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The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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Lincoln and His Beard.

It was a child who persuaded Abraham Lincoln to wear a beard. Up to the time he was nominated for president he had always been smooth shaven. A little girl living in Chautauqua county, N. Y., who greatly admired him, made up her mind that he would look better if he wore whiskers and with youthful directness wrote and told him so. He answered her by return mail:

Springfield, Ill., Oct. 19, 1860.

Miss Grace Bedell:

My Dear Little Miss—Your very agreeable letter of the 15th is received. I regret the necessity of saying I have no daughter. I have three sons—one seventeen, one nine and one seven years of age. They, with their mother, constitute my whole family. As to the whiskers, never having worn any, do you not think people would call it a piece of silly affectation if I were to begin it now? Your very sincere wellwisher,

A. LINCOLN.

Evidently on second thought he decided to follow her advice. On his way to Washington his train stopped at the town where she lived. He asked if she were in the crowd gathered at the station to meet him. Of course she was, and willing hands forced a way for her through the mass of people. When she reached the car Mr. Lincoln stepped from the train, kissed her and showed her that he had taken her advice.—St. Nicholas.

The Arabs' Hasheesh.

"Intoxication from eating a dish of liver was once my portion," said an orientalist. "It happened in the Sahara. I was spending the winter at El Kantara. In February I made a caravan trip over the desert along the great caravan route that runs from Biskra to Timbuktu. The third day out we reached an oasis of date palms. We got coffee at the baked mud cafe. We dined on red fish and gazelle steak, and for an entree was served this infernal liver. It was liver powdered with kiff. Kiff is hasheesh. It is made of hemp, and it makes you drunk. The Arabs mix it with their tobacco, and they bread liver with it, and they drop it in coffee. Thus they eat, drink and smoke their kiff. I ate their kiff and imagined my arm to be a mile long. I thought my foot as big as a mountain. My voice, when I spoke, sounded in my ears like the roar of a thousand thunders. In a word, I was kiff drunk, and it was two days before I was fit to resume my journey across the gold colored sands."

Little Economies.

"I once made up my mind," said a London man, "that I would become the possessor of a good gold watch. I saved up the money for it in this way: When I felt like eating a shilling luncheon, as I often did, I kept it down to tenpence. I put the twopence saved toward my watch fund. You will hardly believe me, but with little economies like this I had in less than six months saved enough to buy my gold watch." "But," said a listener, "where is your gold watch? You are wearing a poor little gun metal thing." "Well," was the reply, "when I found how easily I could get along without shilling luncheons I concluded I could get along with a ten shilling watch instead of a ten pound one. So that the watch fund grew until it purchased for me my own house."—London Mail.

Duststorms That Bury Forests.

Travelers in Tibet describe the wonderful storms of dust that occur in Kashgaria, near the foot of the Kuen-Lun mountains. The dust in the air is sometimes so dense that complete darkness prevails. Occasionally rain falls during such a storm, but the raindrops evaporate during their descent, and the dust carried with them falls in lumps. Entire forests of poplar trees are buried in dust hillocks forty feet high. These deposits of dust are afterward moved on by the wind, but the trees that have been buried die, even after their disinterment.

A Beheading Stone.

The old beheading stone at Stirling, England, was protected in 1887 by public subscription, raised at the instance of the Stirling Natural History and Archaeological society. It was then inclosed in an iron cage. There is another relic of public execution in Stirling in the museum of the Smith institute in that city. It is the bowl which the public executioner used when he went around the market taking a measure of meal from every farmer's sack.

Impossible Diagnosis.

"The boy has evidently been eating too much between meals," said the doctor.

"Nonsense!" replied the boy's father. "A boy can't eat in his sleep."

"How do you mean?"

"I mean that each of his meals begins when he gets up in the morning and ends when he goes to bed."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Happy Days.

However varied the courses of our life, whatsoever the phase of pleasure and ambition through which it has swept along, still, when in memory we would revive the times that were comparatively the happiest, these times will be found to have been the calmest.—Bulwer Lytton.

Giving and Receiving.

Hall Porter (to person soliciting a favor at a ministry)—The minister receives from 10 o'clock to midday—

"All right," says the other, "but at what hour does he give?"—Paris Figaro.

Low and Loud.

He—A woman, I notice, always lowers her voice to ask a favor. She—Yes—and raises her voice if she does not get it.—Illustrated Bits.

He that helps the evil hurts the good.—Socrates.

The Endless Procession.

A myriad of men are born. They labor and sweat and struggle for bread; they squabble and scold and fight; they scramble for little mean advantages over each other; age creeps upon them; infirmities follow; shames and humiliations bring down their prides and their vanities; those they love are taken from them, and the joy of life is turned to aching grief. The burden of pain, care, misery, grows heavier year by year; at length ambition is dead, pride is dead; vanity is dead; longing for release is in their place. It comes at last—the only unpoisoned gift earth ever had for them—and they vanish from a world where they were of no consequence; where they achieved nothing; where they were a mistake and a failure and a foolishness. There they have left no sign that they have existed—a world which will lament them a day and forget them forever. Then another myriad takes their place, and copies all they did, and goes along the same profitless road, and vanishes as they vanished—to make room for another, and another, and a million other myriads, to follow the same arid path through the same desert and accomplish what the first myriad and all the myriads that came after it accomplished—nothing.—From Mark Twain's Autobiography in North American Review.

Origin of the Balloon.

The word balloon means "a large ball." To Montgolfier of Annonay, France, the invention of the balloon is credited. It is said that he was led to turn his attention to balloon making from the following incident: A French laundress, wishing to dry a petticoat quickly, placed it on a basket work frame over a stove. To prevent the heat from escaping by the opening at the top of the petticoat she drew the belt strings closely together and tied them. Gradually the garment dried and became lighter, and as the stove continued to give out heat and rarefy the air concentrated under the basket work frame the petticoat began to move and finally rose in the air. This so astonished the laundress that she ran to her neighbors and asked them to come and witness the strange sight. Montgolfier was among those that came in. The petticoat suspended in midair suggested greater things to him, and he returned home with "something to think about." He at once began studying works on different kinds of atmosphere, and the invention of the balloon was the result.

No Excuses Accepted.

French officials are said to be particularly strict in their discipline of tourists. A lately returned traveler tells several more or less apocryphal stories to illustrate the state of affairs. An American lost his footing, slipped down an embankment and fell into a small, shallow pond. As he scrambled, dripping, up the embankment to the footpath he was confronted by an arm of the law.

"Your name? Your address?" demanded this uncompromising person, notebook in hand.

"But I fell," began the astonished American. "I only"—

The man waved his arm. "It is forbidden to bathe in this lake," he said firmly. "I am not here to listen to extenuating circumstances."

A Quotation.

A correspondent wrote to a newspaper to ask the author of this couplet:

How much the fool who has been sent to Rome
Excels the fool who has been kept at home!

He had barely written when he answered his own query, having found the source of the lines and how he had misquoted them. They are from Cowper's "Progress of Error" and read:

How much a dunce that hath been sent to roam
Excels a dunce that hath been kept at home!

We are not sure but that, as is frequently the case with misquotations, the popular version is better than the poet's.—New York Tribune.

Brains of Great Men.

Brains of great men vary very much. It is found that men of encyclopedic mind have large and heavy brains—Gladstone had to wear a very big hat—with an enormous bed of gray matter and numerous convolutions. On the other hand, men whose genius is concentrated upon one line of thought are of small brain and, consequently have small heads. Newton, Byron and Cromwell were in this class.—Kansas City Journal.

Latchkey as a Source of Trouble.

Ever since some mechanically inclined person, with an almost diabolical instinct for making mischief, invented a form of spring lock which can be opened on the inside by a knob and on the outside only by a key there has been trouble. The latchkey from the first has been a domestic storm center. It has divided family circles and even broken up homes.—London Telegraph.

The Best.

There is a legend, says an English writer, to the effect that after Lord Stanley came into the house of peers a lady somewhat indiscreetly asked Lord Brougham at a dinner party who was the best speaker in the house of lords and that Lord Brougham promptly and emphatically answered, "Lord Stanley, madam, is the second best."

Hasty Conclusion.

Tommy paused a moment in the work of demolition.

"This is angel cake, all right," he said.

"How do you know?" asked Johnny.

"I've found a feather in it."—Chicago Tribune.

There are about 185 inhabited British isles, of which Scotland claims over 100.

Peculiar Light Giving Animals.

A peculiar light giving animal found in southern Californian waters is the heteropod. The heteropods, dazzling white and almost shapeless, can often be seen floating on the clear water. Their bodies are almost transparent, and they have in addition to a long tail a powerful sucker, by which they cling to seaweed. When these creatures are irritated they seem to emit a light from all over the body, though one writer describes one in which the light—red in this case—seemed to radiate from the center of the animal. Of all the light giving animals the salpa is said to be the most wonderful. Like the heteropod, this animal is provided with claspers that enable it to fasten to seaweed and rocks. So plentiful are they in Californian waters that the Santa Catalina channel, which is from eighteen to twenty miles wide and about forty-five miles long, is at times literally covered with them as far as the eye can reach. Covering the entire surface and gleaming like gems in the sunlight, they present a beautiful picture. These animals constitute a delicacy much sought for by whales. Some of them shed a silvery light, while others yield blue and others red light.

Rivers That Flow Backward.

Near Argostoli, a town on one of the Greek islands, four little torrents of sea water, rolling on an average fifty-five gallons a second, penetrate into the fissures of the cliffs, flow rapidly inland and finally gradually disappear into the crevices of the soil. Two of these water courses are sufficiently powerful to turn all the year round the wheels of two mills constructed by an enterprising Englishman. This seems at first sight absurd on the face of it, but it is quite easily explained. The hills of the island are of soft, calcareous rock, full of fissures, and suck up water like immense sponges. In consequence the pools in their subterranean caverns are always lower than the surrounding sea, so to restore the balance these little brooks, fed by the waves, are always descending inland. The curious yet natural result of the constant evaporation of the sea water is that gigantic masses of salt crystals are constantly forming in the caves.—Strand Magazine.

Straw Rope Swings.

Korea is perhaps the oldest country in the world, and the customs and actions that go to make up the daily life of the people are not at all governed by the logic or tradition which moves us on our enlightened way. They have no clearly regulated sports, nothing apparently that could be likened to a national game. They pass most of their recreation hours swinging in straw rope swings and seem entirely happy in the sport. The straw rope, if well made, is extremely durable and can stand considerable weight, as may be judged when three ablebodied young men impose their weight upon the swing, standing on the shoulders of one another after the manner of acrobats. It may be very fine pastime, but the average American, it is safe to say, would find in it very little appeal.

The Old Greek Divorce Law.

A clergyman was railing against divorce. "We ought to have the divorce law that was enforced in ancient Greece," he said. "If that old Greek clause was tacked to every separation I am persuaded that divorces would fall off 60 to 70 per cent. This law was that when a man got a divorce he could not under any circumstances marry another woman younger than his ex-wife. An innocent law, a brief law, not much to look at, but how many divorce suits would be nipped in the bud if all husbands knew that after the separation they could not marry younger women than the wives they had cast off!"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Water on the Veldt.

Water is sometimes very scarce and precious on the South African veldt, according to a writer, who says: "In our veldt cottage we had no well, only large tanks, and about August our condition usually became desperate. If you washed your hands you carried the precious fluid out to pour it on some thirsty plant or vegetable; the bath water the same, part of it being first saved to scrub floors. Cabbage and potato water was allowed to cool and then used for the garden or to wash the dogs in first, so that these waters did three duties."

Enthusiast to the End.

An enthusiastic French physician, while dying, made careful observations of his condition, detailing his symptoms to his son and attending physician in order that they might make a record of them. At the very end, when he was on the point of passing away, he surprised the friends at his bedside by saying, "You see I am dying."

Helped Out.

The Father—So you think you can support my daughter? The Suitor—I'm quite sure I can, sir, if you will help us out. The Father—I'll help you out all right, all right! Whereupon the suitor dashed madly down the front steps with the father a close second in the race.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Mistake.

The chairman told me at the meeting that I was out of order."

"Well, wasn't he right?"

"No. I saw a doctor on the way home, and he told me that I was never in better shape in my life."

A Difference.

Guest (going over the picture gallery and halting before a portrait)—And is this the old master? Servant—No, sir. Sure, that's the auld missus.—London Magazine.

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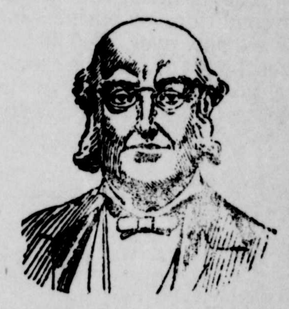
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