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We are now ready with the latest and best assortment of Suitings, Overcoatings, and Trouserings to be had in Town at prices to suit everybody.

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A new line of Shirts, Collars, and Cuffs, and the latest in Ties, Puffs, Four-in-hand and Bows. Also underwear of all kinds at all prices.

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M. J. KEHOE, BROCKVILLE— Telephone 182

The Athens Reporter

AND

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$3.95 Cut this out and return to us, with name of your nearest express office and we will send this watch there for you to examine. It is an open-face, gold plated, dust proof case, handsomely engraved, fitted with American model Jewelled Swiss movement, gents' or ladies' size. It is a good time piece, equal in appearance to a $25.00 watch, and is just the thing for trading purposes. If, on careful examination you are convinced this watch is worth far more than we ask, pay the express agent $3.95 and express charges and it is yours. Terry Watch Co., Box A1, Toronto, Can.

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Fall and Winter Goods now in stock

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Now in stock a fine line of stylish Fall Overcoats, Pants, Bicycle Suits, etc. Be sure to see these goods and learn the prices.

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A full range of shirts, black and colored soft materials, finest qualities of handkerchiefs, Collars, Cuffs, Ties Braces, Handerchiefs, Caps. Woolen Underwear, etc. You can get just what you want in these lines here and at reasonable prices.

PRICES DEFY COMPETITION

The undersigned returns thanks to the general public for their patronage during the last 16 years and will endeavor to so conduct his business as to receive their continued trade and sustain the reputation of his store as "The Old Reliable" Clothing House.
☞ Cloth bought at this store will be cut free of charge.

A. M. CHASSELS,
Fall '99 Main Street, Athens.

A Choice Selection of Clocks.

In appearance they closely resemble Clocks which a short time ago sold for three times the price we're asking. Particularly pretty patterns in porcelain. Some rich effects in black and gilt. Pleasing presents at pleasing prices.

Wm. Coates & Son,
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Brockville Business College a popular institution. More students, more positions in 1898 than ever before. 1899 promises still better results. Will you be one of the successful ones? Rates low. All commercial branches taught. Send for catalogue.

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Parisian Hair Works

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are ready to do any kind of work in the hair line.

Switches, Bangs, Curls, Wigs, and Gents Toupees a specialty. All orders by mail attended to promptly. Call when you go to Brockville and have your hair treated by
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We have more goods to sell and we are doing business with more people; consequently we have a large assortment of all lines to select from, making your purchasing a pleasure. If you are not already a customer, try us.

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Natty styles in Short Coats for Children, from $2.00 up.

Pretty styles in Long Coats for the little tots and girls, with short full capes, from $2.50, $3.00, and up. . . .

Handsome Long Coats for Girls, with long detachable capes, made of Kerseys and Tweeds, from $4.00 up. . . .

LADIES' JACKETS

Ladies' Black Frieze Coates, sizes 32. 34, 36, 38, reefer coat front, four pearl buttons; cheap at $6.00, for $4 75. . . . .

Ladies' Fawn Beaver Cloth Coat, lined all through with real satin, prettily stitched and pearl buttons; cheap at $10.00, for $8.75. . . .

Ladies' Black Cape, Kersey Cloth, good full long cape, our special $3,75. . .

Ladies' Handsome Plaid Cape, red and black, blue and black, heliotrope and black, green and black—elegant warm garment—our special $5.00. .

An immense collection of Ready-to-wear Garments to choose from. . .

MILLINERY—New Felt Hats and New Trimming just received. . . . .

HOSIERY.

New Hose just received direct from the maker in England.

Plain Cashmere, real heavy, full fashioned, seamless, with grey heels and toes regular 50c value; our special 3 for $1.25. . . .

Buy these goods now because they are steadily on the advance.

Girls' fine one-one Ribbed Cashmere Hose, sizes 5 to 8½ inch, with double heels, high spliced ankles and eight fold knees, prices 25c to 50c according to size. . . . .

Robert Wright & Co.

BROCKVILLE.

LEWIS & PATTERSON

NEW JACKETS AND CAPES

All our new goods for this department are here now, and you are invited to see our assortment and pass judgment on the array.

Nearly all these Jackets are of German make, and the styles are correct.

We have, too, a number of pretty Capes, ranging in price from $4.75 to $20.00.

Come and see the goods—looking leads to buying.

New Ready-to-Wear Costumes

Jacket and Skirt in navy and green, jacket lined with silk, good heavy cloth, neat and natty, 13.50. You can't have them made for as little money, and the styles are very right. Come and see them.

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TELEPHONE 161.

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Rifles, Repeating Shotguns, Ammunition and Loaded Shotgun Shells. Winchester guns and ammunition are the standard of the world, but they do not cost any more than poorer makes. All reliable dealers sell Winchester goods.

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Choice Winter Flowering Bulbs.

Collection No. 1
FOR HOUSE CULTURE
35 Choice Bulbs, $1
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3 Hyacinth, different colors, named.
3 Hyacinths. Romans and miniatures.
6 Tulips, assorted colors.
2 Tulips, fine double varieties.
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2 Oxalis, yellow, very large.
1 Chinese Sacred Lily.
3 Crocus, mixed colors.

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FOR HOUSE CULTURE.
16 Bulbs for 50c
POSTPAID.

1 Chinese Sacred Lily.
2 Narcissus, orange phoenix,
2 Dutch Hyacinths, fine.
3 Freesias, white.
2 Tulips.
1 Tulips, La Reine.
4 Crocus, assorted.
1 Hyacinth, gigantea pink.

J. HAY & SONS — Florists
Brockville, Ont.

THE UNTOLD TALE.

When shall we meet again, sweetheart,
I ask as the years roll by,
Or if in the circlet of life apart
Our paths must forever lie?

I wandered alone in the dear old lane
Where we met in the long ago,
And my heart rebels with passionate pain
That love hath its ending so.

I long, how I long for the clasp of your hand,
For the light of your own bright smile,
For the hour when we shall together stand,
And fate may forget awhile!

I loved you then, but you guessed not the same,
And, my own, I would ask no more
But to meet again in the dear old lane,
As free as in days of yore.

So I want, sweetheart, but to take your hand,
When time shall the truth unfold,
And gather the threads in a lovelit land
Of the tale that was left untold.

—Exchange.

NOT ALL HEROES.

Engineers Who Stick to Their Engines Are Too Scared to Jump.

"Yes, I've been pretty badly scared several times since I began railroading 15 years ago," said an old freight conductor, "and don't really know which one was the worse, although of course I always thought the last was. We're all of us human, and if a man tells you he doesn't get scared railroading don't believe him. I've seen lots in the papers about heroic engineers who staid at their posts and sacrificed their lives trying to save others. When you show me one man that takes those chances for humanity's sake, as they say, I'll show you a hundred who staid just because they were too scared to jump or didn't have time.

"A man thinks mighty quick sometimes, but he doesn't always have time to think of anybody that's behind him. When a fellow's running across the country a mile a minute in pitch dark and all of a sudden a big headlight flashes in his face or a pair of red lights show up in front, he is mighty apt to forget what the papers will say about a hero at his post. If he can move at all, he shuts off, throws her over and plugs her with one hand, working the air brake just because it's second nature and he can't help himself. It's what they call mechanical, and a man will do it without really knowing what he's doing. Then he'll jump if he can.

"Talking about these heroes, I'm one of them myself. I've a big reputation up north as a man who'd stick to his post. It was when I first went to railroading. I'd been raised in my superintendent's family, and when I got old enough I went to firing on the Milwaukee. About three months after I'd got a regular run I was out on a freight over night. We'd had a rush, and I was pretty tired, and about 12 the head brakeman took the fire for awhile and I went to sleep. I was sitting on the front end of the seat, dead to the world, when a couple of red lights on the tail end of a caboose showed up. The freight ahead of us had broken in two, and we caught the hind end in a cut. The engineer shut off, but he didn't have time to throw her over and plug her, and he and the brakeman both jumped without even waking me up.

"We hit the caboose pretty hard, I tell you, but instead of breaking her up or ditching the pilot went under the car and raised it right up till it was half way up the boiler. The shock woke me up, but I was only half awake then. She was moving along slow yet, and when I saw the red lights on the caboose the first thing that struck me was that we were on a siding and that the engineer had got off, leaving the engine in forward motion and she had leaked or sprung her throttle and gone into another freight on the siding ahead of us.

"I jumped over to the engineer's side and threw her over and plugged her hard. It didn't take much to stop, and I stood there for a minute commenting profanely on the engineer's leaving her in forward motion, and yet if I had been wide enough awake to think of jumping you bet your life some other fellow would have been the hero, and I'd tried to beat the engineer and brakeman out of the cab window."

How Mexicans Roll Cigarettes.

"It requires a great deal of skill to roll a cigarette a la Mexicana," said a tobacco dealer, "and I've watched the natives do it many a time without being able to imitate the performance. The average Mexican, from peon to upper middle class, carries a handful of granulated tobacco wrapped up in a piece of rag or the corner of a handkerchief. When he wants to smoke, which is about every five minutes, he produces, let us say, a bit of husk, spreads a pinch of tobacco on it lengthwise and twists it into a cylinder by giving it a sort of sidelong slap against his thigh. How he imparts the necessary rolling motion I was never able to understand, and granulated tobacco is much more difficult to manipulate than the ordinary long cut.

"White paper for cigarette making is almost totally unknown once you cross the Rio Grande, and American tobacco houses doing a large business in the republic have found it necessary to substitute brown for their Mexican trade. The kind best liked is the common brown straw paper chiefly used in this country by butchers and grocers for wrapping up parcels. It has a slight flavor that soon becomes rather pleasant than otherwise."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

It Was Good Advice.

A wildly turbulent peasant was once a witness in a trial before Chief Baron O'Grady. The counsel, after pestering him for some time, put a question to him which reflected on the witness' character.

"If ye ax me that again I'll give ye a kick in the gob!" was the answer.

The counsel appealed to the court, stating that an answer was necessary to his client's case, ending up with the query, "What would your lordship advise me to do?"

"If you are resolved to repeat the question," replied the court, "I'd advise you to move a little from the witness."—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Envious One.

The envious person is the most miserable of all human beings. He nourishes vipers which sting and devour him, is the enemy of all and inflicts mortal wounds on charity, outrages nature, which produces only that which is good, and grace, which cannot act in concert or ally itself with any evil.

He Is Obliged To.

"That man always keeps his weather eye open," said Mr. Cumso to his wife.

"Who is he?"

"He is a forecaster for the signal service."—Detroit Free Press

THE MONSTER OCTOPUS.

Its Methods of Catching and Disposing of Its Food.

Never before has it fallen to my lot to see the terrible monster we encountered on the passage from San Francisco to Nanaimo in the bark Willscott of Honolulu.

We knew that the octupus grew to an immense size, as Banks and Solander, who accompanied Captain Cook in his first voyage around the world, found the dead carcass of one floating on the water to the westward of Cape Horn. It was supposed to be 20 by 30 feet, the body only. The tentacles were hanging under water. It was surrounded by myriads of birds, which were feeding greedily on its remains. Pliny also mentions a similar monster having eight arms 30 feet long and a corresponding girth, and many other writers too numerous to mention have certified to its actual existence. But I did not believe that anything similar to the terrible "devilfish" described by Victor Hugo was really in existence until I had ocular demonstration of the fact on this passage.

Its eyes were large, of a greenish tint and somewhat protruding. Its mouth, however, was not so very large, and it appeared to be shaped like a parrot's bill. Its tentacles were tapering and, like its body, of a grayish color, covered with spots. It appeared to possess the chameleonlike power of changing the color of these spots in a most extraordinary manner as fast as the eye could detect the changes. They varied from a very rich crimson to a dark, dull brown, these changes no doubt indicating the high state of excitement under which the creature was at the time.

Suddenly the octopus discharged a huge jet of a dark colored fluid full into the eyes of the sunfish, and then, rushing forward with the rapidity of an arrow, it encircled its prey with the long tentacles, and in another moment the victor and the vanquished had disappeared below the surface of the water.

In a few moments more we had sailed right over the scene and found the water was colored almost black for a space of fully 200 feet in diameter, and we noticed an odor slightly resembling iodine rising from the water. Our patent log line of snow white cotton, which was towing astern, was colored almost black, and it has not yet assumed its white freshness, although it has towed in the water fully 800 miles since the above episode.

About 20 minutes after we had passed over this spot we saw the huge creature again on the surface enjoying its meal in a very leisurely manner, rolling the body of the unfortunate sunfish over and over and biting off large mouthfuls with its cruel looking beak.

I knew before that these huge octopods and their relatives, the decapods, were not altogether mythical, as they have at the National museum in Washington a papier mache cast of one of the latter, which was found stranded on the north shore of Trinity bay, Newfoundland, on the 22d day of September, 1877. The total length of this specimen, including tentacles, was only 60 feet, so it is quite safe to infer that it had not become of age when it was wrecked.—San Francisco Call.

Two Queer Drugs.

Of the two queerest drugs in the world the one called "ezcal" is the one most to be avoided. It is a South American product and made by the tropical Indians there.

A grain of it will make you feel the need of violent exertion, and once you begin there is no stopping. You walk till you die. Moreover, you do not walk straight ahead, but in a little circle of two or three yards diameter. You tramp wildly and steadily on, seeing nothing and not suffering actual pain, but with all your nerves on fire and your brain spinning. You do not stop walking till you drop dead in your tracks. The extreme vitality is kept up till the last moment. Some of the Indians have a way of doing their captives with this drug, sitting around the victim while he walks.

The other drug is a European product called "vinard" and also acts on the brain. A common result of this drug when taken in any quantity is to cause an insane desire—in an educated man, at any rate—to do sums. It develops the arithmetical powers to a wonderful extent, though only for a short time. The victim's chief desire is to get hold of pencil and paper, and once this is done he scribbles figures, sometimes making attempts at adding them up, but never getting them right. Presently the figures become mere scrawls, and the usual result is death or insanity. It is well known to men of science and is used in some kinds of medicine by homeopathists.—St. Louis Republic.

Irish Smartness.

"Bad luck to them Afraydees," said a Dublin carman the other day when an officer handed him a shilling after driving from Richmond barracks to the Kildare Street club. "Why?" asked the officer. "Sure they've killed all the gentlemen that was in the army." The officer was so pleased with the veiled insult that he doubled the fare.

"Why are Irishman always laying bare the wrongs of their country?" asked some one in the house. "Because they want them redressed," thundered Major O'Gorman.

An Irish navvy on the Holyhead boat was complaining of his foreman. "He'd not stir a finger himself to lift a red herring off the gridiron, but he'd ask you to shift the rock o' Gibraltar."—"Macdonagh's Irish Life and Character."

Courtship In Boerland.

The other evening I witnessed among the natives the carrying off of a girl from a location. This carrying off is called by them ukutwala, and the girl, though not indisposed to accept the man, causes obstacles to be placed in his way. He eventually watches his opportunity, after first placing so many head of cattle in the kraal of the girl's father, and carries her off by main force. The heartrending cries of the bride as she is carried away are something pitiful, a cry that pierces the heart of a Christian, but is a cry of her own, which, being interpreted, means, "Don't take me, but I want to go, for I like it."—Johannesburg Standard.

His Part In It.

As a well known London clergyman was recently ascending the steps to his church an old lady requested his help. With his usual courtly grace he gave the old woman his arm. On reaching the top step she halted breathlessly and asked him who was to preach.

"The Rev. Mr. ——," he replied, giving his own name.

"Oh, dear," exclaimed the lady, "help me down again! I'd rather listen to the endless grinding of a windmill. Help me down again. I'll not go in."

The minister smiled and gently assisted her down, remarking as he parted with her, "I wouldn't go in either if I weren't the preacher."

Her Judgment Sustained.

In a divorce case where there was evidence that the wife called her husband "an old fool" the court says, "The record sustains the wife's judgment."

And on another point also her conclusion was affirmed. She told him she would have been foolish to have married a man of his age who had no money, and the court says, "Again we think her judgment was correct."—Case and Comment.

Earthquake Travels.

The course which an earthquake runs is usually very rapid. The rumbling earth sound travels at the rate of about 10,000 to 11,000 feet per second and the earth wave on an average about 1,200 feet in the same space of time.

WHAT SLIPPERS WILL DO.

Owners of Neatly Turned Ankles Warned to Beware of Them.

"I am afraid," said the girl, "that you'll have to set the buttons over a little."

"Yes," assented the clerk. "I believe I will. You've worn slippers a great deal, haven't you?"

"Certainly," she replied.

"I thought so," he said. "Slippers make such large, knotty ankles."

The girl blushed a little at the uncomplimentary allusion to that portion of her foot. "But everybody wants them," she argued.

"Yes, I know," he returned. "But nobody ought to. Slipper wearing, when indulged in to any great extent, spoils the shape of the foot. Slippers are worn for various reasons. Some women like them because they are comfortable, others because they imagine their feet look better in low, fancy shoes, and still others because they are convenient. The fact of the matter is slippers are not a bit more conducive to ease than high shoes, if the latter are selected judiciously. Indeed, they are less comfortable in the long run, for the woman who is addicted to slippers is bound to have swollen feet a good part of the time, and when she finds it necessary to wear high shoes the inconvenience greatly exceeds the pleasure she has previously derived from slippers. For that reason the beauty is purely imaginary, for there is nothing attractive in bulging, overgrown ankles.

"Convenience is the only good point that can be really urged in favor of slippers. The ankles need support, and if they don't get it they not only become deformed to a certain extent, but their strength is impaired."

"What about the people who go barefoot or wear sandals all the time?" interposed the purchaser with a smile of satisfaction which seemed to imply that she thought she had him there.

"In that case," said the clerk, "the whole foot grows and is strengthened proportionately. But even in sandals you will notice that the straps always fasten tightly around the ankles, thus affording them more support than any other part of the foot. I have had immeasurable wrath called down upon my head for preaching an iconoclastic doctrine that dispels the illusions of a lifetime, but I know my duty to my customers and human kind in general and persevere in the right course in spite of all censure. Here, madam, are the shoes with the buttons set over. I will be frank with you and tell you that your foot will not look so well as it would were your ankles the normal size. I think you have grasped the gist of my discourse, which is, 'Don't wear slippers except at odd moments when in perfect repose. Slippers are the natural enemy of pretty ankles.'"—Chicago Times-Herald.

WATCHES IN PAWNSHOPS.

Always the First Article to Be Pledged In Distress.

"Most people suppose," said a down town pawnbroker the other evening, "that when a man 'goes broke' the first thing he thinks of pawning is his dress suit, but that's not so. While there might be some that do this, they are few and far between. By long odds, the great majority of those in distress first 'put up' their watches. In a big city like this, with clocks on every hand, a watch is almost an unnecessary luxury on the street, and so this is the first article pawned. Watches are, so to speak, a drug in the pawnshop. We get so many of them that we often wonder where they come from.

"You might think that we never would have occasion to lend money on wedding rings, but you would be wrong, for we have several of them now. A woman must be in distress to pledge her wedding ring, and yet it is often done. We have engagement rings, too, but not so many in number as wedding rings. Sometimes men pawn engagement rings. We simply take that as a sign that they have broken an engagement, but when a woman comes to us with one of them, we know she needs the money.

"I've made quite a study of pawnshops," continued the broker, "and I find that in the majority of cases the dress of the person asking for a loan on some article has a great deal to do with the amount received. If the pawnbroker sees a well dressed person in front of him, he will naturally argue that he or she is a little short for the time being, but will return and take the article out of pledge in a few days. If, on the contrary, the person asking for a loan be poorly dressed, there is little chance that he or she will get a fair amount on it. In the latter case the pawnbroker usually offers only what he thinks the article will bring at private or public sale with the amount of his interest deducted."—Baltimore News.

The Tyrants.

He is a man by nature planned
To lead, to govern others,
To lord it and to give command
Unto his toiling brothers.

His brow is high, his jaw is square,
He holds a lofty station,
And when he gives his orders there
He brooks no hesitation.

Men tremble when they see him frown
Or when he criticises;
His "no" they never argue down
Nor doubt what he advises.

At home he crawls on hands and knees,
A shouting boy bestrides him,
And when he chances to displease
The tyrant cuffs and chides him.

—Chicago Times-Herald.

An Imprudent Remark.

"No," said the candid French citizen, "I must confess that I don't know a thing about the facts in the Dreyfus case."

"Don't speak it so loud!" exclaimed the cautious friend. "If they hear that, they'll be sure to have you up as a witness in the case."—Washington Star.

Clearly Outclassed.

"You must remember," said the proud Yankee girl, "that I am a Daughter of the Revolution."

"Pooh!" exclaimed the beautiful, dark eyed woman from Central America. "I am a daughter of six revolutions."—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Secret Dossier.

They looked at it and smelled of it
And turned it o'er and o'er.
They passed it round from hand to hand
And sized it up some more;
They tested it with acids rare,
They held it to the light,
They looked at one another, and
They sighed, "It seems all right."

They plugged the keyhole up with tow,
They pulled the shades all down,
They put their heads together tight
And gave the thing a frown;
Again they started it around,
And when it ceased its flight,
They let it lie before them, and
They hissed, "It seems all right."

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

It Seems So at This Distance.

"Perier and Mercier are calling each other liars," remarked the observant boarder.

"No doubt they are both right on that point," added the cross eyed boarder.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

AROUND THE WORLD.

That New York man who is turning into stone seems to be playing in hard luck.—Denver Post.

Guatemala now wants annexation to the United States. It might serve Uncle Sam for a watch charm.—Topeka Capital.

A Philadelphia man claims that he can manufacture ice at a cost of 40 cents a ton. This almost beats nature.—Cleveland Leader.

No "taffy," please. The up to date Samoan says, "Settle the dispute by talking as sweet to me as you like, but don't give Ma-taafa."—Hardware.

The polar expeditions, the relief expeditions and the expeditions for the relief of the relief expeditions keep the northern waters all churned up.—Minneapolis Times.

If we are not to have a slice of China, we may at least sell the invading Christian powers the locomotives they will need in their new territory.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Now that little Japan has been admitted into the senior class of civilization she must remember that dignity and self poise are traditional necessities of such a position.—St. Louis Republic.

When it comes to trying to put a book into a single word, the Germans certainly take first prize. They have called their new electric cabs "automobiletaxameterdroschken."—New York Herald.

The kissing bug was invented by a band of Washington correspondents to give them a sensation for the dull season. They even invented its alleged scientific name. Entomologists say such an insect does not exist.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

If the Pennsylvania professor who has discovered that asphalt can be made out of red herring would now turn the process end for end and show how red herrings can be made out of asphalt, the process would possess an enhanced commercial value.

CUSTOMS IN SIAM.

The favorite delicacy in Siam consists of putrid prawns saturated with very strong red pepper.

Siamese babies, dogs and cats are all dyed yellow by rubbing in a paste containing turmeric powder.

Until recently seashells and cocoanut shells were current coin of the realm in Siam, 880 of the former being change for one of the latter.

When a member of the royal family dies, honey and quicksilver are poured into the body, which is placed inside a copper urn and that inside a golden one.

Siamese school children are probably the best behaved in the world. Not merely corporal punishment, but even the need of hard words toward them, is unknown.

They have never taken kindly to kissing. When a sovereign dies, the whole people must shave their heads, while some go even further and shave their eyebrows also.

Every man, woman and child in Siam is a reckless gambler. One consequence is that pawnshops there are numerous. Some of the streets in Bangkok contain nothing else.

No Siamese will sleep with his head toward the west, except on a Monday. To do so would be, in his opinion, certain death, for dead bodies are always laid out in that position.

The Siamese have so strong a superstition against even numbers that they will have none of them. The number of the rooms in a house, of windows or doors in a room, even of rungs on a ladder, must always be odd.

LAST WORDS OF NOTED MEN.

I still live.—Daniel Webster.

Don't give up the ship.—Captain Lawrence.

Thomas Jefferson still survives.—John Adams.

I know that my Redeemer liveth.—Horace Greeley.

This is the Fourth day of July.—Thomas Jefferson.

This is the last of earth; I am content.—John Q. Adams.

I die hard, but I am not afraid to go.—George Washington.

Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit.—Christopher Columbus.

I regret only that I have but one life to give for my country.—Nathan Hale.

This is a sharp medicine, but a sound cure for all diseases.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees.—Stonewall Jackson.

Let me die in my old American uniform in which I fought my battles. God forgive me for having put on any other.—Benedict Arnold.

THE WRITERS.

Sardou's plays are written and rewritten until the original manuscript, illegible even to himself, can be deciphered only by his secretary.

Anthony Hope, though he considers a college education a great help to an author, does not regard it as a necessity, even to a writer of only average ability.

Lewis G. Gates, the critic, has received a year's leave of absence from Harvard, where he is assistant professor of English, and is living in England, where he is at work upon a book to appear next fall.

Dr. Samuel Smiles, the veteran author of "Self Help," says that he started life as a doctor in a small Scotch town, but as there were eight other medicos he gave it up and took to journalism. He afterward became secretary to a railway company, in which capacity he met the Stephensons. His first book was a life of George Stephenson.

TOWN TOPICS.

The endeavor to acclimate nymphs in Chicago has not been a success.—Rochester Democrat.

Policy gambling is going to be broken up in this town if it takes all summer and a part of next winter.—Philadelphia Press.

Chicago is out after both national conventions and it is altogether probable that Kansas City will have to content itself with the meeting of the Missouri State Editorial association.—Minneapolis Times.

It is said that the widows of Chicago policemen seldom marry again, but draw pensions all the rest of their lives. We are not surprised. After a Chicago policeman all other men must seem insignificant and common.—Boston Globe.

Taste For Literature.

"My dear," a moth once upon a time observed, "it seems to me our daughter devours a good many novels."

The moth's wife shrugged her shoulders deprecatingly.

"Better that than to care only for clothes," she replied.

This fable teaches that the taste for literature is almost always comparatively a good thing.—Indianapolis News.