

Miracle in Missouri.

RIPPLED AND BENT FOR TEN YEARS
WITH RHUMATISM.

As Case Happened in Panama, Mo.,
and is the Wonder of the State.
From the Kansas City Times.

For years one of the best known men in Marion and Vernon counties has been Mark Woodson, now postmaster at Panama, another of the State Inspector of Mines, and Woodson, of this city. The people of Hill where he formerly resided, and of present home, remember well the bent and misshapen almost from the semblance man, which has painfully bowed its head on earth and labored snail-like across the earth season after season, and when one last month it straightened to its full length, threw away the heavy butt of cane which had been its only support for total helplessness, and walked erect, and unhesitatingly about the two cities, and looked and wondered. The story of remarkable case has become the marvel of the two counties. Exactly as Mr. Woodson told it to a *Times* reporter, it is here.

Fall of Wonder.
Mrs. Paton, the Scotch missionary's wife, in one of her letters from the New Hebrides humorously describes the simple hearted astonishment of the natives at some of the wonderful things shown them by their new teachers:

Two rooms have been added to our island home, one a little study, which has to serve also as a drawing room. The Aniawas call this the Great House and are perfectly lost when they get inside, four rooms being quite too much for their comprehension. And although they saw them being built they ask in each room with bewildered faces, whether they are north, south, east or west.

Sometimes we have to take them through the house several times in a day, and it is genuine fun to watch them—a perpetual play. Some of the scenes are truly dramatic. One fellow, the other day, got so fantastically excited when I set the sewing machine going that he performed a war dance in the middle of the floor, flung his arms all about and called lustily for his dead father.

A skeleton timepiece, under a glass shade, comes in for a large amount of interest. They will stand and watch the pendulum go for ever so long and ask all sorts of questions. "The path of the sun" was what they called it, after we had explained how the hands and figures indicated the sun's course in the heavens.

Yesterday I tried to explain that it was the earth and not the sun that was going round, but was promptly informed that I was a liar!

But Wales Did Not Die.

The dangerous illness of the Prince of Wales in December, 1871, was the cause of events—curious and amusing—which will ever find a place in the history of British journalism. The death of the prince seemed inevitable, for the doctors had begun to despair. One day the announcement went forth that his royal highness could not survive many hours, and accordingly every daily newspaper in the kingdom had its obituary of the prince "set," or put into type.

But the expected telegram announcing the death never came, and so at midnight, when the hour for going to press was close at hand, many a newspaper editor who had relied on his biographical sketch of the prince filling six or eight columns of his paper was compelled to fill up the blank columns with "standing" matter of all kinds, such as old advertisements and older news. The principal newspaper editors subsequently sent the prince, at his own request, "proofs" of the obituaries, and pasted, in a bulky scrapbook, they now form one of the strangest and most curious objects to be seen at Marlborough House—Chambers' Journal.

Eggplant and Brains.

It is believed by many clever people that the eggplant contains a lot of brain food. I know a great many eat it for that reason, and the men who are especially fond of it are men of brains. I remember an excursion to Trenton on a certain occasion, for business purposes, with Edward Cooper as the leader of the expedition. We paused at a hotel for dinner. Eggplant sliced and fried was on the table. Mr. Cooper said he would have some, instead of soup. Then came fish, and he said he would stick to the eggplant. When the entree came on, we thought he might join us, but he asked for more eggplant. Then the roast was served, but he whispered to the waiter if he had a little more eggplant he would give him a half dollar. He refused the ice cream and cake and had another piece of eggplant and disposed of the last slice in the hotel as we finished our coffee. Mr. Cooper was elected mayor of New York the following month.—New York Press.

Dancing In the Cathedral of Seville.
A singular and attractive relic of the custom of dancing in churches is still practiced three times a year in the great cathedral of Seville—namely, on the feasts of the Immaculate Conception and of Corpus Christi, and on the last three days of the carnival. Ten choristers, dressed in the costume of pages of the time of Philip II, with plumed hats, dance a stately but most graceful measure for about half an hour within the iron screens in front of the high altar. They are dressed in blue and white for the Blessed Virgin and in red and white for Corpus Christi. The boys accompany the mimetic movements with the clinking of castanets. During the measure a hymn arranged for three voices, with orchestral accompaniment, is sung in honor of the blessed sacrament—"Curious Church Customs," William Andrews.

An Absentminded Preacher.

An odd circumstance happened once at Winchester. As Dr. Wilson was one Sunday morning going through the streets toward the cathedral he heard a woman cry: "Mackerel! All alive, all alive, O!" And on his arrival at the church he began the service as follows: "When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive, alive, O!" These last words the doctor proclaimed aloud, in the true tone of the fishwoman, to the great surprise of the congregation. But the good doctor was so stolid and absent that he knew not what he had done.—Household Words.

He Need Not Discuss It.

"Katie," sternly exclaimed the little girl's father at the breakfast table, "you are too noisy! I shall certainly have to punish you."

"Well, there ain't anybody holdin' you, is there?" said Katie, with flashing eyes and quivering lip.—Current Literature.

A Governor Named Bennington.

Bennington, Vt., is said to have been named from Benning Wentworth, the governor of New Hampshire, who, in 1784, gave the grant and charter for the town.—Detroit Tribune.

Tobacco.
Tobacco is grown in 42 states and territories, but nearly half the crop comes from Kentucky, Virginia, Ohio, North Carolina, Tennessee, Pennsylvania and Connecticut.

Some Late Moon Theories.

Have you seen the latest scientific treatise on the probable cause of the moon's rugged surface? It is a well known fact that every mile of lunar surface measures very favorably with the most mountainous portions of Switzerland, being a succession of high pinnacles, deep holes and seemingly bottomless chasms.

The best existing maps of the moon's surface show 132,856 of these crater-like holes and over 100,000 mountain peaks, or projections, which compare favorably with what we know to be mountain peaks. Not longer since than last summer the astronomers gave it as their opinion that these crater-like holes and mountain peaks had been caused by a prodigious shower of aerolites, or meteorites. That theory has been recently knocked out by a noted European astronomer, M. Verde, who gives it as his opinion that the moon was originally a vast aggregation of miniature planets which have amalgamated, or coalesced, into one. According to his theory, the openings and projections are the interstices which were left when the separate fragments came together to form the ball which all now recognize as the Queen of Night. He says that in all probability there are several holes which reach entirely through the lunar world.—St. Louis Republic.

The Changed Rubies.

There seems no end to the curious stories about jewels lost and stolen. One of the latest is that of Mrs. A., who recently took a pair of larger rubies to be reset at —'s, where they had been purchased. The morning after the maid brought her the card of the firm, saying a gentleman wished to see her, and coming down to the drawing room she found one of the clerks, who told her that the stones, which were apparently of great value, were in reality false and worthless. Very much agitated over the intelligence, Mrs. A. asserted that the jewels had never left her possession since their purchase, and claimed that the fraud must have been perpetrated before she received them. This of course the firm denied, but the feeling on the subject became very bitter on both sides, and detectives were employed by both to ferret out the mystery. When a former butler of Mrs. A. was proved to be a discharged clerk of the well known jewelers, the inference was obvious, although no proof against the man has been found, and the jewels have never been recovered.—Boston Gazette.

Our Small Devotee.

My first evening, or night in fact, in Ponta Delgada—as well as many thereafter—was spent in the society of the most affectionately demonstrative, merrily attentive of the inhabitants of the Azores, the very merriest, happiest of creatures who enjoys life with a zest that is seldom equalled who hail with delight each newcomer to the isles, and welcomes them with the most flattering warmth. We had a lively time together. A more energetic, aggressive, industrious creature I never met. Infinitesimally small, yet marvelously active, he is, I believe, the one and only native Azorean who can boast of that so common American quality, extreme nervous energy. Not even the most energetic, tireless Chicagoan, in his grand rush after the mighty dollars, could be more indefatigable, more alert and alive to anything and everything, or rather to any one and every one, than this selfsame ubiquitous Azorean flea.—St. Paul Dispatch.

"Collar" Is Old English.

Justices in New York are ignorantly fastidious in matters of English. When Mr. O'Hara, a policeman, said, "We collared him," Justice Taintor replied: "You 'arrested' him, and you ought to be ashamed for not saying so at once. Such language as you used is not fit language to use to a magistrate in a public courtroom." But Mr. O'Hara did not employ slang. The verb "collar" has long been used transitively, meaning to "seize or take hold of a person by the collar; more loosely, to capture." The verb was thus employed early in the seventeenth century. Steele, in *The Guardian*, No. 84, wrote, "If you advised him not to collar any man." Other instances are: Gentleman's Magazine, 1762, "His lordship collared the footman who threw it," and Marryat's sentence in "Peter Simple," "He was collared by two French soldiers."—Boston Journal.

The Pacific Slope Style of Poker.

"The terror of a one card draw is unknown to San Francisco devotees of the game immortalized by General Schenck," said Mr. William R. Brewster of that city at the Hotel Page.

"The reason is that out on the slope we do not play sequences, or 'straights,' all and flushes only before the draw. A flush, therefore, is of no account except when held 'pat.'

"This, to my mind, is a better system than the eastern method, for it gives the man who holds the best pair the natural advantage that belongs to him. It is needless to say that those abominations known as 'big' and 'little dogs,' that go with the game in Kentucky, are absolutely unknown in California."—Washington Post.

His Enjoyment Marred.

"My enjoyment of the 5 cent cigar," said the man of moderate means, "is sometimes marred by the breaking away of the wrapper. The fine, smooth Siamra leaf is cut in strips that are rather narrow. They wrap without much lap, and as the cigar burns the wrapper sometimes creeps out. As I have before remarked, it is now quite possible to get a good cigar for 5 cents, but there isn't much funsmoking it unless it will stay together."—New York Sun.

Tobacco.

Tobacco is grown in 42 states and territories, but nearly half the crop comes from Kentucky, Virginia, Ohio, North Carolina, Tennessee, Pennsylvania and Connecticut.

Mrs. Kendal and Servants.

The popular English actress, Mrs. Kendal, is a stickler for outward badges of domestic service. She openly avows her opinion that American servants dress too well, and says: "No girl in my house can wear a fringe. I tell her plainly she must part her hair and comb it neatly back beneath a cap, and she must wear an apron and no jewelry, but a ribbon around her neck. Only a lady's maid may wear a brooch and go without the cap, but she must wear an apron. They must wear their caps at the theater too. Why, if they didn't I would wear one myself! There must be a distinction made somehow."

Mrs. Kendal probably does not remember that 100 or so years ago the social line of demarcation was drawn at actors and actresses, Dr. Johnson designating them as "amusing vagabonds." Nor does she evidently take into account that in this country those employed in domestic service are such an important and independent class that an employer has commonly too great fears of her cook being tempted away from her by a plain gold ring to stand at a brooch or a string of beads.—Exchange.

Sale Made.

A lady who had recently moved to a new neighborhood was one morning called to the door by the violent ringing of the bell. On the piazza stood a dapper little man who immediately commenced talking at a mile a minute pace: "Mornin, ma'am. Dunno whether you know me or not. Most of the people round here do. I'm the man that has fits."

The astonished lady thought that some people claim distinction on very strange, not to say unfit, grounds. "You in, have fits any time, any place," he went on. "Liable to drop right down in one anywhere. Spect to get a pension. Sellin these wire hooks for bridgesc. Every one buys some. Give me anything they likes—5 cents or 25 cents. Everybody helps me, cos they know I have fits—lible to drop right down in one anywhere." The dazed listener hastily gave him what change she had and closed the door, thanking her lucky stars that he didn't feel called upon "to drop down in one" right there.—Boston Transcript.

Curious, but True.

Although difficult to believe, it is nevertheless true that the death of two half sisters, the daughters of the same father, occurred 170 years apart. The grandfather of the British minister, Charles James Fox, Sir Stephen Fox, married in 1654, and had a daughter born to him in 1655, who died in the course of the same year. He had several other children, who grew up and married, but all of them died before the father, and without issue. Sir Stephen, not wishing his large fortune to fall into the hands of distant relatives, married again at a very advanced age, and his youngest daughter was born in 1727. She reached the age of 98 years, and died in 1825, that is 170 years after the death of her oldest sister. She saw Queen Victoria when the latter was a child, while her half sister was carried in the arms of Oliver Cromwell.

Sacred Keys.

Every person's feelings have a front door and a side door by which they may be entered. The front door is on the street. Some keep it always open, some keep it latched, some locked, some bolted with a chain that will let you peep in, but not get in, and some nail it up, so that nothing can pass its threshold. This front door leads into a passage which opens into an anteroom, and this into the interior apartments. The side door opens at once into the secret chamber. There is almost always one key to the side door. This is carried for years hidden in a mother's bosom. Fathers, brothers, sisters and friends often, but by no means so universally, have duplicates of it. The wedding ring conveys a right to one. Alas, if none is given with it! Be very careful to whom you trust one of these keys of the side door.—O. W. Holmes.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

MOTHERS, Do You Know that Paregoric, Bateman's Drops, Godfrey's Cordial, many so-called Soothing Syrups, and most remedies for children are composed of opium or morphine?

Do You Know the opium and morphine are stupefying narcotic poisons?

Do You Know most countries druggists are not permitted to sell narcotics without label.

Do You Know you should not permit any medicine to be given your child unless you or your physician know of what it is composed?

Do You Know Castoria is a purely vegetable preparation, and its ingredients is printed on every bottle.

Do You Know that Castoria is the prescription of the famous Dr. Sam. That it has been in use for nearly thirty years, and that more Castoria is not of all other remedies for children combined?

Do You Know that the Patent Office Department of the United States, and of other countries, have issued exclusive right to Dr. Pitcher and his assigns to use the word "Castoria" and its formula, and that to imitate them is a state prison offense?

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Do You Know that 35 average doses of Castoria are furnished for 35 cents, or one cent a dose?

Do You Know that when possessed of this perfect preparation, your children may be kept well, and that you may have unbroken rest?

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