buskin, missionary for the International mission to Algoma and Northwest, attributes his escape from severe illness through summer to the timely use of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. He writes as follows: "I wish to say that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry has been to me a wonderful, soothing, speedy and effectual remedy. It has been my companion for several years during the the labors and exposures of my missionary work in Algoma. Well it is for old and young to have it in store against the time of need which so often comes without warning.—Yours truly,

GEO. BUSKIN, Missionary.

Pills Do Not Cure.

Pills do not cure Constipation. They only aggravate. Karl's Clover Root Tea gives perfect regularity of the bowels. For sale at Wade's drug store.

If sick headache is misery, what are Carter's Little Liver Pills if they will positively cure it? People who have used them speak frankly of their worth. They are small and easy to take.

Lunch and ice cream parlor, open day and night, next door to British American Hotel, on Clarence street.

Rubber rings for gem jars at Wade's.

BEST POLICY
EVER OFFERED

If you are Thinking

About taking life insurance, either an endowment for yourself or a life policy for the protection of your family, and you were offered your choice of two policy contracts; one, a mass of microscopic type involving burdensome conditions and penalties and the other a straight promise to pay, printed in large type and framed in simple language, containing no conditions except the payment of premiums,

Which One Would You Take?

Assuredly the simple and safe Policy—the one which issues from

MANUFACTURERS' LIFE

The solid, sure and successful Insurance Company.

CHOOSE A CANADIAN COMPANY

That pays its policy claims immediately upon satisfactory proof of death.

That issues a simple policy contract, easily read and easily understood.

That gives a policy under which, if you travel in any part of the world, it will not be voided thereby.

That issues an absolutely non-forfeitable policy.

That has a large percentage of Surplus to Liabilities.

☞ It is beyond dispute that the insured in a Canadian Company has advantages in the way of lower rates, better security, and larger dividends than can be offered by any foreign company.

The Manufacturers' Life Guarantees:

Ninety per cent. of the surplus to policyholders.

Thirty days of grace for payment of renewal premiums.

Paid up policy or cash surrender value after three years.

Loans to policy-holders after three years, thus avoiding the necessity of lapsing.

In case of lapse, policy may be revived within one year thereafter, if in good health.

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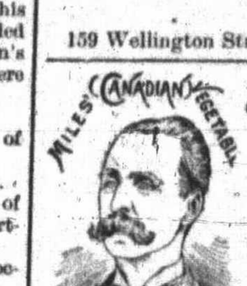

"Health for the Mother Sex."

"HEALTH for the MOTHER SEX."

This is the message of hope to every afflicted and suffering woman in Canada. Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound is the only specific for diseases peculiar to women which can and does effect a complete cure. Prolapsus Uteri, Leucorrhœa, and the PAIN to which every woman is PERIODICALLY subject, yield to Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound, entirely and always. Price 75c. For sale by every druggist in this broad land. Letters of enquiry from suffering women, addressed to the "A. M. C." Medicine Co., Montreal, Marked "Personal," will be opened and answered by a lady correspondent and will not go beyond the hands and eyes of one of "the mother sex."

FLOUR FEED

LIFE IS TOO SHORT

To catalogue in detail the numerous lines we handle.

The many reasons why purchasers should buy and use our goods,

A Peep at the Samples

A fair trial of the stuff is all we ask.

Everyone not already numbered among our many customers should read, mark, learn and inwardly digest this.

THE RATHBUN COMPANY
Cor. Princess And Sydenham-Sts.
A. CHADWICK, Agent.

SEEDS SALT

WOOD AND COAL.

COAL

A word to the wise is sufficient, you know,
Although the thermometer's far from zero,
Take heed of the rhyme,
For now is the time
To order your coal while the prices are low.

Be Wise!

CRAWFORD

is waiting to fill your order at the lowest price.

OFFICE—Foot of Queen St.
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COAL!

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL—BEST IN THE MARKET.

Yard No. 1—Ontario street.
" 2—Clarence street wharf.
" 3—St. Lawrence wharf.

Chief office—St. Lawrence wharf. Branch office—Cor. King and Clarence streets, opposite British American Hotel, Kingston.

Prompt and satisfactory delivery a specialty. Coal all under cover and well screened. Telephone communication.

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BOOTH & CO.,
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—DEALERS IN—
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AT A SUMMER ISLAND CITY.

AN OLD TIME CROWD AT THOUSAND ISLAND PARK.

The Park Management Awake—Summer Season Approaching Its Zenith—Lack of Interest on the Part of Some of the Cottagers.

Utica Herald.

Thousand Island Park, which has long been one of the most popular summer resorts on the river, is this season receiving its full proportion of visitors. The Columbian hotel is doing a thriving business and the advance bookings indicate a still larger patronage for next month. The New England is also doing nicely. The cottages at the park are filling up rapidly, and it is expected that in a week or two all will be occupied. Every steamer touching at the dock brings new visitors, and some of them land a score or more at a time. The streets and avenues present an extremely lively appearance at all times of the day and evening. Although among the young people at the park at present, the summer girls are largely in the majority, they are good-natured enough to share the attentions of the eligible young man in a manner partaking as much of equity as is possible under the circumstances, and thus a very harmonious and pleasant state of affairs exists. The informal parties given at the Columbian are exceedingly enjoyable, and impromptu piano recitals and concerts heighten the evening pleasures of the guests. The services held in the tabernacle every Sunday morning and evening are interesting and largely attended. The numerous entertainments provided there for week evenings are meritorious and pleasing. Many good things are looked forward to for this month in the tabernacle.

Delightful private and informal gatherings in the cottages are not infrequent events and these add greatly to the social privileges of river life at this point. The streets and avenues are lighted in the evening by twenty-two arc lamps and the park then presents quite the appearance of a city. The various excursions which are of daily occurrence on the river are well patronized by people from the park.

The streets and avenues at Thousand Island Park are in a better condition than ever before in its history, a fact which is greatly appreciated by the summer residents. There are between three and four miles of excellent drives on the park proper, and the road leading to Westminster Park at the foot of the island is fairly good. As has previously been stated in these columns, the trustees of Thousand Island Park have been having the roadways gravelled this year, and the improvement is very noticeable. If the avenues are maintained in their present condition, which it is proposed shall be done, visitors there will very soon find a new attraction in driving and in fact a number of neat turnouts have already made their appearance on the park. It has heretofore been a very uncommon thing for people to bring their horses and carriages to the park, but it is confidently predicted that in the future driving will be one of the features of summer life at this resort.

The park association has repaired the old sidewalks and put them in as good shape as its treasury will warrant at present, and a number of cottage owners have built new walks. The association has extended the four large trunk sewers, one ninety feet and another one hundred and thirty-five feet and the others from sixty to eighty feet each, from land so as to carry the outlets into the deep water current. In fact the sanitary condition of the park has had special attention in every way this season. Cottagers who are in the vicinity of sewers have had notices served upon them by the trustees to connect their premises with the sewers, and everything possible has been done looking towards the health and comfort of the public. Dr. Potter, of the state board of health, who was at the park last week, expressed himself as well pleased with the condition of things. Dr. Hopkins, who has analyzed the water of the public well in the rear of the hotel, says there is nothing whatever deleterious in it.

There is a lack of enterprise on the part of some of the cottage owners on the park. Frequently if there is a board out of a sidewalk it will be left too long unnoticed by the property owner and not enough attention is paid to the trimming of shade trees. If the cottagers would co-operate with each other and with the trustees in making improvements, the beauty of the park would be greatly enhanced.

CASABICRANKA.

The girl sat on the baseball stand—
All but her beau had fled,
And he, poor chap, could not demand
Relief from what she said.
"Why does the pitcher throw it so?"
She murmured in dismay.
"Such actions violent, you know,
His awkward moves display.
Why does he so expectorate
Upon the snow white ball?
Was he not taught until too late
That that's not nice at all?
Why does that fellow don a cage
And let his voice resound
In cries of 'Strike!' awak'ning rage
In those upon the ground?
Why do the runners always fall
And slide upon their face,
Or else—they do not care at all—
Upon some other place?
Why do the people murmur 'Rank?'
He has no rank, 'tis plain.
Why does that player, lean and lank,
Seem in such awful pain?
Why does the catcher wear that pad
Close to his bosom pressed?
And why has not the other had
His clothes cut like the rest?
Why does that player swing the wood
In such a reckless way
And question, as no good man should,
What those behind him say?
Why do the men such colors wear"—
But here she turned her head,
And then at last became aware
Her escort had dropped dead.
—Nebraska State Journal.

Hypnotized.

"Now, Wally," said Edgar, with a friendly smile, "I just want to make an experiment. If you offer no resistance, I think I can hypnotize you. What you have to do is to maintain a passive mental attitude. Try to think of nothing whatever—no, not even of me. Come, try to be serious. There, lean back and make yourself comfortable. So; that will do. Now turn your eye to this light and don't forget that your mind is to be kept entirely inactive. I will count 60 seconds by my watch."

The young lady scrupulously obeyed these instructions. In 20 seconds her eyes twinkled; after 40 they closed completely.

"Ah! I knew I should do the trick!" Edgar triumphantly exclaimed. "Now, Wally, I command you to reveal to me the secrets of your heart. Whom do you love? Tell me, I say!"

An expression of reluctance flitted for a moment over the maiden's face; then she began in a monotonous drawl:

"I love Edgar P., and"—

"Yes! Yes!" exclaimed the enraptured Edgar. "Go on. Tell me all the secrets of your heart!"

"I love Edgar P.," she went on in the same tone, "and I would love him still more were he not so stingy. I should like to go to the theater twice a week, but he only takes me there once in three months. I wanted diamond rings, and he gives me rings with cheap stones. I should like to have gone for a drive once or twice a week, but he never invites me. When I walk out with him and feel hungry, he never thinks of treating me to oysters. When I"—

"Enough!" the young man cried. "Wake up! I command you!"

And so saying he made a rapid exit, without awaiting the result of his command.—Das Neue Blatt.

Rural Occupation.

Neighbor Stumps—Whar's Jim?
Farmer Stoans—Fishin.
Neighbor Stumps—An Tom?
Farmer Stoans—Readin.
Neighbor Stumps—Bill?
Farmer Stoans—Bisicklin.
Neighbor Stumps—John?
Farmer Stoans—Fiddlin.
Neighbor Stumps—Whar's the ole woman?
Farmer Stoans—Hoein.—Boston Courier.

Ideal lemonade tablets for making lemonade, 10c. a bottle at Wade's.

ANTIQUITY.

This sloping ground is undermined
By field mice galleries winding blind,
A labyrinth like that which thrids
The Pyramids.

And here and there, from place to place,
Unseen as our strange vanished race,
The mole builds his long serpent mound
Across the ground. * * *

Ere Egypt reared her sphinx's crest,
Ere those mound builders pierced the west,
The field mouse and the mole knew how
To build as now.
—J. Russell Taylor in Youth's Companion.

Primitive Fire Engines.

The oldest known fire engine for pumping water is probably the one mentioned in the "Spiritalia" of Hero, about 150 B. C. This engine, it is said, was contrived with two single acting pumps with a single beam pivoted between the two for working the plungers. The streams of water united in a single discharge pipe and passed up a trough having an air chamber and out of a nozzle which might be turned in any direction as desired. Fire engines appear also to have been used extensively by the early Romans, who furthermore organized regular fire brigades.

In the early part of the sixteenth century a fire engine known as a "water syringe" was introduced, which in a measure resembled the modern forms of fire engines. This was mounted on wheels, and the water was poured by levers. This form of engine was very generally used in Germany. In England about the same time large brass syringes were used. These held several quarts of water and were operated by three men, two of them holding the syringe at each side with one hand and directing the nozzle with the other, while the third operated the plunger. It was necessary, after having discharged the water from the syringe, to refill it from a well or cistern near the fire or from buckets. The syringes were later fitted to portable tanks of water. The first successful fire engine was probably the Newsham engine, and this was the pioneer of manually operated fire engines. The pumps in these engines were built on many different designs, but in most cases they were operated by levers. Fire engines similar in form to the Newsham engine were in use up to the year 1850.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Killed Just For Fun.

At a little fishing village last summer on the coast I was noticing the tameness of the sea gulls as they flew around the boats when they drew to land or sat like so many barn door fowls awaiting for any bit of fish thrown to them. "Yes," said an old fisherman, "they are getting tamer again now, but for a long time they kept aloof. A couple of city guests came down here and began blazing away at the poor, tame creatures that did not know at first what it meant, for they had never had even a stone thrown at them or heard a gun fired in their life. How many they would have killed, 'just for fun,' as they say, I don't know, if we fishermen hadn't stopped them, for the gulls we consider our friends. We like to hear their wild cries, and they lead us to where the fish are shoaling, but it was a long time before they became tame again."

A would be sportsman stopped overnight at a backwoods cabin with a whole arsenal of guns. Early in the morning the farmer was awakened by a fusillade in the garden. "I jumped up," he said, "to see what was the matter, and there was that city chap blazing away at my little robins and orioles, to listen to whose songs I have lain awake by the hour. I just caught the fellow by the collar, and says I, 'Look here, young man, if you fire that gun again, I'll fire you out of this mighty quick.' He dropped his 'shooting iron' and looked at me in amazement."—New York Dispatch.

A Snake Haunted Tract, India.

In spots of jeopardy and awkward angles attack from behind is the main thing to guard against. Walking on thus I communed with myself of snakes and beasts, duly considering what terrible bugbears they are to stay at homes. An old poet has told us not to whistle till we are well clear of the wood, "but whistle ye merrily to yourselves," (I soliloquized) "all ye who range the byways of a snake haunted tract. Sing somewhat loudly by the way. Let there be melody not in your hearts only, but on your lips. Thus shall ye prove yourselves very lords of creation. From the notes of your hymn shall each lewd beast and unclean reptile flee away, affrighted and amazed!"

Would that I had practiced what I mused on in silence, for even as I mused the swish of a rattan rang sharp behind, and, looking back, I saw my boy fell a deadly serpent to the earth. I had stepped clean over him! It was a great escape. My pajamas were tucked up to the knee, and if the brute had had time to coil and strike my bare legs lay at the mercy of his merciless fangs. He had been been lying at full length in a rut, between some logs transversely placed in a boggy bit of way, and I, walking past noiselessly in rubber soled shoes, had caught him napping.—Good Words.

Heaven Might Be a Lonely Place.

A little boy, when questioned by his mother regarding some escapade, had not told the strict truth regarding the affair. She had taken him on her knee and was explaining to him that people who told lies could not go to heaven.

"Mamma," said he, "did you ever tell a lie?"

"Well, my son, I don't know but possibly at some time in my life I may have told some things that were not quite as they should have been."

"Did papa ever tell a lie?" again questioned the boy.

"I am afraid he has," replied his mother.

"Did Aunt Fannie ever tell a lie?" persisted the boy. His mother concluded it was about time to choke her son off before he had involved all the relations on both sides of the family, so she said, "My boy, I am afraid there is hardly any person in the world but who has at some period of his life made some statements that would not be called exactly the truth."

The boy pondered over this for a few moments.

"Mamma," he said, "it must be dreadful lonesome in heaven—nobody there but God and George Washington!"—Chicago Times-Herald.

An Ancient Road.

Old Joshua Bates, the town clerk of Braintree, Mass., was on the witness stand in the court recently in the Braintree grade crossing case, and upon being asked as to the age of Commercial street, which it is proposed to carry under the New Haven tracks, produced the records and read the vote of the town laying out the road under date of Dec. 25, 1640. In the Hon. Charles Francis Adams' "Three Episodes In American History" this record also appears, and many other interesting facts as to the road are given, showing that it was the first road that connected Plymouth with Boston.—Boston Traveller.

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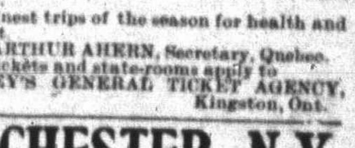

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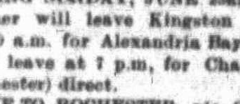

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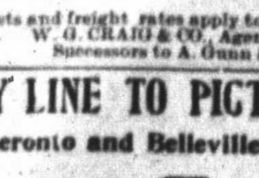

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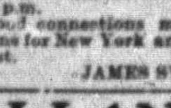

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