

HE FEARED HE HAD LOST

When Wu Ting Fang, the famous Chinese Minister to Washington, irritable and somewhat forgetful from a severe cold, missed one day from the front of his cap the immense diamond he had worn there, he was dreadfully frightened. A friend pointed out that the statesman had inadvertently donned his turban wrong side before, and that the diamond was safe in the ring. Had Wu Ting Fang been wearing a Benson's Foros Plaster on his chest or back to cure his cold, he never would have doubted its location. He would have felt it doing its work,—warming and making flexible the torpid muscles, extracting the pain and soreness, promoting the free circulation of the blood, stimulating the skin and lungs to proper action, and so dissolving and banishing the malady. Thus we perceive, beloved friends, that

THE BIG DIAMOND ON HIS HAT

while a pretty thing to look upon, was of no practical use. But Benson's Plasters are supremely useful. They relieve and cure gout, rheumatism, neuralgia, colds on the chest, lame back, etc., so quickly and completely as to make you wonder how it can be. Better now,—well to-morrow, that's the way they work. Get the genuine. All druggists, or we will pay postage on any number ordered in the United States on receipt of 25c. each.

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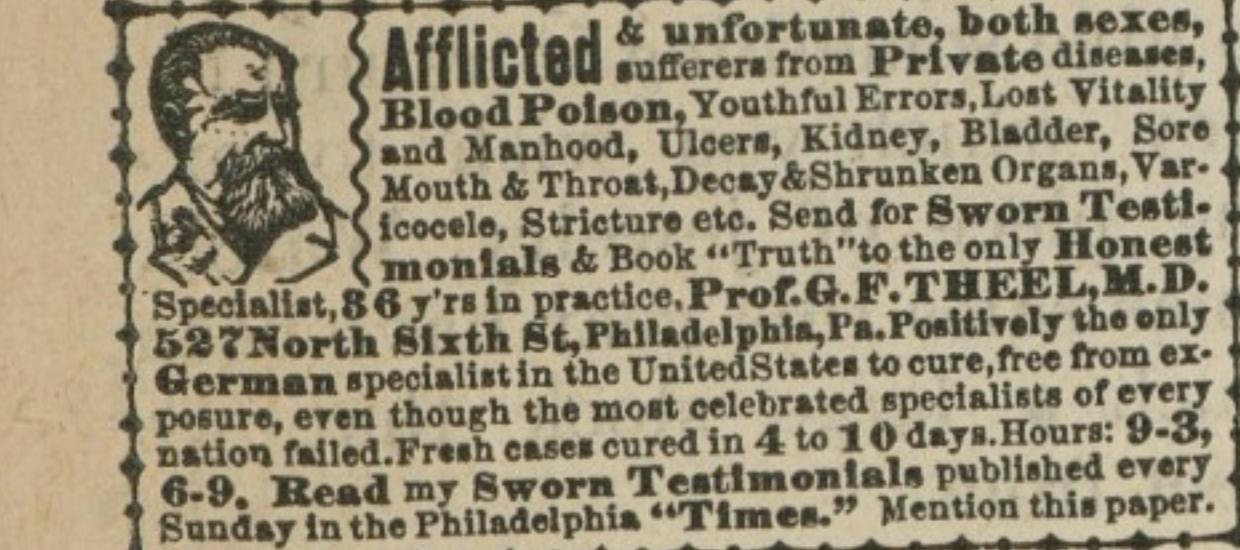
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THE GERMAN CAPITAL.

Berlin One of the Cleanest and Best Kept Cities in Europe.

According to consular reports, Berlin, although a busy manufacturing city, is one of the cleanest and best kept in Europe. The smokeless condition of the Berlin atmosphere is ascribed to three facts—the preponderant use of coke and briquettes, which are practically smokeless; the skillful scientific construction of boiler furnaces and chimneys and, finally, the high standard of skill that is taught and enforced among firemen who stoke furnaces with coal for steam and manufacturing purposes. Before a man can assume such a charge he must be taught the theory and practice of economical, scientific firing, by which the coal is distributed in such a manner and quantity over the grate surface as to secure the most perfect combustion of its volatile elements. The Silesian coal used in Berlin in most large steam plants and factories is rich in bitumen, but would rank below many of the bituminous coals of the United States, and yet the long, dense, trailing clouds of smoke from mill and factory chimneys which are so familiar a sight to many American cities are rarely seen in that section of Germany, where the indiscriminate shoveling of raw bituminous coal into the steam and other furnaces is considered an ignorant and wasteful proceeding.

Your Husband's Cravats.

To the woman who must buy her husband's cravats I want to say a word by way of advice—don't do it, says a writer in the Haberdasher. If you really must buy your husband's cravats, do not try to get a cravat so warm that it will feel like a mustard plaster on his chest. That might be good for his bronchial tubes, but it might endanger his chances of ultimate redemption. It would perhaps stave off throat trouble, but it would be apt to produce family trouble, which is a good deal worse.

Let him pick out his own cravats, and then he alone will be to blame for them. He may not know much about the harmony of colors, but he is not likely, nevertheless, to pick out a cravat that will hurt the eyes of the spectators like a limelight at a champion glove contest. He may not know what he wants, but he knows what he does not want, and ten to one, if you have seen something at the cravat counter that you think is perfectly lovely, that is it.

Keep Accounts.

Keeping accounts, simple in form, plain, clear and easily understood, showing amounts due to or from others, entering correctly the dates on which money is paid out or received, is the best plan to avoid disputes about money matters and relieves the memory of many unnecessary burdens.

A written record of a money transaction has greater legal value in case of controversy in court than any verbal statement.

The habit of keeping accounts induces economy in expenditure and inspires the habit of saving up, besides showing at all times a correct financial condition. Housekeepers, mechanics and all who handle money in the management of their personal affairs will find it most profitable to form the habit of keeping accounts.

How the Rash Comes.

In measles a rash appears on the fourth day of the fever. It is first seen on the forehead, face and neck, afterward over the whole body. It consists of raised red spots. In scarlet fever the rash appears on the second day of the fever, commencing on the upper part of the chest and neck, whence it spreads over the body. In smallpox an eruption is seen on the third or fourth day on the face, neck and wrists. In chicken pox the eruption is made of small blisters. In typhoid fever the rash rarely shows itself before the seventh day of the fever. The spots are rose colored, and they disappear on pressure.

Henry's Young Critic.

G. A. Henry, the writer for youth, frequently got letters from admirers all over the world asking for his autograph and offering criticisms of his books. In a story of the peninsular war he made two boys disguise themselves by staining their faces with iodine. Shortly after the book was published he received a letter from a boy, who said he was a chemist's assistant, stating that while that special incident was represented as taking place in 1808 iodine was not discovered until 1811, three years after.

Fickle.

Tommy—Lil Greenup, you told me last week you liked me better'n you did any other boy, an' now you're lettin' Dick Trotter shine up to you.

Lil—I did like you best last week, but I've changed my mind. Does your papa keep a candy store?

Tommy—No.

Lil—Well, Dick's does.—Chicago Tribune.

Quick Relief.

Mrs. Trubbles—Doctor, can you do anything for my husband?

Doctor—What is the matter?

Mrs. Trubbles—Worrying about money.

Doctor—Oh, I can relieve him of that all right.

The Main Thing.

Ted—Madge is the loveliest little thing you ever saw. Why, that girl is worth a million.

Ned—But has she got it?—New York Times.

Poverty is a grindstone on which many wits are sharpened.—Chicago News.

The first shell was used in warfare by the sultan of Gujarat, India, in 1480.

ZOLA'S EARLY TRIALS.

Times When the Budding Author Was Plunged in Misery.

Young Zola had kicked his heels for several years in ministerial anterooms, but all to no effect. Gambetta, to prevent Zola perishing of want, gave him the subprefecture of Castle Sarrasin. But for want of money he had to stop on the way, and for so long a time that M. de Freycinet slipped into the place. Zola during the period dealt with in "La Bête Humaine" was in the south of France. How is their life? I cannot imagine. After things settled down in Paris in 1871 he had fallen into the blackest misery, and with a beautiful young wife. Her mother was no longer able to share her domicile and board, such as they were, with them.

Zola sometimes had to take the wool out of the mattress of his bed and sell it. He escaped from death by famine owing to a letter of introduction from a doctor who attended his mother to Hachette, the great publisher.

The latter employed him at a salary of 60 francs a month to be up to books in parcels and address them. But he rather liked Zola, and, divining in him first-rate stuff, engaged him to write for the papers those puffs known as reclames for books the firm had brought out. Noticing his punctuality and his reserve with other young men, Hachette promoted Zola still higher by making him his private secretary. He was then an uncouth, shy, ill dressed, manly, squat little fellow, but he paid great attention to the furnishing up of his clothes and to his shirts. London Truth.

Ruin in Crossed Legs.

"Uncross your legs," said a doctor. "Oh, no!" said his son. "What's the use of being so polite all the time?"

"My boy," the father answered, "it is not on account of a mere rule of etiquette that I tell you to uncross your legs, but it is because leg crossing is an injurious thing, a thing as baleful to the health as kissing or as microbes."

"When you cross your legs, you fit the knee cap of the upper limb into the cavity under the knee of the lower one. In the cavity that you thus compress there are the two important exterior and interior popliteal nerves and a number of glands and blood vessels. Compression does not act well on these organs. It numbs them and weakens and emaciates them. You feel the injury in a numbness of the whole leg. The leg goes to sleep."

"Keep on with the habit, and your legs weaken. They become thin; they lose their shapeliness. It is only such men and women and children as never cross their legs who have strong and supple and beautiful limbs."—Philadelphia Record.

His Portrait.

One of the members of a certain sub-urban photographic society recently delivered a lecture, illustrated by lantern slides in the backs of swords?

This was a comparatively common practice among the Italian, French and Spanish swordmakers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, but it was more of a fancy than anything else, for it never came into general use. It was not, of course, used for rapiers or the lighter kind of swords, but for the heavier cutting swords.

The method was to cast the blade rather broader at the back than usual, with a hollow running down it. This was half filled with quicksilver and sealed up. The idea was that when a blow was struck with such a sword the quicksilver would fly to the point and so increase the weight of the blow. This theoretical advantage, however, did not at all counterbalance the general clumsiness of the weapon and its unhandiness in guarding, and so the mercurial swords, as they were called, from which their ingenious inventor hoped so much, were rather military curiosities than practical successes.

London Answers.

Something to Be Thankful For.

A Scotchman who has a keen appreciation of the strong characteristics of his countrymen delights in the story of a druggist known both for his thrift and his philosophy.

Once he was aroused from a deep sleep by the ringing of his night bell. He went down to his little shop and sold a dose of rather nauseous medicine to a distressed customer.

"What profit do you make out of that?" grumbled his wife.

"A ha'penny," was the cheerful answer.

"And for that bit o' money you'll lie awake maybe an hour," she said impatiently.

"Never grumble o'er that, woman," was his placid answer. "The dose will keep him awake all night. We must thank heaven we ha' the profit and none o' the pain o' this transaction."

A Primitive Clock.

A naturalist, while visiting Great Sanguir, one of those islands of the Indian ocean known as the Celebes, or Spice Islands, found a curious time recorder locked at the house of a rajah. Two bottles were firmly lashed together and fixed in a wooden frame. A quantity of black sand ran from one bottle into the other in just half an hour, and when the upper bottle was empty the frame was reversed. Twelve short sticks, marked with notches from one to twelve, were hung upon a string. A hook was placed between the stick bearing the number of notches corresponding to the hour last struck and the one to be struck next. The sentry announced the time by striking the hour on a large gong.

Conspiracy.

"Squibob, you are still reporting for the Daily Bread, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Say, I am going to spend the evening with the daughter of old Professor Noett, and he doesn't like me a bit. I want you to help me through."

"Me? What can I do to help you?"

"Call on him in his study about 8 o'clock and ask him this question: Professor, to what do you attribute the decay of Darwinism?"

"What good will that do?"

"He'll spend the whole evening arguing to prove that Darwinism isn't decayed."—Chicago Tribune.

Transmigration.

"So dey convicted dat feller dat was twilng a high society bluff so as to lift jewelry," said Plodding Pete.

"Yes," answered Meandering Mike.

"He's got his prison clothes on now. Dey've changed him from a social lion into a zebra."—Washington Star.

The Higher Allegiance to Hymen.

A St. Louis man disregarded a summons to serve on a jury because his marriage to a St. Louis woman had been set for the same hour. He thought he knew which court order to obey.—Richmond Times.

Both Sides.