

HE TALKED TOO SOON.

A St. Louis Physician Who Wishes He Had Kept Quiet Longer.

A certain well-known German physician of the south side, says the St. Louis Republic, was the victim of his own "previousness" the other day. He had successfully treated a wealthy lady's daughter for diphtheria and the lady was extremely grateful for it. When the child was thoroughly well mother and daughter appeared at the physician's office. The little girl shyly handed the physician a neat little purse, while the lady went on to say: "For having saved my child, doctor, I want to present you with this purse."

"But," said the physician, after an embarrassing pause, "I have sent you a bill for \$300."

The lady flushed, then said quietly, "Let me have the purse, please."

She took two \$100 bills out of it and returned it to him with the remark: "There are \$200 in there now, so your bill is paid," and left the room.

Now the doctor is cursing his clumsy tongue for the bad break it made. That little speech cost him just \$200.

Wisdom From KANSAS.

The Lord hears lots about the faults of husbands from over religious wives.

The trouble in love affairs is that the parties to it love too much to love long.

A man can't love a woman he does not trust; women love men every day they can't trust.

There are none against whom men need protection so much as those whom they implicitly trust.

A friend's help in your troubles never travels beyond the point where it affects his own interests.

It is not infrequently the case that one friend makes a man more trouble than two enemies cause him.

The best loved man is he who gives the most; he is also the one least regarded when he stops giving.

That men are different from women is considered by the men as a sufficient warrant for all their follies.

"I wish I was a man," said a woman the other day. "It is always fashionable for them to be comfortable."—*Atchison Globe.*

The Fools are Not All Dead.

A lazy man, whose horses and cart were stuck in the mud, prayed to Jupiter for help. Jupiter answered: "Fool! get up and put your shoulder to the wheel, and do not call on me when you can help yourself."

Foolish people buy medicines hap-hazard, blindly trusting to promises made without a guarantee.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is guaranteed to cure colds, coughs, all lung affections, and even Consumption, in its early stages.

It puts to rest all stomach troubles, purifies the blood, gives healthful action, to the sluggish liver, and drives blemishes from the skin. It is an honest medicine, and an invaluable health insurance policy which should never be allowed to lapse. All druggists keep it.

Cure For Corns.

An absolute and permanent cure for corns is the rest cure, says a New York Times writer. If you can go into a fortnight's seclusion, giving out that your ankle is sprained, and keep the corn foot in a stocking and wool bedside slipper, without pressure, and using only when walking about the room, the corns will disappear and will not return.

All inflammation subsides first and the corn becomes loose and easily detached and that is the end of it.

For soft corns the constant wearing of a bit of oil linen saturated every morning with sweet oil is said to be a sure cure.

From the beginning the pain of the infection ceases, and after a time the corn itself loosens and falls out. Both these remedies are from good authority, and will bear trial; the first one, perhaps, being rather difficult of accomplishment, since many of the acids and corn salves sold, irritate and produce soreness, and the knife of the chiropodist is apt to afford merely temporary relief.

A Big Plant.

According to E. Leader Williams, Engineer in Chief of the Manchester Ship Canal, England, the plant used on that work consisted of 97 steam excavators, 8 steam dredgers, 173 locomotives, 6,300 trucks and cars, 228 miles of single track railway, costing about \$3,150 per mile, 124 steam cranes, 192 portable and other steam engines, and 212 steam pumps of all sizes.

The maximum laboring force was 17,000 men and boys and 290 horses. The coal consumed amounted to 10,000 tons per month. The total excavation was about 46,500,000 cubic yards, including 10,000,000 cubic yards of sandstone rock.

Dealing in Futures.

"You have been a grain speculator, I believe," said a solid looking business man as he entered a broker's office and without ceremony took the first chair he was waived to.

"Yes, sir, I have been a speculator, but I am out of the business, thank goodness. It's hazardous, sir, very hazardous."

"Yes. Well, then, I take it from that that you don't believe in a young man dealing in futures?"

"No, sir, I do not. It is a reprehensible practice, sir; very reprehensible."

"What would you do with a son, if you had one, who persisted in dealing in futures?"

"Why, if my son—and I've got one—should deal in futures, I should wrestle with him a while, and then if he persisted I should fire him out of the house."

"All right. Your son is coming to see my daughter nearly every night in the week, and last night I overheard them talking about how much they thought I was worth. If that isn't dealing in futures, I'd like to know your advice before I fire him."

The Inevitable Tax.

New York Herald: Mrs. Hicks—When will you ever learn, Henry, to tax your memory?

Hicks—I presume I shall start in this fall—if McKinley gets there in Ohio.

A cluster of dates weighing 48 pounds and comprising 1000 dates is on exhibition at Phenix, A. T. near which place they were grown.

UNPROFITABLE POLITENESS.

The Bicycle Maiden and Weary Wiggins Meet on the Pavé.

She had gotten off her safety for some reason and was trying to get on again, says the Chicago Tribune. Some girls can get on a safety without assistance and some can't. She was of the latter class.

A young man dressed in the height of style stopped, watched her make two ineffectual attempts, laughed and went on.

A business man chuckled as she nearly fell, but did not stop.

A well dressed woman said she ought to be ashamed of herself for enjoying such a masculine sport and continued on her way.

Several people passed in quick succession, and one or two stopped. All seemed to enjoy her discomfiture. The situation became so embarrassing to her that she pushed her machine on for half a block and tried again. Then a shabby looking man shuffled up. He saw her predicament, but he didn't laugh. He lifted his dilapidated hat politely and said:

"Can't I help you, miss?"

"Oh, if you'd be so kind," said the girl, almost discouraged by this time. "Please hold the machine steady."

He held while she got on.

"I'm ever so much obliged to you sir," she said gratefully. "Now, if you'll give it a push, I'll be all right."

"You haven't got a dime for a feller as is broke, have you?" he asked.

"Why, I'm sorry," she said, "but I left my purse at home."

"Down you come," he said.

"What!" she said.

"A dime, or down you come again!" he repeated.

"But, sir—"

"Down you come," he said again. "I'm no dude, doin' these here polite things for pretty looks. Fork over a dime."

The case was desperate. He was letting the machine wobble a little, just to show that he meant business.

"Come to my home," she said.

"How far?" he asked.

"Only three blocks."

"Then it's got to be a quarter," he asserted.

"All right. Give the machine a push and come on."

He gave it a push and then cried: "Hold on here. I'm no race horse."

He ran to the corner, but she was two blocks away on the cross street.

"That settles me on the polite act," he said. "This here saying that politeness always pays is dead wrong."

Speedy Scotch Marriage.

The Rev. Joseph Yair, of the Border parish of Eckford, Roxburghshire, who is now defying his Presbytery, has always been a man of strong will. To those who knew him in earlier days, it is no marvel that, although 90 years of age, he should claim to be quite able, with the assistance of a probationer, to attend fully to the spiritual wants of his parish.

As illustrating his decision of character his marriage may be referred to. The parents of the young lady of his choice were greatly averse to the match, and, when the wedding day came, had her securely locked her in her bed-room. Mr. Yair was denied access. Turning to the parents with a plaintive tone he pleaded that he might be allowed at least to shake hands with her and bid her good-bye. This was granted, and the bed-chamber unlocked.

Sooner was this done than Mr. Yair seized his bride by the right hand, said, "I take you to be my wife"; and she as swiftly replied, "I take you to be my husband."

The parents were dumb with astonishment, and the Rev. Joseph forthwith bore off in triumph his blushing bride, and it may be added, the hardy-won wife proved an admirable helpmeet. The spirit that is baffling the Presbytery now is the spirit that baffled the bride's parents then. The old man may not be wise, but he is courageous.

The Farmer and His Ducks.

The following story was told by one of Chicago's prominent lawyers. No other proof of its truthfulness could be desired:

"It was when I used to practice law in a little town near the centre of the State," said he. "A farmer had one of his neighbors arrested for stealing ducks, and I was employed by the accused to endeavor to convince the court that such was not the case. The plaintiff was positive his neighbor was guilty of the offence charged against him, because he had seen the ducks in defendant's yard. 'How do you know they are your ducks,' I asked. 'Oh, I should know my own ducks anywhere,' replied the farmer, and he went into a description of their different peculiarities whereby he could readily distinguish them from others. 'Why, said I, 'those ducks can't be such a rare breed; I have seen some just like them in my own yard.' 'That's not at all unlikely,' replied the farmer, 'for they are not the only ducks I have had stolen lately.' Then I called the next witness."

A Blessed Good Thing.

New York Sun: "It's a blessed good thing," said Mawson, as he gazed on the ocean. "It's a blessed good thing the ocean's bottom is solid."

"Why?"

"Think of what a geyser there'd be on the other side if it leaked."

Nautical Courtship.

Chicago Herald: "Miss Bessie," he faltered, "do you think you could learn to love me?"

"I—I think I might, Mr. Spoonamore," she answered with downcast eyes. "If I were taught."

And the next moment he had her taut.

That Accounted for It.

Eminent Personage—May I ask whether you are related to the Mr. Smith whom I met at Venice last year?

Mr. Smith—I am that Mr. Smith, sir.

Eminent Personage—Ah! that accounts for the remarkable resemblance.—*Boston Globe.*

Mrs. John McLean writes, from Barrie Island, Ont., March 4, 1889, as follows: "I have been a great sufferer from neuralgia for the last nine years, but, being advised to try St. Jacobs Oil, can now heartily endorse it as being a most excellent remedy for this complaint, as I have been greatly benefited by its use."

A MUMMY PIT.

Last Winter's Discovery in the Necropolis of Thebes.

On February 6th, a discovery was made in the necropolis of Thebes, second only in importance to the discovery of the royal mummies at Dehr-el-Bahari by M. Maspero in 1881. About half a mile from Dehr-el-Bahari a pit has been found containing several hundred magnificent mummies. These, like the royal mummies, had evidently been removed from the tomb and concealed in this receptacle, as a precaution, by the servants of the priests, probably at the same time and for the same reason which caused the royal mummies to be placed in the receptacle where they were found by M. Maspero.

This removal is believed by M. Maspero to have taken place in the twenty-second dynasty (circa 966 B.C.). The coffins hitherto found all belong to the twenty-first dynasty, and are those of the priests of Ra-Amun and their families. The pit is about 45 feet in depth, at the bottom of which are two corridors filled with coffins and treasures of every description. In the lower corner—which as yet has only been explored—it is computed that there are some 200 coffins, and the second corridor is believed to be not less extensive.

The shaft is 45 feet deep, its mouth is about 12 feet in diameter, and it sides are of rough limestone. One of M. Grebant's native assistants, who was superintending the work of hauling up the mummy cases, told me that he had been the first actually to enter the corridor where the mummies and treasures lie. The shaft had then been excavated only as deep as his hands and knees and stood on what he describes as being like a palace of enchantment.

The corridor, he said, is some 10 or 12 feet high and 250 feet long. It runs in a northerly direction from the shaft toward the Theban hill. At the end there is a short corridor branching from it at right angles, and at some height above the floor at the end is the entrance to a second very long corridor full of treasures, which has been sealed up for the present by M. Grebant.

Groups of mummies are placed at intervals in families. The number in each group varies from two to six or seven—father, mother and children, and around them, exquisitely arranged, are vases, models of houses, models of dahabieh, and cases and boxes full of ushabtis, statuettes, and every conceivable treasure of ancient Egypt. Without even a speck of dust upon them, this profusion of treasures had remained unlooked at by any eye for nearly 3,000 years. He said that photographs had been taken of the place in its undisturbed state, which he declared to be that of a perfectly kept and well-arranged museum.—*London Academy.*

Keeping Dry.

Two Irishmen were fishing upon the banks of a river, when it began to rain. With his line in his hand one of them stepped under the arch of a neighboring bridge.

"You can't fish there," said his companion. "You won't get a bite."

"Whist, now," cried Pat; "don't you know all the fishes will flock under here to get in out of the rain?"

The Difficulty Mastered.

Four-year-old Charlotte had been having some trouble with her English, but she has entirely passed her difficulties on one point.

"I see how it is, mamma," she said the other day. "Hens set and lay."

"And people sit and lie, don't they, mamma?"

Morning Paper Sensations.

Assistant—I see the Morning News has an editorial called "Did Patrick Henry Smoke?"

Editor—Well, you write one for our tomorrow's edition and call it "Would Washington Have Made a Good Tennis Player?" We've got to keep our end up, somehow!

No Cause for Regret.

An Irishman who was shingling a barn got too near the edge and rolled off and fell to the ground.

"Oi wuz comin' down anyway," he reflected. "Oi wuz jist out o' nails."

Couldn't See.

"Why don't you look and see where you are going?" said the needle to the pin.

"How can I, when I haven't an eye in my head?" was the pin's meek reply.

On the Missouri Pacific Railroad, 250 miles west of St. Louis, is Waterloo, and in the immediate vicinity are Napoleon and Wellington.

ARE NOT A Purative Medicine. They are a Blood Purifier, Tonic and Reconstructor, as they supply in a condensed form the substances actually needed to enrich the Blood, curing all diseases coming from POOR and WATERY BLOOD, or from VITIALIZED HUMORS in the Blood, and also invigorate and BUILD UP the Blood and SYSTEM when broken down by overwork, mental worry, disease, excesses, and indiscretions. They have a SPECIFIC ACTION on the SEXUAL SYSTEM of both men and women, restoring LOST VIGOR and correcting all IRREGULARITIES and SUPPRESSIONS.

EVERY MAN Who finds his mental faculties dulled or failing, or whose physical powers flagging, should take these PILLS. They will restore his lost energies, both physical and mental.

EVERY WOMAN should take them. They cure all suppressions and irregularities which inevitably attend sickness when neglected.

YOUNG MEN should take these PILLS. They will cure the results of youthful bad habits, and strengthen the system.

YOUNG WOMEN should take them. These PILLS will make them regular.

For sale by all druggists, or will be sent upon receipt of price (50c. per box), by addressing THE DR. WILLIAMS' MED. CO. Brockville, Ont.

"August Flower"

Mrs. Sarah M. Black of Seneca, Mo., during the past two years has been affected with Neuralgia of the Head, Stomach and Womb, and writes: "My food did not seem to strengthen me at all and my appetite was very variable. My face was yellow, my head dull, and I had such pains in my left side. In the morning when I got up I would have a flow of mucus in the mouth, and a bad, bitter taste. Sometimes my breath became short, and I had such queer, tumbling, palpitating sensations around the heart. I ached all day under the shoulder blades, in the left side, and down the back of my limbs. It seemed to be worse in the wet, cold weather of Winter and Spring; and whenever the spells came on, my feet and hands would turn cold, and I could get no sleep at all. I tried everywhere, and got no relief before using August Flower. Then the change came. It has done me a wonderful deal of good during the time I have taken it and is working a complete cure." G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

THE SAILOR'S MILE.

The Word "Knot," What It Means and How We Got It.

All seamen reckon miles or distances by "knots" or nautical miles. To know their speed they let a long line run out from the stern, in which knots are tied, or bits of colored cloth tied on at such distance apart that each space between two knots counts 120th of a mile. Thus 10 knots run out in half a minute means that the ship has moved ahead 10 miles an hour. So when we read that a steamship made so many knots or miles from noon to noon, it means a good many more statute miles. A degree at the equator is about 69 1/6 miles (69.17), but as the lines of longitude approach each other going north, in the latitude of 40 degrees a mile of longitude is only about 53 statute miles (53.05), and at 50 degrees, or on the south side of England, a mile of longitude is only about 44 1/2 miles (44.53). The seaman's distance "knot" is one-sixtieth part of a degree of longitude at the equator, no matter what longitude or latitude he is running in. It is 6,086 feet and 8 1/2 inches (6086.7), while the common statute mile is 5,280 feet. To find the number of statute miles which the ship has run, we can multiply the number of knots or nautical miles it makes by 1.153, cutting off the right-hand three figures for decimals.

Right Arm and Left Foot.

The right arm is always a little larger than the left, but the left foot is almost always larger than the right, presumably because, while nearly every man uses his right arm to lift a weight or strike a blow, he almost invariably stands on his left leg and lets the right fall easily, because he has learned by experience that this is the best attitude he can assume to prevent lassitude and fatigue. This constant bearing of the weight on the left foot makes it wider than the right and it often happens that a man who tries on a shoe on the right foot and gets a close fit has to discard the shoes altogether because he cannot endure the pain caused by the tightness of the left. If when riding on a street car you take the trouble to notice you will see that in laced shoes the gap is much smaller on the right foot than on the left, while with button shoes the buttons have to be set back 10 times on the left to once on the right.—*Globe-Democrat.*

Life in the West.

Guest in Chicago—I really must apologize for my husband's absence. He enjoys these musicales so thoroughly. Hostess—Shall we not see him later in the evening? Guest—I'm afraid not. There's a couple of thousand hogs to kill for early morning delivery, and I guess Butch will find his hands full. What a beautiful volume of Browning you have!

Western Distinctions.

Tenderfoot—I notice you call everybody colonel. Western resident—When a man looks like a gentleman call him colonel. That's the style out here. "Suppose he looks like a tough and blackleg?" "Call him general."

Abominable Algernon.

Mrs. Newwed—Algernon, what did you mean by telling father that my biscuits were like tennis balls? Algernon—I meant that they were light and spriny. Mrs. Newwed—Algernon, you mean thing, you didn't; you meant they were tough and rubbery and—boo—hoo.

Knowledge Costs Money.

Irate Patron—See here, sir, I dropped a nickel into this machine and nothing came out. Agent—If nothing came out that shows it's empty. "But, sir, what do I get for my nickel?" "Information."

What Was Said.

"Your boss sent you home?" inquired the boy's father, angrily. "What happened? What did he say to you?" "He said I was a stupid ass." "And so you are. And what else did he say to you?" "He said that 'like father, like son.'"

The Lowest Body of Water on the Globe is the Caspian Sea, which is eighty-five feet below the level of its neighbor, the Black Sea.

BLOWING OUT A CANDLE.

Some Novel Tricks to Perform in the Home Circle.

There are many ways of blowing out a candle and there are ways a candle can be placed so that it cannot be easily extinguished with a puff. The most startling, though, perhaps the most dangerous way of putting out the flame is by a quick, strong inhalation of the breath a short distance from the candle. It will appear as if the flame had been literally swallowed. To learn the trick it is first necessary to learn the proper distance from the face to hold the candle, but this can be done after one or two trials.

Another pretty trick with a lighted candle can be done to show the peculiar way air currents will travel. Place the candle on a table and in front of it and a few inches away put an ordinary bottle. Blow directly at the bottle. It will seem as if you blew right through the bottle. A variation can be made by using two bottles instead of one. Place the bottles side by side, about a quarter or half an inch apart. Right behind the space between the two bottles place the lighted candle. If the distances are properly adjusted they can be so arranged that it is impossible to blow out the candle by blowing through the spaces between the bottles. There is another trick which is likewise as interesting. Take a round disk of cardboard, or one of the common tin side shades and hold it between your mouth and the candle. Then blow right at the card and you will find that the flame of the candle will bend toward you and the cardboard instead of in the direction you are blowing.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

That's the Difference.

Cabbage—What's the difference between a dilatory man and the president of a female college? Rubbage—I'll give it up. Cabbage—One misses the train and the other trains the misses.

Ho! my sisters, see the banner waving in the sky. Are you broken-down, discouraged? Courage! help is nigh. On that banner read this legend: Suffering women, hail! Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Ne'er was known to fail.

The success of this remedy is wonderful. Its record is unparalleled. It has cured thousands of cases of female weakness, irregularities, and all diseases peculiar to the sex. It can always be depended on to do exactly what is claimed for it. All the pretors ask is a trial. That will convince the most skeptical of its wonderful virtues. Price (\$1.00) refunded if it fails to give satisfaction. Guarantee printed on every bottle-wrapper.

Different Kinds of Stick.

"I see a woman has started out with stick to walk all the way to California. That's something new, isn't it?" "No, that happens all the time." "I never heard of another case." "What! Did you never hear of an actress travelling over the country with half a dozen sticks, and some of them make money at it?"

D. C. N. L. 41. 91

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HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHAPE-ROLLERS. Beware of Imitations. NOTICE AUTOGRAF OF STEWART'S HARTSHORN'S THE GENUINE