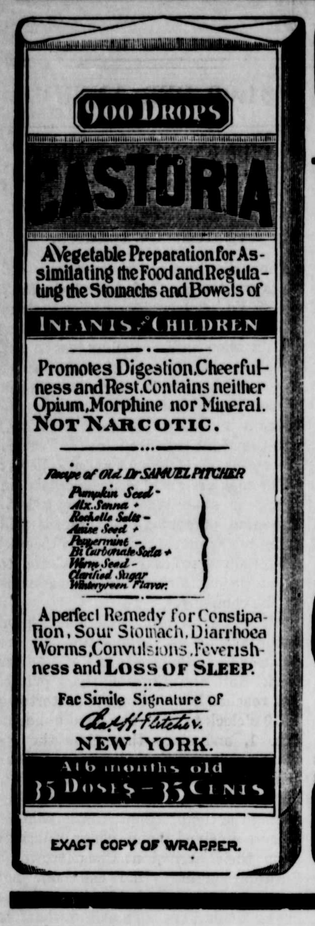


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A HOPELESS SITUATION.

Odd Climax That Was Not a Part of the Play.

Frank Gillmore, the actor, tells the following story about his aunt, Miss Sarah Thorne, who was leading woman at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, many years ago.

"Miss Thorne was given a part in 'The Masked Prince,' the second piece of the evening," said Mr. Gillmore. "Glancing through her part hastily at breakfast, she noticed that there was one scene in which she had so little to say that it could be learned just before going on. She decided to skip that scene and get to the longer passages.

"When night came, and my aunt made her appearance, she did very well in the first scene. In the second scene occurred the passages she had skipped in the morning. She rushed to the corner in which she left her book, but it was not there. Finally, the stage manager, receiving no response to his repeated calls, sought her out and pushed her on the stage. There she was, before a large audience, without the slightest idea of what she was supposed to do or say. The scene was a courtroom. At a high desk sat the presiding judge, letter perfect in his part, because he had it ready to read from the papers in front of him. A trial was taking place, and Miss Thorne, to her horror, discovered that she was to be the principal witness, on whose answers hung the entire plot of the play. The judge adjusted his spectacles, looked at his part, and said in solemn tones, 'The witness will now state what she saw the prisoner do on this particular night.'

"What was she to answer? She glanced around helplessly. She hadn't the faintest idea what she had seen the prisoner do on that particular night. The critical moment had arrived; some one must speak, but she couldn't. Her eye alighted on one of the characters in the play who looked particularly reliable. He looked like a person who could get one out of any sort of difficulty. So, pointing at him, she exclaimed in impressive tones, 'Ask that man!'

"The entire cast seemed disconcerted by this remark. They did not know precisely what ought to be said, but instinct told them something was wrong. The judge, thinking he might have made some mistake, turned over a couple of pages of manuscript and, having convinced himself on this point, again addressed the witness. My aunt glanced at the uncomfortable gentleman and, no other idea coming to her, again exclaimed, 'Ask that man!' This concentration of public attention was too much for him, and he sneaked off the stage with a feeble 'Excuse me.' Of course the situation was a hopeless one, and the curtain had to be rung down."—Success.

The Spanish Main.

"What do you understand by 'the Spanish main?'" Such was the problem propounded at the club lunch table, and many and varied were the answers. In the "Wreck of the Hesperus" it was remembered that there spake up "an old sailor who had sailed the Spanish main," and it was recalled that in the "Ingolsby Legends" one says, "My father dear he is not here; he seeks the Spanish main." There was, however, a certain vagueness about the speakers' views as to what particular thing was meant by the word, some thinking one thing and some thinking another, and only one speaking with the authority of "an old sailor who had sailed the Spanish main." Such a discussion tends to show how satisfied most of us are to half know a thing or to think that we know without troubling about verification.—London Chronicle.

The Shopping Sex.

The Englishwoman never knows when she enters a shop what she wants. She is swayed by impulse, grabs wildly at everything she likes or thinks she likes and probably comes back and grumbles the next day. She is also completely lost if the shopwalkers do not dog her every footstep to implore her to "look at this charming toque" or condescend to "glance at this special line in cheap skirts." But the American woman resents any suggestion that she does not know what she wants, likes to be left severely alone and if interfered with may abruptly leave the shop. But, while she is less irritating than the Englishwoman, she is far more exacting.—London Express.

The Old Great Eastern.

The last days of the Great Eastern were certainly sad, considering the purpose for which she was designed and the great work she did in cable laying. For some time before she was broken up on the mud of the river Mersey, near Liverpool, she was on view as a show ship. One firm of Liverpool clothiers hired her for a season, and in addition to using her for its advertising purposes made use of her for catchpenny shows. In the large cable tank a circus was fitted up and performances given at so much a head, while other exhibitions of the Coney Island type were spread all over her deck.

The Eastern Eye.

The eyes of the yellow people are not oblique, notwithstanding that they appear to be. The line adjoining the commissures of the eyelids divides the eye into two equal parts, and is exactly at right angles with the axis of the nose. It is not always so; the exception is much less frequent than in the whites, for, as a general rule, it is in the latter that the eyes are not at right angles with the axis of the nose.

When death, the great reconciler, has come, it is never our tenderness that we repent, but our severity.—George Eliot.

THE MODERN HOTEL.

A Product of the Times, It Is Made by the Guests.

Among the silly and absurd articles appearing from time to time concerning hotel and tavern keeping, one tells us again and again how the modern hotel is shown to disadvantage when compared with the inns of colonial days. In these articles the writer dilates and expatiates on the hospitality of the old time tavern, and the cold, indifferent and almost cruel treatment received from the hands of the modern hotel man. Of course every one knows if he will drop sentiment for a moment and give the subject a little sober reflection that the modern traveler, tourist or hotel guest would absolutely refuse the accommodations afforded by the inn of a hundred years ago. The only advantage of a hotel of those times lay in the fact that the lack of material comforts drew from the traveler a warmer fellow feeling and greater sociability—a condition in which one man was more his brother's keeper than prevails today. Again, the travel by coach and the small number thrown together, en route or at the hotel, made closer acquaintanceship not only possible, but far more desirable than in our day of big hotels and big crowds.

The modern hotel is a product of the times. The wants, desires, whims, fads and, on top of all these, the imperative demands of those who travel have made the hotel of today what it is from the standpoint of food, accommodations, method of service and management and from every point of view. The hotel keeper of today responds to the bidding of the guests. One might almost say of the man and woman who travel: "Here is your hotel. You have planned it, furnished it. You have outlined its methods of management, and it is what you believe should be comprehended in the modern hotel."

The colonial tavern, which would not be tolerated for a moment in our days, was adapted to its times. To speak of it as being superior to the modern hostelry is to claim that the old stagecoach, which left you more weary and worn at the end of a hundred miles than the palace coach does today at the end of a thousand miles, was a superior vehicle of travel to those used on the modern railroad.—Hotel World.

SENTENCE SERMONS.

No one is defeated until he gives up.

Hard times has a good many relatives. It is the twin brother of the blues.

That man has failed who has not been able to keep a good opinion of himself.

Self control will succeed with one talent where self indulgence will fail with ten.

What the superior man seeks is in himself. What the small man seeks is in others.

There is no disgrace in unpreventable poverty. The disgrace is in not doing our level best to better our condition.

Poverty itself is not so bad as the poverty thought. It is the conviction that we are poor and must remain so that is fatal.

Confidence is the Napoleon in the mental army. It doubles and trebles the power of all the other faculties. The whole mental army waits until confidence leads the way.—Success.

The Hazel Tree.

A curious survival of the days when the magicians of Europe sought indefatigably for the philosopher's stone is the superstition that attaches to the hazel tree. The old alchemists used to make their divining rods out of hazel twigs, and they fostered the belief that it would mysteriously direct its owner to hidden treasures, if it was manipulated with the absolute faith that was required in all those occult enchantments of the middle ages. As time went on, the "rod of Jacob," as a branch of hazel was universally known, gathered new powers. Not only would it lead to the discovery of buried hoards, but it would also act as an infallible agent in locating runaway servants and escaped criminals. It was a sure guide to underground springs as well, and was an unfailing charm against the lightning.

Curious French Market.

There is a curious old market near Paris in which everything is sold at secondhand. Working girls can fit themselves out there from head to foot. As a writer says: Mimi can sell her old felt hat and buy a straw one, exchange her old dress for a new one and, if she likes, buy a steak and a salad for her dinner, a paper bag of fried potatoes, sweets and some flowers for her window. Democracy is king here, and no more attention is paid to the millionaire who is looking for something marvelous which he may pick up cheap than to the man with a wooden leg who wants a new boot in exchange for a dozen sardine tins, five gloves and a stocking.

A Parthian Shot.

"I hear," said Mrs. Gaddie, "that your husband's got a job as superintendent of a cemetery and you're going there to live."

"Well?" replied Mrs. Naybor shortly.

"Well, I was thinking it would be an awful ghostly and creepy sort of neighborhood."

"Perhaps, but the neighborhood will not be prying into our business."—Philadelphia Press.

Probably a Hopeless Case.

Mr. Upmore—You know Bilsford? He tries to put up a bold and plausible front, but I understand his case thoroughly. He's meretricious through and through. Mr. Gaswell—Why—er—I thought he was operated on for that a few months ago.—Chicago Tribune.

BARNUM'S OLD PLACE

THE HISTORIC MUSEUM THAT STOOD IN LOWER NEW YORK.

Facts About the Famous Curio Hall That Brought a Fortune to the Energetic Showman—Forty Thousand Persons Saw It Consumed by Fire.

"We will ascend to the top of St. Paul's skyscraper and take New York city in at a glance," said my friend as we passed the corner of Broadway and Ann street. Entering the doorway and taking the elevator it took but a few moments to find ourselves at the top where from the windows we not only "took in" the entire city, with its brick walls and smoking chimneys, but as far as the eye could reach we saw water and green fields. As we descended we could not help thinking that on this spot for many years stood Barnum's museum, once the dream of all children and a place of universal interest to every one.

Among the many sights and curiosities seen in the museum some are familiar to this day, as Niagara Falls, with real water, trees, rocks, etc.; Joice Heth, the aged colored woman, 161 years old, who had once been nurse to General Washington; the woolly horse, said to have been captured by the Fremont exploring party in the Rocky mountains; the Indian wedding dance; the club that killed Captain Cook; Tom Thumb, the dwarf who drove around the city in a stylish little coach and who married Miss Lavinia Warren, the wedding taking place before a vast assemblage at Grace church while multitudes lined the sidewalks outside; the living whale that was kept in a tank of salt water pumped in from the bay; the hippopotamus, the tropical fish, Commodore Nutt, known as the $30,000 Nutt; the two dromios; the lightning calculator who could add a square of figures at a glance, and who became a Methodist minister; the fat boy; Anna Swan, the Nova Scotia giantess; the tallest man in the world; the fat woman; Pashasharend, "the what is it," no one knowing whether it was a man or a monkey; the boa constrictor, seen inside a large glass case; the cherry colored cat; the happy family, a collection of cats, rats, adders, rabbits, parrots, birds, etc., all in one cage; also two vast alligators, the living skeleton, the baby mite that weighed only three pounds, the fish with legs, the Fiji mermaid, the giraffe, the rhinoceros, with the tropical birds, parrots, cockatoos, mocking birds, humming birds, vultures and eagle, and the well remembered dog and baby shows.

Then there were the wax figures of pirates and murderers, Franklin Pierce, Patrick Henry, General Washington, James Buchanan, General Marion, General Lafayette, James Madison, Governor Morris, Prince Imperial of France, Mme. Roland, Moll Pitcher, Nathan Hale, Poor Richard, Daniel Lambert, the Veiled Murderess, etc.

In many of the plays thrilling scenes were produced, as in "The Storm at Sea," where a vessel was struck by lightning and the crew rescued by being drawn by a rope up a rocky summit and the army ascending through the narrow defiles of the Swiss Alps.

The museum was burned on the afternoon of July 13, 1865. The fire, it was thought, originated in the engine room, it being necessary to keep up steam to pump fresh air into the water of the aquaria and to propel the fans that kept the heated halls cool. The flames began in the manager's office and extended to all parts of the building. The manager showed great presence of mind by depositing several thousands of dollars in a safe before he escaped from the building. Fully 40,000 persons witnessed the fire, who saw the tall woman lowered by means of ropes to the sidewalk and heard the shrieks of animals in the menagerie and the growls of the Bengal tiger. The lion and his mate, who had escaped from their cage, were seen walking along the floor and an encounter beneath the roof between the eagle and a serpent, when the victorious eagle bore off his enemy in his talons amid loud cheers. The polar bear, escaping from the building, walked through the streets to the custom house, where, ascending to the balcony, he fell and broke his neck. Other animals, jumping from the windows, caused the crowd to stampede, when some lost their hats, others had their coats torn, and many became awfully disfigured by falling in the mud. The remains of the two whales, the kangaroo and crocodile were found in the ruins. The loss of no other building in the city could have caused so much excitement and regret as Barnum's museum.—Brooklyn Citizen.

When Men Wore Bustles.

"Bustles were ridiculous," said an antiquary. "Do you remember the bustle of 1885? It shot straight out from the waist, a broad seat on which, honestly, an adult could have sat. Yes, bustles were ridiculous, but no more ridiculous than the tournures of Francis II. The tournures were worn by men. They were bustles—front instead of rear ones. Yes, in the time of Francis II. portliness was considered stately, and men tied on tournures, or false stomachs, in order to achieve an air of dignity."

Character.

The need of the world today is character. It has brilliancy. It has capacity. It has ambition. It has energy. It lacks men who stand on the solid rock of honesty, who scorn to take anything that they have not rightfully earned, whose word can be trusted seven days in the week, who are self contained, resolute and strong.

Slander, that worst of poisons, ever finds an easy entrance to ignoble minds.—Juvenal.

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OUR PRICES

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The only store in town where you can buy the Celebrated W. L. Douglas Shoes for men and boys, and the Stout Snag Proof Rubber Boots. The only genuine snag proof boot on the market. Best selected line of CHILDREN'S SCHOOL SHOES in the county. I know where to secure them. One price. All goods marked in plain figures.

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Should you go to a Homeopathic Physician and have him put you up a bottle of pellets he would medicate them by guess, whereas, our remedies are compounded with the greatest care and by a regular formulae, and sold at the low price of 10c per bottle, by the druggist, whereas, the physician would charge you 50c or $1.00 for a similar thing only not as good.

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Dr. Martin's Fever Cure.	Dr. Martin's Measles Cure.
Dr. Martin's Neuralgia Cure.	Dr. Martin's Whooping Cough Cure.
Dr. Martin's Heart Cure.	Dr. Martin's Croup Cure.
Dr. Martin's Female Cure.	Dr. Martin's Cholera Infantum.
Dr. Martin's Chills and Fever.	Dr. Martin's General Debility.
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