#### Dooley on Country Life.

WANST spint a night in th' counthry, Hinnissy. 'Twas 'Twas near th' river. 'Twas called a villa to distinguish it fr'm a 'twud be big enough fr th' hens, an' if 'twas a little smaller, 'twud be small enough fr a dog. It looked as if 'twas made with a scroll saw, but Hogan mannyfacthered it himsilf out iv a demannyfacthered it himsilf out iv a de-sign in th' pa-aper. 'How to make a counthry home on wan thousan' dol-lars. Puzzle: find th' money.' Hogan kidnapped me wan afthernoon an' took me out there in time to go to bed. He boosted me up a laddher into me bed-room addian' th' roof. 'I hone' save I room adjinin' th' roof. 'I hope,' says I, 'I'm not discommodin' th' pigeons,' I says. 'There ain't anny pigeons here,' says he. 'What's that?' says I. 'That's a mosquito, says he. 'I thought ye didn't have anny here, says I. "Tis th' first wan I've seen, says he, whackin' himsilf on th' back iv th' neck. 'I got ye that time, assassin, he says, hurl-in th' remains to th' ground. They on'y come,' he says, 'afther a heavy rain or a heavy dhry spell,' he says, 'or whin they's a little rain,' he says, 'followed be some dhryness, he says. 'Ye mustn't mind thim, he says. 'A mosquito on'y lives f'r a day, he says. "Tis a short life an' a merry wan, says I. 'Do they die iv indigisthion?" I says. So he fell down through th'

'Well, I said me prayers an' got into bed an' lay there, thinkin' iv me past life, an' wondherin' if th' house was on Twas warrum, Hinnissy. I'll not deny it. Th' roof was near enough to me that I cud smell th' shingles, an' th' sun had been rollin' on it all day long, an' though it had gone away, it'd left a ray or two to keep th' place. But I'm a survivor iv th' gr-reat fire, an' I often go down to th' rollin'-mills, an' besides, mind ye, I'm iv that turn iv mind that whin 'tis hot I say 'tis hot, an' lave it go at that. So I whispers to mesilf, 'I'll dhrop off,' I says, 'into a peaceful slumber,' I says, 'like th' healthy plough-boy that I am, says I. An' I counted as far as I knew how, an' conducted a flock iv sheep in a steeplechase, an' I'd just begun f'r to wondher how th' las' thing I thought ly came into me head, whin a dog started to howl in th' yard. They was a frind iv this dog in th' nex' house that answered him, an' they had a long chat. Some other dogs butted in to be compananyable. I heerd Hogan rollin' in bed, an' thin I heard him goin' out to get a dhrink iv wather. He thripped over a chair befure he lighte? a match to look at th' clock. seemed like an hour befure he got back to bed. Be this time th' dogs was tired, an' I was thinkin' I'd take a nap, whin a bunch iv crickets under 'me windows begun f'r to discoorse. I've heerd iv th' crickets on th' hearth, Hinnissy, an' I used to think they were all th' money, but anny time they get on me hearth I buy me a pound iv in-sect powdher. I'd rather have a planola on th' hearth anny day, an' Gawd save me fr'm that! An' so 'twas dogs an' mosquitoes, an' crickets an' mosquitoes, an' a screech-owl an' mosquitoes, an' a whippoorwill an' mos-quitoes, an' cocks beginnin' to crow at two in th' mornin', an' mosquitoes, so that whin th' sun bounced up family. instead of using the living rooms in summer, were dwelling in four, I knew what th' truth is that th' counthry is th' noislest place in th' wurruld. Mind ye, there's a roar in th' city, but in th' counthry th' noises beats on ye'er ear like carpet-tacks bein' dhriven into th' dhrum. Between th' chirp iv a cricket an' the chirp iv th' hammer at th' mills. I'll take th hammer. I can go to sleep in a boiler-

in Hogan's, settin' in th' bath-tub.
"I saw him in th' mornin' at breakfast. We had canned peaches an' condensed milk. 'Ye have ye'er valise,' says he. 'Aren't ye goin' to stay out?'
'I am not,' says I. 'Whin th' first rattler goes by ye'll see me on th' platform fleeln' th' peace an' quiet iv th' says. 'Stay on th' farm,' says I. 'Com-mune,', I says, 'with nature,' I says, 'Enjoy,' I says, 'th' simple, rustle life. 'Enjoy,' I says, 'th' simple, rustic life iv th' merry farmer-boy that goes whistlin' to his wurruk befure breakfast,' says I. 'But I must go back,' I says, 'to th' city,' I says, 'where there is nawthin' to eat but what ye want, an' nawthin' to dhrink but what ye can buy,' I says. 'Where th' dust is laid be th' sprinklin'-cart, where th' den is in bloom, an' ye're waked not be th' sun, but be th' milkman,' I says. 'I want to be near a doctor whin I'm sick, an' eat eatable food whin I'm hungry, an' where I can put me hand out early in th' mornin' an' hook in a hewspaper,' says I. "Th' city,' says I, 'is th' on'y summer resort f'r that has iver lived in th' city,' I says. An' so I come in."

shop, but I spint th' rest iv that night

### My Love.

I love the blue and sunny sky, And every blue bird that doth fly Among the whisp'ring greenwood trees Breathing forth soft ecstasies.

I love the sunny, golden beams That dance and play o'er silvery streams; I love the silent stars that shine. Shedding an influence divine.

I love each broad, expansive field That doth a golden harvest yield; I love the clinging, clustered vine That yields the rich and purple wine.

I love the music of the rills That ripple down the rocky hills; I love the violet where it grows, In wastes that shield the wild, red ros

I love to hear when I'm alone.
The wild winds deeply sigh and moan,
And feel the ocean's great heart beat,
While white-capped waves their plaint

-Minnie Louise Thomas.

### The Deacon's Exhortation.

A white minister was conducting re-North Carolina recently. After exhorting a bit, he asked an old colored deacon to lead in prayer, and, according to the negative of the average man of affairs that we offer no apology for ing to the Roanoke "News," this is the appeal which the brother in black offered for his brother in white: "O Lord gib him de eye ob de eagle dat he spy out sin afar off. Glue his hands to de gospel plow. Tie his tongue to de line gospel plow. The his tongue to de line ob truth. Nail his ear to de gospel pole. Bow his head way down between his knees, and his knees way down in some lonesome, dark and narrer valley, where prayer is much wanted to be made. Noint him wid de kerosene ils of salvashum and sot him on fire."

A FEAST OF HERBS.

The Vegetarians Hold High Carnival at London-The Dinner Humorously De-scribed by a Meat-Eating Reporter.

On Tuesday night the health of the King was drunk by Mr. Arnold F. Hills, and some hundred and fifty loyal vegetarians in the best lemon-ade, says The London Graphic. The occasion, the joyful occasion, the annual dinner which is held thoughtful vegetarians at the Vegetarian restaurant in Victoria street; and the toast followed a meal which raised enthusiasm and loyalty vegetarian bosoms to the highest pitch. It began with olives and radishes, and continued with vegetable consomme and mock turtle, was so frankly impossible that no one could accuse it of falsity. The entrees which raised delusive hopes in the minds of some rather silent representatives of the press who attended the dinner, included mush-room patties and careme croquettes, with tomato sauce. After the entrees came the "pieces de resistance," and hope in unregenerate bosoms rosa high, Alas! the "roasts" consisted of asparagus with mousseline sauce and straw potatoes. The vegetarians were happy, but carnivorous pressmen found their feelings too deep for words. Their despondency increased when the dinner at this point suddenly swung on to the sweets-with

nothing to break the fall. The sweets were savories of fruit, bees, and Windsor wafers. Cheese, souffles and fruit wound it all up with startbeautiful, dreamy and ethereal, but a few hungry men, thinking in a calm way of chops and steaks, were reminded of that famous message sent out by Major Baillie from be-leaguered Mafeking on the 100th day of the siege—"There is an aching void. Pass the loaf!" But the vege-tarians were quite happy. Unlike the poet, they were not too full for sound or foam, and they were still enthusiastically speaking when The Daily Graphic regretfully sought another restaurant

The Cow Parlors of Holland,

There is no need of telling you that the Dutch cows are kept clean. No wonder the people of Holland have black and white cows. They must have something white for a standard of cleanliness. At the time of our visit in midsummer, the place where the cows had stood the winter before was as clean as any par-lor. The walls had been scoured and painted; the floor had been scrubbed and scrubbed and finally covered with pure white sea sand beautifully

Then this smooth sand was made more interesting by the drawing of figures in it with a stick, as a child does when it plays on the seashore. In some houses hundreds of sea shells were used for decorating sand-

ed stable flo The manure drop was covered with either rattan matting or rattan and ingrain carpet. In some places the rooms in summer, were dwelling in the cow stable, the dining table standing on the platform where the

cows had stood. The better class of farmers in North Holland have gas machines and cook with gas, and use it for illuminating purposes. In the higher grade of house the windows are often of plate glass, the furniture solid mahogany, and silver plate and fine China are in evidence.

The cows are members of the family, and the choicest pe's. went to the field to in pert them, the whole family accompanied us, father, wife, sons and daughters. We found the animals remarkably docide and as fond of being caressed as the aver

who their noses at the prac-tical Dutch farmers for keeping useful cows in their houses, member that we have with us fleamangy dogs, diphtheriacovered, breeding cats, besides birds of various kinds in cruel captivity. The return per cow with good farmers in Holland is about \$80 each .- From s recent lecture by Prof. W. A. Henry.

Virtues of the Onion. It is with the onion as with the

lemon. Its devotees regard it as a panacea for a good many ills and as a preventive of many of the disorders to which flesh is heir.

The onion is really a very ordin-ary vegetable, but there is one point which distinguishes it, and that is the somewhat high percentage of sulphur it contains. Possibly the virtues ascribed to it depend on the presence of this element.

Like the lemon, the onion may lay claim to antiscorbutic properties that is, to qualities which render it a preventive of scurvy. Its mineral constituents include a proportion of potash salts, and probably its anti-scorbutic qualities depend upon these latter compounds.
The onion is doubtless a healthful

enough vegetable, but its supposed sleep-producing powers are said to be mythical, although very many people vouch for them. The virtue of onion juice as a remedy for the stings and wasp attacks is conceded. In the cottager's repertoire of "first-aid" expedients, onion juice, rubbed on the sting, represents the ammonia of a more advanced stage of domestic medicine.

Robert Louis Stevenson's Prayer, A Canadian firm of well-known publishers have issued in a neat form, suitable for hanging on an office wall, Robert Louis Stevenson's reproducing its few strong eloquent sentences: "The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man; help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces: let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day; being us to consider the cheerfulness and the cheerfulness all this day; being us to consider the cheerfulness all this day; being us to consider the cheerfulness all this day; being us to consider the cheerfulness all this day; being us to consider the cheerfulness all this day; being us to consider the cheerfulness all this day; being us to consider the cheerfulness all this day; being us to consider the cheerfulness and the cheerfulness all this day; being us to consider the cheerfulness and the cheerfulness and the cheerfulness are cheerfulness. business all this day: bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonored, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep. Amen."



be thorough and lasting. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a medi-cine which can be confidently relied on to cure diseases of the organs of respiration. It cures obstinate, deep-seated coughs, bronchitis and bleeding of the lungs. It cures when nothing else will cure, and the local physician says: "There is nothing more that we

There is no alcohol in "Golden Medical Discovery," and it is absolutely free from opium, tocaine and all other nar-

The dealer, tempted by the little mor The dealer, tempted by the little more profit paid by less meritorious medicines, will sometimes try and sell a substitute when the "Discovery" is asked for. No substitute medicine will satisfy the sick like "Golden Medical Discovery." It always helps. It almost always cures. always helps. It almost always cures "Two years ago a severe cough started on me and I was also bothered with catarrh," writes Mr. P. Skjod, of Danewood, Chisago Co., Minn. "I could not sleep nights, as the cough was worse at night. I tried several cough medicines, but to no avail, until a year ago, when I got so but I could not breathe through my noce at times. I then tried Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. After taking eight bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and at the same time using Dr. Sago's Cutarrh Remedy. I am a well man. I can thank Dr. Pierce for my good health, and will recommend his medicines to any one suffering from the same trouble." Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure con-

IROTTERS AND PACERS.

Anaconda worked a mile in 2:05% a few days ago hitched to a road cart. A 3-year-old filly bearing the name Goodness Gracious won a race at Den-

Among the 300 or 400 horses training at Lexington there are only two pacers who wear the hopples. John H, by John R. Gentry, has

ver recently.

worked a mile in 2:14, with the last half in 1:05, and is entered down the big line. Sadie Wilkes is a coming pacer. She has no mark, but turned Belmont in

2:15, half in 1:06. She was recently purchased by Hugh Delaney. Dan Leary of West Chester, Pa., won a good race at that place with Ben Fisher the other day, landing him in the list with a mark of 2:241/4.

Lord Derby and the pacer Fred S Wedgewood worked a mile at Louisville recently in 2:11, with the last half in 1:01% and the last quarter in 0:30%. G. W. Shaw of Princeton, Pa., has sent to the Keystone stock farm to

by Hustler Russell, 2:121/4, dam by St. Vincent, 2:131/4. Howland Russell and George Van Dyke of Boston have wagered \$1,000 each on the fastest mile paced this season by Mazetti, 2:071/2, and Frank Bo-

gash, 2:031/4, respectively. Billy G, 2:181/4 by Hotspur Chief, has been ten years on the turf and has averaged about ten races a year, as he recently made his one hundred and first start at Newburg, O. He Las been behind the money only six times.

FACTS FROM FRANCE.

France has 300,000 tuberculous sub

Smoking among women in France i on the increase, both in town and coun-

At present there are 78,000 houses in Paris, only 24,000 of which drain di-

rectly into the sewers. A Parisian who placed a fender in front of his automobile was so annoyed by small boys falling into the net for a free ride that he was obliged to remove the life saving device.

Any man has a right to consider himself a gifted orator who can get people to stay in a room and listen to him talk for two hours without having the door locked.

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Character in How You Smoke,

"Royal Magazine." MAN may possess a most se-cretive nature, he may have a face as destitute of meaning as a stone wall and a manner of speech absolutely non-commit-tal; but watch him over his cigarette; note his manner of holding it between his lips or his fingers; see how he puffs the smoke out of his mouth, what he does with the ash, if he consumes the cigarette to a mere stump or throws it away half finished, and, sure as fate, you will read his character like a book. Cigarette, I said, for a cigarette, and a cigar in a lesser degree, are much bet-ter character revealers than a pipe. A man sticks a pipe into the side of his mouth and puffs away, and there's an end of it. You discover next to noth-ing, unless, indeed, he happens to puff very violently, which is a certain indi-cation of a nervous, irritable temper. From the filling of a pipe, to be sure many luminous little hints may be gathered. You see a man stuff his bowl quickly and lavishly, letting loose threads of tobacco dangle over the brim while he applies the match; if he be not good-natured, generous to a fault, careless, indolent, quick to make

friends, quick to forget them, I shall be much astonished. One notices men very often taking their cigars from an upper waistcoat pocket into which they have been stuffed. Too poor to buy themselves a cigar-case? Not a bit of it, but too untidy to keep one or too lazy to arrange their cigars into one. And the same men almost invariably bite the tips off their clgars, instead of using a penknife or a cigar-clipper—a shocking habit that not merely fills the nouth with tobacco grit, but disarranges the outer leaf, often spoiling an therwise excellent smoke. The cigar once happily prepared for

smoking, observe how your man holds it between his teeth. But stay! The peration of lighting has also its interest. The tobacco epicure grips his ci-gar not merely with his teeth when applying the match, but with the finger and thumb of his left hand also, and between every third puff draws the weed from his mouth and examines the glowing end, in order to make sure that it has been ignited equally all

The majority of men hold their cigars with the front teeth and puff the smoke out on either side of it. A large minority hold them in the corner of the mouth, so that if you happen to be walking behind them on a dark night you catch sight of the glowing end protruding just below the ear. Others, again-and these, as a rule, are per sons of vivacious temperament-sel dom keep their cigars for two consecu tive moments between their lips. They take a few puffs, and then the cigar is given a rest between finger and thumb A man of determined character, energetic, pugnacious, impatient, often betrays himself by giving his cigar an upward tilt while consuming it-a faorite method with the Yankee, to whom the above epithets are distinctly applicable. The contemplative, dreamy individual will let it droop towards his chin; while level-headed persons-and fortunately they form the vast majority-hold theirs horizontally. Naturally insolent people frequently omit to remove the cigar from their mouths when speaking to you, while others of a sulinto horrible pulp. And is there anything more eloquent of stinginess than the habit, largely indulged in by Germans, of sticking the stump of a cigar

### Expensive Loss of Temper.

touches the lips?

on the small blade of a penknife and consuming it until the glow almost

Mr. D. of Boston, a devotee of the wheel, was not long ago visiting in one of the small towns of Western Massa-chusetts. He was taking a spin about ts streets shortly after his arrival, when he was run down, as he after ward declared, by a negro, and knocked off his bicycle. The fall not only ruffled his dignity and his clothes says "Harper's Magazine," but broke his skin and his wheel.

These combined injuries made a breach in his placidity, and he picked up a stone and threw it with accurate aim at the colored man and brother. This infraction of the peace resulted in his arrest and in his conviction in the

ocal court of justice.
"I fine you five dollars," said the udge. "Have you anything to say?"
"Nothing," replied D. unmollified, except that I wish I had killed the

"That remark will cost you five dolars more," rejoined His Honor. D.'s temper was not improved by this resh dispensation of justice, wherefore the bitterness of his rejoinder was

olainly apparent.
"Conversation seems to come high in this court," he observed.
"Five dollars for contempt," prompty responded the bench. "Have you anything more to say?"

"I think not," answered the defendant. "You have the advantage of me

Payment of the fines closed the case.

Grandma Went Skating.

One day last winter a little boy who attended a Walnut Hills school, according to the Cincinnati "Enquirer," arrived in the schoolroom not only half n hour late, but very dirty. "Willie," said the teacher, "why are you late, and why is your face not

washed?"

out of bed.

"Please," explained Willie, "my grandmother was out skatin' last night, and she was too tired to get up this norning and get me ready for school." So absurd an excuse naturally excited the teacher's wrath, and she started an investigation, threatening punishment for Willie's supposed untruthfulness.

To her amazement she found that the boy had told the exact truth. The old lady, who had been an expert skater in her youth, had been an expert skater in her youth, had been tempted to join a skating party. The result was that she felt the next morning, as the boy expressed it, as if her bones were "cracking like a horse-fiddle," and it took the services of three neighbors to pry her

Child-Oh, mother, stop; I want to look at that man just run over by the car. "Come along, do! There will be another presently a little further on,"

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Frame house, 8 rooms and summer kitchen, lot 60 ft .by 208 feet, good stable, \$1,100. vacant lots, each 60 feet front.

stable, \$1,100.

Two vacant lots, each 60 feet front, by 104 feet.

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Farm in Township of Raleigh, 56
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