The Jingle of the Bells.

Ah! the fleecy flakes are falling
Through the frosty winter night,
And December's winds are calling
Usio scene of rare delight!
There are roguish eyes that gisten,
As the snow of pleasure tells;
And the made a weethearts listen
For the jingle of the bells
For the jingle and the tingle
Of the marry winter bells.

In the Cupid hunnted valley,
Twirt the old hills lying low.
Where the summer weezs daily,
Falls the lover-berish of snow.
Old the slience of to-merrow
Will be broken in the delis!
And the heart will gladness borrow
From the jingle of the bells
From the tinkle, tinkle, tinkle
Of the perfect of the pells.

Jingle' jingle! in the starlight,
Tinkie! tinkie! in the dar's,
Gliding swiftly toward the far light
in toe windiw, but a spark!
There can be no joys completer
I han the oves toe snow foretells;
Ab! my darling, what is sweeter
Than a kiss behind tae bells—
As they jingle jingle, jingle
O'er the snow, the sleighing bells!

Life is but a dram of pleasure
That returns with every snow,
Winter fills to-day the measure
Emotied often long ar.
Neath the catter's turry covers
Many a beart with rapture swells,
And the merry laugh of lovers
Greets the laughter and the jingle
Of the ever-merry bells.

On the road and in the wildwood Nature dons a robe of white, And the happy laugh of childhood Will be heard to morrow night! Everywhere the bells will jiugie Neath the starry sentinels, And the lassle's check will tingle With the kiss the sound impulsion with a kiss that gently mingles With the laughter of the bells! On the road and in the wildwood

Oh, the bells my heart ramembers,
With their music soft and low!
Ch, the sleigh bells of Decembers
Buried in the long ago!
I remember eyes that glistened
When the snow was in the dells;
I remember ears that listened
For the jingle of the bells—
F r the jingle, jingle, jingle
Of the rich December bells.

Fun on the Divide.

DANCING WITH HEALTHY GIRLS WHO WERE BROUGHT UP ON MOUNTAIN AIR. From the San Francisco Call.

morning a man rode up and said then was to be a dance that night at a public house on the divide, and that we were wanted. Accordingly about 7 o'clock we blacked our boots, brushed our hair, left ten on guard, and started on horseback. Bill was mounted on the old veteran who turned the windless at the shaft. We were minuse the windlass at the shaft. We were minus kid gloves, swallow-tails, or white cravats, but ready for a lark. The dining-room of a small tavern on top of Table Mountain was the ball room. The girls proved to be splendid specimens of physical development. They had grown up in the mountain air. The belle of the occasion was dressed in the American flag. She had taken the prize at the games in Sonora for bareback riding on the previous Fourth of July, and danced with all her might. Two fiddlers furnished the music. As in the case of the more popular parties in town, the supper room was open all the evening. This was a shed across the way, lighted by candles which were mounted on a pedestal of their own grease. The refreshments consisted of crackers.

The shear of the low is the supper room was open all the evening. This was a shed across the way, lighted by candles which were controlled by the disastrous effects of the low, hot, malarious climate.

This roll is the bane of our modern civilization. the windlass at the shaft. We were minus open all the evening. This was a shed across the way, lighted by candles which were mounted on a pedestal of their own grease. The refreshments consisted of crackers, ese, sandwiches, cigars, and five kegs of r on tap. This "layout," as they styled

it, was free to all comers.

Primitive as the affair was, it was in every way decorous, and everybody had a good time. Coming from the city, the writer was enabled to dance with the belles several times. This unusual privilege was extend-ed, no doubt, for the sake of its reflex inof partiality for her partner in the dance. In New Mexico they say it is sure death to dance more than once with the belle of the evening. Fortunately, they were less blood-thirsty in the region around Table Moun-

The Latest Thing in Swells.

From the Washington Star. The dude is dead, and with him has de parted from the manners of the sown the era of vacuous and owlish gravity. He was a surly, sullen, and inert protest against loudness and display; but he's dead and out of fashion, and men are hurrying to exploit the very things he most abhorred. Now the ing swell, with a dash of the old-time fop, is in vogue. By day he wears showily embroidered silk and satin waistcoats, white over-gaiters, brilliant hued scarfs, gaudy gloves, horsey shirts, flowing trousers, and clothes of many shades. At night his shirt front is figured and frilled; he sports gold buttons on his waistcoat, satin stripes on the strikers are raising old Nick. I am in his trousers, and adds a dash of color to it favor of putting down such lawlessness. all by thrusting a bright crimson, yellow, or blue handkerchief into his breast. Nor year or more ago. He bobs along at a lively gait, and grins hilarious greetings to his
friends. He's cheap and onerous at times,
and hence men feel for him momentary
spasms of dislike; but he's better than the
dude, for after looking at the dude man was
apt to hate himself.

citizen. I have told the strikers that even
though my election depends upon them I
must denounce their actions."

Cap talist—You shall not lose anything
by your fearlessness.

Candidate—Oh, I had not thought of that.
I do not stop, during a crisis of this kind, to
consider gain or loss. I am a law and order has he the manners of the solemn are of a

Hygiene for Singers.

become red in the face at fortepassages cannot stand operatic work very long, as this is nothing else but an unnecessary muscular exertion counteracting the free development of force, and blurring and thickening the tones. The throat should not be expanded. It must be kept loose, in order that the vocal bands can resound without pressure; which pressure simply hinders the circula-tion of the blood, thus injuring general health and causing red face and red throat, ollowed by exhaustion. Brutal muscular exertion can never produce the power as well as the refined tone required by the true artist. Fortissimo and pianissimo should be made in the same manner, by sending more or less air through the vocal bands. The throat is but the tube in which these cords resound; the air from the lungs, touching them, brings forth tones or sounds like the Eolian harp. Who that has been in a storm at sea can forget the wailing Who that has been the ship's rigging? A rope is mute in the hand; but at a ship's mast the wind develops vibrations, and the storm gives it a voice."

W. S. Barkwell always gives special in ducements to purchasers of Xmas goods. Buy from him.

you enjoy a good eigar and are willing to satisfied with anythin ers you but ask for he you get it. Although do for fifteen cents, the

BILL NYE ON HOTEL ROLLS.

Guests at remote American hotels, con-Guests at remote American hotels, conducted on the You're-a-payin' plan, have no doubt not ced, after a few weeks at the house, a heavy feeling in the pit of the stomach. At first this is mistaken for mental gloom, but this is an erroneous diagnosis. It is gastric gfoom. It is induced by the great hand-to-hand conflict between the bomb-proof biscuit of the hotel and eternal justice.

Eleval untice comes out on ton perhaps.

Eternal ustice comes out on top, perhaps, but she is in poor shape to tackle the next one. These wads of gun cotton, plaster paris and alum are met with at the hotel where the crape is never taken off the door. Death and baking powder biscuits are synonymous terms. The old-fashioned poet used to pic-ture death in the act of mowing down his millions with a scythe and a wappy-jawed snath, but now the bard could not be more vigorous in his language than to say:

Death shied a hotel biscuit at him, And he slept! And he stept:

These macadamized rolls are made now with a flap on the top, I notice, similar to the flap on an old-fashioned pocketbook. The hunting-case biscuit is found to be superior to the old style, which could be

opened with a nail. The present hotel roll— that is, the one we have in our mind—is made of condemned flour that has been re-fused on the Indian reservations and turned over to the war department. This flour, with amalgam filling and fireproof works, makes a roll that will resist the action of acids or the grand jury.



THE BISCUIT FOUNDRY.

A hotel man's life is not wholly destitute of joy and sunlight, after all. Hotel rolls, when properly fired, make a fine appearance

This roll is the bane of our modern civiliza

tion. It is carrying thousands down to the disagreeable realms of death. It is attractive

Henry), and run it and make money, but have a home that you can go to for your meals. Do not eat your own biscuit." I saw a negro a week ago, in a Chicago I saw a negro a week ago, in a Chicago museum, eating lamp chimneys and glass paper weights. His health seemed pretty fair, and I asked him how he preserved his longevity. He said he did it by drawing the line at baking powder rolls.—Bill Nye in Boston Globe.

A Way Candidates Have. Arkansaw candidate (to Knight of Labor)

The strikers are right. They have arisen o maintain a great principle, and I earnestly hope that they will succeed. I am with them, openly and above board. K. of L.—I am glad you are with us and I

don't think you will lose anything by it.
Candidate—Oh, I'm not thinking of any
gain or loss. It is a matter of principle with

The candidate, a few moments afterwards, meeting a capitalist, says: "Well, I see that Those fellows seem to think that the possession of money deprives a man of all his rights as a citizen. I have told the strikers that even though my election depends upon them I must denounce their actions."

consider gain or loss. I am a law and order man, myself.

Capitalist—I am glad to know it, but if I were you I would not be too free in the ex-Mme. L. Cappiani gives some hints in The Voice for lady singers which are valuable. She says: "Singing should be done without any exertion in the throat, even in the greatest dramatic climax.

Those singers who swell the throat and Decome rad in the face at forther passages can become rad in the face at forther passages can.

Useful Hints. When a sitting hen is too indisposed to stay on the nest continuously, let her rest alternate days and tie the rooster on the nest while she's resting.

The soot can be thoroughly swept out of a chimney by dropping a goose in it at the top. The goose, in vainly striving to fly up-ward, thoroughly cleans the chimney with its wings.

By immersing the entire body in soft tar before taking a bee-tree, you can render himself invulnerable to the assaults of the You can smoke a rabbit out of a hollow by

noking a cigarette close enough to let the The scent of whisky on the breath can be ubdued by a cearing asafcetida on the oustache. If you make a habit of keeping live mice in your pockets, your loose change will be comparatively safe from your enterprising

into the theatre it will be very serviceable when the stage is barricaded from view by a

Freckles can be removed from the face with sandpaper.—Life.

The best way to clean a chrone, Ethel, is to lay it to soak in turpentine over night, and then hang it before an open fire to dry. Hang it close, Ethel, hang it close. Push one corner under the grate a couple of inches.— Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

THE VISITING DOG.

A Warning Against the Macadamized Bis-euit of Modern Civilization.

Annual We Have Known and Not

Appreciated.

The most interesting and least appreciated of dogs is the dog that visits. He is usually a liver-colored animal, two hands high and about twenty-six inches long, with a pink spot on his nose. His ears droop and his tail almost drags on the ground, and his whole make-up is admirably suited to the requirements of his occupation. He appears to have been gotten up expressly for visiting purposes. He is not like other dogs. He is a sort of special dog, as it were, being an odd sort of special dog, as it were, being an odd pattern throughout, and if any part of him should break it would be impossible to re-

place it.

The dog has no calling list. He never makes calls. He has neither the time nor inclination to practice cold formalities. As an illustration of the manner in which he goes visiting we may refer to the experience which a Caledonia avenue man had with him last week. The dog went and sat down on the man's front stoop about the middle of the afternoon. He did not know anybody in that family, but he wanted to get acquainted. The lady of the house opened the door and told him to go away, but he only door and told him to go away, but he only wagged his tail, as much as to say: "We will get on nicely together when we come to an understanding."

The man of the house came home at 6

clock and kicked the dog into the middle of the street. After supper he went out and tried to repeat the operation, but only suc-ceeded in kicking thin air until his leg was lame. The visiting canine was just out or range every time.

The dog then ran around on the back doorsteps, and wagged his tail in the most pleas-ant and good-natured manner. He had come visiting.

Then the man discharged the servant on suspicion of having fed the dog, and told his wife that he was going to get the brute to follow him to a remote part of the city and then lose him. The animal followed, and when the gentleman had walked about two miles he contrived to cut lose from that liver-colored visitor and took a street care liver-colored visitor and took a street car for home. When he opened the front gate the visiting dog came down from the stoop and wagged his tail and looked happy and contented. He visited there continuously for several days, and then gathered himself up and went away to make some other family miserable.—Rochester Herald.

Likely to Become Dangerous. There were three of us walking over the battlefield of Chickamauga, when we met a colored man in the woods with an old army musket on his shoulder. When a sked what game he was after he replied: "Tze lookin' fur a pusson named Joe Peas ly, an' when I sot eyes on him he's gwine to

"What's Joe been doing?"

"He stole my wife away. Fze been layin' fur him dese las' sixteen y'ars."
"You have been a long time getting mad about it. "Dat's a fack; but I'ze mad now." He dropped behind, and pretty soon we en-

countered a second colored man. He also had a musket on his shoulder and a tragic look on his face. ook on his tace.
"After squirrels?" was asked as he halted.
"No, sah! I rze arter a pusson named Sam
Benham, an' when I sot eyes on him he kin

say far'well to dis world!" ay far'well to dis world!"
"What's Sam been doing?"
"He says I run'd off wid his wife, sah. I'ze

have kept this thing up every day for the last six months, and the first thing they know they'll hurt each other."-Detroit Free Press.

Heading Him Off. "Mr. Featherly," said Robby at the ding

table, "what's an average?" "An average?"
"Yes. Pa says you come to see sister twice week on an average." Featherly was very much amused. After

explaining to Bobby the meaning of the word, "I suppose you thought it was some kind of

a carriage, Bobby?"

"I thought perhaps it might be a bicycle, but I knew it couldn't be a carriage, because ma says you're too mean to hire—"

"Bobby," interrupted his mother, "will you have another piece of "pie?"-New York Sun. A Minnesota Sky Scraper.

It is announced from Minneapolis that a hotel is to be built in that town which is to have the dining room in the tenth story, the kitchen in the eleventh, and the laundry and servants' quarters in the twelfth. There is such abundance of room in Minnesota that it is surprising that anybody there should want to run a building up to such a height. If the scheme is not the result of jealousy concerning some shot-tower in St. Paul, one can only think that the owner contemplates turning the structure into a grain elevator in case it not successful as a hotel-Harpers



Miss Caroline-Isn't it strange m to be getting more bashful every year? -Fliegende Blaetter.

Very, Very Inexperienced. "What kept you out so late last night, Harry?" asked a thoughtful young wife of "That confounded night-latch, darling. uldn't find the keyhole," he responded with

"Oh, you poor dear!" she said, inn It is needless to remark here that she was very young and inexperienced wife indeed.

-Washington Critic,

A Spirit in Limbo Materializing Medium-This is the spirit of Harry Hardup. Does any one recognize

Voice—Acts, yan.
Medium—He does not seem to know you.
Voice—Sufferin Isaacs, nein. He vas
cwing to me \$10.79. Holt 'im vhile I put hment dose angel vings of his on.

TIRED OF RAILROADING.

A Darkey Who Came Near Being a Con-A Darkey Who Came Near Being a Con-ductor Through the Strike.

Old Brockly is disgusted. Having spent the most of his life on a plantation, but hav-ing grown tired of a life so slow and un-

eventful, he came to town several days ago and declared his intention of engaging in some kind of active business. "Brockly, have you found work yet?" asked the secretary of state, upon meeting the old man.

"Doan talk ter me, Mars' Lias. All I wants now is ter git outen dis blamed town, fur I'se sick o' de place." "Haven't the people treated you courtesy?" with



"I wants ter git outen dis blamed town." "Da mout o' treated me wid courtesy, sah, but da hit me wid er brick, an' chunked me, an' punched me wid er rail, an' cussed me an' hurt mer feelin's."

"How did it happen?"
"Wall, sah, I'll tell yer. Shortly arter I got heah, er white man come ter me an' said dat he wanted me ter he'p run er freight train. Said dat nearly all his men had dun went er fishin', an' wouldn' be back fur sev-eral days. Tole me dat ef I would come on an' he'p load freight dat he would put me in charge o' er train in er few days. I thought he was de fines' man I eber seed, an' I didn' see why he kep' on er runnin' arter me, when dar wuz so many idle niggers in de town, but den I thought dat he was sharp ernuff ter see all my good p'ints, so I says, says I:

"'Oh, yas, pay yer well all de time. I likes it did. yer looks, ole man, an' I thinks dat arter while you'll make a fust-rate conductor o' er passenger train.'
"'Dar ain't no trouble on yer road, is dar?"

"'Dar ain't no trouble on yer road, is dar!"

"He laugh an' swore dat his road neber had no trouble. Said dat he wanted me 'ca'se he knowd I wuz er smart man. Yer dean know how good it did make me feel, an', thinks I, 'farewell ter de cotton feel, fur I'se gwine ter wuck in de shade frum dis time on. Let de young niggers han'le de mules, fur I'se gwine ter be er big man o' er railroad, an' make dem young niggers take off dar hats ter me when I goes down in de country on er visit.'

Wall, I went down ter de depot wid de white dem young niggers take off dar hats ter me when I goes down in de country on er visit.' Wall, I went down ter de depot wid de white man. I seed er lot er white men an' niggers standin' roun', an' I wondered why da wan't at work makin' money, but when I axed de white man he said da wuz vich jokers dat had made money in de nigger minstrel business; because dat da wouldn' work, but dat da made fun o' eberybody what did. He tion. It is carrying thousands down to the disagreeable realms of death. It is attractive in appearance, and when it beams upon us with its siren smile we are too apt to yield. But let us beware. No man should put a hotel biscuit in his mouth to steal away his brain.

If I had a son who wanted to become a hotel man, and eat these death balls, I would sake of its reflex in spectator who lived ather than as a mark there was mark after than as a mark there was mark after than as a mark after than as a mark the selection of the dawn and run it and make money, but when it beams upon us with its siren smile we are too apt to yield. Well, the curtain went up and the play bewine man he said da wuz rich jokers dat had white man he said da wuz rich jokers dat had white man he said da wuz rich jokers dat had with minutes later that two old muskets began to pop. The fusilade was kept up for a quarter of an hour, and truck the highway we saw extend-sake of its reflex in spectator who lived ather than as a mark then there was deep silence. When we circled around and struck the highway we saw one man legging it up the road and the other down, while a white man nodded to us from his seat on a log and said:

"He says I run'd off wid his wife, sah. I'ze in huntin' him for ober fifteen y'ars."

We passed along, and about ten minutes later the two old muskets began to pop. The fusilade was kept up for a quarter of an hour, and then there was deep silence. When we circled around and struck the highway we saw one man legging it up the road and the other down, while a white man nodded to us from his seat on a log and said:

"He says I run'd off wid his wife, sah. I'ze in huntin' him for ober fifteen y'ars."

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"Go on erway frum heah an' let dat stuff

erlone.'
"'G'way yerse'f,' says I, 'an' let me erlon Is gwine ter put dis staff on de kyar.' He went erway, but putty soon heah he come ergin, wid er whole passul o' de rich minstrels wid him. Da tole me dat ef I didn' go erway da'd make me feel sorry, but I laughed at 'em an' snatched holt o' er bar'l. Jes 'bout dat time, bif, er brick tuck me in de head. I fell like er steer, an' de fust thing I knowed some feller wuy er punchin; me arid as weil some feller wuz er punchin' me wid er rail. Er nudder feller tuck up er piecer plank, an' thought dat he wuz gwine ter w'ar me I thought dat he wuz gwine ter w'ar me bodaciously out. Da kep' er axin' me ef I'd quit work, an' ez soon ez I could talk I tole 'em dat nuthin would gin me mo' 'joyment. When I got up I looked roun' fur de white man whut had sot me ter work, but he wa'n't nowhar ter be found. Putty soon I l'arned dat de whole fo'ce o' de road wuz on er strike. Dis made me oren ce o' reserve. dat de whole fo'ce o' de road wuz on er strike. Dis made me open one o' mer eyes—I couldn't open de udder one—an' I geddered up mer ole hat an' got erway frum dat place. Oh, yes, da treated me wid er whole lot o' courtesy, but I doan want no mo'."
"Going back to the plantation, I suppose;"
"Yes, sah, ef de Lawd 'ul let me. I'se mighty tired uv bein'a railroad man. De binne; or little too libely fur er man o' my

biznez is er little too libely fur er man o' my biznez is er little too libely fur er man o' my age. When I wuz er young man I didn' mine being chunked er little, but now I doan like it. Look at dis knot on mer head. Big ez er do' knob, ain't it. Yas, I fin's cotton safter den er brickbat. Now, lendme hab er quarter an' I'se done wid yer. Thankee, sah. Good day."—Arkansaw Traveler.

A lady entered a Broadway car holding in her arms a rather bony terrier. She sat down by the side of a good-natured looking Irishman, toward whom the dog began to struggle. The man edged away as far as he could, when the lady to assure him said weetly:

"Don't be afraid, sir. He's very gentle e'll not hurt you." "I know it, ma'am, shure I know it," re plied he; "the raison I moved, ma'am, was because I thought he might hurt a sandwich which I have in me pocket."

The other passengers laughed, but the lady poutingly seemed to feel that the prominent rites of her pet had been satirized.—N. Y. Echoes of the Morgan Sale.

"Isn't that a peachblow vase?" "Buy it at the Morgan sale?" "No; got it at Macy's bargain counter fo

forty-nine cents." "That is a new picture, is it not, Mis "Yes, oh, yes, indeed. It came from the Morgan sale.

"Who is the artist?" "Well, Well, I quite forget his name."
"What subject does it represent?"
"The sure I don't know, but it cost pasto,000. Isn't it a masterpiece?"
"It is, indeed."—New York Town Topics."

Worse Than Riding a Rail. After an old Bostonian had been out for a orseback ride, he was asked how he enjoyed his horse, and responded: "Well, if I decide to go out riding again, and can get no other horse than that one, I'll just pay a boy \$2 to kick me for an hour and stay at home." It was evident that riding on horseback had not agreed with his anatomy.-New York Trib-

PLAYING IN AN ILLINOIS VILLAGE. An Experience that Recalls Old Barn

Storming Days.

A Chicago manager who had just returne from a trip on the road with a comedy com-pany tells us his experience in a small Illinois town where he made a date by mail merely to fill in the unoccupied time between the larger cities. The town had been elaborately billed, and seats had been on sale for a week, yet when the company arrived not one ticket had been disposed of.

"How do you account for this?" asked the manager of the merchant at whose store the

plan of the house was spread. plan of the house was spread.

"Why;" was the reply, "you charge fifty cents. Our people never go as stiff as that." cents. Our people never go as stiff as that."

When the manager went to look at the hall he found a room capable of scating perhaps 200 persons. It was heated by two large stoves at the reur and ventilated by several broken windows. The scenery which the company carried was made low for emergencies, but still it was just twice too high. The ceiling was eight feet above the stage and the scenery was sixteen feet high, and there was scenery was sixteen feet high, and there was

a pillar square in the center of the stage.

"How about music?" asked the manager.

"What music?" asked the proprietor.

"Whay, our piece is full of singing. We have to have an orchestra. Our contract calls for an orchestra." "Does it?" said the proprietor, very much as if he wasn't just sure what an orchestra

"Is there an orchestra in town?" asked tho manager. ess not. Never heard o' one here."

"Well, you must get a piano, then."
"Pianner! There ain't one in town."
That settled the music question, so the manager turned his mind on the vexing question of putting a quart of scenery into a pint measure of stage space, and finally ended by concluding to play without scenery. When the night came the manager entered the hall and found a dozen boys and men

standing around one of the stoves. "Well," said the manager, "it's 7:30; we'll open the doors now;" and he passed among the men and boys to take up their money.
"I'm the fireman," said the first; "I'tend

the stoves." "I roll up the curtain," said another, and so on-some were ushers, some had peddle bills, some carried water for the actors. "What do you do?" said the wearied mana-ger to a stalwart looking chap sitting behind

"Me?" "Yes, you." "I ain't right in my head," was the answer "Gwine ter pay me well, is yer?"

"Oh, yas, gin yer good pay.'

"An er study job arter de uder fellers comes back frum er fishin?"

"Oh, yas, pay yer well all de time."

"I an't right in my head," was the answer.

"No," put in several of the bystanders;

"that's so, he ain't; he ain't got no sense,"

and they seemed to think that ought to settle all dispute about his right in the hall. And

At 8 o'clock not a soul had come to the door. About ten minutes later a man came up, showed a tin star on his breast, said he was the marshal and walked in. In five minutes more five men, five women and a

was composed of fastidious ladies and gentle-men, who were costing me in the neighbor-hood of \$1,000 a week."



"Stop yer play a minute." So the play was stopped, and the yo man was rubbed and rolled and water das in his face. When he came to the play went on, but it had not gone far when he toppled over in another fit. This time the leading lady left the stage and declared she would not go on again. Others of the company followed her lead and began to put on their street clothing. The manager announced that under the circumstances he could not go on with the play, but would be back in that part of the country sometime and give them the rest of the performance. Much to his surprise the audience accepted this pledge and filed out without making any demand for the money that had been paid. "Talk about your old days of barn storm-

ing," says the manager, "but they can't hold a candle to the present right here in Illinois." -Chicago News.

A barber who had been called in to shave a gentleman who had just died, said, as he began operations:

"Do de razor hurt yo', sah?" Then he tried to sell his customer a bottle of "Hair Elixir," and as he removed the towel at the finish shouted "Next!" and he didn't mean anything wrong, either. Simply force of habit. Dynamite wouldn't get some men out of a

UPHOLDING THE LAW. Excited Citizen-Here, I want a pistol to shoot myself with. Mr. Isaacstein (insinuatingly)-My frent, you vant vun of dem peautiful silver-blated rewolwers mit dat ivory handle und gold mountings vich I sell at cost brice—\$22—so

Excited Citizen—No, no; I've got only \$1. Gimme a pistol for \$1, quick.

Mr. Isaacstein (indignantly)—My frent, ven you dalk aboud killing yourselluf, dat vas against the law, und I have you arrested.—Harper's Bazar.

Evil Association Corrupts, Etc. The superintendent of the Arkansaw entiary, upon meeting old Foster, who had served a term in prison, asked:

"What are you doing now?"
"Preachin', sah." "Preachin', sah."

"What, preaching when you have just come out of the penitentiary?"

"Oh, yes, sah, fur dat doan make no diffunce. Dat's de time fur er man ter preach, case den er nigger by bein' shet up wid so many white men knows whut sins dar is in de worl. Ef yer wants ter 'gust er nigger, boss, pen him up wid white men."—Arkansaw Traveler.

How to Cure Fear.

Fear is a bad habit often formed in childhood and continues in a chronic form dur-ing life. It is to be cured only or mainly

by its opposite, courage,
M. Richet relates how he had occasion to M Richet relates how he had occasion to pass frequently through a forest at night. He entered it boldly; but after a few steps the feeling of fear came on, and he felt highly relieved when he saw the clear sky gain. Each night he was able to keep up his bold step for a longer and longer distance, until finally the fear was almost overcome. Habit is the only method of remove. Habit is the only method of removing fear. Workmen in powder mills know they are in constant danger, but have no fear. To educate s child to be brave, the habit of not fearing darkness and solitude, and so on, must be taught by its parents and guardians. Most of our nurses make cowards of our children, and it would be about as well for them to grow up without this appendage to their lives.

Tootsy-Wootsy.

Up to the time a child can talk and say Up to the time a child can talk and say funny things, says the San Francisco Chronicle, she—it is generally particularly so with temale children—she is her mother's pet. Then she is taken possession of by her male parent. A little while after she is born the new-made parent likes the novelty of danding her, but that does not last long. Then for a while she is a nuisance to the father, but when she begins to get 'cute' and cunbut when she begins to get 'cute' and cun-ning, when her mother has with infinite care and affection developed her infantile brain, the father steps in and begins to mo-nopolize the credit. It isn't fair. But the mother always lets him. Since this column admitted clever children, fond parents come to me and tell me of their precocious pro-geny. It's an excellent thing, especially in mothers, but I notice that when a lady tells me a story of her baby she says "our baby." But when a father talks he always begins about "my little girl," and generally says,
"I have a little daughter." I never met a
child yet whose best ideas were not derived from the mother. I have heard of children who had been petted by their fathers, but they generally talked slang, which their fathers thought awfully bright.

Telepathic Handkerchiefs.

A graceless mountebank in this city for a A graceless mountebank in this city for a while, three years ago, got not a few shekels by the sale of "vitalized handkerchiefs," which he, in pretended partnership with Christ, had made potent to cure disease. Prof. Wheeler, of Alleghany College, showed in the N. Y. Tribune that "blasphemy was a parasitic appendage to healing" by handkerchiefs, and said he had seen Prof. Thwing do the same thing without money. handkerchiefs, and said he had seen Prot. Thwing do the same thing without money, simply as a scientific experimenter. A postal card had answered the same purpose where he saw the patient had faith (in him) to be healed. Dr. T. informs us that he received a letter from England November 9, which illustrates the fact that distance is no hard to the region killing parary where the which illustrates the fact that distance is no bar to this pain-killing power, where the sufferer has faith in the physician. A lady whose insomnia was cured by him last sum-mer by hypnotism, suffered from occasional acute headaches. Dr. Thwing sent her a acute headaches. Dr. Thwing sent her a handkerchief in October, and assured her that if she placed it on her aching head, "in full assurance of faith," that the pain would cease. She soon had a chance to try the cure, for she had a first class "awful" headache. "Suddenly I thought of the hand-kerchief and did as you told me. It took it right away. What a relief it was no one can possibly tell." That's telepathy. Tele-pathy 3,000 miles long. A scientific journal records the statement that a person was records by hypnoticed at a distance when he received through the telephone the spoken word, "sleep." It adds that this is "a tall story," as though there were the slightest difficulty in the experiment. The handerchief cure is just as commonplace. The one factor is simple expectation. 'According to your faith be it unto you." "As a man thinketh so is he.

How I Cured My Cold Feet.

Cold feet are, with a large number of perons, all the year round, and more particu larly during the winter months, a source of constant discomfort and depression. Many women and children never know the satiswomen and contaren never allow the southern faction of being warm. All this is contrary to what was intended by nature. A good circulation of the blood tends to produce

individual happiness and comfort.

No one need suffer from cold feet, which are symptomatic of mal-distribution of the blood. It is part of the duty of the healthy nervous system to regulate the balance of the circulation, and, under the vicissitudes of every-day life, to ensure to every part a sufficient supply of blood. Whenever there is liability to derangement of the circulation, producing local congestion or depletion, it is evident the nervous tone is lowered. Such a state opens the way for a variety of

diseases.
Sedentary occupation, eating indigestible food, congested liver, disordered digestion, tight lacing or tight boots are all apt to cause cold feet, unless the constitutional powers are very strong. The nervous tone will be raised, and so equalize the circulation, by bracing treatment, as the morning tepid or cold bath, and short sitz each day tepid or cold bath, and short sitz each day at a corresponding temperature. The weak digestion will be improved by foments, and congestion will also be removed by their use and an occasional hot-air bath. Treatment directed specifically to the feet will be mainly cold mustard foot-bath for five minutes; if the feet are cold to begin with, warm numered foot hash 10.28 for the same warm mustard foot-bath 102 of for the same time, followed at once by cold-foot bath, time, followed at once by cold-foot bath, each finished by vigorous friction. Should the feet be persistently cold at bedtime, a pair of cotton stockings well wrung out of water, covered with a pair of warm woollen ones, may be relied upon to restore warmth and comfort.—ONE WHO HAS TRIED It.—Hydropathic News.

Mrs. Greene-Timothy, what have you Mrs. Greene—Rimothy, what have you done with the letter that was lying on the bureau? Timothy—I put it into the letterbox, ma'am. Mrs. G.—Oh, provoking! Didn't you see there was no address on the envelope? Timothy—Yes, ma'am; but I thought you didn't want nobody to know who you was writin' to. who you was writin' to.

"What wonderful power of adaptability women possess!' cries a sage writer. This refers to the girl who adores ice-cream and at the same time is passionately fond of fried

W. S. Barkwell is allowing a special discount of 20~% on hair brushes this week. All our readers should buy at his drug store.

Jices of a fine cigar need not have me slightly hesitation in smoking the Egipland Lassie—garanteed to be the slightly cent cigar in the market. It is manufactured of the finest flavane, long-filler tobacco. The makers, H. CKAY & Co., are prepared to place it against any five cent cigar in the sade; in fact, claim that it is superior to be majority of ten centragars manufactured.