FOR FEMININE READERS

Woman's Sphere.

We hear a great deal about "woman's sphere," that is narrow in its limits and confined mostly to domestic duties; but Mrs. E. C. Bowman takes a very different view of the matter, which she gives expression to in the following lines:

"They talk about a woman's sphere
As though it had a limit;
There's not a place in earth or heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whispered yes or no,
There's not a life, or death, or birth,
That has a feather weight of worth,
Without a woman in it."

Seven Strange Stories About Women.

Two ladies contended for precedence in the court of Charles V. They appealed to the monarch, who, like Solomon, awarded: "Let the eldest go first." Such a dispute was never known afterward.

One of the principal graces of Sarah, duchess of Marlborough, was a prodigious abundance of fine hair. One day at her toilet, to anger her heroic lord, she cut off her commanding tresses and flung them in his face.

Nollekens, the sculptor, was a paragon of parsimony. In his own home candles were never lighted at the commencement of the evening, and whenever he and his wife heard a knock at the door they would wait until they heard a second rap before they lighted the candles, lest the first should have been a "runaway" and their candles should be wasted.

When Princess Charlotte, of Mecklenberg-Strelitz, came over to be married to George III., she was ten days at sea, but kept gay the whole voyage, sang to her harpsicbord, and left the cabin door open. When she first caught sight of St. James' Palace she turned pale. The Duchess of Hamilton smiles. "My dear Duchess," said the Princess, "You may laugh. You have been married twice, but it is no joke to me."

Whilst Frederick Morel, the great scholar and eminent printer, was employed on his edition of "Libanus" one day, he was told that his wife was suddenly taken ill. "I have only two or three sentences to translate and then I will come and look at her." A second message informed him that she was dying. "I have only two words to write and I will be there as soon as you," replied the philosopher. At length he was told that his wife was dead. "I am very sorry for it, indeed," said he, going on with his work, "she was a very honest women."

The marriage of Racine was an act of penance—neither love nor interest had any share in the union. His wife was a good sort of woman, but perhaps the most insensible of her sex, and the properest person in the world to mortify the passion of literary glory and the momentary exultation of literary vanity. It is scarcely creditable, but most certainly true, since her own son relates the fact, that she had never seen acted nor ever read, nor desired to read, the tragedies which rendered her husband so celebrated throughout Europe. She had only learned some of their titles in conversation.

Maria and Elizabeth Gunning, who appeared at the court of Geoge III—one at the age of eighteen and the other at nineteen—were two portionless girls of surpassing beauty. "They are declared," writes Walpole, "to be the handsomest women alive." They can't walk in the park, or go to Vauxhall, but such crowds follow them that they are generally driven away." One day they went to see Hampton Court. As they were going into the beauty-room another company arrived. The housekeeper said: "This way ladies; here are the beauties." The Gunnings flew into a passion, and asked her what she meant. They went to see the palace, and not to be shown as a sight themselves. The younger of the fair sisters became the Duchess of Hamilton; the other became Lady Coventry.

Debutantes.

Miss Lookabout, gossiping of New York society in the Boston *Herald*, has this to say concerning debutantes:

Much in the nature of a theatrical debut is the introduction of a young New York girl into that particular portion of society in which the doings are laboriously formal. The ceremony beats christening all hollow, and can only be exceeded in importance by a marriage. The girl is sixteen to seventeen. Up to this night she has been technically a child; now she suddenly becomes a woman, according to the usages of fashion. It may be that a reception is given by her parents for the purpose, but likelier she "comes out," as the phrase is, at one of the small balls called assemblies which occur in the halls connected with the greet restaurants. These gatherings usually include a clique of 100 couples, or at most 150, and are managed by a bevy of matrons whose social position will be a sort of label, guaranteeing genuine high quality. There may be several debutantes, but if only one, then she is regarded as peculiarly fortunate, for on her converges about all of the interest. She is dressed in maidenly white, and the material is correspondingly simple, though the making up of the muslin may have absorbed more money than is embodied in some of the gyrgeous satin toilets. She must not wear diamonds, and her arms and bosom should not be so freely uncovered as are those of her elder sisters— especially if they have the scrawniness common to youth. But she must be so lavishly fronted with flowers, from chin to waist, that she seems to be looking over a garden wall. The theory is that these are the floral offerings of young beaux; but, as with the bouquets which so surprise an actress, the cynics among the spectators are incredulous. With certain kinds of rare rosebuds costing one dollar a piece, it is easy to load a girl with $500 worth, counting in the numerous bunches which she in alternation carries in her hands. "How do you feel?" The question was put by a fond mother to her debutante daughter as they entered the hall, and I carried the reply in my mind only until I could get into an ante-room to write it down, so well did it reveal the sad artificiality which fashion imposes on a mere child. "Oh, I'm awfully afraid I'm not looking my best," said the young creature, "and I'm so nervous that I shake like an overbred terrier. I am going to be awkward, I know I am, and I shall make a failure." That sense of self-exhibition in a girl who ought to have been a careless merrymaker! Doubtless she had been in strict training for the event, like a pugilist for a fight. Hard lessons in dancing and deportment, arduous drilling in the art of small talk, much practice of facial expression before her mirror, and tedious experience with a dressmaker, had brought her into condition for what—so she had been led to believe—was a most serious feat. Do you suspect that I am exaggerating? Why, I personally know of a case in which a delicate girl, having been trained down too fine, and therefore liable to be worn ... of fresh in appearance, was sent ... h ... the afternoon of the debut, where she was steamed, sprayed and rubbed; after which she was put to bed at home for a sleep of two hours, with the result that she finally showed herself in a state of revivication resembling the bright-eyed and rosy-cheeked health of a milkmaid.

Fashion Notes.

Foulard overdresses, with underskirts of watered silk, are much worn by young girls in Paris.

The new chenille scarfs are bordered with a wide loop fringe of chenille set on both edges and making a pretty finish about the throat.

Wool lace of the color of the felt is used to trim some felt hats, being gathered slightly along the brim, or shaped into a rosette on the left side.

The New York bride now avoids making any disturbance at the altar, by carrying her left-hand glove thither in her right hand, together with her bouquet.

Too much embroidery upon a handkerchief marks it as old-fashioned this winter. The finer the wrought vine set close to the narrow, hem-stitched border, the better.

Second skirts or skirt fronts made entirely of gold and other metal bead and thread embroideries, with fringes to match, all shaded effects, make dazzling many evening toilets of ceremony.

The Princess of Wales continues to wear crushed strawberry, and has appeared in it several times lately. It is a very pretty color, and a revival of it would be anything but a misfortune.

Very fine embroidery in floral designs or small dots, or some woven openwork on the instep, is the only ornament of the best fine silk hosiery now. Embroidery in colors is very seldom employed.

Velvet waists with chemisettes and sleeves of lace or English embroidery, worn with satin surah skirts frilled with lace, make the pretty evening costumes of those girls who refuse to obey the edict of fashion requiring them to wear frocks of woolen.

The ostrich feathers in two colors make the most beautiful fans. Those on the middle sticks are single, but two or three are set together outside to make a plume. Pink and old gold, blue and seal brown, and black and white are the favorite combinations.

A Worth mantle in pearl white, brocaded with silver, is finished with chenille and silver-tinsel fringe. A rare robe, from Felix, is in two tones of plume color—pale and a rich dark shade in velvet and brocade, with trimmings of lace and electric beads.

White and gold is a combination as fashionable this year as it was last, and costumes of white satin and lace with gold embroidery are among the most elegant and costly sent out by the French dressmakers. The design of the lace is outlined with gold thread and is repeated on the satin in gold.

Twilled flannel is the favorite material for young girls' school frocks this season. They are made up with plaited basques and skirts and the simplest of apron overskirts, and the trimming is stitching, or at the most two rows of braiding. The whole costume is characterized by absolute simplicity.

Worth's genius is illustrated in an evening robe of brocade and satin in pale salmon and shrimp pink, trimmed with pearl-embroidered net, duchess lace and lines of pearl beads. The peculiar feature consists in the upper portion of the back of train being trimmed over and down on each eide, the end secured beneath pearl-tasseled bows of satin.

A suggestion of value is given by Parisian women, who, instead of lining the long dolmans and cloaks so fashionable this winter entirely with fur, use fur for lining to the waist line of the wrap, and below that point line the garment with satin velvet, or plush to match the color of the fur, which matches as nearly as possible the color of the wrap.

It would seem that the golden age in millinery has arrived, everything in this line being either of gold or trimmed with gold. Glints of the precious metal are seen in the rich and beautiful plush and Ottoman ribbon adornings, while the birds, coming from some mysterious clime, have gold beaks, gold legs, and a shower of gold illuminating their wonderful plumage. Dark velvet hats and bonnets are beautiful back-grounds for this golden ornamentation. Most of the trimmings are raised very high in front, and gold and bronze lizards are seen upon many of the most expensive hats—these cheerful looking reptiles with eyes of sapphire being considered very chic.

Imagine a bonnet-shape having rather high crown, with brim consisting of two crescents, one on either side, the half-moon points coming together in center of back and front. The frame is covered with Kursheedt's all over embroidered velvet in sky-blue ground, with silver stars over the surface. On the top, slightly on the right side, a silver crescent is secured, while a smoke-colored cow in antique silver is mounted on a pin, and is seemingly in the act of jumping over the silver half-moon before it. A cloud-like trimming of silver gauze is intermixed with loops of velvet ribbon, and the face is filled in with ruching of silver and white-gauze lace, through which silver star-shaped ornaments on flexible stems dance and twinkle like stars through a passing, snowy cloud.

Catching a Sea Serpent.

A strange adventure to a boat's crew from the whaling bark Alaska in the Arctic ocean is recounted by the first officer, George Johnson:

On the 16th of last October, when the vessel was forty-six miles south of Alaska, an object was perceived in the distance, whose proportions and shape indicated it must be a monster sea lion. A boat was immediately lowered and placed in the charge of First Officer Johnson and five of the crew, named Andrew Nelson, William Wilson, Antoine Niaga, George Marshfield and Hans Stuten.

As the distance was decreased between the bark and the huge animal, they became convinced that it was the sea serpent. When they came within a few hundred yards the monster made a dash for the boat, striking out its immense tail against the craft. Several of the occupants were precipitated into the water, but were rescued with difficulty.

A harpoon and lance were fired into the body of the beast, and it disappeared beneath the surface. Half an hour later it reappeared, floating on the water, dead. It was secured with ropes and towed to the vessel and hoisted on the deck.

There the capture was seen to be a villainous-looking thing. Its head closely resembled that of a lizard. It measured thirty-three feet in length, the tail alone being nine feet long. The tail was cut off and stuffed, and brought to this city, and is now on exhibition.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Love is blind, very blind—when the girl is rich.

INAUGURATIONS.

Ceremonies With Which Some Presidents Were Installed.

Thomas Jefferson was the first President inaugurated at Washington, says "Carp" in the Cleveland *Leader*. The city then was a country village scattered over an immense territory, and Pennsylvania avenue was a muddy country road. There was a fence about the capitol grounds, and it is is said that Jefferson rode there on horseback, and jumped from his horse and tied him to the bars while he went up to the big white building to be sworn in. Only a few friends accompanied him. The inauguration took place in what was then the Senate chamber—now the supreme court room—and only 1,000 people were present. Of these 150 were ladies. As the President-elect came in the Senators stood up, and Aaron Burr gave the President's seat to Mr. Jefferson. John Adams, the retiring President, was not present. It is reported that he said he did not propose to grace the inauguration of the party opposed to him, and that he left the White House on the night of March 3, at midnight, and that before day he had departed from Washington forever.

Jefferson's second inauguration was even more quiet than his first. The oath was taken in the Senate chamber, and after it there was a procession formed at the navy yard, which marched through the city to martial music. When Madison was inaugurated Washington city had not more than 8,000 population, and "strained to its utmost" to accommodate the guests. The day opened with a Federal salute, and 10,000 people were unable to gain admittance to the capitol. The ceremonies took place in the hall of the House of Representatives, and Jefferson was present. The President-elect was escorted from Georgetown by a troop of cavalry, and he came into the capitol attended by cabinet officers. Chief Justice Marshall administered the oath, and then another band of militia escorted him in his reception. At this ceremony Madison wore an entire suit of clothes of American manufacture, made from the wool of American sheep. His second inauguration was also a grand event, and he was given a dinner at one of the leading hotels of Washington.

Monroe's two inauguration oaths were administered by Chief Justice Marshall, and his first oath was announced to the people by the firing of a single gun. At this ceremony the day was mild, and the address was delivered and the oath taken out of doors. Monroe was the first President inaugurated in the open air. His second inauguration took place in the House of Representatives, as there was snow on the ground, and not over 2,000 people could be present.

John Quincy Adams' inauguration took place inside the Capitol on March 4, 1825. It was in what is now Statuary hall, and seats were reserved for ladies. Mr. Adams was led to the Capitol by troops of horsemen and marshals, and the diplomatic corps were present in costume. Mr. Adams came into the hall a little after 12 o'clock, and was introduced by the presiding officers of Congress. He was dressed in a suit of plain black. Behind him came President Monroe and his family. As soon as silence was secured he read the inaugural address, forty minutes long, and then taking the law book containing the oath from Chief Justice Marshall, he read it in a loud, clear voice. As he closed the audience cheered, and an artillery salute followed. As the crowd was dispersing Mr. Adams held a sort of reception. He shook hands with President Monroe and also with Andrew Jackson, who was to prove in the future his bitterest enemy.

The inauguration of Jackson was attended by thousands, and Daniel Webster in speaking about it said: "I never saw such a crowd. People have come 500 miles to see General Jackson, and they really seem to think that the country is rescued from some dreadful danger." Jackson came into Washington quietly. He had seen the corpse of his wife a few weeks before dressed in the white satin dress prepared for her use at Washington, and his honors were mixed with sadness. There were more people in Washington than ever before, and on the day of the ceremonies "King Mob reigned triumphant." The address was delivered on the east portico of the capitol, and to keep the crowd back a ship's cable had to be stretched across half way up the steps. At their close Jackson rode on a spirited horse from the capitol to the White House, where the motley throng followed and took possession. Refreshments were then served, and the wildest confusion prevailed, in which the guests fought for the victuals. Barrels of orange punch were made, but as the waiters brought it in a rush was made for it, and glasses were broken and pails of liquor upset upon costly carpets. Men with heavy, muddy boots stood upon the satin covered chairs and furniture was broken and curtains torn in the efforts of the crowd to get a view of the new President. There were a number of pickpockets in the throng, and it is recorded that one man lost $900. The crush was in fact so great that at one time Jackson, who had retreated until he was pressed against the wall, was protected from injury only by a number of his intimate friends, who, linking their hands together, thus made a living rope to keep the people back. Tubs of punch were finally taken down into the gardens of the White House grounds to lead the people off, and the waiters stopped bringing in wine and ice cream to be thrown upon the carpets.

Jackson's second inauguration took place in the capitol, in the presence of Senators, Representatives, foreign minister, and a number of prominent ladies and gentlemen, and Chief Justice Marshall administered the oath.

Martin Van Buren did not make a speech on the day he was inaugurated Vice President with Jackson. His inauguration as President was attended by Jackson, and the foreign representatives made a farewell address to General Jackson on this occasion. Van Buren read his inaugural address in the open air, and that so distinctly that N. P. Willis says, "twenty thousand people heard him distinctly." There was no excitement, and everything passed off quietly.

General Harrison, when he arrived in Washington to be sworn in, walked from the depot to the city hall. It was a stormy day in February, and it is said he carried his hat in his hand and saluted the people who lined the sidewalks at the time. Here he was addressed by the mayor and a number of citizens. Harrison's inaugural address had been written in Ohio. It was penned on large sheets of foolscap paper, and he showed it to Daniel Webster before he read it. Herrison had put in a number of allusions to the Greeks and Romans, which Webster wanted to cut out, but the President would not hear of it. He was a great admirer of the classics, and in going to the capitol he preferred to ride on a charger, as the emperors did along the Appian way to accepting the carriage given him by the Whigs of Baltimore. The inaugural day was ushered in by a salute of as many guns as there were States in the Union. It was cold and chill, but the general scorned an overcoat, and rode with his hat in his hand. Behind him came clubs and labor organizations of various kinds, and among them were log cabins covered with inscriptions, cider barrels, coon-skins and other emblems of the campaign and the frontier. At 12 o'clock John Tyler entered the Senate and took his oath of office and delivered his address. As he closed Harrison came in and the crowd adjourned to the east portico, where Harrison, bareheaded and without an overcoat, delivered his flowery address. It was bitter cold and the rest of the people were uncomfortable in overcoats. As the President closed Chief Justice Taney administered the oath and the thousands dispersed, Harrison going to the White House on horseback as he had come. Here he received the people in crowds, and that night he visited the three inaugural balls which were given in his honor. The fatigue and exposure of this inauguration must have had much to do with hastening President Harrison's death. At any rate he fell very sick before the close of the month of his inauguration, and on the 4th of April he died. His last words were: "Sir, I wish you to understand the true principles of government; I wish them carried out. I ask nothing more." And with that he died.

It was a bad day when Polk was inaugurated. Still there was a grand procession, and thousands of military men marching to the music of many bands. The President rode to the capitol in a carriage, the Marine band played, and silk banners waved on every side. Taylor's inauguration took place on a cloudy day, but it was otherwise pleasant. Old Zach rode up to the capitol dressed in plain black in a carriage drawn by four gray horses. As he did so, the roofs of the houses along the line of march were crowded, every window was full, and the streets were lined with sightseers. Polk and his cabinet were present at the inauguration, and General Taylor delivered his address in a remarkably distinct voice from the east front of the capitol.

When Frank Pierce was sworn in it was cloudy and snowy. The President spoke his inaugural from memory to 20,000 people from the east portico, and Chief Justice Taney administered the oath.

Buchanan was inaugurated on a bright and sunny day, and a full description of the ceremonies describes them as grand in the extreme. The President attended the inaugural ball, and his entrance upon his official career showed no signs of the disturbances which were to close it.

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

The whale swims by striking the water up and down, instead of laterally, with a fin-like horizontal tail.

The first object of respiration is to convert venous into arterial blood. It is done by bringing it to the surface so that carbon dioxide may be exhaled and oxygen absorbed.

Mr. Julius Catlin, a wealthy resident of Hartford, Conn., and a lieutenant-governor of the State during the war, calculates that in the sixty-seven years in which he has been a smoker, he has spent $200,000 for cigars!

The microscope reveals that there are more than 4,000 muscles in a caterpillar, and that the eye of a drone contains 1,000 mirrors. There are spiders as small as a grain of sand, and they spin a thread so fine that it would require 400 of them to equal the size of a single hair.

The founder of the still lingering dynasty at Constantinople was Othman or Osman, during the early part of the fourteenth century. His name attaches both to the ruling class and the empire, in that the former called themselves Osmanlis, and the latter is generally designated as the Ottoman.

The Odeon was a structure in Ancient Athens, built by Pericles and designed for musical performances. It was surmounted by a circular roof, constructed with the masts and yards of the Persian ships which were captured at Salamis. Nothing remains of the Odeon, but it has given its name to buildings in modern times designed for similar uses.

"When an impression," says Dr. R. Wood Brown, "is received upon the retina, tympanum, tongue, fingers or olfactory bulbs, it is conveyed by proper nerve filaments to cells in the gray matter of the brain. These cells vibrate from excitation and undergo a change, say that of molecular arrangement. If this impression is repeated often enough, the molecules are permanently changed, and we have memory cells and remember the impression. But repeated impressions are not always necessary to produce a memory cell. A sudden violent excitation will cause a permanent change in a cell.

There is in New Granada a curious vegetable product known under the name of the ink-plant. Its juice can be used in writing without any previous preparation. The letters traced with it are of a reddish color first, but turn a deep black in a few hours. This juice also spoils steel pens less than common ink. The qualities of the plant seem to have been discovered under the Spanish administration. Some writings intended for the mother country were wet through with sea-water on the voyage, while the papers written with common ink were almost illegible, those with the juice of the plant were quite unscathed. Orders were given in consequence that this vegetable ink was to be used for all public documents.

Why He Lost the Case.

An interesting suit between a tailor and a butcher was on trial recently. The latter furnished the former with some cloth for a pair of trousers. The tailor said he was a good cutter, but when the garment was done it failed to fit. The tailor sued for the cost of the making, $5, while the butcher asserted that the pantaloons was made for a man about half-dozen sizes smaller than he. The butcher, who is a six-footer, was thereupon ordered into the Judge's private chamber and requested to put on a pair of the trousers. About five minutes later he appeared in the court red in the face from struggling to get the pantaloons on. His appearance was a signal for an outburst of laughter. Judge Pennie laughed till he turned red in the face, and Sandkins was entreated to retire to the room from which he came to prevent the audience being stricken with epileptic fits. The tailor lost his case.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Aim at perfection in everything, though in most things it is unattainable; for those who aim at it, and persevere, will come much nearer to it than those whose laziness and despondency make them give it up as unattainable.

Stanley, the explorer, wasn't worth much, according to his own calculation. He says he bought his life of wild tribes, on several occasions, for a pound of powder.

Vanderbilt's Strong Box.

I stood the other day in the vault of the formidable fortress of iron and masonry on Forty-second street, New York city, where last year the richest nabob in the world locked up his two hundred million dollars in stocks, bonds, and other securities. It is one of the most redoubtable wroks of defence on the American continent, though you may not be entirely certain of that by surveying the building from the outside. Its foundations were blasted out of the rock; the front wall is five feet in thickness, and the side and rear walls are three feet, the materials used being pressed brick with brown-stone trimmings. The beams, girders and main pillars are iron, encased in fire-proof material. The doors, window-frames, and minor partititions are iron, marble and glass. No wood is to be found in the structure. The great vault is thirty-six by forty-two feet, of wrought iron, steel and Franklinite iron, is imposing in strength and proportions, and is situated on the ground floor. Its four doors weigh eight thousand two hundred pounds each, and have every effective and known improvement in defensive devices. A massive wall of masonry surrounds the iron-work. The vault, which is burglar, fire and water proof, constitutes a distinct building in itself. The armed watchmen who guard the building day and night are under the strictest discipline, their hourly movements being recorded by an electric clock connecting with various points on each floor of the structure, and there are also wires running to police headquarters and the offices of the district telegraph. In one corner of this great vault, behind heavy iron bars, are the heavier iron doors of the works containing the Vanderbilt securieties, which can be opened only by skeleton-keys held by the owner alone. I suppose that a hundred men in this building, with Gatling guns, could easily defend it against a mob of one hundred thousand assailants; it could be reduced by nothing less than a continued play of heavy artillery.

A Congressman's Story.

Congressman Blackburn, of Kentucky, tells the following story of his experience in the army:—

Four days before I went to the front with my regiment we had a girl baby. She is now grown up and you always see her with me at any social gathering. Well, in our army the furloughs came very rarely. When we got into line there was no great chance for a man to get home. It was about three years afterward that a few of us were one night going down the Mississippi on a river steamer. I had been sick and was returning to my cammand, but pretty well broken up, even then. As for money, we did not have any, and the night was hot, as I laid down on the deck, my throat almost parched with thirst. Pretty soon a little girl came along with a big glass of lemonade. I tell you it looked good to me. She saw me eyeing it, stopped a minute, looked doubtfully at me and finally came slowly up to my side.

"You look as though you wanted something to drink," she said, and offered me the glass.

It wasn't quite the fair thing to do, but I took it and handed it back to her empty. It was like nectar to me. Then I thanked the little creature and sent her away. Soon after, just like every child, she came back, leading her mother to see the poor soldier. By Jupiter it was my wife, and the girl was the baby whom I had last seen when just born. You can imagine the reunion. They were with my brother's family and happened to be going down the river. That was the only time during the four years' fighting that I saw my wife and baby, and under these circumstances what man would forget it?

New Way to Pay Old Debts.

"I see the mail car was burned on the the Omaha road night before last, and all its contents destroyed."

"You don't tell me! Where was it bound?"

"Going north to Ashland and Bayfield, Wisconsin."

"To Bayfield? Good, good!"

"Good? Why, what on earth is there good about that?"

"Why, you see, I owe a man in Bayfield a little amount, and I've promised to send it to him until he won't take promises any longer."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Everything, everything. I'll go right off now and write asking him why in tunket he doesn't send a receipt for that money I sent last—last—what day did you say that mail car was burned?"

Pace of the Camel.

As a matter of fact, and in spite of it having carried Mahomet in four leaps from Jerusalem to Mecca, seven miles an hour is the camel's pace; nor can it maintain this rate over two hours. Its usual speed is about five miles an hour—a slow pace, beyond which it is dangerous to urge them, lest, as Asiatics say, they might break their hearts and die literally on the spot. When a camel is pressed beyond this speed, and is spent, it kneels down, and not all the wolves in Asia will make it budge again. The camel remains where it kneels, and where it kneels it dies. A fire under its nose is useless.

A Mistake.

It is a mistake for fathers to toil all their life that their children may escape toil all theirs. Suppose the calculation correct, and permanent idleness secured for the next generation, what evidence is there that the boys and girls will be happier and better for it? The boys will be exposed to the devices of "sharks," and the girls to those of fortune-hunters. Leave something for them also to do.

Slow Suicide.

To lose sight of the end in the eager use of means, to forego results gained for the sake of results imagined, to live in a perpetual climb without admitting that we have climbed at all, to hope without ever recognizing "the substance of things hoped for," is a sort of slow suicide. It sacrifices life itself in the effort to improve it. Life passes away and slips from us while we are preparing to live. We lose realities while dreaming of its possibilities.

Totally Unexpected.

An old French lady left by will the whole of her fortune to her butcher. He was in no way related to her, did not even know her by sight, neither had she ever seen him. As the testatrix had no heirs, either direct or collateral, and no relations, the will was not disputed, and the butcher glided quite comfortably into his new position.

For the Ladies.

Laughter is the poor man's plaster,
Making every burden light;
Turning sadness into gladness,
Darkest hour to May dawn bright.
'Tis the deepest and the cheapest
Cure for ills of this description,
But for those that woman's heir to,
Use Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription."

Cures all weaknesses and irregularities, "bearing down" sensations, "internal fever," bloating, displacements, inflammation, morning sickness and tendency to cancerous disease. Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

Don't complain of the baker until you have tasted his bread.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is to be had at the nearest drug store for a dollar. It is not claimed that this remedy will cure every disease under the sun, but that it does all that it claims to do, thousands of good women know and declare.

It is by the daily lives of Christians that Christ is either honored or dishonored.

I Had a Dreadful Cough,
and raised a considerable amount of blood and matter; besides, I was very thin, and so weak I could scarcely go about the house. This was the case of a man with consumption arising from liver complaint. He recovered his health completely by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Thousands of others bear similar testimony.

To most men experience is like the stern lights of a ship, which illumes only the track it has passed.

Delicate diseases, affecting male or female, however induced, speedily and permanently cured. Illustrated book three letter stamps. Consultation free. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

No man ever offended his own conscience, but first or last it was revenged on him for doing it.

I FOUND IT A SURE CURE. I have been troubled with catarrhal deafness for seven or eight years with a roaring noise in my head. I bought medicine in 13 states but nothing helped me until I procured a bottle of Ely's Cream Balm. In four days I could hear as well as ever. I am cured of the Catarrh as well. I consider Ely's Cream Balm the best medicine ever made.—GARRETT WIDRICK, Hastings, N. Y.

The Hope of the Nation.
Children, slow in development, puny, scrawny and delicate, use "Wells' Health Renewer."

Carbo-lines.
This magic balm, which is in truth
Petroleum sweet and clean;
It gives to age the charm of youth,
The matchless Carboline.

"Rough on Coughs."
Ask for "Rough on Coughs," for Coughs, Colds Sore Throat, Hoarseness. Troches, 15c. Liquid, 25c.

Young Men!—Read This.
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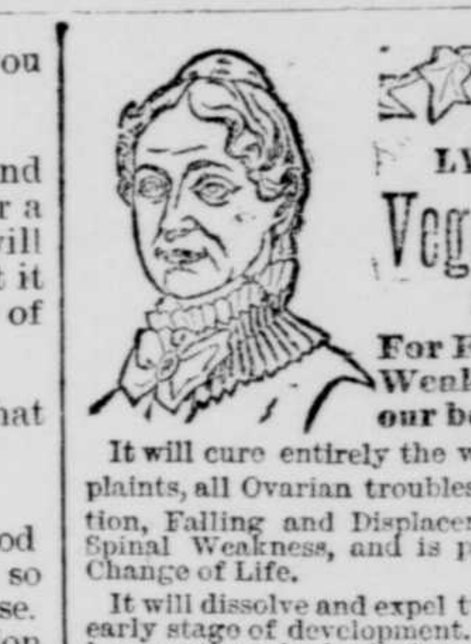
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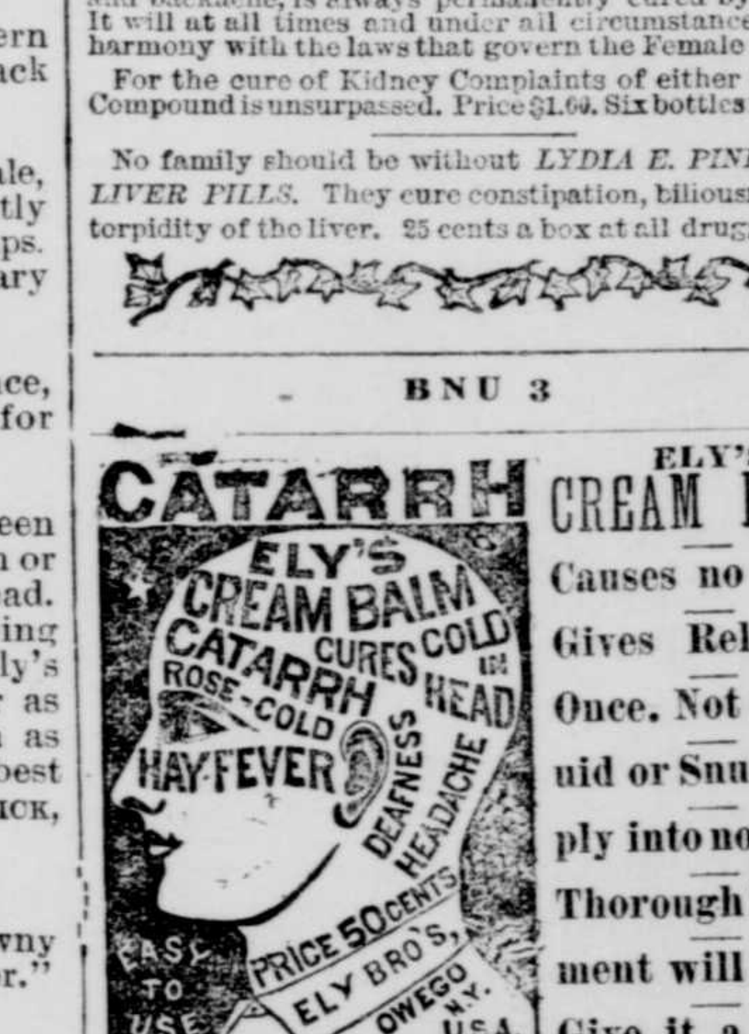
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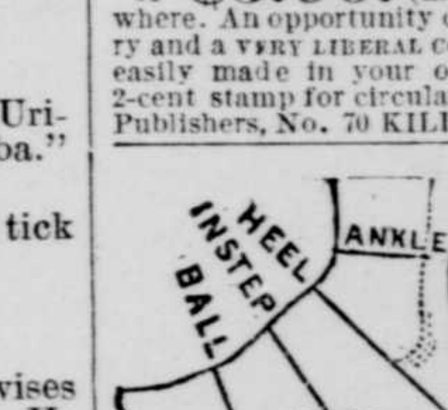
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