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AT THE SEASHORE.

Eccentric Characters, Outre Costumes, and Queer Customs Seen at Long Branch.

Swells in "Splashers," Young Ladies in Short Dresses, and Other Unique Creatures.

Resplendent Gambling Hells—A Western Politician's Heavy Losings.

LONG BRANCH, July, 1888.

The summer swell, as developed at this seashore in his most extreme form, presents an innovation in whiskers. Such whiskers are called "splashers," for no reason that I have been able to find out, except that they seem to be utterly meaningless, and therefore an appropriate name could not be devised. The mustache that goes with these whiskers is brushed upward at the ends, and left sprawling—not waxed and twirled into

points. The whiskers run down from the hair in front of the ear, like those worn by dandies last year, but they differ from that form in extending at an angle across the cheek, on a level with the mustache which they join, but with which they do not mingle, being kept cropped closer. The wearer of "splashers" is apt to have a single glass screwed into one eye, although that is not invariable, and his hat is often a rather wide-brimmed straw with a broad band of a light, figured fabric. The belle who comes with this beau is much more various, of course, for feminine fashions take a vastly wider range than those indulged in by men. But for depiction in the accompanying illustration I have put on her head the newest oddity in millinery. It is neither a hat nor a bonnet, nor like anything else hitherto known in headgear. A section of gauzy material is bunched into loops on top of her head and at the nape of her neck, while it covers the section of her hair between those points with decidedly unconventional folds.

By all odds the most unique creature to be seen at this watering place is the girl just old enough to put on long dresses, but who appears very conspicuously in short ones. There are a dozen of her scattered along the Jersey shore in this neighborhood—possibly a score—and she is the showiest exhibit made here this season by her sex. The juvenility of her gowns is not accompanied by a harmonious simplicity of embellishment or manners. She is given to the wearing of long black gloves, in color contrast to the predominating white of the comparatively small section of sleeves, and her black stockings find a similar contrariety of hue in white slippers. It doesn't seem

to matter to her that fashion dictates, for this summer, shoes and hosiery to match. She goes in for picturesque effects, and her 16-year-old noddle is full of vanity incited by the attention which she commands by her eccentricity of attire. These belated juveniles presumably have mothers, who ought to know better than to let their daughters make guys of themselves. These misguided youngsters promenade the beaches and the verandas in their outre make-up, and are innocent enough in their offense against good taste, but they are an unseemly outbreak of parental desire to force admiration for their pretty offspring. These young ladies have quite usurped the conspicuous place ordinarily taken by venturesome bathers. Thus far an industrious search of the surf for days has revealed only one woman in a remarkable costume. She was rigged out in embroidered white flannel and silk stockings until she looked like a burlesque actress on whom the lime light of the stage might strike with theatric effect, but whom a wetting by rude breakers in cold daylight did not recommend to sedate approval. Moreover, she turned out to be an animate advertisement for a teacher of swimming. It was her business,

not necessarily her delight, to dress herself in a manner to fix the eyes of the multitude upon her antics. The ninety-nine in a hundred female bathers are safely enfolded in quiet and ample flannel, while only the one gambols away in a costume so indelicate as to suggest that she ought to be chased caught, and brought back into propriety.

The genuinely childish little children are pleasant objects of regard at the seashore. We do harbor a suspicion in our hotel that our nicest widow enjoys her share of the admiration which her four-year-old daughter excites, but that may be a libel upon pure motherly pride. The tiny belles are so picturesquely costumed, and their airs of vanity mix in so prettily with their juvenile unconcern, that one can lazily watch their play by the hour without losing interest. The diminutive heiress to a million takes her wooden shovel and tin pail, and goes down to the beach to make mud pies, and ten to one she will indulge in that commonplace pastime without sullying the finery with which she is decked. The miniature daughters of Croesus find the same delight in balloons that a hod-carrier's children do, and yet are evidently never unaware of the quality of their clothes. It is curious to see the early beginnings of vanity in these generally careless children.

There is never much use in trying to write a summer letter from Long Branch without paying some attention to the gambling, and that is especially true just now, because there is a great deal of ado over the vice. The telegraph wires have been employed to tell how Edward Walcott, a Colorado lawyer and politician, won twelve thousand dollars in one club house and lost twenty-two thou-

sand in another. I learn that the figures given were not exaggerated. The story of his heavy play was true. The usual accounts of reckless risks at the faro and roulette tables here are concoctions of the professional gamblers, and the climax given to them is usually the winning of a fabulous sum, which the lucky venturer carries safely away. Notwithstanding the reputation for fairness sought to be established for the three great gaming houses of Long Branch, I still write out conscientiously my personal belief that a winner of so much as ten thousand dollars would not get beyond the grounds without losing it or his life. Travelers on the European continent tell me that at none of the old world's famous resorts is the gambling heavier than it is this year at Long Branch. The Pennsylvania Club, the Ocean Club and the new Gotham Club rival one another in the way of gorgeously decor-

ated interiors. The visitor treads on velvet carpet at every step, the chairs in which he sits are massive works of art in furniture, the paintings which he sees when he lifts his eyes to the roof would not be out of place in a picture gallery, and all the utensils with which he loses money are superfine. But it is a trap for the unwary all the same, only that the cruel jaws and springs are gilded, and the bait is unusually enticing. Not that the word bait in this instance should be taken to mean that the victim is fed before he is caught. Each of the club houses has a restaurant, but you pay directly for all you eat or drink there. The keepers of these resplendent hells are not yet hospitable enough to refresh their victims without separate pay for so doing. Faro and roulette are the games principally played, but there are others, like black-and-white and dice-droppers which more speedily and surely impoverish the outside player. There are men who foolishly convince themselves that they can play faro at even odds, and the highest percentage of advantage at roulette, in the absence of trick devices, is steady but not excessive, but in most of the dice games the method amounts to little less than outright robbery. Nevertheless men who are accounted shrewd in Wall street, men who can gain fortunes in the competitions of trade, men whose minds are professionally trained to see deeply into things—all these are fully represented at the green tables. Besides the three famous club houses, there are fifteen to twenty smaller placks wherein players as humble as stable-boys and bootblacks may waste their dimes as more pretentious fools do their dollars. Gambling is the greatest sin-

gle feature in summer life at Long Branch. An organization of cottagers and a minority of the village officials have now combined to abolish the evil, but without any outlook for success.

Women are not permitted to gamble in the club houses. Whether they would if they could is an open question. They go of a morning to inspect the gaming establishments, when no play is going on, and some of them frequent the restaurants. The latter belong to the fast sets, and may easily be credited with a longing to buck the bank; but thus far the managers have deemed it expedient to keep women away from the tables while they are in operation. It is not so in Europe, where women are among the most constant and heavy gamesters. But in those places the gambling is legalized, while at Long Branch it is forbidden by law, and the sight of women indulging in it might cause public condemnation sufficient to shut the houses. It is at the Monmouth Park race-course that the gentler sex indulges delightedly in the pastime of betting. On a day of uncommonly important racing I scrutinized the grand stand carefully, and came to the conclusion that no more than five per cent. of the women present refrained from wagering. A small army of uniformed boys went to and fro between them and the pool department. There was one dashing young woman to whom that process was irksomely slow, and so she went to the inclosure in person, dealt directly with the bookmakers and pool sellers between races, and then, when the bell rang for a start, she would take her stand on a chair beside the quarter-stretch fence in the midst of a manling, scrambling, excited mob of men, and from that unladylike position watched the race on which she had wagered her cash. In no other respect than this display of eagerness as a practical turfwoman was her conduct indiscreet. Neither her dress nor her speech was loud, and I learned that she was in more vital respects beyond reproach.

No girl in the hotel under the roof of which I am now writing is better worth describing than the public amanuensis. This recent addition to the working staff of most large city hotels is duplicated here at the seashore in several of the houses. She is an aid at ready command for lawyers who wish to dictate a document, or a politician who desires to read a proposed speech before its delivery, or a business man whose correspondence is heavier than he cares to do in this place of laziness. In this particular instance her years are not more than sixteen, and they are full of the traditional sweetness of that age. She is an adept at shorthand, she plays a typewriter with all the dexterity of young Hofmann at the piano, and I judge that she has a keen eye to business, however disconcerting her loveliness may be to some of the susceptible chaps who undertake to dictate to her.

"How much do you make by your work here?" a lady of benevolent inclinations asked.

"I can't exactly tell," she calmly replied, "but if I get the offer of marriage that seems likely, the season will be worth about a quarter of a million to me."

However, she is not so closely devoted to this main chance as to neglect those diversions which the hotel affords; but it may be that in paying attention to them she is increasing the probability of a rich husband. But it looks funny to see on her desk a card inscribed: "Gone to the beach—will return in an hour," or "Can be found playing tennis on the back lawn," or "Will return after the next waltz in the parlor." KAMERA.

THE LITTLE FOLKS.

Go Steady.

I got my wealth by saving;
I always worked my way,
And I never cared a shaving
For "luck" in trade or play.
I never drank, boys,
Nor lived too high, boys,
And that's why, boys,
I'm a hearty old man to-day.
There's Rapid Ned, who sowed wild oats
As most young fellows can,
Now tramps, a beggar, on the street
Where once he drove a span.
Ha, ha, my boys, ho, ho!
'Tis fortune a waste when fools make haste;
You'd better go it slow.
—*Farm Journal.*

A New Use for Clothes-Pins.

"Girls, what do you think these are good for?" asked Nannie Brown of her two little Brown sisters. She held up one of the clothes-pins they were picking up from the grass, where Norah had left them after taking in the wash.

"What do we think they are good for? Why, to fasten the clothes to the line, of course," answered the other two little Browns in a breath; "everybody knows that."

"But there's another use for them," said Nannie; "Norah told me last night. She says if we put them on our noses—so"—and she put one astride her nose as she spoke—"they will make our noses of the most beautiful shape, not all puggy and turned up as they are now, you know. Wouldn't it be splendid to try it?"

Now the three little Browns had noses that were most decidedly turned up, and many were the times they had each sighed in secret over the fact. Here was their chance to shape their noses "illigantly," as Norah told them.

That night three clothes-pins were missing from the basket. The three little girls, after being tucked in by mamma for the night, each slyly drew one from under her pillow and put it on her nose. It took them some time to go to sleep in such a queer fix, but they did at last. When mamma came to take a last look at them before going to bed she found them fast asleep, each with a little red nose pinched by a clothes-pin. Although astonished at the sight, she laughed until the tears ran down her cheeks.

As she took off the pins and put them back in the basket, she said: "What won't these children do next?"—*Mrs. M. N. Sanford, in Our Little Ones.*

The Tale of a Tadpole.

Mr John Brown came home one evening lately, and being very thirsty, pourey out for himself a tankard of water in a glass which he thought was empty. Imagine his surprise and consternation when his son Tommy, aged 8, came running in, just as his draught was finished, and shrieked:

"Why, papa! you've swallowed my tadpole!"

"Wha-a-t!" shouted the alarmed father. "You young idiot! run for the doctor!"

But the only medical man who could be got hold of at the moment was a Frenchman, visiting in the neighborhood. On the case being incoherently explained to him by the now thoroughly frightened family, he said:

"You most make heem svim."

"But my husband can't swim," replied poor Mrs. Brown, in tears.

"No, it is not ze man zat shall swim, it is ze leetle frog who shall swim, you know, *qu'il faut que le poisson nage*, so you fill him wiz ze vater to his teeth, zen ze leetle frog he vill svim up to ze mout of Monsieur, and ven he see ze light he vill shump out, so."

And they gave him bucket after bucket of water till he became horribly sick, but no tadpole "shomped out."

By this time poor Brown was suffering agonies. The tadpole, or the large quantity of water, one or other, was causing him great pain, added to which he himself was in a state of mortal and indefinable terror. Just then the family physician made his appearance and tried to allay their fears, but all to no purpose; something practical must be done. Thinking a little stimulant would do his patient good after the drenching he had had, he said:

"Now, I should recommend you, if you want the tadpole to jump, to give him a good dose of brandy, that will make him frisky, and perhaps he will then, under the influence of liquor, make his sudden appearance, and relieve you all."

The plan was tried on a most wholesale scale, but instead of making the tadpole frisky, it only made Mr. Brown somewhat tipsy, in which state he became what the Scotch call "greetin' fu'." In a maudlin way he bade his weeping wife an affecting farewell, and insisted on being put to bed to die.

The doctor, however, seeing that the poor man, as well as his family, was suffering agonies of mind about the unfortunate little polliwig, determined to take active measures, and bring matters to a satisfactory crisis by a little scheme of his own. He ordered Mr. Brown, who was now in bed, to be partially undressed, promising to return in an hour with his assistant, when he hoped to be able to relieve him permanently.

In the succeeding half hour the patient suffered all sorts of pains, real and imaginary, and was more than ever convinced of the activity of his unwelcome tenant.

The doctor, however, meanwhile, had offered half a dozen small boys a handsome price for the first tadpole they would bring him, and the fact being noised abroad his house soon resembled Pharaoh's palace during one of the plagues of Egypt. It was filled with frogs and froglings of all sizes and ages, causing great consternation to the medical household.

But long ere this the doctor and his assistant had finally started off to cure their patient. The doctor carried a healthy polliwig in a small bottle, in his pocket, the assistant a powerful electric battery, in a valise. Turning every one out of the room, the conspirators quietly hid the battery under the bed, after adjusting it to its utmost power. The new polliiwg was then very carefully placed on the pillow near the despairing man's head, one battery was arranged under his chin and, at a signal from the doctor, the other, with the full power of the battery, was suddenly applied to his stomach. With a horrid yell the poor wretch suddenly sprang up in bed, and the doctor and his assistant both shouted: "Hurrah! he is out at last!" The unsuspecting family, hearing the yell, rushed in to see the startled Mr. Brown sitting up in bed, the poor little tadpole lying beside him. He was soon made aware of the change in the state of affairs, and warmly thanked the doctor, as did all the family.

"He gave me an awful spasm as he got through, but thank Heaven it is now all over."

Just at that moment, however, the ever unfortunate Tommy came rushing into the room with a glass in his hand, saying, "Why, papa! here is my tadpole! You never swallowed it after all!"

If a bombshell had burst in the room the consternation could not have been more complete. The father, now cured, suspected some trick, but did not exactly know what, but seeing the doctor and his assistant convulsed with laughter, he angrily requested their immediate withdrawal from his house, and they, nothing loath, were only too glad to escape into the open air. The story soon leaked out, and while the doctor was highly praised for his treatment, so much so that he was ever after called Dr. Tadpole, poor Mr. Brown had a hard time of it. He soon got so disgusted with being nicknamed "Old Polliwig" that he left the country, and returned permanently to town, where no one ever knew of the bad time he had had when he swallowed the tadpole.—*Good Housekeeping*

The Shoe Was Laced Wrong.

"No, I'm not betting to-day," said a turfman in a down-town pool-room recently to a friend who had a sure thing on the New Orleans races.

"Busted?" was the laconic reply.

"No; but I laced one of my shoes up wrong this morning. It's a bad sign. I'll let 'em alone to-day."

"Are you superstitious?"

"I frankly confess I am, and I think you'll find nine out of ten sporting men are," he replied, as he lit a cigar; "and what is more, I don't believe there is a human being who is not superstitious. Some are more so than others, but take gamblers and horsemen as a class and you will find each has his own peculiar quilp. Now, this morning I laced my shoe up wrong. If I had left it that way it would have been a lucky day for me, but I did not. I unlaced it, and I'll bet you two to one if I bought a pool on a horse he would break his neck before he came under the string."

"That's quite interesting. Would you mind giving me some of your experiences? What do you consider a lucky omen?"

"You want to know what I consider a lucky omen, eh? That's just as the idea strikes me. I used to count white horses. Suppose I was standing at the corner of Broadway and Wall street, I'd take out my watch and time myself, and count the number of horses that turned into Wall street in five minutes. I would sometimes go on the odd numbers and sometimes on the even. Like this: If I made up my mind on even horses and an even number went by during the five minutes, then I would be lucky, and *vice versa*."

"You gamble on cards, do you?"

"Oh, yes; I make my living as a sporting man."

"Do your superstitions affect you in playing cards?"

"Yes, indeed. If I am going to play cards for money, I always hunt up a beggar and give him some money for luck. I have walked sometimes two miles to find a beggar. I know a gambler that goes to an Italian on Greene street, who has three little canaries that tell fortunes by pulling an envelope out of a pack. He always follows the advice of the bird, and I have actually seen him shed tears over some of the slips he got, not from grief, but from vexation, if they went against his grain. I have had gamblers tell me that they had acquired the habit of trying their luck in different ways, but I claim it's not a habit; it's nature—born in a man, and it never comes out. Why, I know dozens of people who laugh at superstition who will have a regular case of the dumps if they don't see the new moon over the right shoulder for the first time. They think if they see it over the right shoulder and make a wish they will get their wish."—*New York paper.*

He Captured a Squaw.

After the defeat of Burgoyne, a detachment of soldiers, which had been sent to the American army from Lunenburg, Mass., returned, bringing with them three young squaws who were held as hostages for white people captured by the Indians. A number of soldiers and young officers were then waiting in Lunenburg to be sent where most needed.

One cold, blustering morning several of these officers were riding through the town. Seeing the squaws decked in Indian finery, one of the officers shouted: "Now for some fun!" and dashed toward them.

"Won't you ride?" he asked, as he drew rein.

"Yes," answered a squaw.

He pointed to a block from which she could mount behind him. His intention was to prick his horse with his spur as she leaped and let her fall to the ground.

But she jumped so quickly that she was astride of the nag before the officer could spur him. The beast was frightened and started off at a speed which the officer could not check.

The squaw wound her arms around the officer's body; her long black hair streamed out behind her; the horse flew over the road, followed by the other officers shouting: "An elopement! White man running off with Injun!"

Doors were flung open, windows hoisted, out of which gazed astonished women, while men stood in the street wondering what it meant. Away dashed the horse to his stable at the inn, in front of which he stopped, to the surprise of a crowd of idlers.

"Tanky, sir!" exclaimed the squaw, leaping to the ground. "Had mighty good ride, but did make my hair whirl!"

The mortified officer dismounted amid the cheers of the crowd.—*Youth's Companion.*

On the Japanese Coast.

The artists who crowd to the Breton and Norman coasts in such numbers that they are said to be sitting elbow to elbow all along the beach in the summer months would find quite as picturesque fisher girls and fisher boys, ancient mariners and battered crafts to immortalize on the Japanese coast, with the added charm of novelty in the figures and surroundings.

Barelegged fisher maidens, with blue cotton kerchiefs tied over their heads and baskets on their backs, roam the beach by scores, children dash in and out of the edges of the lapping waves, and babies roll contentedly in the sand. Men and boys wade knee deep in the water and take whole drenchings from the breakers, and are surf bathing all day long with the thermometer not touching 50 degrees in spite of the warm sun.

With fingers, sticks and rakes they gather up the slippery brown weeds and toss them into their baskets. The women separate the catch on shore, and spread out on the sand the species most esteemed as food, and at times regale their lords with cups of hot tea, bowls of rice and shredded fish.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Sick Children.

When little ones are suffering pain we find the application of hot flatirons wrapped in old bits of canton flannel (or even the stove-plates) to their feet, and the spots they complain of, will often relieve them as quickly as they are found to be sweating.

We often make poultices for pain in the side or dysentery pains. "To a teacupful of corn meal or bran add a half-teaspoonful of mustard and as much lard as a small hen's egg, make it with hot water into a smooth mush, spread as thick as a book-back." We prepare a bag the size needed, one side thick muslin, the other very thin, or even doubled fly netting, put the mush in, sew, shut the end, and then spread with a broad-bladed knife; have a strip of flannel (to pin around a baby or young child) to which we baste the corners of our poultice to insure its keeping smooth and close to the skin. Sometimes we add a small handful of hops, if we have them.

If a child suffers from cold feet, get two basins of water, one cold the other very warm, and put its feet first into the cold and then the hot, every minute changing them, and soon it can keep them in the hot water with comfort; then rub them briskly with a soft towel; a little liniment or alcohol will be good.

Children should be taught to tell of aches and pains or slight sore throats, that one can apply simple remedies in time, and advise them as to diet. We often say to our boys, "Perhaps you had better not eat any supper, or only a little bread and milk," and they find it a good prescription. Salt-water gargles in the first stage of sore throat, with a little turpentine or liniment on the outside, may save serious sickness.

I have told before of fat pork for ear ache, but it will bear repeating. Cut a good piece to stop up the opening, with a pointed bit to go inside, and it will relieve ordinary ear ache very soon.

Always keep a child warm and keep out any breaking out; give remedies to bring out whatever eruption is suspected.

We have had trouble with coughs that lemon juice and sugar seemed to relieve better than anything else.

For slight burns on baby's fingers a bit of court plaster will give speedy relief; we always use it. Cuts should be simply tied up tightly to hold the edges together, and covered with court plasters when done bleeding. Young mothers want to put on something to cure, but they err and retard the healing, as any physician will tell them.

A sick child is much more comfortable on a large rocking chair or its bed than in any person's lap, and can be attended to much more easily. Quiet tones of encouragement and steady hands go far with any sick person, and a child is especially sensitive to outside influences. The mother who cannot control herself seldom is fit to attend upon her sick folks, and if she governs them in health she will reap her reward when they obey her in sickness.—*Household.*

A Prompt Customer.

"I owe you thirty-five cents for a magazine I got the other day," said a man, addressing the proprietor of a Chicago book store. "Here's your money, sir."

"You don't owe me anything," the proprietor replied.

"Yes, I got a magazine here on credit the other day."

"No, you didn't"

"But——"

"Go on. I understand you."

"I don't understand him," said a bystander. "What does he mean?"

"It is a pretty sharp trick that is sometimes worked in this town. Some time ago a man came in and told me that he owed me twenty-five cents for some newspapers. I did not remember him, but thinking that he might have gotten the papers from one of my clerks, I took the money. Several days afterward he came in, placed a quarter on the show-case, and saying, 'more papers,' walked out. This time I did not think anything of it. Two or three days later he came in, and said:

"'Good morning.'

"'Good morning,' I replied.

"'Beautiful weather for the time of year.'

"'Yes, very.'

"'I got a paper-covered novel here the other day. Twenty cents, I believe. Sometimes I forget to put money in my pocket, but I never forget that I want to read. We had quite a lively time on the board of trade this morning.' He dropped in once or twice more, and I found him to be quite a talker. One day he came in, and after looking over an illustrated history of the Holy Land, asked the price. 'Twelve dollars,' I replied. 'Would you mind sending it out on Michigan avenue?'

"'What is your name, please?'

"'Why, I thought you knew. Been a customer here for quite a while. J. W. McFoyer, No. 35 ——. By the way, I am going out now and can take it along. Be in pretty soon;' and he marched off with the history. He had been such a good customer—had been so prompt in paying his little debts that I thought he was all right, but I have never seen him since. I learned that he beat a number of other booksellers. That fellow who came in just now has heard of the trick. It is hardly necessary for me to say that I do not want his custom."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

A Wonderful Tree.

There have been, and still are, other trees wonderful for size besides those of California. One of the most famous (probably still in existence), and a century ago spoken of as "some thousand years old," is the chestnut on Mt. Etna, known from time immemorial as the "tree of a hundred horses," because once, while Queen Joanna of Aragon was on a journey from Spain to Naples, she landed at Sicily to visit the volcano, and, being overtaken by a storm, a hundred cavaliers on horseback who were with her found shelter within the trunk of this tree. So runs the tradition. At any rate, it is of such prodigious size that the cavity in the center is so large that a public road was made through it "wide enough for two coaches to drive abroast; and the easy-going peasants built a hut inside for their convenience while gathering nuts there, and from the other trees near by." It has once been measured, and found to be over 200 feet in girth. Originally it was believed to have been one solid trunk, but, after the wear and change of centuries, the heart of it has decayed and been carried away for fuel, and it has the appearance of five trees united, with the outer bark of one. The chestnut has great vitality, and lives to an almost incredible age. Even in England, where it is not native, there used to be an enormous one, the origin of which tradition placed in King Egbert's time.

LIEUT. GREELY believes that there is an ocean 1,500 miles in diameter, round about the pole, that never freezes; and conjectures that the pole itself is the center of an an ice-capped land covered with ice from 1,000 to 4,000 feet thick. These conclusions are rejected by prominent Arctic authorities in England.

An immense terrestial globe is to be one of the attractions at the Paris exhibition next year. It will rotate on an axis and be accurately constructed on a scale of one millionth. Several able scientists have charge of the construction.

The Best Test of Success is Success.

Tested and proved by over twenty-five years' use in all parts of the world, ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS have the indorsement of the highest medical and chemical authorities, and millions of grateful patients who have been cured of distressing ailments voluntarily testify to their merits.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are purely vegetable. They are mild but effective, sure and quick in their action, and absolutely harmless.

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation.

Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

THE man who does not pay his pew rent has a religion of his owin'.

WOMAN, the path of virtue is that of happiness. Whatever arguments may be used by the deceiver, remember that he who would lead you from it is surely your enemy, and whatever his pretense, his object is your ruin.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

A NEW variety of the honey bee has been discovered in California. It is said to be twice as large as the common bee, and to produce twice as much honey.

Don't Kill the Old Hens.

When hens are shedding feathers they often stop laying and grow fat. Most people consider fat a sign of health. The fattening of moulting hens, however, as with some people, produces debility rather than health. Many of the worst cases of roup are contracted, while the hens are moulting.

The food of moulting hens, if largely vegetable is fat-forming, and not required for growing feathers. Therefore corn-fed hens get very fat. They need more nitrogen and phosphate elements in their food when moulting, which if not supplied they stop laying, because the growing feathers have used all, and left no nitrogenous matter to form eggs. At this season, killing old hens and relying on young pullets is a great mistake, where people have a few hens and late pullets. Because, if properly fed, the hens will have their new raiment and lay well all winter; while the pullets unless specially treated may not commence laying until spring, when high prices for eggs have fallen one-half. Again an old hen's egg will hatch a more vigorous chickens than a pullet's egg.

John R. Jones, Suffield, Conn., a breeder of prize winning mottled Javas, says:

"I find Sheridan's Condition Powder, fed once daily in the food, very valuable for moulting hens. I have used it two years for exhibition birds. It assists in growing new feathers, makes the combs a bright red, and gives a rich gloss to the plumage. It will also make hens lay and the eggs hatch well. I find when the other egg-foods are used in quantities to force egg production the eggs do not hatch."

The above is the experience of many people in using Sheridan's Powder. If fed to young pullets now as directed, they will begin to lay before six months old. Commence at once using Sheridan's Powder. It helps old hens through moulting, and gets the pullets in laying trim before the season of high prices. Eggs will sell very high this fall and winter. Therefore be ready to get all you can.

L. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass., sole makers of Sheridan's Condition Powder to make hens lay, will send to any address for one two cent stamp, testimonials with full information how to make a few hens pay well; also how to obtain Sheridan's powder.

Braided wire matresses are coming into use.

The estate of the late Hiram Sibley, of Rochester, is estimated to be $10,000,000.

Popular Preparation!

Pure, Potent, Powerful! Pallid People Praise, Progressive People Purchase! Positively Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, Properly Partaken, Preserve Physical Powers, Produce Permanent Physical Perfection. Purchase, Prove!

Low rates have increased ocean telegraphy.

The Longest Word in the Dictionary

Is incompetent to communicate the inexpressible satisfaction and incomprehensible consequences resulting from a judicious administration of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, a preparation designed especially for the speedy relief and permanent cure of all Female Weaknesses, Nervousness, and diseases peculiar to the female sex. The only remedy for women's peculiar ills, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee to give satisfaction. See guarantee on wrapper of bottle. This guarantee has been faithfully carried out for many years by the proprietors.

Example is a town in Haskell County, Kan.

A Large Estate.

A broad land is this in which we live, dotted so thickly with thrifty cities, towns and villages! Amid them all, with ever-increasing popularity and helpfulness, is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery giving hope and cheer where there is disease and despair. Wherever there is humanity there is suffering, wherever there is suffering there is the best field for this greatest American Remedy. Consumption (which is lung-scrofula), yields to it, if employed in the early stages of the disease; Chronic Nasal Catarrh yields to it; Kidney and Liver diseases yield to it! If you want the best known remedy for all diseases of the blood, ask for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and take no other.

Electric lights in cakes of ice is a novelty for the illumination of ballrooms abroad.

It seems that the discovery of a sure cure for baldness, claimed to have been made by H. A. Fechter, of New Haven, Conn., is genuine. Some of the results it has accomplished are really wonderful. Mr. Fechter has printed a circular describing it, which he distributes free to all who apply for it.

"The Gods give no great good without labor," is an old proverb, and a true one; the hardest labor is not always that which is best paid however. To those in search of light, pleasant and profitable employment, we say write to B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va.

Read Sarsaparilla Tonic Pills Adv.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle.

A Fair Trial

Of Hood's Sarsaparilla will convince any reasonable person that it does possess great medicinal merit. We do not claim that every bottle will accomplish a miracle, but we do know that nearly every bottle, taken according to directions, does produce positive benefit. Its peculiar curative power is shown by many remarkable cures.

"I was run down from close application to work, but was told I had malaria and was dosed with quinine, etc., which was useless. I decided to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and am now feeling strong and cheerful. I feel satisfied it will benefit any who give it a fair trial."—W. B. BEAMISH, 261 Spring Street, New York City.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1: six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

SARSAPARILLA TONIC PILLS Cure Nervous Diseases, Skin Eruptions, Weakness, Blood Impurities, Malaria and Liver Disease. 100 pills sent postpaid on receipt of $1. Address W. GRAY, 386 Broome St., N. Y. City.

OPIUM HABIT Painlessly cured in 10 to 20 Days. Sanitarium or Home Treatment. Trial Free. No Cure, No Pay. The Humane Remedy Co., La Fayette, Ind.

COLLEGE N. E. OHIO NORMAL, Canfield, Ohio. All expenses $101 per year. REV. E. B. WEBSTER, Pres.

GOLD. Live at home and make more money working for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex. Costly outfit FREE. Terms FREE. Address, TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

$5 to $8 a day. Samples worth $1.50, FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. Write Brewster Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

Gold is worth $900 per lb. Pettit's Eye Salve is worth $1.00, but is sold at 25c. a box by dealers.

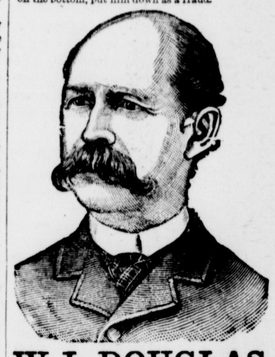
PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

THE MAMMOTH SNEEZE.—If there are enough people to take part, "the mammoth sneeze" will have a laughable effect. Divide the company into three divisions. The persons in the first division are to say, when the signal is given, "Hish!" emphasizing the first "h"; the second division say, "Ash!" while the third says, "Osh!" The leader counts, "One, two, three," and at the last word the three divisions shout their syllables with all the force they can muster.

A citizen of Canton, Mass., drives a pair of pet bears in a buggy.

CAUTION

Beware of Fraud, as my name and the price are stamped on the bottom of all my advertised shoes before leaving the factory, which protect the wearers against high prices and inferior goods. If a dealer offers W. L. Douglas shoes at a reduced price, or says he has them without my name and price stamped on the bottom, put him down as a fraud.



W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE. FOR GENTLEMEN.

The only fine calf $3 Seamless Shoe in the world made without tacks or nails. As stylish and durable as those costing $5 or $6, and having no tacks or nails to wear the stocking or hurt the feet, makes them as comfortable and well fitting as a hand sewed shoe. Buy the best. None genuine unless stamped on bottom "W. L. Douglas $3 Shoe, warranted."

W. L. DOUGLAS $4 SHOE, the original and only hand sewed welt $4 shoe, which equals custom-made shoes costing from $6 to $9.

W. L. DOUGLAS $2.50 SHOE is unexcelled for heavy wear.

W. L. DOUGLAS $2 SHOE is worn by all Boys, and is the best school shoe in the world.

All the above goods are made in Congress, Button and Lace, and if not sold by your dealer, write W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

P N U 33

HEADACHE.—The Stomach is disordered. Cleanse and settle it with Dr. Schenck's Mandrake Pills.

HEARTBURN.—Food fermenting, not digesting. Correct the Stomach by using Dr. Schenck's Mandrake Pills.

INDIGESTION.—Start the secretions of the Stomach with Dr. Schenck's Mandrake Pills.

INFLAMMATION.—Congestion run mad. Reduce instantly by free use of Dr. Schenck's Mandrake Pills.

JAUNDICE.—Blood poisoned by bile. Correct the Liver by using Dr. Schenck's Mandrake Pills.

LOSS OF APPETITE.—The Stomach is failing. First cleanse it; then tone with Dr. Schenck's Seaweed Tonic.

NAUSEA.—Reaction of bile. Correct Stomach and Liver with Dr. Schenck's Mandrake Pills.

PALPITATION.—Dyspeptic condition. Cure by using Dr. Schenck's Mandrake Pills as directed.

TORPIDITY.—Inaction of Liver. Start it up with Dr. Schenck's Mandrake Pills.

Dr. Schenck's new work on the Lungs, Stomach and Liver sent free to any address. Address Dr. J. H. Schenck & Son, Philadelphia, Pa.

EVERY FARMER'S WIFE

Sees some of her Poultry die each year without knowing what the matter was or how to effect a remedy if she does recognize the Disease. This is not right, as at an expense of 25 cents (in stamps) she can procure a 100-Page BOOK giving the experience of a practical Poultry Raiser (not an amateur, but a man working for dollars and cents) during a period of 25 years. It teaches you how to Detect and Cure Diseases; how to Feed for Eggs and also for Fattening; which Fowls to Save for Breeding, Pairing and everything, indeed, you should know on this subject. Sent postpaid for 25c. BOOK PUB. HOUSE, 134 Leonard Street, N. Y. City.

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