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STORE NEWS

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Sparks & Jefferson.

Poison For Cholera Victims.

"Some years ago I found myself in the city of Buenos Ayres at a time when the cholera was raging in that capital," said a traveler.

"It happened that as I walked along a public thoroughfare one day while the plague was at its height I saw a man fall to the ground, and I surmised that he had been stricken with the dread disease. Before reaching him I noticed a policeman approach the unfortunate and administer a drink to him from a bottle which I had no doubt contained a restorative or some kind of medicine. At the same time the policeman blew his whistle for an ambulance.

"The vehicle came very quickly, and yet before it arrived the man was dead, and it was a corpse that was removed. I remarked to the officer that the medicine had been of no avail. 'Certainly not, senor,' he answered; 'it was not medicine I gave him, but a deadly poison. That is the way we have to do now to check the spread of the cholera. Besides, the man would soon have died anyway.

"I never experienced a deeper feeling of horror in my life and looked on the policeman in the light of a murderer. Yet he doubtless regarded what he had done as in the nature of a disagreeable necessity, and, politely bidding me adios, went his way."—Washington Post.

"Pint Judy Pint."

Point Judith, Rhode Island, is known to the natives of that neighborhood as "Pint Judy Pint." Once upon a time, the story goes, an old sea captain of Nantucket or thereabouts took his wife with him upon a voyage along the coast, and, being enveloped in a fog, he made her lookout. After awhile the woman piped out, "Land!" "Whar away?" bellowed her lord. "Why, right over there, just the other side of all those ropes," she answered excitedly. "T'other side o' fiddlesticks!" roared the captain. "Can't you tell me in straight talk whar away?" Now it happened that the captain's wife was unacquainted with nautical terms, and while she could do many useful things she could no more have boxed the compass than she could have flown. So the captain shouted to her, "Pint, Judy, pint!" Then Judy "pinted," and the shore she had discovered and indicated was ever afterward known as Pint Judy Pint.

Eugenie and the Cholera.

When Napoleon III. was at the zenith of his power there was a terrible outbreak of cholera in France. Every day the Empress Eugenie visited the hospitals to do what she could by superintendence and example to forward the noble work of allaying the sufferings of the stricken. One morning a parish priest rushed into the ward where the empress was ministering to a dying man.

"Oh, your majesty," said the priest, "two hours ago my curate was breakfasting with me, and now he is dead!"

The empress smiled calmly. "That is well," said she.

"Well?" echoed the priest.

"Yes, it is well. When once cholera becomes as violent as this is it ceases."

The empress was right. From that day the plague abated.

Queerly Procured Evidence.

Many years ago a ship was chased at sea on the suspicion that she was a slaver. During the pursuit her captain dropped something overboard. When overhauled the old tub was taken to Port Royal for trial. There was nothing on board to sustain the charge of slave dealing, and there seemed every likelihood of its owner recovering damages for illegal seizure and detention. But another ship had passed in the night in the wake of the others. She had witnessed the chase and flight, but had stopped to catch a shark by the way. In the stomach of the shark the sailors found a tin box. In the box were the papers of the fugitive vessel. These proved her to be a slaver of the most unequivocal character, and upon their evidence she was condemned and confiscated.

Machinery Tones.

Engineers judge of the condition of their machinery by the tone it gives out while running. Every engine, whether stationary or locomotive, has a particular tone of its own. The engineer becomes accustomed to that, and any departure from it at once excites a suspicion that all is not right. The engineer may not know what is the matter; he may have no ear for music, but the change in the tone of his machine will be at once perceptible and, being instantly recognized, will cause him to start on an immediate investigation.

Babies and Boots.

Gypsies carry their babies in old shawls slung over their shoulders and tied about the waist. North American Indians carry their babies on the backs of squaws—cradle and all. But the Eskimo women of Labrador carry their babies in their boots. These boots come up to the knee and are wide at the top, with a flap in front. In these the little brown babies live and are happy.

Might Have Been Worse.

Biggs—Castleton was out driving with the Widow Grasper the other day, when the horse ran away with him, and he's laid up 'n the hospital. Griggs—Well, it might have been worse; the widow might have run away with him.

A Mistake.

"It's a mistake to marry too young," remarked the wise guy.

"Well, at any rate, it's a mistake that isn't often repeated," murmured the simple mug.—Philadelphia Record.

When a man has greatness thrust upon him he has mighty little inclination to dodge.—Puck.

Indians' Nose Breathing.

An English scientist thinks it unnecessary that children should be taught to breathe through the nostrils only and maintains that they cannot do so under the stress of active exertion. London Hospital thinks otherwise. Among the North American aborigines at a time when they were capable of extraordinary physical exertion the precept "to shut your mouth" was enforced upon the young by the most severe discipline.

Catlin founded upon his experiences among the American tribes a curious book upon the subject. After depicting open mouthed men and boys in every variety of ugliness and stupidity, he says that he refrains from giving illustrations of the fairer sex and would only remind them, while counseling them to be careful about closure of the mouth at night, that "idiots asleep cannot be angels awake."

The scientist declares that not all nostrils are sufficiently wide to permit of breathing being conducted through them to the exclusion of the mouth, but it is certain that nothing would tend more than breathing through them to promote their development.

Why He Waited.

On a certain occasion Henry Ward Beecher's church was crowded to the doors. But Beecher unexpectedly had been called out of town, and in his place in the pulpit there sat a beardless, black clad youth—a youth who is today one of the most powerful preachers in America. But this youth, fresh from college, was unknown then, and the great congregation had come to hear Beecher and not him. Consequently as soon as he arose and announced that he was to preach in Beecher's place the people began to drift out. First one went, then two, then a half dozen, and the young man stood watching this dispersal from the pulpit. It was a trying moment, and yet there sat on his youthful face a smile singularly composed. Out the people tiptoed, and he waited, saying nothing, for almost five minutes. Then he said, as if in explanation of his silence, "We will not begin this public worship until the chaff blows off."

Witchcraft.

Three centuries ago the great statute of James I. came into operation. It made felons without benefit of clergy all who "shall use, practice or exercise any injuration or conjuration of any evil and wicked spirit, or shall consult, covenant with, entertain, employ, feed or reward any evil and wicked spirit to or for any intent or purpose, or take up any dead man, woman or child out of his, her or their grave or any other place where the dead body resteth, or the skin, bone or any part of any dead person, to be employed or used in any manner of witchcraft, enchantment, charm or sorcery, whereby any person shall be killed, destroyed, wasted, consumed, pined or lamed in his or her body or any part thereof." Under this act witches were executed for more than a century.

Quaint Scotch Custom.

Natives of the northeast coast of Scotland observe a curious custom at funerals. After the burial service the coffin is carried outside the house and placed upon the two chairs on which it had rested within doors. As soon as the pallbearers lift up their burden and begin their journey to the graveyard these chairs are at once thrown sharply on their backs. In this position they are kept until the interment has taken place, when they are taken indoors again. Any attempt to place the chairs on their legs or to take them in before the proper time is at once frustrated by the relatives of the dead.

A Locust's Breathing.

Hold a locust between your fingers and watch the breathing movements of the body. Professor Packard says, "There were sixty-five contractions in a minute in a locust which had been held between the fingers about ten minutes." How does that compare with the number of breaths you take each minute? Insects of swiftest flight breathe most rapidly.—St. Nicholas.

Got Her Name Wrong.

"The trouble with you," the doctor said after examining the young man, "seems to be that something is the matter with your heart."

"With my heart?"

"Yes. To give it a name, it is angina pectoris."

"Guess again, doc," said the young man. "That isn't her name at all."

His Apology.

When George III. was crowned king of England the ceremonies were marred by certain blunders for which Lord Effingham, earl marshal, was responsible. Lord Effingham saw fit afterward to apologize to the king. "There will be no such blunders at the next coronation, your majesty," said he. King George had a sufficiently strong sense of humor to laugh.

Misplaced Devotion.

He (bitterly)—If I were rich you'd marry me readily enough! She—Don't, Gussie, don't! Such devotion breaks my heart! He—What do you mean? She—Often have you praised my beauty, but never before my common sense!

No Great Curiosity.

Farmer Honk—I was readin' the other day that it's a scientific fact that a mule can be kept from brayin' by tyin' a stone to his tail. Farmer Hornbeak—Well, let him that is without sin tie the first stone.—Puck.

The Dog.

Alone among animals the dog has chosen to desert his own kith and kin, and, bridging an almost impassable gulf, he has resolutely taken sides with man. No other animal has done it.—Maurice Maeterlinck.

WEDDINGS IN WALES.

Quaint Customs That Still Exist Among the Peasantry.

Some quaint customs still survive among the peasantry of south Wales—at least in the remote villages. One of the oddest is the "bidding." When a young man and woman are engaged a circular is printed, known as a "bidding letter," and distributed at market and outside the chapels on Sunday so that all may know of the event. The form is always the same and runs as follows:

"As we intend to enter the matrimonial state we are encouraged by our friends to make a bidding on the occasion at the young man's father's house (here follow the address and date of the entertainment), when and where the favor of your good and agreeable company is most humbly solicited, and wherever donation you may be pleased to bestow on us will be thankfully received, warmly acknowledged and cheerfully repaid whenever called for on a similar occasion by your obedient servants.

JOHN EVANS.
JANE DAVIS.

All being ready on the day, a party goes to fetch the bride to the bidding. She hides and has to be sought for in all directions, but being at last found is escorted in triumph. Her procession is met by that of the bridegroom, and they all repair to the church, where the wedding ceremony takes place, after which all return to the groom's house to make merry and to count the gifts. These are generally in money and vary from a shilling up to half a sovereign.

Each item is carefully entered in a book by the "bidding clerk," together with the donor's name, so that it may be repaid when he or she marries. As all the money will probably not be called in for many years—some not at all, if the givers remain single—the young couple receive a tolerable start in life. Oddly enough, the bridegroom is expected to provide the kitchen clock and table, the glass cupboard and the kitchen dresser, also the bedstead. Each of the young people is supposed to bring half a dozen chairs, the bride's especial contribution being the bedding, the crockery ware, the parlor table and a chest of drawers. Things are done methodically in that part of the world.—London Tit-Bits.

THOUGHTLESS WIT.

Wit that stings is akin to crime.

To hold up another to ridicule is not witty, but vulgar.

To laugh at another or to cause another to be laughed at is common.

The merry laugh and the joke go round, but somewhere there is an ache.

There is no pest like him, this man whose thoughtless wit starts the laugh.

The man that makes others laugh at some one else's expense is always causing suffering.

To start a laugh is the ambition of some men. The how or the where, the why or the effect is never considered.

Wit is a joy forever so long as it does not base its success upon the misfortunes, the peculiarities, the weaknesses of men.

When a wit has to depend upon others' peculiarities for his subject matter it is time for him to close the "wit shop" and hang out the sign "To Let."—Indianapolis Sun.

Defining His Position.

Years ago there was a member of an eastern legislature named Murphy, a good politician, but hardly a statesman. Indeed his notions of parliamentary order and debate were crude. He was so frequently out of order that the speaker got in the habit of crying as soon as Mr. Murphy rose, "The gentleman is out of order!"

Once, in the midst of an important and exciting debate, he leaped to his feet. The house murmured, and the speaker brushed him aside with the usual remark, "The gentleman is out of order!"

Murphy sat down, but presently he was on his feet again.

"Mr. Prisidint, I rise to a point of order. In justice I must explain that the thing I intinded to say just now when you called me to order had nothing to do with what I did not say."

Birds' Nests.

In Scotland a naturalist has found a golden eagle's nest that contained a rubber ring, carried thither by the birds as an adornment. An observer in California has reported that a pair of golden eagles there decorated their nest with sacks. "When the kite builds look to lesser linen," says Shakespeare, alluding to the robberies committed by those birds from the hedges where linen was put to dry. The late Mr. Booth described a kind of bower made by some aesthetic eagles in Scotland.

His Planets.

A young gentleman was passing an examination in physics. He was asked, "What planets were known to the ancients?"

"Well, sir," he responded, "there were Venus and Jupiter and"—after a pause—"I think the earth, but I am not quite certain."—London Tit-Bits.

A Shylock.

Little Elmer—Papa, what is a Shylock? Professor Broadhead—A Shylock, my son, is a man who is called so by the people to whom he lends money because he expects them to pay it back.—Town Topics.

A Hard Bluff to Make.

The very best poker players look as if they were caught stealing sheep when they go to explain to their wives how sorry they are they've got to go away on business.—New York Press.

His Voice Changing.

Ethel—How funny your brother's voice sounds now! Edith—Yes, papa says he's outgrown all his clothes, and now he's outgrowing his voice, I guess.—Yonkers Statesman.



A CONFIDENTIAL CHAT.

"It's perfect nonsense, Bessie, for you to talk of being laid on the shelf. Why, it all depends on yourself. Forget your worries, your aches and ailments; do as I did, take plenty of out-of-door air, cultivate happiness by not allowing your mind to dwell on the trifles and the worries of life. I sent thirty-one cents in stamps to Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., for his 'Common Sense Medical Adviser,' and found it contained much useful information about the care of my health, about physiology, anatomy, and everything a woman should know. I then decided to write Dr. Pierce and tell him all about my ailments. I received such a nice, carefully considered and confidential letter, in reply, giving me advice about my diet, exercise and all. This advice is free to everyone and I wonder you don't write him at once. It didn't take me many months to regain my good looks. Ever since I was fifteen I have suffered untold agonies periodically but now I am free from pain, worry and bad temper. Occasionally I took Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets—this for the complexion, and to stimulate the liver. Then I took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription three times a day for those womanly weaknesses I told you about. That's my secret of beauty. It's the easiest thing in the world to be happy and keep one's good looks. Look at the thousands of women who have been made well by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription; look how they keep their good looks. Dr. Pierce offers $500 reward for any case of Leucorrhea, Female Weakness, Prolapsus, or Falling of Womb which he cannot cure. All he asks is a fair and reasonable trial of his means of cure."

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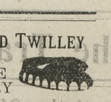
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