AT THE THEATRE.

As the cue is given, a last look into the mirror testifies to a fairness not gained with paints and powders, but by the use of a soap free from harmful alkali, and made of clean vegetable oils. Such a soap is "Ivory"—it is 99⅔ per cent. pure.

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THE HUMOROUS.

"Your majesty, I am a professional wit, full of bonmots and pithy sayings. Can't you find some use for me?"

"Why, yes. You'll probably make a very nice sauce piquante."—Life.

First Bunco Man—This chap I'm trying to work isn't so easy as I expected.

Second Bunco Man—I thought he had more money than brains.

First Bunco Man—He has; but he has brains enough to see that he has.—Puck.

"You remember young Carpley, who used to have an ambition to be an actor, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, he's playing a leading role now."

"You don't say so! By George, I never thought he had it in him."

"He's with an Uncle Tom company, and leads the bloodhounds, in the street processions."—Chicago Times-Herald.

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WHILE OTHERS FOLLOW.

Boots, Shoes & Rubbers

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Buy your Shoes at the Shoe Store, where you can always find a large and varied stock to select from, and prices as low as the lowest, on strictly honest goods and in widths from B to E E.

MEN'S SHOES in Claf, Box Calf, Russet, Vici Kid, Patent Leather, in all the leading toes.

To responsible parties who do not come to town often, will send sample shoes to them for inspection and comparison with city goods, as I am not afraid to meet city competition on any line of goods that I carry.

The largest stock of Rubber Boots and Shoes in the county. an fit any Shoe with RUBBERS. All the leading styles suitable for

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THE BABY.

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Will not press you to buy, the goods will sell themselves.

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100 Cockerels, 3 Cocks, 75 Pullets and 30 Hens.

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We are paying 22c. per doz. for Eggs.

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Her Begging Scheme.

A respectably dressed old woman apparently in deep distress was noticed standing at the foot of the steps of an elevated railroad station the other day just at the hour when the rush was at its height. The woman had apparently lost something of value. She searched her pockets, shook out her skirts and scanned the ground on every side. Of course it was not long before her distress attracted the notice of passersby. "I have lost my ticket," she said in answer to the query of a man who stopped for a moment in his rush for the train. "I don't know what to do, for I have not a nickel with me and I live away up town."

The man pulled a string of tickets from his pocket, tore off one, handed it to the woman and resumed his rush without waiting for her thanks. But the woman did not follow. She merely moved across to the flight of steps on the other side. Here she resumed her search, with the result that a nickel was transferred to her pocket by a passing woman. Next she crossed the avenue and gathered some more nickels and tickets from the passengers going in the opposite direction, finally returning to her original stand, where her plight attracted as much compassion as before. While the observer was looking on, the woman made two rounds of the stairs, each round occupying about ten minutes. It is probable that her average earnings were at the rate of $2 in nickels and negotiable tickets an hour.—New York Sun.

Room For Him Too.

A bland and patronizing New Yorker was passing through a raw and new hamlet in the west, which its proud founders had dubbed B—— City and were sure would soon become a thriving hive of human beings. Addressing a lank and lazy youth who was lounging at the door of one of the rude shanties that passed for a "shoe emporium," the New Yorker inquired sarcastically:

"Who is that important looking gentleman with the red flannel shirt?"

"That's Sam Peters," was the proud reply. "He's just opened the new post-office."

"And the tall person with no collar?"

"He's Long Mike. Just opened a grocery store."

"And the plump individual with the bald head?"

"Handy Jim. Owns the new saloon."

"Indeed?" said the New Yorker. "Your city seems to be pretty well started. I should suppose there was nothing left for a stranger like myself to open."

"Oh, I dunno!" drawled the lanky one. "We ain't got no loonattic asylum yet. You might start that."—New York Tribune.

A Cheerful Experience.

"I had a cheerful experience the other day," remarked a man who had spent several days at one of the springs for rheumatism.

"What was it?" asked the observer.

"I was carried into a depot near the springs and deposited on a seat near an old woman, who looked at me with a complacent smile and inquired, 'Been hurt?'

"'No,' I replied.

"'Rumatiz?'

"'Yes.'

"'Water do you any good?'

"'Not much.'

"'Well, lots of people come here for the water. The patient returns home, and the papers announce that Mr. So-and-so has returned from the springs much improved by the use of the water; but if you read the papers in a few days you will see that Mr. So-and-so has died and been buried.' The conversation was too cheerful to be continued."—Columbus Dispatch.

A Burning Prayer.

The Cleveland Plain Dealer tells this story of the Virginia backwoods: A white minister after conducting services at a colored church asked an old deacon to lead in prayer. The dusky brother in his fervent appeal asked that a shower of heavenly grace be permitted to fall upon his white friend. He said:

"O Lor', give him de eye of de eagle dat he may spy out our sins afar off! Weld his han's to de gospel plow; tie his tongue to de lines of truf and nail his ear to de gospel pole! An, O Lor, bow his hald way down—an behin' his knees, an his knees way down—ah in some lonesome dark an narrow valley, O Lor', whar much prayer is needed to be made—ah! Den 'noint him ovah wid de blessed ile of de kerosene of salvation, an sot him on fiah wid de match of faith made perfec'—amen!"

France Outside of Paris.

To get a correct idea of the French nation one must abandon Paris and get out among the people of the provinces. Paris is a sinkhole of rottenness, but the people who dwell outside that modern Gomorrah are sound and upright and patriotic, living wholesome and useful lives. When you get out in the rural districts, a charming sight is presented of beautifully cultivated farms, each farm being as trim and neat as a flower garden. There is not a foot of waste land to be seen. The first thing that strikes a stranger is the profusion of fruit. Nowhere can be seen more luscious pears, peaches and grapes.—Washington Post.

How He Got Elsewhere.

"How did he escape?" inquired the detectice.

"Well," replied the turnkey with the damaged eye, "he sort o' nicknamed himself out."

"What?"

"He pried his cell door open with a jimmy. Then he knocked me down with a billy."

"Yes?"

"And then he sallied out."—Chicago Tribune.

Things Not to Do on New Year's.

Don't wear new shoes or let anybody give you a pair at any time during the Christmas week. A Herefordshire farmer once did this, and he "lost a sight of cattle that year." Don't bake bread, either, during that week. It is sure to bring misfortune. And, above all, if washing day should fall on New Year's, put it off by all means, or you will be "washed out of existence" before the year is ended. It is better not even to wash the plates and dishes. One thing, however, you may do to advantage—go as early as you can to a well or a fountain and offer it an apple or a nosegay, and you will have good, wholesome water all through the year.

Footprints in the Ashes.

Sweetened ale or egg flip is the prescribed beverage for the drinking of healths on New Year's. In Scotland the housewife takes care before retiring the last night of the year to spread the ashes smoothly on the hearth. If in the morning the print of a foot can be detected, with the toe pointing toward the door, it is thought to foretell a death in the family during the year, but if the toe points in an opposite direction there will be a marriage soon.—Atlanta Constitution.

Progression.

"Mary Prim doesn't distribute tracts any more."

"No. I met her the other day, and she smelled dreadfully of peppermint."

"From tracts or extracts, eh?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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"I Thought I Would Never Be Well Again."

One of the saddest things that can happen to a woman is to fall into such a depth of despondency through unnatural weakness and disease as to imagine that she can never recover. "For two years," says Mrs. W. G. Day, of Trussville, Jefferson Co., Ala. "I had suffered with weakness, headache, pain in my back and side, which would become so sore that I could hardly bear the weight of my hand on it. I had cold hands and feet and many other bad symptoms too numerous to mention. Home physicians' treatment did me no good. I had become very despondent and thought I would never be well again.

"But with a faint heart I wrote to Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., and described my symptoms as best I could. He promptly answered by letter, and sent me a treatise on 'Woman and Her Diseases'; he also outlined a treatment for me which I followed to the best of my ability, and after taking six bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription,' I can truthfully say that I felt like a new woman. In a few months afterwards, when I was suffering with the many troubles due to pregnancy, I procured 'Favorite Prescription' again and took it through that time. I soon became very stout and felt well. I was in labor only a short time and got along well: better than I ever did before. My baby is a fine boy, now two mouths old, and has never been sick any. I cannot find words sufficient to express my praise of Dr. Pierce's medicine. I never miss an opportunity to recommend it. I hope all suffering ladies will consult him, for they will be benefited by taking his medicine."

Letters to Dr. Pierce are treated in the most sacred confidence, and never published without permission, and the most careful, professional advice is given by return mail free of charge.

Women would understand their own mental and physical natures better; they would make better wives and mothers; they would be every way healthier, happier, and more capable, by reading and studying Dr. Pierce's great thousand-page illustrated book, The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser. It is a veritable, complete family medical library in one magnificent volume. More than half a million copies have been sold at $1.50 each, but a free copy, paper-bound, will be sent to any woman on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps, to pay the cost of mailing only; or if a heavier, handsome cloth-bound book is preferred, send 31 stamps.

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COFFEE 10c. per pound. T[redacted] Handle, 75c. LADIES' SHO[redacted] cent sacks. I will sell COAL [redacted] I will pay the highest market[redacted]

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in Kent county for $50; [redacted] $4.50 to $15.00. A full s[redacted] and PLOWS always on han[redacted] and lime. I will furnish Lo[redacted] CHARD GRASS SEED [redacted] placed at once.

All persons indebted to me please settle at once.

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The Sailor and the Figurehead.

Old sailors sigh as they wander around the water front these days and note the disappearance of the famous old figurehead, which used to be the delight of every clipper ship's crew. They were huge wooden images of almost everything imaginable, but the female form predominated. Many figureheads were to represent the fair one after whom the ship was named, and there is an old sea yarn about a sailor who fell in love with the handsome wooden female which adorned his ship. He used to slip down the "dolphin striker" and hang on there, while the ship bowed and lurched, talking love to the figurehead. Finally, according to forecastle tradition, the figure sneezed, and the sailor, who was known as "Lovely Mike," because he was the ugliest man that ever set foot on a ship's deck, nearly fell into the sea. He recovered his senses and said, "Did you speak?"

"No, I didn't speak," returned the figure. "I just sneezed to attract your attention. You're known as 'Lovely Mike,' ain't you? You're a married man, ain't you? And your wife has to take in washing both when you're at home and when you're away, because she can never get a cent out of you. Mr. Farmer, just climb back to the forecastle and don't bother any more about me."

This rather curt interview is alleged to have worked a marked change in Mike, and when he got home he astonished his wife by giving her a couple of dollars.—Baltimore News.

Fish Poisoning.

In the United States fish poisoning is most frequently due to decomposition in canned fish. The most prominent symptoms are nausea, vomiting and purging. Sometimes there is a scarlatinous rash, which may cover the whole body. The writer has studied two outbreaks of this kind of fish poisoning. In both instances canned salmon was the cause of the trouble. Although a discussion of the treatment of food poisoning is foreign to this paper, the writer must call attention to the danger in the administration of opiates in cases of poisoning with canned fish.

Vomiting and purging are efforts on the part of nature to remove the poison and should be assisted by the stomach tube and by irrigation of the colon. In one of the cases seen by the writer large doses of morphine had been administered in order to check the vomiting and purging and to relieve the pain. In this case death resulted. The danger of arresting the elimination of the poison in all cases of food poisoning cannot be too emphatically condemned.—Victor C. Vaughan in Popular Science Monthly.

About Capers.

"About 8,000 kegs and barrels of capers, a small, sour berry resembling in color and shape a green pea, are annually imported into the United States from Spain and France," said a wholesale dealer in all sorts of foreign condiments in New York to the writer recently. "Capers grow on a bush, and are extensively used by all classes of cooks in this country for garnishing salads and making a sauce which is usually served with boiled mutton and other meats. There are four sizes of capers. The smallest are commercially known as nonpareils and the three other sizes are called capucines, capotes and surfines. The smallest capers are the most desirable and bring the most money. Very few capers are imported in glass. They are shipped to America in kegs and barrels, holding from 15 to 40 gallons of the berries in brine or vinegar. The work of bottling the capers is done by the wholesale dealers."—Washington Star.

Bridegroom's Fatal Indiscretion.

A queer case of cannibalism is reported as having recently taken place in the Solomon islands. The Jeannette took from Noumea a Kanaka who had acted as orderly to the immigration office there and was on his honeymoon with his wife, intending to land at Noba, where his wife's tribe lives. He, however, made the mistake of disembarking among the wrong tribe and was at once seized by the natives, overpowered, killed and eaten.

The widow was provided by the tribe with a second husband.—London Mail.

Saved Two Cents.

Mr. Pneer—You expect to be in San Francisco next week? By the way, you know where my aunt out there lives. I have just written a letter to her. Would you mind delivering it some day as you pass the house?

Mr. Pneer's Friend—No; but I might forget it. I think I'll just put a stamp on it and drop it into the first letter box.

Mr. Pneer—All right. I don't care how you get it to her.—Chicago Tribune.

The Great Debate.

When the uncertainty had become well nigh intolerable, Science ventured to go to the Serpent directly.

"Is it or is it not a fact, O Serpent," asked Science, "that you swallow your young when you are attacked?"

"Well, I always try to hold my own," replied the Serpent modestly, "it is true, but evasively withal.

And so the bitter controversy wages on.—Detroit Journal.

America's Position Among Nations.

An English traveler who has recently been in this country remarks, in making a comparison between the principal great nations of the world, that "holy Russia is a formidable idea, Great Britain is a picturesque and pregnant idea, but the United States is a self conscious, clearly defined and heroically vindicated idea, in whose further vindication the whole world is concerned."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Last Opportunity.

The late Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, the famous skeptic, told many stories of experiences which grew out of the common knowledge of his skepticism. One of these related to a visit which he once made to Rev. Phillips Brooks before Dr. Brooks became a bishop.

Calling on Dr. Brooks, he was refused admission because, as the servant said, it was "sermon day," and some of Dr. Brooks' own home people had already been denied admission. But Dr. Brooks learned that Ingersoll was at the door and sent out word that he should come in.

After the interview, and as Colonel Ingersoll was about to leave, he said:

"Dr. Brooks, your man told me that you had denied yourself to some of your home people this morning. Now how is it that you have admitted me, a stranger?"

"Oh, that's quite easy," said Dr. Brooks, laughing. "They are my church members, and I shall see them again, here or in heaven, but isn't it right for me to consider your belief and that I shall probably never meet you again?"—Youth's Companion.

Necessary Precaution.

"What a fine looking little boy!" exclaimed the good natured woman to her traveling acquaintance. "How old is he?"

"You're not connected with the railroad, are you?" asked the suspicious mother.

"Certainly not."

"Not in any capacity whatever?"

"No."

"Well, just wait until the conductor gets out of hearing and I'll tell you."—Chicago Post.

Restful.

They had been sitting together for half an hour.

"I have enjoyed our conversation so much!" she exclaimed, as she rose to go. "It is so restful to talk with you!"

And after she had left him he remembered that he hadn't been able to get in ten words edgewise throughout the whole conversation.—Somerville Journal.

AFRICAN CANNIBALS.

HORRIBLE PRACTICES OF THE MAN EATERS OF THE KONGO.

The Victims Led From Place to Place, So That Prospective Purchasers May Mark Portions They Desire When the Killing Occurs.

Of the numerous instances that might be recorded in illustration of the organized traffic in human beings which exists, reference may be made to the conditions which hold in the district through which the Lulungu river passes. This river, which constitutes a considerable affluent of the Kongo, empties into the latter river, on the south bank, at a point some 800 miles from the Atlantic coast. Within a short distance of the confluence is to be found a series of strongly fortified villages, representing the headquarters of the Ngombi, wherein numbers of slaves are imprisoned pending the periodical visits of traders from the Ubangi country, which is situated on the opposite side of the Kongo.

A visit to one of these slave depots at the mouth of the Lulungu river reveals a condition of savagery and suffering beyond all ordinary powers of description. At the period to which these remarks bear reference, it was no uncommon experience to witness at one time upward of a hundred captives, of both sexes and of all ages, including infants in their wretched mothers' arms, lying in groups; masses of utterly forlorn humanity, with eyes downcast in a stony stare, with bodies attenuated by starvation, and with skin of that dull gray hue which among colored races is always indicative of physical distress.

In cases when a suspicion existed of an individual captive's intention or ability to escape, such unfortunate creature was doomed to lie hobbled with one foot forced through a hole cut in the section of a log, while a spearhead was driven into the wood close beside the limb, rendering it impossible to move except at the expense of laceration. Other means to insure the prisoner's safe custody consisted in binding both hands above the head to the king post of a hunt, or in binding the arms and plaiting the hair into a braid, which was made fast to a branch overhead.

At intervals these villages were visited by the Ubangi, who came in large dugout war canoes, and the process of barter commenced, elephant tusks being the medium of currency used in the purchase of the slaves. Upon the conclusion of this unnatural transaction, the visitors retired, taking with them as many of the individuals as had been transferred to their possession in the tedious process of bargaining.

Upon reaching their destination the captives were, in most cases, subjected to many further ordeals, being exchanged into other hands, until eventually, after having been deliberately fattened, they met their tragic fate, and their bodies were consumed.

There is a prevalent belief among many of the riverine tribes of the upper Kongo that the flavor of human flesh is improved by submerging the prospective victim up to the neck in the water for two or three days previous to the sacrifice. Indeed, upon two separate occasions it was my privilege to release several poor creatures who were bound hand and foot to stakes in the river.

In certain native market places, notably in the vicinity of the Ubangi, it is an ordinary occurrence for captives to be exposed for sale, in most cases with the sinister fate in view of being killed and eaten. Proportionately, a greater number of men than women fall victims to cannibalism, the reason being that women who are still young are esteemed as being of greater value, by reason of their utility in growing and cooking food. This rule does not, however, hold good throughout, for in the vicinity of the Arumi river our observations revealed a contrary order of custom.

Probably the most inhuman practice of all is to be met with among the tribes who deliberately hawk the victim piecemeal while still alive. Incredible as it may appear, the fact remains justified by an only too abundant proof. Captives are led from place to place in order that individuals may have the opportunity of indicating, by external marks upon the body, the portion they desire to acquire. The distinguishing marks are generally made by means of colored clay or strips of grass tied in a particular fashion.

The astounding stoicism of the victim, who thus witnesses the bargaining for his limbs, is only equaled by the callousness with which he walks forward to meet his fate. In explanation of the extraordinary indifference thus displayed it can only be assumed that death is robbed of all terror, life under conditions of slavery offering so little attraction.—Herbert Ward in Cassell's Magazine.

Tossed on the Floor.

"How's copy?" The busy fellow in his shirt sleeves, rushing through his work, has asked the question of the "copy cutter" in the composing room, where the printers are setting the paper. It is late, and every nerve is strained to the utmost. Reporters are hurrying, telegraph instruments are clattering, and whole banks of copy are being fired up to the "copy cutter's" desk.

"Crowded to death," comes the answer.

"All right; I'll be up in a moment and help you out."

In a little while the busy fellow in his shirt sleeves is sorting a mass of copy, leaving one story out of the paper entirely, laying another aside to be "cut down," tossing this and that on to the floor and making space for the important news that must go into the paper.

What is that loose sheet that he has tossed aside? You pick it up and a glance shows that it is headed with a single line, "A Baby's Death." How unimportant it seems; just three or four lines. Can such news as that crowd out the telegraph, politics, police news or even the gay doings of society? It is only a baby—toss it on the floor.—Josiah Carter in Atlanta Journal.

A Japanese Secret.

The Japanese gardeners make a secret of the means by which the miniature trees are produced; but, like many other mysteries, the secret has been discovered by the curious occidental. It is simple enough, consisting only in the cutting of the roots when they first begin to sprout.

Suppose a miniature oak tree is desired. The Japanese gardener takes an acorn and an orange. He carefully scoops out the interior of the orange and fills the skin with rich mold. Exactly in the center he places the acorn, leaving a round hole in a line with the sprouting point. He puts his orange in a sunny place and waters it every day.

Soon after the first shoot appears, and in a very short time afterward the roots break through the orange skin. These are shaved off continually. The tree grows to about five inches high and then stops. In a year it is a perfect miniature oak. When the roots cease to grow, the ends are varnished over and the orange imbedded in a pot or vase. The tree becomes more gnarled and stunted every year and is trained to whatever shape is desired.—New York Times.

Amber is found all along the Prussian shores of the Baltic, but principally in the peninsula of Samland. All amber found everywhere is state property, but the state cannot mine amber without the permission of the owner of the ground.

In the Imperial library at Calcutta more than 10,000 volumes on Indian affairs are brought together and classified.

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