

## THE COREAN RIP VAN WINKLE.

A Story Very Like Irving's Legend of the Catskills.

Was the legend of Rip Van Winkle wholly the creation of Washington Irving? asks a writer in the New York Post, or did he put into such pleasing shape some story he had unearthed in his antiquarian researches? In Percival Lowell's charming book, "A Sketch of Corea," p. 205, I find this legend under the head of "Demon Worship":

"There lived once upon a time a certain well-to-do countryman, whose business took him into the woods. He was a feller of timber, and in pursuit of his work he often went far into the mountains. All Coreans are fond of nature, and this man was no exception to the rule; so, with his business as excuse and his love as incentive, he would ramble on in the virgin forest. One day he wandered further than usual, and found himself at last some distance up the side of the mountain. Before him lay the peak seemingly close, and under the impulse of that species of folly which urges men to go to the top of anything lofty, in spite of their better judgment and repeated experience that the end never justifies the means, he climbed it. When at last he reached the summit he found there four old men busily intent on a game of go. They were seated, squatting in a circle, the go-board in their midst, while around them on the ground lay flagons of sul, and a page sat hard by to replenish the cups as they were emptied. The four looked up as he approached, bowed with great civility, and, observing that he was tired, ordered the page to pour him out some sul. He sat down, sipped some sul, and looked on at the game. After tarrying what seemed but a very short time in such agreeable company he rose to take his leave. They bade him good-by with as much courtesy as they had welcomed him, and he started down the mountain. He descended without accident and reached the bottom in much less time than it had taken him to go up. Mindful of his wife and children, he struck out for home, and arrived there in safety before sunset. On entering his own abode he was somewhat surprised to find the place occupied by people he had never seen. What was worse, they ordered him off the premises as an intruder. He remonstrated at thus being turned out of his own house, and in the altercation that ensued the master of the place came out from an inner room to see what was going on. He was a man well on in life, and yet the woodman never remembered to have laid eyes on him before. Appealing to him, however, for redress, the woodman was asked his name, and on giving it the man replied that such was his first name, too. (In Corea the first name is equivalent to our last name.) On further questioning it turned out that the present incumbent was the woodman's own grandson. The wanderer had come back to another world. His wife had long since died, his children all were buried; most of their children, too, had passed away, and his great-grandchildren had grown up to manhood. He had been gone 100 years."

### The Huns.

The Huns were a people of Northern As, who, in the fifth century, invaded and conquered a great part of Europe. They were probably of Mongolian or Tartar stock, and the theory generally adopted by historians is that the Huns were directly descended from the Hsiung-nou, whose ancient seat was an extensive and barren territory north of the great wall of China. These people so overran the Chinese about 200 B. C. that the great wall was built to keep them out. Their power was broken by subsequent wars with the Chinese, in which the latter, under the valiant Emperor Yen-ti, were successful.

After this they were engaged in conflict with another powerful nomadic tribe of Northern Asia, and were so reduced in strength and shortened in supplies that they divided their numbers and some 50,000 migrated to the east shore of the Caspian Sea, where they settled and became known as the "White Huns." Later the main body of the nation moved westward and settled on the shores of the Volga. In the third century they crossed the river and invaded the territory of the Alani, a pastoral people living between the Volga and Don Rivers, conquered the race, and united it with themselves. In the following century, we find the combined nations invading the dominion of the Goths, which then extended from the Baltic to the Euxine. The invaders were successful, and what was left of the conquered Gothic nation was forced to seek an asylum within the bounds of the Roman Empire. The Huns settled on the banks of the Don and the Dneiper, soon became involved in war with the Romans, and in the fifth century, under Attila, attained a high degree of power, and included or governed all the tribes from the Volga to the Rhine. Attila also seized the territory south of the Danube, crossed the Rhine, and threatened the existence of the Frankish Empire. The Franks called the Romans to their aid, and at Chalons-sur-Marne was fought in June, 451, the bloodiest battle known to European history, in which the Huns were defeated. Attila's army is said to have been 700,000 strong, and probably the armies allied against him aggregated nearly as large a force. But the Hunnish Empire, after Attila's death, fell to pieces, and the people themselves were swallowed up by other tribes. Historians are not agreed on the question whether the modern Hungarians or Magyars are descendants from the race of the Huns or not. The White Huns of the Caspian shore, at

about the time the other part of the tribe was invading Europe, spread themselves over all of Eastern Persia and the Indian border. Roman historians describe the Huns as hideous in appearance, with broad shoulders, flat noses, and small black eyes, deeply buried in the head. Hideous legends were coined concerning their ancestry, ascribing it to the union of the witches of Scythia with infernal spirits, and such was the terror inspired by the repulsive appearance and savage manners of the barbarous race that these tales were readily believed.—*Inter Ocean*.

### A Prince in Disguise.

A foreign prince staying in Paris made a heavy bet with a member of the Imperial Club that he—the prince—would, in the course of the next two hours, be arrested by the police without committing any offense or provoking the authorities in any fashion. The way he won his wager was by dressing himself in a tattered old blouse, a pair of moldy boots, full of holes, and a disreputable burlesque of a hat. Thus attired, he walked up to one of the most aristocratic cafes in Paris, and seating himself at a table he called for a cup of chocolate. The waiter, as was natural, did not care about serving so suspicious-looking a customer before he was assured that payment would be forthcoming, so he told the prince that he must pay in advance. Upon this his highness pulled a bundle of bank-notes out of his pocket and, picking out one of considerable value, told him to take the price of the coffee out of it and bring back the change. The man immediately went in search of the proprietor of the cafe, who, when he heard the facts of the case, ordered the coffee to be served, and at the same time sent to the nearest police station for a sergeant de ville. The prince was of course arrested and taken before a commissary of police. He announced his rank and told his reasons for assuming such an unprincely costume. The authorities were dubious at first, but finally they consented to send the prince under escort to the Imperial Club, where the gentleman with whom the bet had been made proved his identity and paid his highness the money he had fairly won.—*Manchester Guardian*.

### A Russian Noble's Three Bobbins.

It will be remembered that the submission of the Merv Turcomans was gained by help of the famous Moscow merchant Kouschine, who sent his so-called trading caravan into Merv in charge of Alikhanoff and other officers in disguise. For the great services then rendered this pioneer of Russian conquests in Central Asia has been rewarded with a patent of hereditary nobility. His firm is well known for its manufacture of cheap and highly colored cotton prints for the Asiatic market, and the arms now granted to him and his descendants display three bobbins, indicating the means of his elevation to rank and fortune. Precisely the same caravan tricks, I am assured, are now tried in Afghan Turkestan and by exactly the same persons. This Moscow house is full of enterprise, and being backed by the Government, with privileges over the Transcaspian Railway and elsewhere, of course sticks at nothing. Last February its politico-commercial caravans introduced Moscow goods into the bazars of Herat under our very eyes.—*London Times*.

THE AGENT OF THE GERMAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY, CLEVELAND, OHIO, MR. H. SCHULTE, writes: "We keep St. Jacobs Oil on hand, and consider it most valuable in case of burns, scalds, etc." Use according to directions.

### Timely Domestic Hints.

If you are troubled with weak eyes never sift ashes while facing the wind; get your wife to do it, or wait till the wind shifts to another quarter. A cheap boy may be hired for fifty cents a day to pull weeds, but it costs a dollar extra to pay a man to watch the boy. He is a wise man who, instead of driving his neighbor's hens out of the door-yard with a fusillade of old boots, cobble-stones and profanity, fixes up a snug place for them to lay in. The prudent man never buys patent medicines unless he sees them advertised in a religious paper. Such medicines may be taken with perfect safety. The editor is a good man and tests the virtue of the nostrums at the risk of his life for the benefit of advertisers, always taking out his pay for advertising in sample cases. If you are living beyond your means it is best to ignore the fact. Brooding over such trifles causes a man to worry, and worry kills more people than work.—*Tid-Bits*.

MR. J. W. MEVIS, 28 Rock street, Lowell, Mass., writes: "I was taken with a crick in the neck and suffered agony. St. Jacobs Oil cured me." For sale by druggists and dealers.

### Red Heads and White Horses.

The red-headed girl and white horse superstition has taken a deep hold in Chicago, and lots of people in that scientific city now assert that whenever you see one of the beauteous-topped damsels out of doors an albino equine will not be far off. One realistic fellow says: "It is a phenomenon that, in my opinion, is easily explained by the fact that white horses are more common than girls with red hair, and a person can hardly look anywhere on the streets without seeing a white horse, and he may look a long time for a red-haired girl. It is to be hoped that this subject will not arouse public attention to such an extent that the poor lassies who had not the choosing of color for their hair will be compelled to disguise themselves with wigs or remain indoors until the excitement has subsided."

### The Lion and the Lamb.

Moxie and the rum-sellers are friends at last. It was thought it would injure their trade. Now they are making most money on it and do no harm, while the old drinker prefers it. Thank God that it bids highest on the liquor dealer's pocket.

The American people have grown to be the most nervous and intellectual people in the world. It is quite lucky that the Moxie Nerve Food has come along to sustain both. It bids fair to be the mainstay of the over-worked and over-stimulated, as well as to be able to rectify the effects of dissipation. Druggists sell it.

### The Toothsome Caramel.

Although so many of our pleasantest things come from France, the caramel is an American invention of not quite a dozen years' standing. It was not known in Europe till about six years ago; and it is now made there by only one firm of confectioners—a London house. A pint of cream to three pounds of sugar will make a goodly quantity, boiled together, and the flavoring, of whatever desired nature, added when it reaches 260 degrees Fahrenheit. Pour out the mixture then on flat dishes to cool, and as it begins to "set," which is very soon, cut it into little blocks with a sharp blade dipped in cold water. These will be good for some time, and are about as innocent a confection as there is to be found.

### The Old Folks at Home.

Or elsewhere, need a tonic now and then to sustain them under growing infirmities. No safer or more thorough invigorant for age and the delicate can be found than Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a seasonable medicine in those ailments of common occurrence—liver complaint, indigestion and bowel disorders; a pure botanic safeguard against malaria, and a reliable means of counteracting rheumatism. To the convalescent, it is a valuable aid in the recovery of strength, and to the debilitated, not less than it yields a strong balsom and renewed elasticity, two important factors in the restoration of vigor. Being of purely botanic origin, it is free from those objections urged against mineral remedies difficult or impossible of assimilation by the system, and which impair the tone of the stomach, which the Bitters, on the contrary, strengthens and regulates. It is indorsed and prescribed by the medical fraternity.

That's the Right Place to Send It.

The Star of Bethlehem has been rediscovered in Kentucky. Well, quite likely, quite likely; that's the State where they need it. The first time it was discovered Kentucky was off somewhere at a Rowan County hangin', or something of that sort, and didn't get any good of it. Now, if Professor Klein really has discovered it again, just all the rest of the world stand back and let Kentucky have it all to herself; there won't be more than enough of it to go around, even then.—*Burdette*.

WEAK lungs, spitting of blood, consumption, and kindred affections, cured without physician. Address for treatise, with 10 cents in stamps, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 633 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

It is only after she becomes a centenarian that a woman is willing to own up to her age.—*Boston Post*.

Prof. Loisette's Memory Discovery.

No doubt can be entertained about the value and genuineness of Prof. Loisette's Memory System, as it is so strongly recommended by Mark Twain, Mr. Proctor, H. W. W. Astor, Judah P. Benjamin, Dr. Buckley, and others. For full details send for Prof. L.'s prospectus, at 237 Fifth Ave., New York. From it the System is taught by correspondence quite as well as by personal instruction. Colleges near New York have secured his lectures. He has had 100 Columbia Law students, two classes of 200 each at Yale, 200 at Meriden, 250 at Norwich, 400 at Wellesley College, and 400 at University of Penn. We cannot conceive how a system could receive any higher endorsement.

INDIGESTION, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility relieved by taking Mensman's Peptonized Beef Tonic, the only preparation of beef containing its entire nutritious properties. It contains blood-making, force-generating, and life-sustaining properties; is invaluable in all febrile conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, overwork, or acute disease; particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Hazard, Hazard & Co., proprietors, New York.

READ the advertisement of Mount Morris Academy in another column of this paper.

### Tired Languid Dull

Expresses the condition of thousands of people at this season. The depressing effects of the warm weather and that tired feeling are easily overcome by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It gives strength in place of weakness, gives tone to every organ, creates an appetite, and purifies the blood. Give it a trial now.

"I have been troubled for many years with violent headaches. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me so much good that I feel like a new being. I earnestly recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all who suffer with headaches." MRS. E. SATCHELL, Gates Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

One Agent (Merchant only) wanted in every city.

TANSLIS'S PUNCH 5¢

The best evidence of the popularity of your "Tansill's Punch" is that after the first trial I have a permanent customer. I have sold them for more than three years, and the only fault that my customers find with them is that they can't get enough of them to be satisfied. ROBERT H. COWDRAY, Ph. G. Chicago.

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