MUNYON

TALKS ON

DYSPEPSIA.

How to Cure Yourself.

In all forms of stomach trouble Munyon's dyspepsia Cure will promptly cure when there are such symptoms as pain or soreness in the stomach, indigestion or distress after eating, pressure and fullness in the stomach. Shortness of breath, poor appetite, coated tongue, sour or bitter rising from the stomach, heartburn, wind on the stomach, constipation, dizziness faintness and lost energy.

When these symptoms are associated with biliousness, yellow-coated tongue, nausea, bitter taste in the mouth and sallow skin take Munyon's Liver Cure in alternation with the Dyspepsia Cure, an hour apart. Where there is obstinate constipation keep the bowels open once a day by using Munyon's Constipation Cure until they become regular under the effect of the Dyspepsia Cure. When there are troublesome heart symptoms alternate Munyon's Heart Cure with the Dyspepsia Cure. If there is great nervousness or inability to sleep, alternate Munyon's Nerve Cure with the Dyspepsia Cure. If the blood is poor in quality alternate Munyon's Blood Cure and Dyspepsia cure. By this plan of treatment one can eradicate the worse forms of stomach trouble and their complications, and make the cure permanent.

A separate specific for each disease. Sold by all druggists, mostly for 25 cents a bottle.

Personal letters to Prof. Munyon, 1505 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa., answered with free medical advice for any disease.

Fall Schedule.

CHESTER RIVER

Steamboat Company.

Beginning on Monday, September 23, 1896 the steamer

EMMA A. FORD

will leave Chestertown at 8 o'clock A. M., on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, stopping at Rolph's, Booker's, Quaker Neck Bogle's, Queenstown and Kent Island.

RETURNING, will leave Baltimore at 10.30 A. M. on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, making the same landings.

On and after Monday, Nov. 2, the

STEAMER B. S. FORD

will leave Centreville at 8 A. M., Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, stopping at landings on Corsica River, Jackson Creek and Rock Hall. Returning, will leave Baltimore at 10:30 A. M., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, for same landings.

GEO. WARFIELD, Pres't.

Tutt's Pills Cure All Liver Ills.

ARE YOU BANKRUPT in health, constitution undermined by extravagance in eating, by disregarding the laws of nature, or physical capital all gone, if so, NEVER DESPAIR

Tutt's Liver Pills will cure you. Sick headache, dyspepsia, sour stomach, malaria, torpid liver, constipation, biliousness and all kindred diseases.

Tutt's Liver Pills are an absolute cure.

EPPS'S COCOA.

GRATEFUL. COMFORTING.

Distinguished everywhere for Delicacy of flavor, Superior Quality, and Nutritive Properties. Specially grateful and comforting to the nervous and dyspeptic.

Your Grocer and Druggist sell it. In Half-P and Tins only. Prepared by JAMES EPPS & CO., Ltd., Homœopathic Chemist, London, England.

BREAKFAST. SUPPER.

EPPS'S COCOA.

NASAL CATARRH IS A LOCAL DISEASE, and is the result of colds and sudden climatic changes

This remedy does not contain mercury or any other injurious drug.

ELY'S CREAM BALM COLD IN HEAD

Opens and cleans the Nasal Passages. Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Protected Membrane from Colds, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Is quickly absorbed. Gives relief at once. 50 cents at Druggists or by mail; samples 10c. by mail.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, N. Y.

Rainbow Liniment

Banishes all Pain

CURES Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sprains, Bruises, Chilblains, Cramps & Colic.

Price, 25c. per bottle. Sample bottle, 10c.

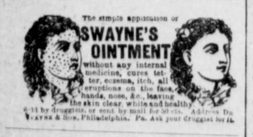
Sold by Dealers. Manufactured only by

H. J. HACKETT & CO., 27 N. 2nd St., Philadelphia.

USE HACKETT'S CONDITION POWDERS For Your Horses, Cattle and Poultry

Take no other. 15c. per lb. package.

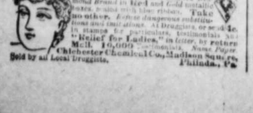
ELY'S CREAM BALM is a positive cure. Apply into the nostrils. It is quickly absorbed. 50 cents at Druggists or by mail; samples 10c. by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York City.



PARKER'S GINGER TONIC cures Lung Troubles, Debility, distressing stomach and female ills, and is noted for working cures when all other treatment fails. Every mother and invalid should have it.

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

HINDERCORNS The only sure Cure for Corns. Stops all pain. Makes walking easy. 15c. at Druggists.



Chichester's English Diamond Brand. PENNYROYAL PILLS. Original and Only Genuine. Safe. Always reliable. Ladies ask for Chi-chester's English Diamond Brand in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. Refuse dangerous substitutions and imitations. At Druggists, or send 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Name Paper. Chichester Chemical Co., Madison Sq., Phila., Pa. Sold by all Local Druggists.

NOVEL ENTERTAINMENT.

It Was Provided by a St. Louis Man For His Wife's Feminine Friends.

A wealthy St. Louisan living in the vicinity of Lafayette park provided a novel form of entertainment for his wife's guests one evening, says the St. Louis Republic.

The hostess was extremely anxious to provide something original for the edification of a score of guests whom she intended to call together for an informal evening. Her husband promised to provide such novelty and took a boon companion into his confidence to that end. They had not exchanged ideas 30 consecutive seconds before they hit upon the device of converting the elegant parlors into a gambling house pro tem. A faro bank, a roulette wheel and poker and keno lay outs were easily procurable, as the conferees well knew, and that part of the programme was soon settled. The friend suggested as a pretty epilogue the introduction of a pair of bulldogs, guaranteed to reduce each other to mince meat in three rounds. This rather staggered the ambitious host, but his friend is a ward politician, and with the eloquence he always keeps on draft soon convinced the other that the evening would be a failure without those bulldogs.

The evening arrived, and with it came the guests. The ladies were prettily shocked at sight of the gambling paraphernalia, but became accustomed to it in an astonishingly short time and shared in the games with becoming vim. It was when the yellow bulldogs made their unexpected entrance that the horror of the fair guests proved genuine. The beasts yelped and growled and showed other peculiarly canine symptoms of "spoiling for a fight." Thereupon the ladies sought refuge on the piano and card tables and chairs, conducting their retreat as from a mouse.

Notwithstanding excited feminine protestations, the friend who had been consulted as to a novelty in entertainment unleashed the dogs. It was an exciting climax to an "original" evening. The dogs feasted for five minutes on choice bits of each other's anatomy. The ladies screamed and the friend who was consulted exulted in the success of his novelty. When he was quite convinced—and it took a considerable time to convince him—that the ladies' desire for gore had been fully gratified, he doused the dogs into a convenient tub of water and separated them.

Animal Kindergartens.

It will be noticed that all creatures which have large families, whether beasts or birds, have less trouble in rearing them than those which have only one or two young. Little pigs are weeks ahead of calves in intelligence, and the young partridge, with its dozen brothers and sisters, is far more teachable than the young eagle. There seems no doubt that the latter is taught to fly by its parents. A correspondent informs the writer that he has watched the old birds so engaged and the young eagles reluctantly following them to a height.

Specialized education in animals begins late. The beaver kitten's training does not begin until the autumn of the year in which it was born. The old beavers, which have moved up tributary streams into the woods, or roamed to the larger lakes during summer, then return to inspect their dam and repair it for the winter. They then cut down a few trees, and, dividing them into logs, roll them or tow them to the dam. The kittens meantime are put on to what in a workshop would be called a "soft job." They cut all the small branches and twigs into lengths and do their share of light transport service. In the mud patting and repairing of the dam the beaver kittens take their share, but there is little doubt that they do so because their elders are so engaged. It is a kindergarten of the best kind, because mud patting and stick cutting are a great joy and solace to old beavers as well as young ones, and so instruction, pleasure and business are all combined. Young otters, and probably also young water rats, have to be taught to go into the water. According to the observations of Mr. Hart, the late head keeper at the zoo, the young otters born there did not enter the water for weeks, and even then their mother had to "mind" them and fetch them out when she thought they had had enough of it. They swim naturally when once in the water, and this seems true of all animals.—London Spectator.

Chivalrous Mr. Fields.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, in her book, "Chapters From a Life," pays the following tribute to James T. Fields:

"Mr. Fields was a man of marked chivalry of nature, and, at a time when it was not fashionable to help the movements for the elevation of women, his sympathy was distinct, fearless and faithful. In a few instances, we knew, and he knew, that this fact deprived him of the possession of certain public honors which would otherwise have been offered to him.

"He advocated the political advancement of our sex, coeducation and kindred movements without any of that apologetic murmur so common among the half hearted or the timid. His fastidious and cultivated literary taste was sensitive to the position of women in letters. He was incapable of that literary snobbishness which undervalues a woman's work because it is a woman's. A certain publishing enterprise which threatened to treat of eminent men came to his notice. He quickly said: 'The time has gone by for that! Men and women! Men and women!'"

Growth of English.

The growth of the English language during the present century has been without parallel in the history of any tongue. The commercial associations of the English and American people with all the nations of the earth have brought contributions from every clime to enrich our mother tongue, and the result is that there are words in common use in the English language from every known language on the face of the earth.

"Horses With Wheels."

"It was in the early days of railroading in the south," remarked the gentleman with the stock of reminiscences the other day. "I was located in Florida about the time when the government had made vassals of the Seminole Indians of that state, and in order to impress the redoubtable Billy Bowlegs, the Tecumseh of the Seminoles, it had invited that 'heap big chieftain' to make a trip to the seat of the national government. Billy was a bit dubious about accepting the invitation, fearing possibly that the great father at Washington might have designs upon his life or happiness, but he was prevailed upon to make the trip, and he embarked on board of the train with a great show of courage. The trains of that period were not the fliers of today—in fact, on many of the short lines the engineers were compelled to get out of their cabs and walk to lighten the train and permit it to proceed at an even rate of speed. When Billy Bowlegs returned from his visit, he had overcome his trepidation and looked with scorn upon the locomotives. I visited Billy a day or two after his return and asked him how he liked traveling on the iron horse.

"'Huh,' he said, with an upward twist of his prominent proboscis, 'horse wid wheels no good! Big heap no good! Me on horse better than two. Run way all time. White man heap smart. Injun heap better. Huh!'"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Soap of Pompeii.

Soap has been in use for 3,000 years and is twice mentioned in the Bible. A few years ago a soap boiler's shop was discovered in Pompeii, having been buried beneath the terrible rain of ashes that fell upon that city 79 A. D. The soap found in the shop had not lost all its efficacy, although it had been buried 1,800 years.—San Francisco News Letter.

Practice Makes Perfect.

Mildred—Madge's complexion has improved wonderfully of late.

Marjorie—Yes. She is beginning to understand how to put it on.—New York Ledger.

WHY IT WAS HOT.

The Hash Epicure's Initial Experience With a Chafing Dish.

"I had heard of chafing dishes for years," said Smiley Williams, "but the one I saw for the first time floored me completely.

"I never thought much about the blamed things, but somehow I supposed a chafing dish was some sort of concern that they grated things in—something that rubbed together and mashed things.

"The other night, though, Bolton and I went into a Madison street restaurant for dinner. You know I always have a sneaking liking for hash of any kind, and so does Bolton. Bolton ordered turkey hash for two, and the waiter brought it on in a swell sort of silver dish nearly as tall as a cake basket. It had a tight cover, and when we opened it it steamed like a 40 horsepower boiler blowing off.

"I loaded up Bolton's plate, and in the first pass at it he took the skin off his tongue, it was so hot.

"'Just like these infernal places,' Bolton growled. 'Anything you've got to eat is blistering hot, while coffee is always stone cold.'

"After awhile Bolton took some more hash and burned his tongue again.

"'Holy Moses,' he said, 'what's got into that hash?'

"I told him nobody was expected to know anything about restaurant hash, especially the fellow who was eating it, but he wasn't satisfied.

"Well, we kept on eating hash until we had enough. And do you know that hash left in the dish was hotter than it was at the start?

"'Well,' said Bolton, 'I wouldn't have believed my eyes, but with most of the skin off my tongue I've got to give it up.' Then he called the waiter.

"'Say,' he said, in a low tone, 'I'll give you a quarter if you'll tell me what in blazes is the matter with that hash.'

"'Beg pahdon, sah?'

"'What keeps that hash so all fired hot?'

"'Why, sah, that's a chafing dish, sah!'

"That's how I found out that a chafing dish is a silver fruit stand with a fire built under it."—Chicago Record.

SPEAKING TO THE DEAF.

A Mistake Is Often Made In Trying to Enunciate Very Plainly.

Many people, and I am sorry to say some teachers of the deaf, fail to realize—in practice at least—that speech is not as clearly visible to the eye as it is audible to the ear, and think that by speaking slowly, word by word, and opening their mouths to the widest extent, they will render the task of the speech reader easier. As a matter of fact they render it all the more difficult. A child in school may learn to understand a teacher who mouths his words in this manner, but this ability is of no value to him when he leaves school. Indeed perfectly natural, deliberate speech is easier to understand than the exaggerated form of articulation which people are apt to use the moment they know they are talking to a totally deaf person.

People who depend entirely upon their speech reading for understanding others have requested me, when introducing them to strangers, not to say that they were deaf, because they find it easier to read the lips when the person speaking is not aware that he is being understood in that way. I have in my acquaintance a young man educated wholly by this method who travels a great deal and picks up acquaintances on the steamer or on the train just as people do who possess all their faculties.

I have in mind also a congenitally deaf girl of 14 who is not considered unusually bright, yet whose speech is clearly intelligible to strangers after the first ten minutes, who is intelligent on the topics of the day, and whose larger and more conversational repertory is much larger and more entertaining than that of many young ladies of 20 and over that I have met in metropolitan society.—John Dutton Wright in Century.

AARON BURR'S FARMHOUSE.

The Building, Which Is Over a Century Old, Still Standing.

On the corner of Hudson and Charlton streets is a frame building which, to a critical eye, would seem to be tumbling down, or rather would apparently be if it were not held up by the adjoining building. The window frames, which once were square, are quite out of plumb, dropping downward on the south side. The ceilings are low on every floor, and on the Hudson street front the first floor, which is a little above the sidewalk and reached by a few steps, has been transformed into a couple of small stores, while the entrance to the upper floors is gained through a door on Charlton street. An extension has been erected on this side to the main building so as to cover the lot.

The building was formerly the farmhouse of Aaron Burr and was located on the top of Richmond hill, through which Varick street was cut. When these streets were laid out, the old farmhouse was brought down to the road, which is now Hudson street, and placed on a vacant lot, then and now at the corner of Charlton street. Opposite to it was placed another frame house, which had been removed after the great fires of 1835 and 1845, from Chambers street, where it was known as the "Old Brown Jug." This removal had been caused by the extension of the fire limits in the lower portion of the city. A few years ago the "Old Brown Jug" building was condemned and torn down. In its place a brick structure has been erected. But so far the old Burr house has been spared, for, although it is out of plumb, the building was so strongly constructed that there is little danger of its falling.

For many years the old house was occupied by an old time "leather head watchman," who, after his retirement from that service, employed his time in making leather traveling trunks, which he sold on this corner, occupying the upper floors with his family. At his death, a few years ago, the family, like many of those who formerly resided in Greenwich village, removed to the upper part of the city, and the building has since ceased to be inhabited by one family.—New York Mail and Express.

English Administration of Jamaica.

The English administration of Jamaica is a thing to be thankful for. There are law and order, excellent roads, comfortable houses, adequate police, lawn tennis and cricket, plenty of manly, companionable English army and navy officers and a governor who is strong, able and genial. At the same time it would be folly to maintain that the island is producing a tenth part of the wealth that is latent in soil and atmosphere, or that most of the wealth that is beginning to make its appearance is due to anything so much as to the American enterprise and capital which are opening up railways and cultivating fruits. Another serious fact, though not necessarily an unwelcome one, is that the island's 4,000 square miles contain a population of 600,000 persons, 25,000 of whom are white.—Julian Hawthorne in Century.

Youthful Interrogator.

"Mother," said a thoughtful Boston child to his maternal relative.

"What is it, Waldo?"

"Is Philadelphia older than Boston, mother?"

"Of course not, my son. The first settlement was made in Charlestown in 1630, while William Penn did not arrive on the site of Philadelphia until 52 years later."

"That was always my impression, mother, but how is it that Philadelphia is mentioned in the Bible, while Boston is not?"—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

The red carnation is regarded in Spain as an emblem of despair. There is a tradition in Andalusia that the flower sprang from the blood of the Virgin Mary.

HOW SHE HELD THE TRAIN.

A Woman's Strategy That Enabled Her Daughter to Go to Town.

"Before I came to this part of the country I was an engineer on a railroad down south," said a railway man. "We used to make a long run, and we were pretty slow about it. While on that line I had some very odd experiences. I remember one day, when we reached the junction station, a woman came up to me and asked me to hold the train for five minutes. She said that her daughter wanted to take the train to the city. I told her that it was impossible for me to hold the train for her."

"'I don't see why,' she expostulated. 'I think you might do a little thing like that.'

"I tried to explain to her that trains ran on schedule time, and, like time and tide, wait for no man, or woman either, for that matter. But she wouldn't have it, and finally, just as we were about to start, she shouted indignantly:

"'Well, I'll just see about that.'

"I laughed, but soon I ceased to laugh, for what did that old woman do but get right on the track about three feet in front of the engine. She sat herself there, firmly grasping hold of the rails with both hands. The conductor signaled for me to go ahead, as our stop was over. But I couldn't do it as long as she remained on the track, for I would kill her certainly. I called to the conductor, and he, impatient at the delay, came up. I explained the situation to him. He was as mad as I was and going up to the woman told her to get off the track.

"'I just won't,' she replied, 'until my daughter gets on board your train.'

"He pleaded with her some more and finally declared that he would be compelled to use force.

"'Just you dare!' she cried. 'I'll sue you for damages if you do.'

"This opened a new complication, and we reasoned with ourselves whether we had better remove her by force. Just as we had determined upon a course of policy her daughter came up and seeing the old woman on the track kissed her goodby and got on the train, while her mother called to her:

"'Go ahead, Mary Ann. You have plenty of time, though, for I will sit on the track until you get on board.'

"And then, when Mary Ann was safely on board and we were about ready to run over the old woman, if necessary, she calmly and slowly got up and waved me a goodby, calling as we pulled out of the station:

"'I hope I've teached you fellers a grain of perliteness.'"—Chicago Times-Herald.

HISTORIC SLAVE AUCTION.

The Sale of Pinky Said to Have Inspired the Emancipation Proclamation.

In The Ladies' Home Journal Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher writes of "When Mr. Beecher Sold Slaves In Plymouth Pulpit." Recalling the historic sale of Pinky, Mrs. Beecher gives these details: "An old colored woman had written to Mr. G. Faulkner Blake, the brother of one of our church members, that her little grandchild, named Pinky, was too fair and beautiful for her own good, and was about to be sold 'down south,' and Mr. Blake asked if she could be freed. 'Not unless you bring her north,' replied Mr. Beecher. 'I will be responsible for her, and she shall be lawfully purchased or sent back.' The answer was a compliment, to which Mr. Beecher laughingly referred as the only tribute ever paid to him by a slave owner. 'If Henry Ward Beecher has given his word,' wrote the dealer, 'it is better than a bond.'

"So Pinky was brought to Plymouth church and placed upon the pulpit, as Sarah, another slave, previously had been. The scene was again one of intense enthusiasm. Rain never fell faster than the tears of the congregation. The pretty child, the daughter of a white father, was bought and overbought. Rose Terry—afterward Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke, the famous authoress—threw a valuable ring into the basket, and Mr. Beecher picked it out and put it upon Pinky's finger, saying, 'Remember—with this ring I do wed thee to freedom.' * * * President Lincoln took a lively interest in the case of Pinky, the details of which were related to him by Chief Justice Chase and by Mr. Beecher. I was not in Washington with my husband at the time, and therefore cannot verify the story that the sale of Pinky inspired President Lincoln to issue the almost divine proclamation of emancipation."

GOOD COPS AS EASY MARKS.

A Retired Bunko Man's Idea of the Value of Regularity to the Crook.

An old time crook stood on a Broadway corner, in the Tenderloin district, late one night recently, watching a young policeman trying the store doors. The policeman did the work with great care and regularity.

"That's a careful copper," the crook volunteered, addressing a man who was standing a few feet away.

"Yes," replied the other. "Evidently he wants to gain the good opinion of his superiors."

The old time crook laughed.

"It would surprise you," he continued, "wouldn't it, to hear that that sort of a careful cop is a dead easy mark for thieves?"

"I don't see how," returned the citizen.

"Easy enough," retorted the crook. "It's your careful copper that can be easily spotted. The man who is going to do a job knows just where he will be on his post at a certain time and can figure out just how long the coast will be clear and the job can be carried on. The careful cop goes at his work just like clockwork. Now, with what some persons would call a bad cop it's different. The crooks are afraid of these bad cops, the fly fellows that take big chances and stay off post when the roundsman isn't around. They can never tell just where a bad cop is or when he will jump out and catch them at their job. See? There is no known system of keeping track of 'em, because they don't do business themselves by any system, those bad cops don't."

Then the old time crook walked into a saloon and got a drink, leaving the citizen on the corner wondering. The citizen learned the identity of the crook when he narrated the incident later to the proprietor of the same saloon. The fellow was a retired bunko man.—New York Sun.

Emigration From Sweden.

Swedish emigration is slowly increasing. The total number of emigrants for the three-quarters of the year is 11,618. In 1895 the emigration was 10,781, and in 1894, 7,047, against 30,000 during the years 1892, and 1893 respectively. In connection with the Swedish emigration to the United States the report of the Swedish postmaster general, just published, is interesting. For the year 1895 $1,311,920 was received in money orders from the United States, while $277,310 was sent from Sweden, leaving a balance in favor of Sweden of $1,034,610. Probably an equal amount was sent to Sweden through the banks and emigrant agencies.

Before the Effects Wore Off.

"Say, you're the fourth feller that has come here to try to trade hosses today," said Farmer Shorterop. "What's got into you all?"

"W'y," said the visiting farmer sheepishly, "the story got out someways that you'd got religion at the revival las' night."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Champion Shot of the World.

Miss Annie Oakley writes: "Myself and many of the Buffalo Bill Wild West Co. have given Allen's Foot-Ease, the powder to shake into the shoes, a most thorough trial, and it does all it not more than you claim." It instantly takes the sting out of Corns and Bunions. Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for swollen, hot, aching or sweating feet. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

SUBSCRIPTION to the TRANSCRIPT $100 per year.

WHAT A DOLLAR DID.

A RICH CYNIC RECEIVES AN OBJECT LESSON IN CHARITY.

He Saw For Himself "How the Other Half Lives" and Learned That All Who Ask For Help Are Not Humbugs—The Experience Made a New Man of Him.

One good woman, who has devoted much of her time for several years to the relief of distress among the very poor people of this city, succeeded in opening the eyes, and likewise the pocketbook, of a cynical rich man not many days ago. She solicited financial aid from him, and doubtless would have met with a brusque rebuff had it not been that her position in society commanded polite consideration. As it was, the rich man essayed to be patronizing and said: "My dear madam, I know that you try to do good among these poor people, but I can assure you that your efforts are practically wasted. They take your money and such clothing and food as you can give them and then chuckle over your gullibility."

"If I can induce a starving creature to chuckle, I shall consider the time and money well spent," replied the woman, with a mild tinge of reproof.

"Oh, well, I suppose that you are bound to keep on wasting your time," retorted the rich cynic. After a brief pause he continued, "If you will demonstrate to me that you can actually relieve distress with a dollar, I will give it to you just as often as you can demonstrate its usefulness in that direction."

"Will you come with me?" said the woman thus challenged. The rich man assented and accompanied his philanthropic caller to her coupe. Both entered the conveyance and were driven to the neighborhood of Eleventh avenue and Fiftieth street. The coupe stopped in front of an unsightly tenement. In silence the man followed his companion up two or three flights of stairs, and he soon was standing in a cheerless room about 12 feet square. The floor and the walls were absolutely barren, and there were not more than four pieces of furniture in sight. One was a small stove, in which a scant fire was burning.

A middle aged man lay helpless on a cot, and kneeling by him were a boy and a girl so raggedly clad that their white skin was visible through more than one rent. A few empty dishes and cooking utensils lying on the floor near the stove told their mute story of destitution.

The pathetic eagerness with which the three emaciated occupants of the room turned their glances upon the visitors touched a long dormant chord of the rich man's heart. He involuntarily thrust his fingers into his vest pocket, but his companion, laying a restraining hand upon his arm, advanced to the cot, and in a delicate and sympathetic manner questioned the sick man regarding himself and his children. She explained that their needs had been called to her attention only a few hours before. She soon ascertained that there was urgent need of nourishment, and, bidding her cynical friend to accompany her, she hastened to the nearest grocery. From long experience the good woman knew just what to purchase for temporary relief in a case of this kind, and within a quarter of an hour a bulky basket was borne up to the desolate room by the grocer's boy. Speedily the fire in the little stove began to throw out comforting heat, and by and by the grateful odors of cooking were diffused. Then, with the assurance of another visit and more substantial aid, the dispensers of good cheer left the poor family to their unexpected enjoyment.

"Do you think that charity was well bestowed?" asked the woman, as the coupe bore them swiftly away from the tenement district.

"Yes, indeed, I do," replied the man, with a suspicious tremor in his voice.

"Well, there is a list of what I bought, together with the prices," continued the woman, handing a bit of paper to her companion. He took it and read:

25 pounds coal	.30
2 bundles kindling	.05
Half pound tea	.15
2 loaves bread	.08
2 pounds oatmeal	.08
2 pounds beef for stew	.14
Half pound sugar	.05
Gallon kerosene oil	.10
Measure potatoes	.08
1 quart milk	.04
Small bag salt	.02
1 box matches	.01
Total	$1.00

Without a word the rich man took a dollar from his pocketbook and handed it to the good woman. The next day she received from him a check for one thousand times that amount.—New York Times.

One Trait of American Character.

There is one trait of our national character which foreigners can never comprehend, and that is our unshakable faith in our ability to "come out all right in the end." We stand idly and more or less indifferently by and allow a country to be pushed to the verge of a financial or political precipice under the impulse of some kind of popular craze or another, entirely confident that just before it slips over we can take hold of it and pull it back. We have done this again and again, and nothing seems to shake our faith in our ability to repeat the operation whenever occasion arises. It costs us enormously, not only in reputation, but also in money, and retards our growth and progress in a thousand ways, but nothing seems likely to cure us of the habit, unless it be a great national calamity due to our failing in some crisis to take alarm quickly enough.—Century.

London Bridge.

London bridge is constructed of granite and is considered among the finest specimens of bridge architecture. The present structure was commenced in 1824 and completed in seven years, at a cost of over £250,000.

Just Like a Sister.

She blushed prettily as she told the sister of her best young man that she thought she would buy a birthday present for him.

"You know him better than I do," she said, "so I came to you for advice."

"Yes," said the sister inquiringly.

"Oh, yes, indeed! What would you advise me to get?"

"Oh, I don't know!" replied the sister carelessly. "I could only advise you in general terms. From what I know of him, however, he will appreciate something that can be easily pawned better than something that cannot."—Pearson's Weekly.

By the law of Scotland the bushes or shrubs planted in the garden belong to the landlord, and the tenant cannot remove them at the end of his tenancy. The English law is the same on this point.

It was said of a handsome but brainless young "society" man that he made a very good chrysanthemum holder.

The Mount Lebanon Shakers have invented a great many valuable things. They were the first to make brooms by machinery; the first to put up seeds in little packages; the first to manufacture cut nails. Now they are out with a method of curing dyspepsia by resting the stomach. Their remedy is known as the Shaker Digestive Cordial. It supplies food in an artificially digested form and at the same time aids the digestion of other foods in the stomach. In other words, by the use of the Shaker Digestive Cordial, a dyspeptic virtually gets along without the use of his stomach until it is restored to its natural strength and vigor. A single 10 cent bottle will oft-times give marked relief. Get a bottle from your druggist and try it.

LANE is the best medicine for children. Doctors recommend it in place of Castor Oil.

That Catarrh is a Local Affection

of the nasal passages, is a fact established by physicians, and this authority should carry more weight than assertions of incompetent parties, that catarrh is a blood affection. Ely's Cream Balm is a local remedy, composed of harmless medicines and free of mercury or any injurious drug. It will cure catarrh. Applied directly to the inflamed membrane, it restores it to its healthy condition.

ON THE PRAIRIE.

Bare, low, tawny hills,
With bluer heights beyond,
And the air is sweet with spring,
But when will the earth respond?

Prairie that rolls for leagues,
Dusky and golden pale,
Like a stirless sea of waves,
Unbroken by ship or sail.

The hollows are dark with brush
And black with the wash of showers
And ragged with bleaching wreck
Of the ranks of the tall sunflowers.

No cloud in the blue, no stir
Save the shrill of the wind in the grass,
And the meadow lark's note, and the call
Of the wind borne crows that pass.

Bare, low, tawny hills,
With bluer heights beyond,
And the air is sweet with spring,
But when will the earth respond?
—Herbert Boles in New York Tribune.

TREES IN THE STREETS.

A Society In New York City to Beautify the Avenues.

Without doubt the Tree Planting association of New York has undertaken a most beneficent work. So far as it proves to be practicable, it will contribute as much as any other scheme that could be projected for the embellishment of the city. The incorporators are to a considerable extent the same as the incorporators of the Botanic garden—men well known for public spirit and intelligence. Thus the society begins under the most favorable possible auspices, for caution and discrimination as well as for enterprise.

Of course its work will be largely experimental. There are streets, even residential streets, in New York in which it may not be wise to attempt tree planting at all, for the reason that the space cannot be spared, either from the sidewalk or the roadway, for the boxes that must protect the young trees or for the trunks of such as live to maturity. Even in those streets in which there is room enough for trees there are many places in which no trees can thrive by reason of the lack of sunshine, and, indeed, there are scarcely any streets in New York below the park in which trees can be expected to do so well as in a place like Washington, where the streets are so wide and the buildings so low as to give all trees that may be planted a fair chance for life. Almost the only streets in New York that are as favorably situated are the Broadway boulevard and the Riverside drive. The boulevard has been until within the past few months a dismal monument to municipal neglect. Now it is kept in order, but time is required to replace the trees that have been allowed to die, and the double row of trees that were meant "high overarched to embower" does not embower at all, but presents upon the whole a scraggy and dismal spectacle.

This, of course, comes mainly from neglect, for there is no reason why trees in this thoroughfare should not thrive if they can be made to thrive anywhere in New York. The general introduction of electric lighting will do much for the trees unless gas is still carried through the ground for fuel. It is given out that uncontaminated earth will be used for the setting of the new trees, but, judging from what we have experienced in the opening of Fifth avenue for a sewer and the previous openings of other avenues for laying cables, the percolation of the gas through the fresh soil would be a matter of only weeks at the longest. The new association is plainly destined to encounter many obstacles. If it succeeds in gaining even a partial victory over them, it will entitle itself to the gratitude of all New Yorkers.—New York Times.

A PUZZLING PARIS HOUSE.

It Has Two Spiral Stairways Which Look Like One at Times.

One of the greatest curiosities of Paris is the house with the double staircase. It does not figure in the guidebook and is not among the places of interest that are photographed, but, for all that, it is of greater interest than many of the things that come within this class.

This house has entrances at 35 Rue Radziwill and at 18 Rue de Valois. It is in the quarter of the Palais Royal—that palace now given up largely to restaurants and cheap jewelry shops, and once the residence of the most licentious of French princes, the regent d'Orleans. The quarter is one of the most central in Paris, and all Americans who have been in Paris know it, but the house, which is a few steps from the Palais Royal, the Rue de Rivoli and the Louvre, escapes general attention because it faces on dark and narrow streets.

Each staircase begins on opposite sides of the central space of the house and is continued separate right up to the roof. They are in a graceful spiral form. The house is nine stories high, a very considerable height for one so old. As you look up the wall you can hardly realize that there is more than one stairway.

The result of this arrangement is that one stairway takes you to the first floor apartment on the right, the second floor on the left, and so on. The other stairway takes you to the first floor on the left, the second floor on the right, and so on. You must be very careful to choose the right stairway when you are going to an apartment, otherwise you may mount as far as the sixth floor and find yourself on the wrong side of the house. It is just as well then to go to the top and come down by the other stairway.

It is difficult to describe the puzzling effect of this contrivance on those who see it for the first time. No more ingenious contrivance for exciting profanity and causing confusion was ever designed by architect. The beauty lies in its simplicity, which gives it an advantage over secret doors and such laborious devices.

It is a favorite trick with those who know the house to take moderately intoxicated friends to see it. The man who knows tells his friend to go up stairs. Then he goes up himself by the opposite stairway. When he has gone up about two stories, he leans over the balustrade and tells his friend to join him. The inebriate endeavors to do so, running up and down stairs, but never able to catch the other.—New York Journal.

Two Yorkshire Stories.

The sturdiness of the north and its rather grim self will are admirably illustrated by two Yorkshire anecdotes. A landlord of very old family proposed to make an alteration in one of his tenant's farm buildings, which the tenant declined to permit, whereupon the landlord remarked very mildly that, after all, the building was his own. Thereupon the tenant rejoined, "Nay, my forefather went to the crusades with your forefather, and you shan't touch a stone of it."

Again, a daughter of one of the leading citizens of a Yorkshire town hinted to her father's gardener that the family would like to appropriate the greenhouse to the purposes of a vinery, whereupon she was told to let her father know "he may just choose betwixt me and the grapes." Of course the proposal was abandoned.

A Wonderful Island of Chalk.

The English island of Thanet, forming a part of the county of Kent, is almost wholly composed of chalk. The island is 10 miles in length and about 5 in breadth and has more chalk exposed on its surface than has any other spot of equal area on the globe. British geologists say that there are not less than 42,000,000,000 tons of chalk "in sight" on Thanet, and that it would take 10,000 men and 5,000 horses and carts 20,000 years to move it, providing it were dug up ready to be carted away.—St. Louis Republic.

There are a great many spiders, especially among the tropical varieties, which have three eyes, one on each side of the head and the third exactly in the center of the "forehead." This middle or third eye is always the largest.

The book of Job, written about 1520 B. C., describes very accurately several processes of smelting metals.

Trying to be witty is like trying to be pretty.—Fliegende Blatter.

Father Time has to halt when he meets a woman who knows how to take care of her health. Time can't make her seem old.

She may be the mother of a family; that makes no difference. She is bound to be young because her heart is young and there is rich, young blood circulating in her veins. She doesn't need cosmetics and face-powders and skin-preservers. Pure blood is the only true skin-preserver.

But when a woman's blood is full of bilious impurities, she can neither look young nor feel young. Her whole constitution is poisoned with bad blood. It permeates every part. It paralyzes the nerve-centres weakens the stomach, irritates the heart, preys upon the lungs and bronchial tubes.

It reduces a woman to a state of weakness, nervousness, irritability, dejection and melancholy. Such a woman can't possibly be youthful, no matter what her age may be. She needs the youthfulness of highly vitalized blood. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will give it to her. It will help any woman to get back her youth and freshness again.

It gives the digestive and blood-making organs and the liver power to produce good, pure, healthy blood. It gives color to the cheeks, and sparkle to the eyes; drives away pimples and blotches; wipes away wrinkles; rounds out emaciated forms, and creates firm, natural, healthy flesh.

Mrs. Rebecca F. Gardner, of Grafton, York Co., Va., writes: "When I was married I weighed 125 pounds. I was taken sick and reduced in health and broke out with a disease which my doctor said was eczema. He treated my disease but failed to do me any good, and I fell away to 90 pounds. I began using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and thank God and you, I began to improve. Now I weigh 140 pounds and have only taken two bottles. I cannot say too much about the medicine. My husband says I look youn