## If You Conclude to Marry

If you are a woman, and you conclude to marry, you must make up your mind to several things.

In the first place, you don't want to tell any of your friends that you will never obey a man, because it may be for your best interest that you obey the man you marry. And nobody, to use a homely expression, wants to "cut off his nose to spite his face."

Don't go to standing on your dignity with your husband, for it doesn't pay. Your husband is a man, and men have many and varied peculiarities which are totally incomprehensible to women. Do not try to understand them, for you cannot, and that is all there is about it.

The average man expects a good deal of his wife. He wants her to stay at home when he is out. He doesn't know why; neither does she, but it is so. He wants her to be there when he comes home. It doesn't seem right if she is not.

He doesn't want to be asked his reasons for everything he does. Nine times out of ten he doesn't know what they are himself.

He doesn't want to be expected to make love all the time, as he did before he was married. The man who has labored through a year's courtship with all its exacting love-making and devotion, is tired, and he wants time to recruit. It is not to be expected that he will bring flowers and bonbons every time he returns from the office, or that he will want to sit out on the piazza gazing at the moon, or that he will invest in chocolates and ice cream every time he passes with his wife along the thoroughfare where the ice cream parlors hang out their seductive signs.

You must make up your mind that you will have to find his things for him when he is in a hurry to go somewhere, and that you must pick up after him when he is gone, and straighten out the ruin and devastation he has made. It is no use to scold him for leaving his shoes on the piano and his old hat in the basket of clean clothes. He cannot understand the matter at all, from your point of view. He believes that a man's house is his castle, where he is at liberty to do just as he likes, and where he should not be held responsible to anybody. And you cannot make him see it any differently, because he's a man.

So you had better go right on picking up after him, just as your mother did after your father, and just as your grandmother did after your respected grandfather. And it greatly simplifies matters if you do it quietly and uncomplainingly.

A man may have the capabilities of a hero in his composition, but he'll never be able to remember to shut the bureau drawer, and not to bang the outside door when you are down with one of "your headaches."

He may be as wise as Solomon, but he'll spill his coffee over the clean tablecloth, and wonder why you look so black about it; and he can't for the life of him control his temper when the collar band of his shirt pinches his neck and makes his collar "ride up."

He loves the baby, and will work for it all day cheerfully, but if it cries nights, he is out of all patience, and holds you responsible.

If you are going to be married, make up your mind that you will be patient through the first two or three years while you are getting used to each other. This is the crucial period in married life, and if it is passed in safety, it is generally fairly plain sailing afterward.

No one ever realizes her most brilliant expectations of happiness. You will never be quite so happy as you expected to be, but you must not grieve over that. Take the goods the gods provide and be thankful.

Don't think your husband has ceased to love you if he should go to the office sometimes without any little sentimental scene in the hall, such as you always had on occasions of parting in your courtship days. A man cannot live up to this sort of thing very long. It is too much of a strain on his memory.

Don't try to ape your rich neighbors, and nag your husband for the money he cannot afford to give you. Have the courage and independence to accept your life as you find it, and make the most of it.

If your husband earns a good living, do not go from home to earn some money for yourself. The man is the natural provider for his family, and it is better that he should remain so. He will respect himself more, and you will respect him more. Keep the house, make home pleasant, and do the best you can with the means at your command. "A penny saved is as good as a penny earned," and the careful housewife can save many a penny if she gives her mind to it.

Make up your mind to be gentle, and loving, and forgiving, and, above all, have charity for your husband's shortcomings, and try and believe that he does the very best he can—for a man.

### CURING LOCKJAW.

**Some Account of the Method of Inducing Perspiration.**

Lockjaw when caused by a wound has long been considered incurable, and it is only of late years that a few instances of successful treatment have been recorded, the most striking being those effected by the Indian wooral poison, and by enormous doses of alcohol. Two cases are reported in which all the alarming symptoms were removed by violent perspiration. The first was that of a young man of 22, who had the misfortune of having had his hand caught in the gearing of a threshing machine; part of the skin was carried off, but in the course of a fortnight everything seemed progressing toward a speedy cure, when one morning the patient awoke with a strange rigidity in his jaws, violent pain all over the sternum, intermitent difficulty of breathing, and convulsive starts in the lower limbs. A doctor being called in, he immediately proceeded to throw the patient into a violent perspiration. For this purpose he had hoops put under the bed clothes in order to prevent their contact with the body and then got four deep pots filled with quicklime, which he slightly moistened with water.

To prevent the skin from being scorched each pot was wrapped in linen and then placed on each side of the patient, orders being given to the family to moisten the quicklime from time to time and to change it when exhausted. The heat engendered was so intense that on the first day the bed clothes caught fire, which, however, was speedily extinguished. As for the perspiration, it was so immoderate as to pass all belief. On the fifth day all tetanic symptoms had disappeared, except a little stiffness in the jaws, the patient was in a state of complete prostration, which was, however, removed by good nourishment, and a few days after all traces of the dangerous affection had disappeared.

The second case was that of a day laborer, who, when the doctor came, appeared in a dying state. He at first denied having had any wound, but upon examination an injury caused by a hob-nail was discovered on one of his great toes—a circumstance the patient had forgotten. The treatment was the same and attended with the same result.

### POOR BUSINESS.

How is Surloyne getting on in the butcher business?

Very poorly, I hear. They say he does so little that he can't afford to kill more than half a cow at a time.

## In Borrowed Plumes.

"That's right," said the mate, approvingly; "don't give 'im no encouragement. Love at first sight ain't worth having."

The skipper suffering severely from suppressed emotion, went below, and the crew after waiting a little while to make sure that he was not coming up again, made their way quickly to the mate.

"If we can only take him to Battlesea in this rig, it'll be all right," said the latter. "You chaps stand by me. His slippers and sou-wester is the only clothes he's got aboard. Chuck every needle you can lay your hands on overboard, or else he'll git trying to make a suit out of a piece of old sail or something. If we can only take him to Mr. Pierson like this, it won't be so bad, after all."

While these arrangements were in hand above, the skipper and the boy were busy with others below. Various startling schemes propounded by the skipper for obtaining possession of his men's attire were rejected by the youth as unlawful, and, what was worse, impracticable. For a couple of hours they discussed ways and means, but only ended in diatribes against the mean ways of the crew, and the skipper, whose head ached still from his excesses, fell into a state of sullen despair at length, and sat silent.

"By Jove, Tommy, I've got it!" he cried, suddenly starting up and hitting the table with his fist "Where's your other suit?"

"That ain't no bigger than this one," said Tommy.

"You git it out," said the skipper, with a knowing toss of his head. "Ah, there we are! Now got to my stateroom and take those off."

The wondering Tommy, who thought that great grief had turned his kinsman's brain, complied, and emerged shortly afterward in a blanket, bringing his clothes under his arm.

"Now, do you know what I'm going to do?" inquired the skipper, with a big smile.

"No."

"Fetch me the scissors, then. Now, do you know what I'm going to do?"

"Cut up the two suits and make 'em into one," hazarded the horror-stricken Tommy. "Here, stop it!" Leave off!"

The skipper pushed him impatiently off, and lying the clothes on the table, took up the scissors, and, with a few slashing strokes, cut the garments into their compound parts.

"What am I to wear?" said Tommy, beginning to blubber. "You didn't think of that."

"What are you to wear, you selfish young pig," said the skipper, sternly. "Always thinking about yourself. Go and git some needles and thread, and if there's any left over and you're a good boy, I'll see whether I can make something for you out of the leavings."

"There ain't no needles here," whined Tommy, after a lengthy search.

"Go down the fo'sle and git the case of sail-makers' needles, then," said the skipper. "Don't let anyone see what you're after—and some thread."

"Well, why couldn't you let me go in my clothes before you cut 'em?" moaned Tommy. "I don't like going up in this blanket. They'll laugh at me."

"You go at once!" thundered the skipper, and, turning his back on him, whistled softly, and began to arrange the pieces of cloth.

"Laugh away, my lads," he said, cheerfully, as an uproarious burst of laughter greeted the appearance of Tommy on deck. "Wait a bit."

He waited himself for nearly twenty minutes, at the end of which time Tommy, treading on his blanket, came flying down the companion-ladder and rolled into the cabin.

"There ain't a needle aboard the ship," he said, solemnly, as he picked himself up and rubbed his head. "I've looked everywhere."

"What?" roared the skipper, hastily concealing the pieces of cloth. "Here, Ted! Ted!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" said Ted, as he came below.

"I want a sail-maker's needle," said the skipper glibly. "I've got a rent in this skirt."

"I broke the last one yesterday," said Ted, with an evil grin.

"Any other needle, then?" said the skipper, trying to conceal his emotion.

"I don't believe there's such a thing aboard the ship," said Ted, who had obeyed the mate's thoughtful injunction. "Nor thread. I was only saying so to the mate yesterday."

The skipper sank again to the lowest depth, waved him away, and then getting on a corner of a locker fell into a gloomy reverie.

"It's a pity you do things in such a hurry," said Tommy, sniffing vindictively. "You might have made sure of the needle before you spoiled my clothes. There's two of us going about ridiculous now."

The master of the Sarah Jane allowed this insolence to pass unheeded. It is in moments of deep distress that the mind of man, naturally reverting to solemn things, seeks to improve the occasion by a lecture. The skipper, chastened by suffering and disappointment, stuck his right hand in his pocket, after a lengthened search for it, and gently bidding the blanketed urchin in front of him to sit down, again:

"You see what comes of drink and cards," he said, mournfully. "Instead of being at the helm of my ship, racing all the other crafts down the river, I'm skulking down here like—like——"

"Like an actress," suggested Tommy.

The skipper eyed him all over. Tommy, unconscious of offense, met his gaze serenely.

"If," continued the skipper, "at any time you felt like taking too much, and you stopped with the beer mug half way to your lips, and thought of me sitting in this disgraceful state, what would you do?"

"I dunno," replied Tommy, yawning.

"What would you do?" persisted the skipper, with great expression.

"Laugh, I s'pose," said Tommy, after a moment's thought.

The sound of a well-boxed ear ran through the cabin.

"You're an unnatural, ungrateful little toad," said the skipper, fiercely. "You don't deserve to have a good, kind uncle to look after you."

"Anybody can have him for me," sobbed the indignant Tommy, as he tenderly felt his ear. "You look a precious sight more like an aunt than an uncle."

After firing this shot he vanished in a cloud of blanket; and the skipper, hastily abandoning a hastily formed resolve of first flaying him alive and then flinging him overboard, sat down again and lit his pipe.

Once out of the river he came on deck again, and, ignoring, by a great effort, the smiles of the crew and the jibes of the mate, took command. The only alteration he made in his dress was to substitute his sou'wester for the bonnet, and in this guise he did his work, while the aggrieved Tommy hopped it in blankets. The three days at sea passed like a horrid dream. So covetous was his gaze that the crew instinctively clutched their nether garments and looked to the buttoning of their coats as they passed him. He saw coats in the mainsail, and fashioned phantom trousers out of the flying jib, and, toward the end, began to babble of blue serges and mixed tweeds. Oblivious of fame, he has resolved to enter the harbor of Battlesea by night; but it was not to be. Near home the wind dropped, and the sun was well up before Battlesea came into view, a grey bank on the starboard bow.

Until within a mile of the harbor the skipper held on, and then his grasp on the wheel relaxed somewhat, and he looked round anxiously for the mate.

"Where's Bob?" he shouted.

"He's very ill, sir," said Ted, shaking his head.

"Ill!" gasped the startled skipper. "Here, take the wheel a minute."

He handed it over, and then, grasping his skirts, went hastily below. The mate was half lying, half sitting in his bunk, groaning dismally.

"What's the matter?" inquired the skipper.

"I'm dying," said the mate. "I keep being tied up all in knots inside. I can't hold myself straight."

The other cleared his throat.

"You'd better take off your clothes and lie down a bit," he said, kindly. "Let me help you off with them."

"No—don't — trouble!" panted the mate.

"It ain't no trouble," said the skipper, in a trembling voice.

"No, I'll keep 'em on," said the mate, faintly. "I've always had an idea I'd like to die in my clothes. It may be foolish, but I can't help it."

"You'll have your wish some day, never fear, you infernal rascal!" shouted the over-wrought skipper. "You're shamming sickness to make me take the ship into port!"

"Why shouldn't you take her in?" asked the mate, with an air of innocent surprise. "It's your duty as cap'n. You'd better get up above now. The bar is always shifting."

The skipper, restraining himself by a mighty effort, went on deck again, and taking the wheel, addressed the crew. He spoke feelingly of the obedience men owed their superior officers, and the moral obligation they were under to lend them their trousers when they required them. He dwelt on the awful punishments awarded for mutiny and proved clearly that to allow the master of a ship to enter port in petticoats was mutiny of the worst type. He then sent them below for their clothing. They were gone such a long time that it was palpable to the meanest intellect that they did not intend to bring them. Meantime the harbor widened out before him.

There were two or three people on the quay as the Sarah Jane came within hailing distance. By the time she had passed the lantern at the end of it there were two or three dozen and the numbers were steadily increasing at the rate of three persons for every five yards she made. Kind-hearted, humane men, anxious that their friends should not lose so great and cheap a treat, bribed small and reluctant boys with pennies to go in search of them, and by the time the schooner reached her berth a large proportion of the population of the port was looking over each other's shoulders and shouting foolish and hilarious inquiries to the skipper. The news reached the owner, and he came hurrying down to the ship just as the skipper, regardless of the heated remonstrances of the sightseers, was preparing to go below.

Mr. Pearson was a stout man, and he came down exploding with wrath. Then he saw the apparition, and mirth overcame him. It became necessary for three stout fellows to act as buttresses, and the more indignant the skipper looked the harder their work became. Finally he was assisted, in a weak state, and laughing hysterically, to the deck of the schooner, where he followed the skipper below, and, in a voice broken with emotion, demanded an explanation.

"It's the finest sight I ever saw in "my life, Boss," he said, when the other had finished. "I wouldn't have missed it for anything. I've been feeling very low this last week, and it's done me good. Don't talk nonsense about leaving the ship. I wouldn't lose you for anything after this, but if you like to try a fresh mate and crew you can please yourself. If you'll only come up to the house and let Mrs. Pearson see you—she's been ailing—I'll give you a couple of pounds. Now, get your bonnet and come."

The End.

### THE COMING MAN.

**This Forecast is Not Very Flattering to Future Mankind.**

Deep researches as to the structure of the human body have recently furnished some startling facts regarding changes which man is at present undergoing physically.

Albrice has clearly proved that man was formerly endowed with more teeth than he possesses now. Abundant evidence exists that, ages and ages ago human teeth were used as weapons of defence.

Unintentionally, traces of such use are often revealed by a sneer. The teeth are sometimes bared, dog-like, ready, as it were, for action. The muscles thus brought into play are aptly called "snarling muscles" by Sir C. Bell.

The practice of eating our food cooked and the disuse of teeth as weapons is largely responsible for the degeneration that is undoubtedly going on.

The wisdom teeth, in fact, are disappearing. Human jaws, found in reputed Paleolithic deposits, have wisdom teeth with crowns as large as, if not larger than, the remaining molars.

Changes are also taking place in the cage-like part of the skeleton known as the thorax.

THE VERTEBRAL COLUMN.

or backbone, was furnished in the remote past with a far greater number of ribs than at present.

Alterations in the feet are very marked. As the foot became a support of the body, instead of a seizing organ, its form changed considerably, and the muscles of the leg became larger. At the present time all the toes with the exception of the great toe, are retrograding; indeed, the little toe is becoming double-jointed, like the thumb.

A comparison with the change that has taken place in the horse is of great interest. The horse at one time possessed five toes. One of these gradually developed at the expense of the others, which in course of time disappeared.

This huge toe continued to develop, and the nail or claw finally became exaggerated into a hoof. Rudimentary bones of toes are still found in the horse of to-day, while fossils of the existing horse are extant with these toe bones much more highly developed. Lastly, to crown all, an ancestor of the horse has been discovered, having four complete toes and one rudimentary.

Man appears to be going through the same change as the horse has undergone. In ancient times a short-sighted soldier or hunter was almost an impossibility; to-day a whole nation is afflicted with defective vision.

It is almost certain that man once possessed

A THIRD EYE.

by means of which he was enabled to see above his head.

The human eyes formerly regarded the world from the two sides of the head; they are even now gradually shifting to a more forward position.

In the dim past the ear-flap was of great service in ascertaining the direction of sounds, and operated largely in the play of the features. But the muscles of the ear have fallen into disuse, for the fear of surprise by enemies no longer exists.

Again, our sense of smell is markedly inferior to that of savages. That it is still decreasing is evidenced by observations of the olfactory organ. But the nose itself indicates a tendency to become more prominent.

### TIME FOR ACTION.

Freddie, whose pa is a strict disciplinarian — Ma, can you have a man arrested if you think he's going to kill you?

Ma—Certainly, my son.

Freddie—Then I'm going to git out a warrant for pa.

Ma—You shock me, Freddie. What reason could you possibly have for any such action against your father?

Freddie—Why, I heard him tell the lumberman this morning to bring him a cartload of shingles.

## A MALE FLIRT.

Jack Edson was a male flirt. There wasn't a girl in Dayton who hadn't received attentions from him, and just those attentions which when a young lady receives them from a young gentleman are generally considered to "mean something."

But the Dayton girls—or all of them but one, at least,—found out that such attentions, when they came from Jack Edson, instead of "meaning something" meant precisely nothing at all.

Lucy Brown couldn't believe that all Jack's pretty speeches and fine compliments meant nothing. He had walked with her more than any other girl in Dayton, and she had begun to think a good deal of him. He was so devoted and kind, and all that sort of thing, that she had faith in him.

"Better be careful," said Maria Spooner warningly, "He's the biggest flirt in Christendom. He don't mean half what he says."

"I don't believe all I hear about him," said Lucy, stoutly. "He's not a flirt."

"Yes, he is!" said Maria, in a tone that indicated that no arguments would change her opinion on the subject. "Isn't he always paying attention to every girl that comes along, Lucy? Isn't he always ready to make love to a new face. You know he is."—

"No; I don't know any such thing," asserted Lucy. "He's genteel and polite, and if the girls will insist on taking the attentions which are prompted by politeness for attentions of another nature, he isn't to blame, is he?"

"Fiddlesticks!" exclaimed Maria, in disgust. "Talk to me about it being all prompted by Jack Edson's politeness. Humph!" and Miss Spooner gave her nose an upward turn, thereby expressing her opinion of Lucy's argument, if not adding very much to her beauty.

When Jack went to C—— to live he kissed Lucy after a very lover-like fashion, and made her promise to write often, which Lucy, putting implicit faith in him, was quite ready to do.

She couldn't help feeling a little disappointed to think that he hadn't "spoken out." He had known her a year, but never had said a word about marriage in all that time; and if he hadn't had the idea of marriage in his head, what had he been so devoted and lover-like for?

"Perhaps he wants to get started in business before he settles down," thought Lucy, and that thought comforted her.

Jack hadn't been in C—— a week before he struck up an acquaintance with Miss Grant.

Miss Grant was tolerably good looking, and had a rich father.

Jack began to be serious in his attentions at once. Those attentions Miss Grant received cordially.

"Business is business," thought Jack. "A few thousand won't come amiss to me, and if I can get a good wife and a snug banking account at the same time, I ought to think myself lucky. I say, Jack Edson, old fellow, go in and win!"

And Jack Edson did "go in" accordingly, and for a month devoted himself wholly and unreservedly to Miss Grant.

Then fate, or accident, or some other means, threw him into a dilemma by getting him acquainted with Belle Graham.

Miss Belle Graham was a very pretty young lady, with bold, black eyes and a mischief-loving disposition, and as Jack had not flirted for some time, he proceeded, after his old fashion, to lay siege at Miss Graham's feet, metaphorically speaking, and for a month was her most devoted cavalier.

Miss Graham liked a flirtation as well as Jack did and was in nowise backward in playing her part.

Jack was always looking for and expecting sincerity in others, and concluded at once that Miss Graham had found his fascination irresistible, and was ready to capitulate and surrender whenever he chose to speak the word.

So on the day Miss Graham went out of town on a visit, and then he packed up his devotions and the other necessaries of love-making and returned, like a prodigal son, to Miss Grant.

He had been so busy! Work had been unusually driving for the last month. He couldn't get away from the office. Jack invented a score of excuses to account for his absence, and Miss Grant graciously accepted them all, and reinstated Jack in her good graces, and "Richard was himself again."

In August Miss Grant went out of town. Jack had a sorry time of it for want of some one to pay attention to While she was gone, he thought over the matter seriously.

Here he was, young, good looking, and making a nice sum of money, but in need of a home. The first step toward securing a home, was to secure a wife. Why didn't he get married? Sure enough, why didn't he?

The more he thought of it the more firmly he had made up his mind to take the decisive step, and accordingly he cast about in his mind as to whom he should honor by giving the privilege of becoming Mrs. Jack Edson.

Jack knew of three who would be glad to have him—Miss Grant, Miss Graham and Lucy Brown. All he had to do to get either of them to be his "for better, for worse," was to give them half a chance to say yes.

"I like Lucy," he soliloquized; "but she's a plain little country girl, and her father isn't worth much, and I don't think I'll throw myself away on her. There's Miss Graham, she's smart and handsome, and her father's worth a great deal; but she's got too much temper for me! I'm afraid I don't want one of those high-flyers! Miss Grant's the most desirable person after all. Old Grant's bank account is one very satisfactory feature about the transaction. When she gets back I'll speak to her about it, and have the thing off my mind."

Miss Grant came back the next week, and Jack wended his way to her home shortly after her return to inform her of the decision he had arrived at during her absence.

Miss Grant was rather cool.

"She's miffed to think I haven't spoken on the important subject before," thought Jack.

A good opportunity presented itself, and Jack proceeded to offer his heart and hand to Miss Grant after the most genteel manner possible.

He expected to see her burst into a flood of thankful tears, or perform some other equally original feat to demonstrate the gladness of her emotions; but she did not do anything of the kind.

"You do me a great deal of honor, I suppose," said she in a tone which seemed to imply that she hardly considered that she was speaking truthfully, "but I don't feel like accepting it. I would refer you to Miss Graham."

Jack was thunderstruck.

He had never dreamed of anything like this. It had flustered his wits up terribly for a minute or two. Then he rallied them and tried to explain matters; but Miss Grant was obstinate as a woman ever was, and would not listen to a word from him.

"Go to Miss Graham," was all she said, and Jack at last withdrew from the field discomfited.

"It's plain as the nose on my face that's she heard something about my flirting with Miss Graham, and she's mad about it. Confound Miss Graham!"

But after sober second thought on the matter, he concluded to accept Miss Grant's advice and go to Miss Graham.

Accordingly he set off to inform Miss Graham that he had concluded to marry her.

Miss Graham was all smiles and pretty words, and Jack felt that he had but to say the word, and the thing was settled.

And by-and-by he proceeded to inform her of the honor he had decided to confer upon her.

"Marry you?" exclaimed Miss Graham. "Why, I couldn't think of such a thing,'" and she laughed as if it was the best joke of the season.

Jack began to feel scared.

"Why not?" demanded he.

"Because I'm engaged to one man already, and the law objects to our marrying two, you know!" and thereupon Miss Graham laughed again, as if it were immensely funny.

For the life of him, Jack could not see the point.

"How long have you been engaged?" stammered Jack, feeling cold and hot, and to use a handy, old phrase, which is very expressive, if not strictly elegant "decidedly streaked."

"For as much as—let me see "—coolly—"as much as a year, I fancy. Yes, it was in October that it happened. Just about a year ago."

"And you never told me!" groaned Jack.

"You never asked me," said Miss Graham.

Poor Jack! He gathered up his lacerated heart and withdrew from his second battlefield completely routed.

"I won't give it up!" he decided. "There's Lucy Brown. She'll have me, and jump at the chance; and she's worth forty Miss Grants, and a trainload of Miss Grahams! I'll write to her and ask her this very afternoon."

And write to her he did.

He had not answered her last letter, received three months before, but he put in a page of excuses for his negligence, and smoothed the matter over to his satisfaction, if not to Lucy's.

The letter was sent, and he awaited a reply with considerable anxiety.

At last it came.

"It's favorable of course!" he said, as he tore open the letter. "Lucy always thought her eyes of me."

But his opinion as to its being favorable changed somewhat as he read it:

"Mr. Jack Edson. I am very thankful for the honor, etc., but I don't take up with second-hand articles when I can get them at first hand. John Smith says, 'Tell him I have something to say about it now, and I'm not going to forego my claim on Lucy Brown for all the Jack Edsons in the world; and it isn't quite the thing down in Dayton to propose to other men's wives.'

"Love to Miss Grant; also to Miss Graham.

"Yours,

"Lucy Brown Smith."

"Good gracious! Lucy married!"

Jack's eyes were like saucers when he read that name.

Then he suddenly dropped into the nearest chair.

"Well, I've gone and done it this time!" he groaned. "Jack Edson, you're a fool!"

Poor Jack! He is in the market yet! Who bids?

### THE WHITE PASS RAILROAD.

**It Now Takes Only Nine Days to Reach the Klondike from Vancouver.**

The White Pass and Yukon Railroad was fully opened to business from Lynn Canal across the mountains to Lake Bennett in the last week of July. The rapidity with which the Klondike has been brought into touch with the rest of the world is illustrated by the fact that on July 20 many of the European newspapers printed a despatch sent from Dawson on the previous day telling of the good feeling there over the vast improvement in communications that the railroad would introduce, and adding that the journey from Vancouver to that town would now require only nine days. The road was practically completed to the lake on July 11, but was not fully opened till a fortnight later. The company is a little more sanguine even than the people of Dawson as to the shortening of the time to that town, for it declares that Dawson may now be reached in eight days from Seattle, Tacoma, Victoria or Vancouver.

At any rate, against completion of this railroad to the navigable waters leading to the Yukon practically revolutionizes the means of communication with the Yukon gold fields. Up to this time the overland journey has certainly been one of hardship and danger, and has cost a great deal of money. To-day the terribly trying and arduous part of the trip may be made in a few hours and at a cost which is still almost a bagatelle when measured by the large expense of packing freight over mountain passes that are among the most toilsome and formidable in the world.

The Canadians deserve the credit of pushing to a successful conclusion a great piece of railroad engineering. The company asserts that it was

THE MOST DIFFICULT

stretch of railroad building ever undertaken, and the history of the work shows that the technical and physical obstacles in the way were very formidable. One of the greatest impediments in the way was the fact that much of the blasting was done in places where it was impossible to employ anything but human labor to carry the material and supplies for the men who were using explosive to tear hundreds of thousands of tons of solid rock from the mountain sides to make the roadbed, and human labor also had to be employed to clear much of the grade as the blasting operations proceeded.

As the construction was begun early in June last year, the first section of the road to Lake Bennett has been completed in about thirteen months. This time would have been considerably reduced if it had not been that about two months after the work began the news of the discoveries at the Atlin gold fields caused a stampede of workmen. One morning 1,700 men were working on the road, and next day the labor brigade numbered only 560, all the others having departed for the new Eldorado. This was on Aug. 8 last year, and from that time there was the greatest trouble to keep on hand a sufficient force of laborers. The difficulties were much augmented also by the unusually heavy snowfall last winter, and during February and March last nine men were employed in shovelling snow for every one actually engaged in railroad construction. Railroad builders were probably never so bundled up before to keep them from freezing to death, for the work was pushed on steadily in spite of the elements, and the larger part of the line was built with the thermometer from 20 degrees to 30 degrees below zero.

It is said that the company intends to push the road on to Dawson as soon as there is any prospect that the development of the country will warrant this additional enterprise. In other words having joined the sea with navigable waters by a steam road, they will rest on their oars for a while instead of following the American method of extending railroads into new regions ahead of development with the idea of stimulating and assuring it.

### NATURAL MISAPPREHENSION.

And what does your brother do, Norah?

Sure, mem, he's a windy trimmer.

Ah! In politics, is he?

### VERY SAD CASE.

**Physicians Say Chloroform Wrecked the Mother's Mind.**

The most pitiable victim of the chloroform habit of record in the city was developed the other day by the police authorities of Indianapolis, Ind., in the person of Mrs. Lillie Volpp, with a husband and three children. She began to use the drug by inhalation, saturating a handkerchief and laying it on her face, and she continued to increase the quantity until her daily chloroform bill averaged $2; equalling 20 ounces. One eighth of an ounce is sufficient for an anaesthetic. She never purchased more than an ounce at a time, and her children were required to make 20 trips daily, to the neighboring drugstores, and if they were not prompt in returning, she would run into the street screaming in delirium. Her face was found to be burned and blistered by repeated applications of the drug, and the physicians rapidly reached the conclusion that she was insane. The authorities placed her under restraint. The family was found frightfully destitute, the mother having pawned everything of commercial value to gratify her habit.

### CRAZY CZAR OF RUSSIA.

The young Czar of Russia, who is thought to be crazy, comes of a short-lived race. He is the fourteenth Czar, beginning with Peter the Great. Leaving out the two Catherines the Czar has had eleven predecessors of his blood. All but four died under fifty; Peter the Great and Elizabeth lived to the age of fifty-three, Nicholas I., to fifty-nine, and Alexander II., was sixty-two when he was assassinated. Four of the Czars were murdered, but of all the male descendants of Peter III., only three passed the age of sixty.

**Revival of Trade.**

Reports from the United States support the view that trade interests have vastly improved recently and that the business outlook for the future is encouraging. This will be welcome news to the people of Canada, since our own trade interest will be stimulated and improved. In nothing has this improvement been shown in a more marked way than in the increased sale of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Times being dull everything not absolutely needed became a luxury, and its sale became stationary. Now it is different. Sales have increased vastly, doubtless as it has proven the only safe, sure, and painless remedy for corns, and wise people will use no other.

### HER ASHES IN THE MORTAR.

An odd mounment was desired by an elderly maiden who died a few weeks ago in Athlone, Ireland. She left a fortune of $135,000 to be spent in the erection of a church, provided that her body should be converted into ashes and used in making the mortar for building the edifice.

'Pharaoh 10c.' Payne, of Granby, Que' Cigar Manufacturer.

### DRESS AND HOSE.

Mrs. Green is awful mad at her next door neighbor for sprinkling her lawn. Is she? How silly!

Oh, I don't know. You see, she had it on.

MONTREAL HOTEL DIRECTORY.

The "Balmoral," Free Bus Am. Plan. $1.50 & up.

Hotel Carslake, European Plan. Rooms from $1 a day up. Opp. G.T.R. Station, Montreal. Geo. Carslake & Co., Props.

AVENUE HOUSE—McGill—College Avenue. Family Hotel rates $1.50 per day.

ST. JAMES' HOTEL—Opposite G.T.R. Depot' two blocks from C. P. Railway. First-class Commercial House. Modern improvements—Rates moderate

### WOMEN THIEVES.

According to the Paris police, there has been a marked increase of late in the number of women thieves in that city. It seems they cannot resist the temptation offered by the display in the large shops.

La Toscana, 10c. RELIANCE CIGAR FACTORY, Montreal

### A DEFINITION.

What is a stethoscope, and what is it used for? asked the professor of the class in anatomy.

The stethoscope, answered the pupil at the pedal extremity of the class, is a sort of microscope used by a doctor for the purpose of looking into the chest of a patient with his ear.

O'KEEFE'S LIQUID EXTRACT MALT Invigorates and Strengthens. W. LLOYD WOOD, Toronto, GENERAL AGENT.

### AN HONEST CONFESSION.

Bertha—But isn't there a good deal of Emerson's writings that you do not understand, Uncle Charles?

Uncle Charles—Of course there is. The great pleasure in reading Emerson is the opportunity it gives a man with a fertile imagination to think out meanings for profound passages.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

### THE CYCLIENNE'S SKIRT.

According to the Wheel, London, the police of St. Petersburg effect to regard the skirt of the cyclienne as a menace both to the safety of the wearer and the public in general, and have laid down a law that no lady cyclist shall ride through the streets of the Russian capital unless clad in the bifurcated garment.

LUBY'S Gives new life to the Hair. It makes it grow and restores the color. 50c. a bottle. Sold by all druggists.

### COOLNESS IN DANGER.

She—Tell me, when you were in the army, were you cool in the hour of danger.

He—Cool? Why, I shivered.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all drug sts. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

### EXPENSIVE PEACE.

Almost every nation, with the exception of the United States and Great Britain, is overtaxed to meet the expenses of maintaining its army and navy. France runs behind to the amount of $1,000,000,000, Austria has an annual deficit of $80,000,000, Russia of $50,000,000 and Italy of $30,000,000.

SHORT, BUT STRONG, is this argument—

LUDELLA

CEYLON TEA HAS THE FLAVOR AND QUALITY

Lead Packages. . . . . 25, 30, 40, 50 & 60c.

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THE IVEY PATENT EXTENSION SHOE CO.,

Are anxious to secure the address of every lame man and woman in Canada whose lameness consists in one limb being shorter than the other, and are offering good paying employment to every lame person who will take the trouble to write for circulars and care to act as agents. Get one of the Extensions for yourself and you will, after wearing it a week, have no trouble to convince others of its value.

This Extension is by far the best of its nature ever placed on the market, and enables the wearer to walk upright, to walk with ease and comfort, to wear any ordinary store shoe, and gives them the same appearance as their more fortunate friends. Descriptive circulars free to all. Ask for terms to agents. Address

CURED AFTER 170 BAY STREET, - - - TORONTO, CANADA,

### RUSSIAN ILLITERACY.

The illiteracy of Russia exceeds that of any other country claiming to have a civilized government. The Humanitarian states that in 10,000 villages of the vast empire there is not a school, and it is estimated that not 20 per cent. of the population of the empire has acquired even the rudiments of a common school education. It has been figured out that if the czar would disband 100,000 men of the vast army he would thereby save money enough to provide a school for each of those villages. It is not surprising that the czar should desire to reach some arrangement with the other nations which would permit him to partially disarm.

WPC 986

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Carbolic Disinfectants, Soaps, Ointment, Tooth Powders, etc., have been awarded 100 medals and diplomas for superior excellence. Their regular use prevent infectious diseases. Ask your dealer to obtain a supply. Lists mailed free on application.

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ONE NIGHT Corn Cure. Ask your druggist for it. Price 10c

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