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THE LITTLE FOLKS

A Fellow's Mother.

"A fellow's mother," said Fred the wise,
With his rosy cheeks and his merry eyes,
"Knows what to do if a fellow gets hurt
By a thump, or a bruise, or a fall in the dirt.

"A fellow's mother has bags and strings,
Rags and buttons, and lots of things;
No matter how busy she is, she'll stop
To see how well you can spin your top.

"She does not care, not much, I mean,
If a fellow's face is not always clean;
And if your trousers are torn at the knee
She can put in a patch that you'd never see.

"A fellow's mother is never mad,
But only sorry if you are bad.
And I'll tell you this, if you're only true,
She'll always forgive whate'er you do.

"I'm sure of this," said Fred the Wise,
With a manly look in his laughing eyes;
"I'll mind my mother, quick, every day,
A fellow's a baby that doesn't obey."
—*M. E. Sangster, in Youth's Companion.*

How the Ancients Lived.

We have a very inadequate idea of the magnificent manner in which the ancients lived when they had wealth and the desire to spend it. They were particularly lavish in their hospitality.

Among the Romans, the most distinguished for his habits of expense was Lucullus. When on duty as a General he cheerfully put up with camp fare and camp privations, and was a most successful commander, until he was superseded by his rival, Pompey, on which he retired to his villa near Rome, where he lived in a princely manner—mingling authorship with epicurism, and alternately indulging in literature and luxury. His gardens, near Neapolis, were the wonder of his time. He first introduced cherries into Europe—the fruit deriving its Latin name (*cerasus*) from Cerasus, a town of Pontus, in Asia Minor.

It is related that on one occasion Pompey and Cicero met Lucullus in one of the streets of Rome, and told him that they proposed to accept an invitation he had often given them, to sup with him on that very evening. But, wishing to see what sort of a repast he would give them without preparation—that is, to ascertain what his "pot-luck" was—they stipulated that he should not prepare anything extraordinary for them.

Lucullus, who was extremely polite, courteously assented, declaring that he would be happy in entertaining such valued guests on their own terms, provided they would permit him to dispatch a messenger before them, merely to inform his servants in which apartment the repast should be given.

They agreed to this, and the word was sent that he would sup that evening with some friends in the apartment called Apollo. In the interval, Lucullus and his two friends took a ride in the county, returning in time for the bath, after which—the supper.

When they arrived in the Apollo apartment, and sat down to (or rather reposed near) the table, the pair of accidental guests were astonished to see a feast which could not have cost less than fifty thousand denarii.

Ere they retired, Lucullus told them that he had a number of supper-rooms each distinguished by a different name, a supper in a peculiar style being appropriated to each, and always kept in a certain state of readiness.

Therefore, when he sent word that he would sup in the Apollo, his servants knew that they were to prepare such a banquet as his friends had then partaken of—which was the most sumptuous that his house could supply. That supper for three cost $8,500.

There is a well-known anecdote of Cleopatra and her pearl, which illustrates the lavish luxury of the time when Lucullus lived. Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, was anxious to attach Marc Antony, then one of the triumvirs to her interest, and gave a series of daily feasts in Tarsus, where she was then residing, to him and the principal officers of his army.

Her wealth was immense, and her magnificence unsurpassed. At one of these banquets, Antony wondered at the vast number of golden cups enriched with jewels, which were scattered over the table, whereupon Cleopatra answered that since he was so kind as to admire them, he must confer upon her the further favor of accepting them. Without waiting for his reply, she gave the signal, and all the precious vessels were at once removed from the table and conveyed to Antony's house.

Next day there was another feast, at which Antony and his officers were present, as before. When they were retiring she presented them with the gold and silver plate which had been used that evening.

On another occasion she wore earrings, the pendants of which were two of the finest and largest pearls that had ever been seen—each valued at $260,000 of the money of that period.

The anecdote about this pair of pearls, as related in history, runs thus: That during one of her feasts, Cleopatra dropped one of these pearls into a vessel containing vinegar, whereby it was immediately dissolved, and then drank off the contents, in a health to Antony; moreover, that she was about melting the other pearl in like manner but Plancus (the Consul mentioned by Horace) took the pearl out of her hand; that it was afterward carried to Rome by Augustus Cæsar, by whose orders it was cut into two pieces, which served as ear-pendants for the statue of Venus, owned by the Julian family and long to be seen in the Pantheon at Rome.

The only objection to this story is that it cannot be true. It is declared by chemists who have made experiments that even a small seed pearl put into vinegar will not be dissolved though its smoothness may be abraded and its color injured by the acid. Moreover, that, even if vinegar had such power, one of Cleopatra's immense pearls, instead of being dissolved instantly, as if it were salt or sugar, during a feast, would require to be subjected to the acetic influence for years.

Antony was himself a decidedly good liver. A young Greek student, who visited Alexandria when Antony resided there, and was curious to learn whether the reports of his luxury were well founded, got admission into his kitchen.

Among a vast variety of things, he noticed eight wild boars roasting whole, at the same time. He naturally remarked that here was ample provision for a great many guests. One of the officers of the kitchen laughed at this, saying that not more than ten persons were to partake of the banquet which was then being prepared.

The wild boars, he said, were placed before the fire at different hours, so that they might be ready for the table in succession.

Antony was fond of feasting, but wished to have his dishes at the time when each had attained perfection—a state which did not long continue. On the other hand, he would often order supper served, and in a few minutes forbid its being placed on the table, having entered into some conversation which interested him.

Therefore, not one, but many suppers were always prepared, because it was impossible to know at what time he might please to eat.

In this Antony somewhat resembled the first Napoleon, who cared very little about what he ate or drank, and usually made his dinner from a roasted fowl. As it was impossible to know at what hour Napoleon might be ready for his very simple dinner, a series of fowls were always before the fire, so that one might be ready when called for.

A very good and extremely lively description of the symposia of the ancient Greeks is given in the Noctes of Atheneus. The first dish was a pie or pasty of hens, ducks, pigeons, a goose and other delicacies. Then another and larger pie, containing hares, geese and young kids. Next came pies of partridges, young turtle-doves and smaller birds.

These, it seems, were only appetizers, for the supper began with a pig, roasted whole, and stuffed with roasted larks, young hares, wheat ears, ortolans (our reed-birds), yelks of eggs, oysters and cockles. At this period of the feast was a course of fish—fresh herring, mullet, eels, and a species of shad which comes, as with us, in the primest condition, in April and the early part of May.

All the dishes—fish, flesh and fowl—were served up with fresh herbs and pungent sauces. The bread was tinged with saffron, and, instead of butter, was covered with honey. The fish was followed by a young kid stewed in rich sauce—resembling a currant jelly dissolved in hot claret.

There were small delicacies, such as tarts, preserved fruits, sweetmeats, cakes; but the above constituted the dinner, of which twenty gentlemen partook—the Greeks rarely allowed women to sit with them at any meal.

After the solids, Greek wines, strong or sweet, were liberally partaken of. When justice was done to these, fried fish, just flavored with a slight sprinkling of salt, were handed round. Then came a trial to see who could take most wine at a single draught, and whoever emptied a vessel containing about a pint and a half was presented with the golden cup out of which he had quaffed.

Later in the evening a roasted wild boar was served around, and then a slave blew a trumpet, which proclaimed that the supper was ended—but not the wine-bibbing, only that, after supper, light wines were taken, which, it was said, were antidotes to the strong and powerful wines of Thasia and Lesbos, with which they had begun.—*Golden Days.*

The Sea Queen of Connaught.

The most remarkable woman that Ireland produced in the sixteenth century, and one that has no parallel in the history of her time, was Grainne O'Mailly, the Sea Queen of Connaught. She ruled the pirates of the Atlantic coast with a hand of iron, and this in an age when her sex was pretty well sat down upon.

A woman of splendid physique, she had the olive skin and lustrous black eyes that are still common in Galway, the result of intermarriage with the Spaniards, says the Chicago *News*. The father of Grainne was lord of the Isles of Arran, an intrepid mariner who took his daughter with him on his piratical expeditions, and imparted to her such nautical knowledge that when he died, though but nineteen, Grainne took command of his flotilla and could defy the most powerful coast lord of Ireland.

She had wooden ships under her command, but her squadron was largely made up of "coracles," the ivy wicker-work boats covered with horse-hide that are still to be found in use among the peasantry in the wild nooks of Connemara.

The Sea Queen of Ireland was not content with plundering Spanish galleons, but finally attacked English vessels with such fierce persistence that Elizabeth proclaimed her an outlaw and offered £500 sterling for her capture. Troops were sent to lay siege to her castle, but after a fortnight of fighting they retreated beaten.

When this fearless Irishwoman was on her way home to Connaught a terrible storm arose and the fleet was obliged to put in at Howth harbor. At the castle there she demanded shelter for herself and men, but was so brusquely refused that she turned back toward the shore.

A beautiful child ran across her path, followed by its nurse. Grainne stopped them, found the boy was the heir to Howth, and without more ado took him up in her mighty arms and strode off to her ship. She took him to Connaught and demanded as his ransom the promise that forever at mealtimes the doors of the castle should be thrown open and all wayfarers who wished should be entertained. It is worth noting that to this day the promise granted has been religiously kept.

The beautiful pirate proved her right to her sex in the encouragement she gave religion and education; her unflagging love for her children; the high value she placed upon woman's virtue and courage, and the strong good sense and judgment that characterized her treaties.

More French Needed.

Where does all the precocity come from? Madame has just had a letter from a friend in Paris, which is lamenting over the ingenious depravity of her beloved son, *ætat* three and a half. He came sailing in to his mother the other day, evidently in a state of suppressed emotion over some Gallic indignity, and demanded with the greatest earnestness: "P'ease, mamma, what is French for damnonsense?"—*Boston Beacon*

Dan's Other Name.

Sunday school teacher—Now, Bobby, can you tell me what the distance was from Dan to Beersheba.

Bobby (hesitatingly)—The distance from Dan to Beersheba was—was——

Sunday school teacher—Well, what makes you stop? Don't you know how far Dan was from Beersheba?

Bobby—Yes, sir; but—but—I'm just trying to think what Dan's other name was.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A UNIVERSITY is said to have been founded at Bologna by Theodosius about 433, but the real date of the establishment of the University of Boulogne was 1116.

NUMEROUS cases of diarrhœa have been traced by Dr. L. W. Sedgwick to the use of fruit from tin cans. Such fruits invariably contained salts of tin which have been hitherto supposed to be harmless.

Typographical Errors.

The typographical error is as old as the invention of printing, and it is safe to say that it will cause amusement and chagrin as long as movable types are in use, unless compositors and proof-readers become infallible by some process now unknown. To begin with, merely as a starter, we recall three oft-cited cases, being typographical absurdities, which have become historical. On one occasion in printing Scott's lines—

Oh, Caledonia, stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child—

the printer succeeded in getting the second line to read:

"Wet" nurse for a poetic child.

Perhaps it was the same compositor who rendered Wordsworth's couplet—

A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command—

in the following matter-of-fact way, suggestive of unforgotten maternal corrections:

A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To "warm," to comfort, and command—

People who have examined the handwriting of Horace Greeley can readily believe that when he quoted Shakspeare's "'Tis true 'tis pity; and pity 'tis 'tis true," on one occasion, in an editorial, the effect was somewhat marred by its appearing in this revised form: "'Tis five, 'tis fifty, yes, 'tis fifty-two."

But these three are the only old specimens which shall be quoted in this article. Those that follow are strictly fresh, having been culled within a month or two from the prolific American press.

In a lecture at Tremont Temple, Boston, Rev. Joseph Cook asked his audience, "Was St. Paul a dupe?" In a report of the lecture Mr. Cook was made to propound this startling conundrum: "Was St. Paul a dude?"

It was a Boston newspaper, too, which made its dramatic critic say: "The toast for Irving, like the toast for olives, must be cut elevated." What the critic wrote was: "The taste for Irving, like the taste for olives, must be cultivated."

Not long ago a Western Union Telegraph operator found the words "orates fraters" in a special dispatch about the "praying brothers." It is not definitely known whether the telegrapher or the compositor attempted to translate the words, but it is certain that they appeared in a Minneapolis paper as: 'O rats, father."

A clergyman in a Western town sent a notice to the local paper that he would deliver a sermon on "The Relations of Ministers to Their Parishes," and he was somewhat surprised next day to learn that the compositor had changed the subject to "The Relations of Ministers to Their Pharisees."

A New Brighton editor wrote a notice about the Fort Wayne Road, but it appeared "Fish Wagon Road."

An Atlanta editor discussed the political situation in a comprehensive editorial and headed it, "Let Us Explore." He neglected to read the proof, and it appeared under the caption, "Let Us Explode."

An Indiana paper found it necessary to publish the following correction: "For 'burglar meeting', in the head of the article in our last issue relating to the Town Council, read 'regular meeting.' We are sorry the mistake occurred, and guess the Councilmen are sorry, too."

A resident of Worcester, Mass., tried to advertise for a fawn-colored bull-terrier pup, which had strayed from home, and learned by the next day's paper that it was a "fire-alarm bell-tower key" that he had lost.

Another New England paper told about "a drove of hogs floating down the Connecticut River," instead of "a drive of logs."

Still another daily in that section of the country had occasion not long ago to say: In the letter in last Friday's issue about ticket speculation in Berlin, in speaking of the Schauspiel Haus, or theater proper, the copyist tried to write, as the author did, that it was devoted to "non-musical" dramatic performances, but the types made it "nonsensical."

The types usually make their errors "nonsensical," as was the case when a St. Louis paper said: "The stay in Indianapolis proved a relief from the monetary which is inimitable on a thirty-hour cautionary journey." The writer, who was doubtless in a hurry when he wrote the sentence, wanted to say: "The stay at Indianapolis proved a relief from the monotony which is inevitable on a thirty-hour continuous journey."

Whittier's "Brewing of Soma" figured in a Cincinnati paper as "Burning of Laura;" and another paper of that city, wishing to bestow "a word of compliment" on a local performance, managed to give publicity to "a word of complaint."

A noted Chicago divine preached a sermon in which he used the quotation: "And he saw Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom." The printer, who was evidently not a Biblical student, set it: "And he saw Abraham afar off, and a horse's ear in Boston."

The readers of a Missouri paper were astonished to hear, in a vigorous leader, that "this war-cry is the key-hole of victory."

Do Not Kill the Suspected Dog.

The custom of killing dogs that have bitten people is, in my opinion, a great error. The idea that the death of the dog, if he be rabid, protects against the development of hydrophobia is one of the most absurd superstitions that remain in this enlightened nineteenth century. If a man has had the poison diffused through his veins it is immaterial whether the dog from which it was derived is dead or alive. The only good that can result from his death is the protection of the unbitten. On the other hand, if he is killed, and was not rabid, there remains the ineffaceable belief in the mind of the bitten man that he was. Often his friends do not doubt that the dog is suffering from hydrophobia, and the force of one intellect upon another, coupled with the willingness of the victim to believe the worst possible of his case, often brings about the actual disease and causes him to die the horrible death of rabies. If, instead of immediately killing the dog, unless there is no room to doubt his madness, he was chained up until his innocence of the terrible distemper was firmly established, it would save not only lives that may be lost through this fatal belief, but years of peace to all men that have incurred a bite from a canine.—*A St. Louis Physician.*

A New Life.

Magistrate—You have been arrested a good many times Uncle Rastus.

Uncle Rastus—Not lately, yo' honah. Yo' see I 'sperienced religion 'bout a yeah ago, an' I don' s'pose Ise been 'rested mo'n three or fo' times sence. Ise leadin' a dif'runt life, sah.—*New York Sun.*

THE YARN OF A CULINARY FEUD.

BY FREDERIC TOWNSEND.



THE New York press seems unconscious of any other eating-house than Delmonico's. The syndicate writers reel off reams of copy about the sayings and doings of the place; the society reporter sips his beer in an obscure corner of the *cafe* and conceives comments on its frequenters, while the humorist partakes of his humble sandwich at a Fulton street coffee stand and lets his fancy flit to the gilded palace of the Swiss caterer. And yet the Delmonicos are dead. But their wines and prices keep on improving with age.

List to the tale of two captains, who sailed the watery main with the sloop "Eliza," from Pier 28, East River. They were as brothers, these two old herrings, and dwelt in harmony within their cosy cabin, saving one difference of opinion, which they discussed as regularly as they ate of their salt junk and biscuit, without either's converting the other. The issue at steak—so to speak—was which of the two restaurants approached nearer to a geometrically square meal for a hungry mariner ashore, Delmonico's or Monquin's.

"By the beard of my pilgrim ancestry!" quoth Captain Cutlass, "I would rather eat the crumbs that fall from Delmonico's table than chew the choicest viands that Monquin can set forth."

"By the blood of the Vikings, that courses in my veins!" vowed Captain Cleats, "I would not ask the mongrel curs of Gloucester to gnaw the daintiest bits Delmonico can devise."

And thus they swore long and loud.

"The morrow's sun will see us safe in port," said Captain Cutlass, one evening, as he watched the orb of day declining in the suburbs of Bridgeport; "the crew shall sup with us at Delmonico's."

"Not so, by my Moorish cuirass!" roared Captain Cleats. "It shall never be!"

"How so, forsooth?"

"By yonder sinking fire I swear! Hear me, O Neptune!"

"And hear me, ye guiding stars!" bellowed Captain Cutlass, in Booth-Barrett tones. "I have said it."

Then each went his way with mutterings.

It was a goodly custom of the skippers of the "Eliza" to spread a fat and merry feast for their jolly crew of one squint-eyed tar, when safe ashore, the ducats wherewithal being taken from the great iron chest full of doubloons of the reign of Grover I.

Now it chanced that Captain Cutlass had the wheel at night, while Captain Cleats took his trick by day.

When four bells struck next morning the lookout sighted the beer-gardens at High Bridge. But Captain Cleats rolled out of his bunk and took the wheel.

"Ha!" he articulated through his clenched false teeth, and turned the sloop about.

"Not yet, my fine fellow," chuckled he.

The Eliza stood out to sea.

Captain Cutlass slumbered heavily. He never missed turning in at the last stroke of the bell that changed his watch.

Now set again the sun, and up the companion way tumbled Captain Cutlass, as fresh and rosy as an Easter bonnet. He was spink and span in his best blue suit and brightest buttons, all ready for a night ashore.

Around him swelled the vast, unfathomable Sound. The land was more than a league afar.

"Traitor!" he shouted, in crampy tones, "you have deceived me."

"Soft there!" cautioned Captain Cleats. "I have had my day like every dog; the night is yours; go where you list."

"And will every day see you change the course?"

"Till your choice is Monquin's. Say it, and I yield."

"Never!"

"Be it so, then."

Captain Cutlass grasped the spokes with a grim but gritty gleam in his weather eye. The "Eliza" skimmed the waves with the dexterity of a dairyman.

When the morning watch was called there lay ahead the outlines of Blackwell's Island; but Captain Cleats promptly reversed the craft as his nautical brother disappeared below.

Our two old salts were game. Their Puritan origin displayed itself in their stern resolve to die rather than to surrender.

On the eight day half rations began. On the thirteenth the lockers were emptied. On the seventeenth the crew was found dead in the galley, after lunching off the rust on a fluke. On the twenty-fourth day Captain Cleats registered but ninty-three pounds on the penny scales, a loss of one hundred and nine. Captain Cutlass could have tied himself into a knot. The evening of the twenty-ninth, after releasing the wheel, Captain Cleats was attacked with falling sickness and fell overboard. Captain Cutlass had barely strength enough left to head the "Eliza" ashore and lash himself to a chair. The night blackness mantled the deep and the wind sighed through the rigging like the wail of a dying cat.

When at sunrise four bells struck for higher wages, the "Eliza" collided with Pier 28, having turned into its slip as unerringly as a livery horse enters its stall. The revenue officers boarded the sloop and admitted the captain without duty. He rolled his glassy eyes and asked for a cab. "To Delmonico's," he gasped to the driver. Anon the waiters carried him within and tucked a napkin and menu card under his chin. The rattle of dishes and the savory roasts and broils revived him for a moment. He smiled faintly but triumphantly. Then his head dropped upon his breast with a dull sickening thud, and the brave old mackerel lay cold in death.

So the barning question that sacrificed two noble lives was not yet extinguished.

Would Print Them.

Some time ago, while Mark Twain was taking a reminiscent float down the Mississippi River, the boat on which he had embarked was compelled one night to "tie up" at Flay's Point, a village in Lousiana. The humorist had gone to bed, and had just sunk into a doze when there came a sharp rap at the door of his state-room. Twain opened the door. A squint-eyed fellow, wearing a checked shirt and rawhide boots, stepped into the room.

"Is this Mark Twain?"

"Yes, I am known by that name."

"Well, sir, I have some mighty important business with you."

"Please state it."

"Kain't do it here, but ef you'll come with me you'll soon find out."

"I don't care to go anywhere to-night—except to bed." Twain replied.

"But I tell you this is important, something that should be attended to at once. You just come with me a few minutes and I'll be dinged if you ever regret it."

"I don't care to meet any one."

"You won't have to meet any one but me. You may have had a trick played on you but I tell you that this is to your advantage. It won't take you ten minutes. The only reason I want you to go with me is that I may prove my good faith."

He continued with such strong importunity that Twain finally consented to go with him. The humorist was conducted through a muddy street and down a dark alley to a small, wooden building. His conductor unlocked a door, entered a room and lighted a smoky lamp.

"Come right in an' set down."

The humorist looked around and discovered that he was in a printing-office, fitted up with a hand-press and a few "cases" of type.

"Set down."

Twain seated himself on a box. His conductor added: "You are now, sir, within the portals of the *Weekly Progress*, a paper that circulates extensively throughout this country and of which I am the editor. I wanted to bring you here to show you, as convincin' proof of my standin', the tools and appliances of my honorable profession. I could, on the boat, have given the information that I intended to deliver, but, suh, without these here surroundin's of sincerity you mout have thought me a fraud. Now, this is what I want to tell you, Mr. Twain. I have hearn of you and I want to say that anything you write that you want printed, w'y you send it to J. Casper McIntosh, and I'll be blamed if I don't print it for you. Yes, I will," he added, meeting the humorist's stare of amazement. "Yes, I'll be dinged if I don't. You jest go ahead now and write out a lot of your fool things and I'll be hanged if I don't publish 'em, I don't care a blame what folks say. Don't be snatched, Mr. Twain, fur I am a-tellin' of the truth. I'll publish your articles. Wall, ef you must go, good night. When you get down thar to the corner of the fence turn to the right if you don't wanter git dog-bit."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

LIFE AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

BY J. H. IRVING.

At eight o'clock in the morning, if you take a herdic or street car, you will be impressed with one of the peculiar features of life at the capital. Instead of the seven o'clock working masses of other cities you meet here a more favored toiling class en masse; government clerks and employes, male and female, often a little seedy and faded, perhaps, but nearly always unmistakably the gentleman and lady, with some degree of some kind of superiority, and usually with a little lunch basket prepared for but a half hour's intermission of duty till half-past four o'clock, when the great public buildings pour out their weary tides, and sidewalks, herdics and street cars are pressed and thronged again with relieved multitudes impossible as a class to any other city.

The half hour for lunch, making the working day continuous from nine till half-past four in the departments, has developed another peculiarity not much liked by strangers in Washington life. It is the heavy meal of the day, or dinner, at five o'clock. This is necessary, and therefore healthful to the Government employe, but to the robust man in independent occupation, used to his one or two o'clock roast and pudding, and his regular six o'clock tea and sundries, it is a reversing of things that disagree with the general principles of the stomach. To the landlady, of course, it is a great convenience. With so many lunch houses and restaurants down town it is surprising to see such a one either carry a basket or come away up for a cup and cold slice. This is the straw that sometimes breaks the stranger's back and drives him to "keeping boarders."

The number of "rooms to rent" in elegant residences, and furnished fine residences themselves to rent, are also features peculiar, explained by the constant succession of the better class of visiting strangers, and the transient character of even the higher official life. In these is also explanation for extra numbers of restaurants and lunch places. The Alderney lunch houses are themselves features unknown to any city of our knowledge, occupying large, substantial brick blocks that are an adornment and representative of the place and people.

A most agreeable peculiarity that strongly impresses the visitor to the capital is the almost complete absence of that festering kind of poverty known as squalor, so common in other cities with a like number of inhabitants. To one accustomed to the crowded miseries of such cities as Chicago and New York the contrast in this respect is not only wonderful but heavenly in relief. Here to even the very poor room seems given for a separate comfortable tenement with some area, and all seem decently clothed and fairly intelligent. It is due proportionately to the wide free space over which the city spreads, to the general tone and class of the people it has produced and invited as residents, and to the fact that for such avocations as at best are rewarded with only penury there is here in any way almost no possibility. Like causes have combined to the advantage of the ascending classes. The carpenter carries his impress of more than usually favorable environments and influences. The clerk is innately polite without the common smack of "smartness." The young lady who fits your wife's hand with gloves does it with a demeanor that lifts her above the plane we designate as "shoppy." Indeed, for unaffected amiability and ladyhood in her place, the Washington tradeswoman in the best houses has nowhere her superior. Of the Government lady clerks, their misfortune is that the exceptions have been painted as the rule; they are a worthy class, often representing or embodying exceptional virtue and heroism.

Besides the splendid local entertainments that serve the newspapers for sensations, there is no end the year year around for other amusements—excursions to places of interest on the Potomac, music by the Marine Band on the White House grounds or at the Capitol, parades, processions, lectures with accessories from the museums and institutions, and glimpses of foreign paraphernalia and life that go to make the capital an educational center.

A man who died in Washington Territory, left a will in a which his father is made heir to a watch and chain, his mother to a house and lot, and his dog, Fitznoodle Kilpatrick, came in for a bequest of $2,000. Trustees were named to hold the sum for the beneficiary, and to furnish him with provisions, to consist of all the delicacies of the season, besides chewing gum, liquors and cigars.

Cornell University has examined the records of its athletes, and find that athletics, kept within reasonable bounds, are not in conflict with the educational purposes of the University. Oarsmen average 73 per cent. and track athletes 76 per cent. in scholarship for the year.

How to Help Your Digestion.

Almost every day we feel the unpleasant sensations of indigestion. Try ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS and be relieved. J. F. Davenport, of Canarsie, New York, writes:

I have been very much troubled with a violent pain below my chest bone. I was told by several physicians that it was rheumatism of the diaphragm. It resulted from cold and exposure. I had very little appetite and digested my food with great difficulty. I placed one ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER below the breast bone and two on each side. In the course of twenty-four hours all pain ceased, and I was able to eat and digest a good square meal, something I had not done before in two weeks. I got better constantly, and at the end of seven days found myself entirely well. Since then I have used ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS for colds, coughs and pains in my side, and I have always found them quick and effective.

Doctors say that health as well as disease is contagious, and admonish men to associate with healthy people.

"I am weary of living," moaned poor Mrs. Black,
"For I'm fairly worn out with the ache in my back;
My nerves are a chain
Of weakness and pain,
And my poor head is aching as if it would crack."
"Now, don't be discouraged," cried good Mrs. White,
"It is never so dark but there's promise of light;
I can tell you, in brief,
What will give you relief—
Pierce's Favorite Prescription will soon set you right."

It is the only remedy for woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case or money will be refunded. See guarantee on bottle wrapper. Large bottles (100 doses) $1. Six for $5.

Man is said to be a generator of nervous energy. To be well off, then, spread less of it than you make.

Don't You Know

That you cannot afford to neglect that catarrh? Don't you know that it may lead to consumption, to insanity, to *death?* Don't you know that it can be easily cured? Don't you know that while the thousand and one nostrums you have tried have utterly failed that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is a certain cure? It has stood the test of years, and there are hundreds of thousands of grateful men and women in all parts of the country who can testify to its efficacy. All druggists.

Coffee and tea were brought to Europe in 1666.

Can a Man Swallow a Cannon-ball?

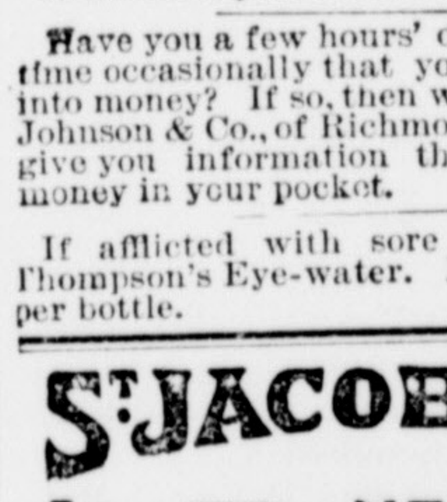
Well, "that depends." He can if his throat is large enough and the cannon-ball not too large. The question really seems worthy of some consideration in view of the size of some of the pills that are prescribed for suffering humanity. Why not throw them "to the dogs," and take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets? Small, sugar-coated, purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, in glass, and always fresh.

Gunpowder came into general use in 1330.

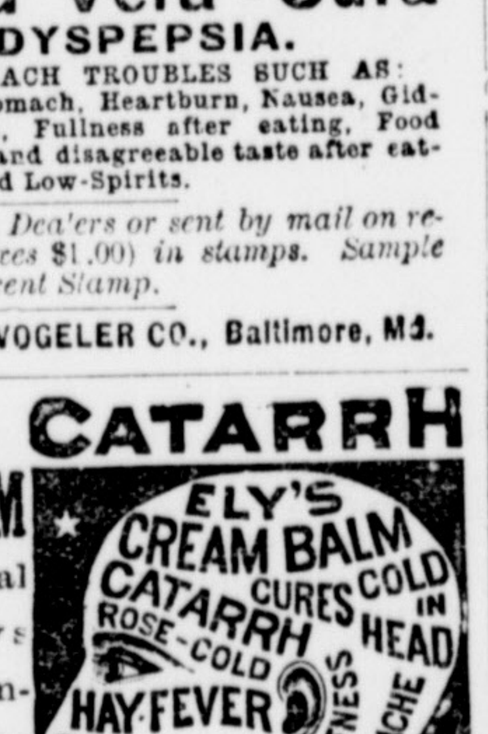
Read Sarsaparilla Tonic Pills adv.

Have you a few hours' or a few days' spare time occasionally that you would like to turn into money? If so, then write quickly to B. F. Johnson & Co., of Richmond, Va., and they will give you information that will prove to be money in your pocket.

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

ST. JACOBS OIL
For NEURALGIA.

CURES CHRONIC Cases PROMPTLY AND PERMANENTLY.
No Return of Pain. Cures Positively.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
The Charles A. Vogeler Co., Balto., Md.

Diamond Vera-Cura
FOR DYSPEPSIA.
AND ALL STOMACH TROUBLES SUCH AS: Indigestion, Sour-Stomach, Heartburn, Nausea, Giddiness, Constipation, Fullness after eating, Food Rising in the Mouth and disagreeable taste after eating. Nervousness and Low-Spirits.
At Druggists and Dealers or sent by mail on receipt of 25 cts. (5 boxes $1.00) in stamps. Sample sent on receipt of 2-cent Stamp.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

ELY'S CREAM BALM — CATARRH
Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.
TRY THE CURE.


HAY-FEVER
A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents.
ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

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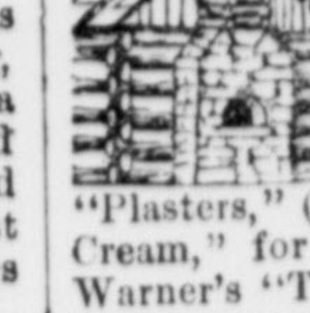
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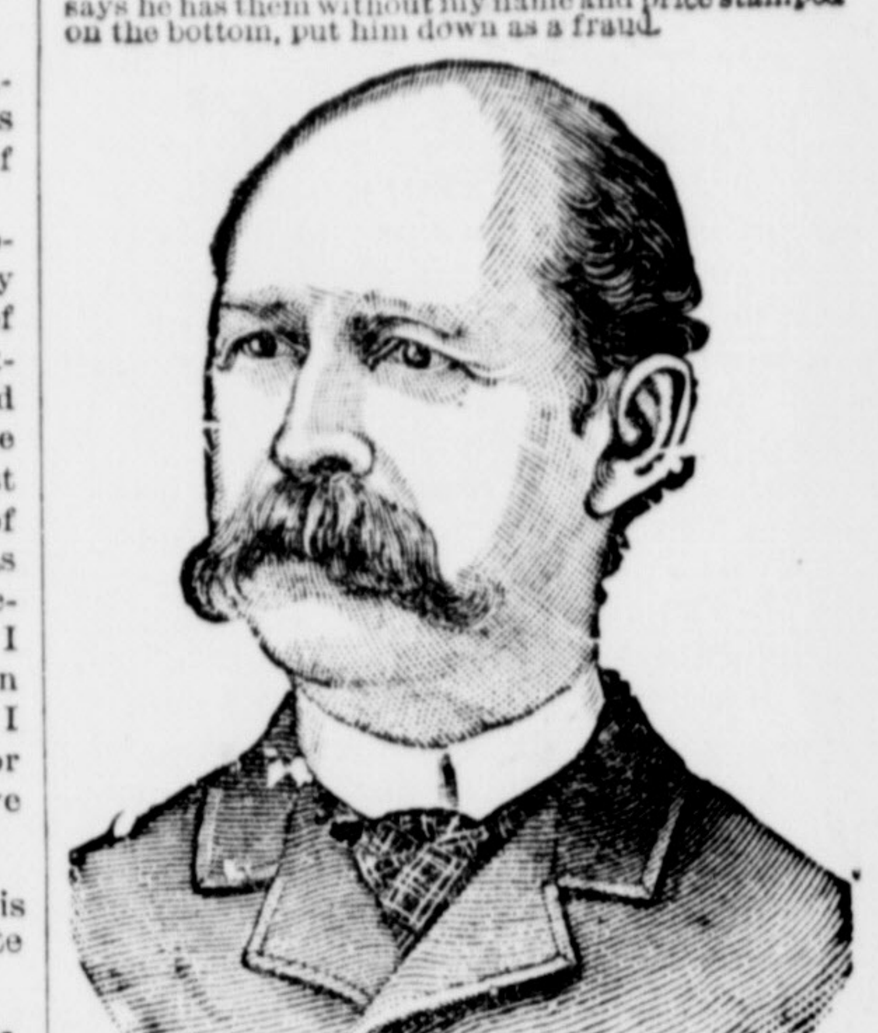
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P N U 39

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

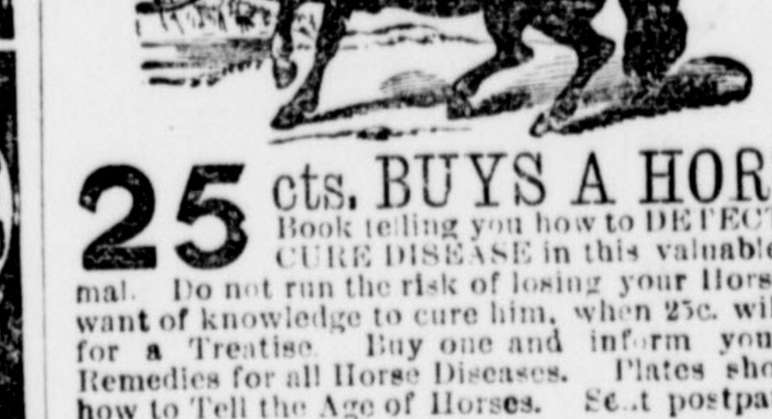


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