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HER GOLDEN BALL.

An Incident of Revolutionary Times on Long Island.

Probably no game of ball by professional or college team was ever watched with such inner interest, but with such outward indifference, as one described in Gertrude Vanderbilt's "Social History of Flatbush." It happened in Revolutionary times, when the British soldiers were stationed on Long Island. The inhabitants had hidden their valuables in all possible places. One lady concealed some gold coins in a ball shaped pincushion of the kind worn by the Dutch housewife, suspended at her side.

She was sitting sewing one day when a party of British soldiers entered the room. A young officer, spying what to him was a novelty, cut with his sword the ribbon by which the cushion was hung and began a game of ball.

Soon the rest of the company joined the sport. Boisterously from hand to hand the ball was batted to and fro. It was roughly snatched and tossed, and sometimes it fell into the ashes of the fireplace and barely escaped conflagration. Now and again a soldier would catch it on the tip of his sword and send it spinning on with a rent in its side.

Every moment threatened to reveal the precious contents. To show the least anxiety was to betray the secret, and the owner was forced to sit unmoved, apparently intent on her work, and to see her fortune flying through the air at the mercy of the enemy. At last the cushion, torn and battered, but still guarding its treasure, was returned to its mistress, and the intruders, tired of their play, left the house.

CONFUSED IDENTITY.

Odd Things Said by Folks When Taken by Surprise.

People taken by surprise sometimes say what they do not mean. A car full of people were entertained recently by a conversation which neither of the participants found comic. Young People tells the story:

A train was waiting in a dim station at the end of a dull afternoon. Lights were not yet lighted, and it was decidedly dusky within the car.

An excited and nearsighted woman hurried in, hurried down the aisle, peering at the passengers as she went, and at last as she dropped into a seat beside another woman exclaimed, with a sigh of relief:

"Oh, it's you!"

"Certainly not!" snapped the startled stranger, turning, whereupon the mistaken traveler hastily apologized:

"I beg your pardon, but it's so dark in here I was quite sure you were."

Another woman in similar circumstances became even more confused. She was waiting for her sister in a railway station when a gentleman, looking for his wife and misled by a general resemblance in figure and clothing, stepped up behind her and, laying his hand on her shoulder, exclaimed:

"Thank goodness, Emma, it's you!"

The name he used happened to be really hers, which made the sudden familiarity even more startling. She jumped nervously.

"You're mistaken, sir!" she gasped. "I'm Emma, but she isn't me!"

Censorious Sisters.

"I didn't think you'd get so angry because I said I thought you ought to wear gray suede shoes with your gray dress instead of white ones. I didn't mean to offend you," her friend very sweetly apologized.

"Never mind," she returned softly. "It was all right, but it made me angry for two reasons—first, because I had to wear the white shoes because I didn't have any others that were presentable, and, second, because when I left my family of sisters, who made every possible sort of comment on my clothes, I declared I would never stand it from anybody else. I said to myself that whenever a friend got so friendly that she thought she could treat me like a sister I'd shake her."—New York Press.

A Cause For Thanks.

In the audience at a lecture on China there was a very pious old lady who was slightly deaf. She thought the lecturer was preaching, and every time he came to a period she would say "Amen!" or some other pious exclamation. The people in the audience, which was composed mostly of the village church members, knew she was being reverent and did not even smile when she exclaimed until finally the lecturer mentioned some faroff city in China, saying, "I live there." At this point clearly and distinctly could be heard the old lady saying, "Thank God for that."

An Unusual Task.

"Hello, Jack, old boy, writing home for money?"

"No."

"What are you taking so much trouble over, then? You've been fussing and fuming over it for the last two hours."

"I'm trying to write home without asking for money."

Then He Was Mad.

"Why don't you give the devil his due?" he snapped.

"I can't, dear," replied his wife. "He in such fine health now he ve to wait awhile."—Atlanta n.

Remarkable.

e most remarkable elderly ver saw."

how her age?"

Doesn't seem to regret lle Courier-Journal.

ounsel is better than the ny.—Euripides.

ACCIDENT FAKIRS.

Men Who Are Able to Swindle the Insurance Companies.

"Accident insurance companies are very suspicious of all accidents involving injury to the knee, for it is on his knee that the accident fakir mainly relies."

The speaker, a surgeon, frowned and went on:

"There are men who make a living out of fake accidents. They travel from city to city; they insure in every company that issues accident policies; then, with a fake injury, they proceed to collect dues.

"An accident fakir—for so we call these men—has usually a knee that he can slip out at will. He purposely stumbles over an open trap or some hard, sharp obstacle, puts his knee out deftly, raises a big holler so as to secure a lot of witnesses and then hobbles home.

"He doesn't notify his insurance companies till the next day. By then his knee is so swollen that an accurate examination of it is impossible. We cannot tell whether it is one of those fake, self slipping knees or not. So we pay the man his money, and he seeks new pastures.

"There was one man—he is in jail now—who in nine years collected over $11,000 in accident policies with the help of a knee that he could slip out as easily as I slip my hand out of my glove."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

HOW TO WIN BATTLES.

Men Who Hit What They Shoot at Are the Determining Factor In War.

Other things being equal, good shooting is the determining factor in war. Poorly drilled and hastily organized bodies of men can give a good account of themselves if they know how to shoot and hit what they shoot at.

In our war for independence, says Army and Navy Life, the colonists were woodsmen. They carried and used their arms to supply their homes with food and to protect them from the savage. As marksmen they vastly outclassed the British, and that more than anything else gave Washington the final victory.

Again, in our great civil war mark the effect of a general knowledge of firearms. In the south were sporting people. They were fond of riding and hunting. Shooting at target and at game entered into their sports and pastimes. The north was commercial.

Its men knew little or nothing of firearms save the flintlocks of their grandfathers, objects of curiosity in their shops or homes, except in the far west, where the life of 1776 was still being lived. The result was that in the east the southern troops were generally victorious for a couple of years until the northern troops learned to shoot. What little success the north had was in the west, where they were little better than a standoff.

A Case of Bluff.

"Talking about bluffing," said the horseman, "there was a chap who thought blacksmithing looked simple and easy, and so, being out of work, he decided to have a try at it. He went to a smith and asked for a job.

"'Well,' said the smith, 'you are a strong, likely looking young fellow. What experience have you had?'

"'Eleven years,' was the prompt answer.

"'All right. I'll try you,' said the blacksmith. 'Shoe that mare while I go home to dinner.'

"The smith on his return from dinner frowned and said to the new hand:

"'What! Haven't you got that mare shod yet?'

"The bluffer bit his lip, flushed and replied:

"'I can't get her confounded foot in the vise.'"—Exchange.

Left to the Jury.

Judge Martin decided that certain evidence was inadmissible. The attorney took strong exception to the ruling and insisted that it was admissible.

"I know, your honor," said he warmly, "that it is proper evidence. Here I have been practicing at the bar for forty years, and now I want to know if I am a fool."

"That," quietly replied the court, "is a question of fact and not of law, so I won't pass any opinion upon it, but will let the jury decide."—Liverpool Mercury.

The Eternal Sea.

Edith is one of the children in a household where Sabbath observances are of the old school type of severity.

"I shall always stay here," she declared at the close of her second day at the beach, "because they don't put the sea away on Sunday."

A Likely Story.

The Pastor—I hope you are not going fishing on Sunday, my little man. The Boy—Oh, no, sir. I am merely carrying this stick so that that wicked boy across the street will not suspect that I am on my way to Sunday school.—London Illustrated Bits.

Hatched.

One afternoon three small children were popping corn, taking turns at the popper.

"Oh, mamma," exclaimed little Dorothy, clapping her hands gleefully, "every one of my corns hatched out!"—Chicago News.

His Tenner.

Austere Person—I can't tip you, young man, unless you have change for a tenner. Waiter (sizing him up)—Keep your dime, sir. I haven't a nickel about me.—Chicago Tribune.

Generosity will win favor with any one, especially when accompanied by humility.—Goethe.

HONESTY IS A POLICY.

Reflections of a Jailer Whose Wife Took a Prisoner's Cake.

Rather an original story comes from the criminal prison at Warsaw. A bookkeeper named Schneider was awaiting his trial, being charged with fraud. As his health was bad, his family sent him many little delicacies unknown in the prison fare, delicacies which, no doubt, the head warder shared with him.

One day, among other things, a huge iced cake appeared. The warder's children were fond of cake, and so was his wife. They therefore determined to keep half of it for themselves. Their surprise was great when upon applying a knife to the dainty it stuck just below the icing and refused to go any farther.

"It must be baked to a cinder," said Mrs. Warder. But her good man, suspecting that something worse than careless baking was responsible for the cake's hardness, cut round the sides and was rewarded by finding a revolver and seven cartridges buried in the paste.

When brought up before the authorities Schneider confessed that he had intended to shoot his guardians and escape from prison before his trial. "After all," said the warder pensively when he told his story, "honesty is not always the best policy. If my wife had not cut into that cake I should have been a dead man by now, for I sleep hard."—Pall Mall Gazette.

CRUELTY IN PERSIA.

Queer Things About the People of That Queer Country.

According to the authors of "Queer Things About Persia," cruelty is common there. The executioner cuts throats in a public square, and the spectacle excites little interest. Criminals are sometimes crucified and sometimes walled up alive. Women for certain offenses are cast headlong from a tower. The Persian is a gentleman of surpassing courtesy and politeness, but say these writers: "The same man who drops rose petals under your feet in order to make them avoid the hardness of the road will not hesitate to make you suffer the most cruel tortures. He delights in the murmur of the rivulet in the moonshine, but the sound of blood flowing from an open wound has also for him its fascination. The singing of the nightingale fills him with rapture in the night, but he quivers with pleasure at the cry of pain from a victim." Also they affirm that lying is an institution and no one condemns it. "The Persian does not consider a lie a sin. He thinks that we have a bad opinion of lying because we do not know how to lie, and if he shows an unbounded confidence in everything the Europeans say it is chiefly because he thinks we are totally devoid of the gift."

Sustaining His Reputation.

A story is told of the Prince de Conti, whose reputation for cruelty stood high. He was going to mass with some ladies when his bailiff asked for instructions concerning a poacher who had just been caught on the grounds.

"Give him 100 stripes and imprison him in a dungeon for two years," was the answer.

One lady, horror stricken, went to the bailiff afterward, but he only laughed in her face.

"The prince only said that to keep up his reputation. His royal highness came to me directly after mass and begged me to see that the poor wretch was only sent away from the neighborhood for two months and that his family was well looked after during his absence."

Never Forsake a Friend.

Whatever happens, never forsake a friend. When enemies gather, when sickness falls upon the heart, when the world is dark and cheerless, is the time to try true friendship. They who turn from the scenes of distress betray their hypocrisy and prove that interest only moves them. If you have a friend who loves you, who has studied your interest and happiness, be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his love was not thrown away. Real fidelity may be rare, but it exists in the heart. They only deny its worth and power who never loved a friend or labored to make a friend happy.—Exchange.

Girls to Be Pitied.

I know of many well to do middle class families where the daughters, having received the education of canary birds, are launched on a sea of gayety with a cargo of pretty smiles and frocks to captivate husbands.—London Madame.

Riches of Simplicity.

Poverty is relative. Thousands who call themselves poor would be rich on their incomes if they would abandon a senseless and vulgar competition with their neighbors and live more simply.—London Truth.

Where It Fails.

"Silence is golden," remarked the party with the quotation habit.

"Perhaps it is," rejoined the contrary man, "but a dentist has never yet been able to fill teeth with it."—Chicago News.

Soul Mated.

"She declares they were made for one another."

"How does she make that out?"

"He earns about the monthly amount she'd like to spend."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Do not be troubled because you have not great virtues. God made a million spears of grass when he made one tree.—Beecher.

The Badge of Honesty

Is on every wrapper of Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery because a full list of the ingredients composing it is printed there in plain English. Forty years of experience has proven its superior worth as a blood purifier and invigorating tonic for the cure of stomach disorders and all liver ills. It builds up the run-down system as no other tonic can in which alcohol is used. The active medicinal principles of native roots such as Golden Seal and Queen's root, Stone and Mandrake root, Bloodroot and Black Cherrybark are extracted and preserved by the use of chemically pure, triple-refined glycerine. Send to Dr. R. V. Pierce at Buffalo, N. Y., for *free* booklet which quotes extracts from well-recognized medical authorities such as Drs. Bartholow, King, Scudder, Coe, Ellingwood and a host of others, showing that these roots can be depended upon for their curative action in all weak states of the stomach, accompanied by indigestion or dyspepsia as well as in all bilious or liver complaints and in all "wasting diseases" where there is loss of flesh and gradual running down of the strength and system.

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You can't afford to accept a secret nostrum as a substitute for this non-alcoholic, medicine OF KNOWN COMPOSITION, not even though the urgent dealer may thereby make a little bigger profit.

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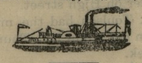

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