

Not for the Rituals of Civilization.  
The religion of the ancient Egyptians had some features not to be found in several of the religions of these times. Here, for example, is a passage from a prayer to be found in the ritual for the dead:

"I know you, Lord of truth and justice; I have brought you truth, I have committed no fraud against men. I have not tormented the widow, I have not lied in the tribunal, I have not done any prohibited thing, I have not commanded my workers to do more than he could do, I have not made fraudulent gains, I have not altered the grain measure, or falsified the equilibrium of the balance, I have not made others weep, I am pure."

Another man thus cries:

"I have given bread to him who was hungry, water to the thirsty, garments to the naked, and a home to the forsaken one."

Still another cries:

"I have protected the poor against the powerful. I have given hospitality to every one, I have been benevolent and devout, I have cherished my friends, and my hand has been open to him who had nothing. I have loved truth and hated a lie." —*Swinton's Paper*.

Her Mamma's Judgment.

"Yes, it was one of those things on which rather have left unsaid," confessed the tall girl in blue. "It was this way. I saw Mrs. Wilmarth looking at the game through the loveliest lorgnette, and I leaned over and remarked to her in my impulsive way:

"O, Mrs. Wilmarth, do lead me your lorgnette, won't you? I have always wanted one, and mamma won't let me have one. She says they're so impudent."

"And what did Mrs. Wilmarth say?" inquired the girl in brown.

"She handed over the lorgnette, and as I looked through it she said sweetly that, really, for the first time she believed mamma's judgment was right." —*New York World*.

A Tremendous Shaking-Up.

This is what every system afflicted with chills and fever, bilious remittent, or any other form of malarial disease undergoes periodically. Not only is malaria terrible in itself; it is the breeding of an infinity of bodily ailments. Specifics used for its prevention and removal prove, in the vast majority of cases, useless for every other purpose than to mitigate the disease and stave off its attacks. They are sure, with the average treatment, to return after awhile. The sufferer may change his location to a healthier one, but the complaint, which is in his blood, is not thus lightly got rid of, and the disease returns. Organic affections of the nerves, heart, trouble, and debility of the system are the offspring of malaria. Cure the original disease, and avert future trouble, by putting into the Stomach Bitter, an efficacious also in liver complaint, inactivity of the kidneys, rheumatism, and diabetes.

Too Far Off.

He had wandered about into dozens of stores hopelessly trying to match a piece of goods for his wife. At last he quit and leaned up against a post with the sample in his hand.

"What's the matter?" asked a passing friend. "Sick?"

"Yes, I guess I'll have to go to Heaven," he replied, sticking the sample out aimlessly toward the inquirer. "What do you mean?"

"Well, you say matches are made in Heaven, and I guess they're right. I'll swear they're not made anywhere around here."

Pepper in the Middle Ages.

In the middle ages pepper was by no means a thing to be sneezed at. So greatly was it valued that a small packet was considered a suitable present for a noted person on his marriage or some other great occasion.

J. C. SIMPSON, Marquess, W. Va., says: "Hall's Cough Cure cured me of a very bad case of catarrh. Druggists sell it, no."

The man who is able to travel extensively can generally learn enough in a year to make a bore of himself all the rest of his life.

TOO MUCH. "Set 'em up again," is what brings a great many men down.

A SEDENTARY OCCUPATION,

plenty of sitting down and not much exercise, ought to have Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets to go with it. They are absolutely and permanently free from Constipation. Our fine, well-coated Pellet is a corrective, a regulator, a gentle laxative. They're the smallest, the easiest to take, and the most natural remedy—no reaction afterward. Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all stomach and bowel derangements are prevented, relieved and cured.

A "COLD IN THE HEAD" is quickly cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. So is Catarrh Headache and every trouble caused by Catarrh. So is Catarrh itself. The proprietors offer \$500 for any case which they cannot cure.

Repressing Chastel Mortgage Sharks.

Some Boston business-men have recently completed a five years' experiment of interest to every large city. They united to suppress the chattered mortgage sharks. They formed a company, or association, to loan money to the classes who usually fall victims to the sharks. At the time these leaders were charging the borrowers on chattel mortgages from 3 to 10 per cent per month. The association adopted a uniform rate of 1 per cent per month. It required that with every payment of interest the borrower must make a small payment—about five per cent—on the principal. Since it has been doing business, the association has loaned over \$500,000 on chattel mortgages. Fourteen hundred and ninety borrowers have been accommodated. Loans have been repaid very fast, averaging about eighteen months. The usual experience with the shark is that of becoming deeper and deeper in debt. Last year the association paid a six per cent dividend. The object is not to make money, however. It is to earn a fair pay on the investment, and to take away the occupation of the shark. Robert Treat Paine is the president of the association. —*Boston Herald*.

#### WHAT LUCK!

Phenomenal Escape from Death by a Colorado Mining Boss.

After nearly a century's sleep some four years ago the town of San Felipe, in the State of Guanajuato, Mexico, awoke with a mining boom. The long abandoned shafts, up whose rough hewn steps the peons of the adars toiled laboriously, bearing leather bags of ore, were pumped out and equipped with modern machinery. Old veins bled wealth anew and even discarded tailings were re-worked, yielding a heavy percentage of profit. There was a tremendous influx of population. White men and yellow Chinamen thronged into the adobe town and rubbed shoulders with the listless Mexicans, who had been eating their tortillas so many years in peace and quiet, save when a surplus of pulque was let loose and the deadly machetas paved the way for a few extra funerals.

Of course, the gamblers, the hangers-on and the painted women followed the miners, and the sleepy old town waked up at night and the fury high revel for the invaders. Plug hats and "billed" shirts were exceptional; overalls, top boots, with a large caliper Colt, as plated ornament, furnished the costume de rigueur. Mexicans carried knives in their hair and tried to keep up with the procession by consuming fiery "mescal" whenever their slender pay would allow it, and the female members of their families skirmished for the supply of red peppers and brilliant calicos, necessary for the purpose of food and fashion.

Toward evening they came in sight of Wilna. The revulsion of feeling was too violent, and two of the men reached before the city limits were reached. Two others tottered on for a short distance, and then only Jacques Dufour was left with the wounded man.

He looked at the litter in despair. Then, conscious of his inability to lift it, he clutched his fingers into the canvas and dragged it after him, calling loudly for help. His cries were heard by a sentinel, and in a few minutes he was in the presence of Marshal Davout. "I confide Kobilinski to your honor; you will restore him to me."

After several weeks of this severe travel a storm came on, and all but five of the little company perished.

The survivors were half stupefied; but their courage still lived, and they lifted his litter and moved steadfastly forward.

"I owe you," said the landlord, chuckling, exactly \$2. There they are. Good-by, Hop!"

There seemed to be no peaceful method of redress for poor Hop. He slunk out of sight, having no friend to advise him.

A little later in the day Jem and his partner announced that they were going back to their ranch, and called upon the landlord for their bill. It was handed them. Jem glanced over it.

"One hundred dollars each?"

"Correct, I believe. But we have a little bill agen you, Bob. There was the night we couldn't sleep for the handorgan in the bar. We want \$20 each for the loss of that sleep. There's the rancid butter; five a week apiece for not pitchin' it out of the window. Let me see that is not all; there's the wear on our teeth 'cause of your tough beef. Yes, that makes twenty-five more. Then it was worth \$75 each for listenin' to your old jokes, and it's lettin' you off cheap," etc.

By this process Jem brought the landlord \$20 in their debt, but laughingly offered to come the next winter and board it out.

Bob also laughed, but protested, and at last grew very angry. Jem looked at him quietly, then counted out the money. "Find Hop," he said, coolly, handing the amount to his friend. "Give this to him, that he may know there is such a thing as an honest American. I'll settle with this man."

The manner of his settling "with this man" is a favorite tale in the town to this day. It is certain, however, that the landlord was reformed by Jem's rude justice. He was never known to cheat a Chinaman again.—*Youth's Companion*.

#### CHEATING A CHINAMAN.

How One Western Landlord Was Cured of the Practice.

Justice in the Far West sometimes takes new and startling shapes. Jem Blank, a ranchman, who died last summer leaving a large amount of money to found a hospital in one of the cities on Puget Sound, was accustomed, it is said, when he saw a scoundrel going unwhipped of justice, promptly to constitute himself jury, judge, and executioner.

One day Jem, with a friend, was in the office of a hotel in Portland, Oregon, where they had been boarding for several weeks. The landlord was reckoning with a Chinese cook, who was leaving his service to return home.

"Twenty weeks at \$10 a week makes \$200, eh? That's so. I owe you that."

"All right!" said the smiling Hop Lee, holding out his hand.

"But stop a little. I have a bill against you. Hop. The day you were late with the breakfast—that's \$15 agen you. The evening Judge Smith said the chops were burned makes \$10 more; the times you didn't make gridle cakes when I wanted them, \$5 each," and so on, while the old Chinaman, his face gray and his mouth open, stood in dumb despair before him.

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"A good summer girl!"

"Yes, she'll do through the hot weather, when it only costs 30 cents for ice-cream for two; but her father is poor, you know. Now, that the oyster season has arrived, and it costs from a dollar to a dollar and six bits for Berwick Bay oysters, why, it is much more comforting to feed Miss Stonaway. Her father's worth \$300,000, and a man feels as though he wasn't exactly throwing away his salary when he sets up the feed." —*Texas Spy*.

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"A Trifling Subject."

A young woman of this city, whose quick wit is responsible for the loss of a number of friends, has just seen another retire from the list.

The young man was in a philosophical mood and remarked:

"Self-study is a bad thing."

"I shouldn't be surprised," she responded flippantly.

"Now, I am sure that if I were to devote myself to thinking about myself I should become very narrow-minded."

"Oh, yes; you'd probably have to in order to grasp the subject."

And for the time he really felt as small as she had pictured him.—*Washington Star*.

Parisian Fools.

The supercilious young men in Paris (according to an imaginative correspondent) not content with mere boot lasts, have plaster casts made of their legs from the waist down, with the object of keeping both their trousers, their knee-breeches, and even their underwear in proper shape. One youth with more money than brains, has an entire room of his residence devoted to the reception of some sixty pairs of plaster-of-Paris counterparts of his legs, and nothing is more peculiar than the spectacle presented by this army of fully clothed limbs standing about without any trunk and head.

Intent on his purpose, and not suspecting the vicinity of other camps, Major Elliott, calling some of his men to follow, dashed off in pursuit of the fugitives. Not one of the nineteen cavalrymen was ever again known by a white man.

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