

Too Hospitable.

"Your friend, Mrs. Ames, is charming, isn't she?" said one lady to another.

"Charming, indeed," was the cordial reply. "I am very fond of her."

"And yet you never stay at her house, when you come to the city. She spoke about it the other day, and seemed quite hurt."

"Well, to tell the truth, I haven't time to go to Mrs. Ames' when I come to town on a shopping expedition," was the reply. "You know she has a way of arranging everybody's affairs for them, and though she does it from the best of motives, I find it very distracting."

The accusation was literally true. If one proposes leaving Mrs. Ames' house at a certain time she inquires, "But, why must you go now?"

"Because I want to take the three-forty train."

Instantly her time-table is produced, and she proves to you, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that you could take an express train at four, and reach your destination only three minutes later. You may be able to convince her that you would rather take the slower train and thus stop at Hemlock Point, for a word with Cousin John, but you have only switched her temporarily to a side track, for she presently resumes:

"And if you take the three-forty you needn't start now. I only allow myself twenty minutes to get to the station, and you could do it in twelve. So you needn't go for ten minutes yet."

It doesn't seem worth while to explain that you like to be leisurely; that you want to buy some oranges at the stand on one corner, and look into the windows of the Chinese laundry on another. You merely resign your brief bit of foolish pleasure, and allow her to settle your affairs as she pleases.

So "capable" is she that no point seems worth contesting, and you chat with her until she bundles you out of doors, with a hearty "Good-by!" and then run for your train, to arrive at the station, hot, dusty and anxious.

There is such a thing as being too hospitable. The perfect host is he or she who studies to find out what a guest likes best to do, and helps him to do that, without suggesting that something else is better. It is well to have your advice and practical help always ready, and "on tap," as it were, but they should never be obtrusively offered.—*Youth's Companion*.

Pipes in Tennessee.

"You all gwine down to Knoxville to court next week?" asked Bob Martin as he climbed up on the fence beside Bill Thomas down in Claiborne County, Tenn., last month.

"I reckon I am. Got the papers last week."

"Witness or prisoner?"

"Witness agin Al Myers in a distillin' case. I get Al spenid las' yeah, and Al's gwine to git me the trip this time. Got a little-buyin' ter do, an' mout as well make the gov'ment pay for it."

"Who's gwine to put in Al's crop in case he's sent up ter Albany?"

"Tom Corbett, I reckon. Tom's shinin' 'round Al's oldest gal purty lively."

"How'd they git the evidence agin Al?"

"He was drunk in the still house, an' they had 'im tied afol he cud git at his gun."

"Reckon he'll go up then?"

"Reckon he'll will onless he kin prove an alibi, an' he kain't very well, bein' as he was caught in the still house with a kittil on at the time."

"Done give bonds, didn't he?"

"Yaas; he didn't wanter to lay in jail. Up to Albany it's all right, but in that jail they put niggars and white men in the same cage. They wuz fohty in w'en I wuz in."

"How many days do you all expect to stay down the road?"

"Bout a week, I reckon. Get fol dollars a day an' my railroadin'."

"Gwine to give evidence against Al?"

"Not much. Only 'nuff ter send 'im up for a year. Al kain't stand moln' in a year. They all didn't raise but fol pigs an' a little patch o' cohn this year."

"Gwine to ride down to Corbin?"

"Ef you all ull lend me yoh mewl, I will. Ef you kin't, I'll hoof it."

"Ye kin have 'im ef you'll send 'im back by a boy."

"All right. Bleeged ter yer. Good day."

"Good day. The mewl's out 'n the lot. Ketch 'im, an' the saddle's in the barn."

The Rise of the Drexels.

To-day Drexel & Co. can raise more money in twenty-four hours than any financial institution in the United States. Yet it is not a great while ago that old Francis Drexel was a poor portrait painter. Somehow or other the old man about fifty years ago got an order to paint a picture for a Brazilian grandee, and went down to that country to do the work. The Brazilian took a fancy to the poor portrait painter, and not only paid him a good price for the picture but let him in on some money-making scheme out of which Drexel realized quite a sum. He returned to Philadelphia and went into the money-lending business. By careful investments he amassed a big fortune, and his three boys—Francis, Anthony and Joseph—increased it. When the old man died he was worth about \$5,000,000. When Francis, the oldest boy died, he left \$25,000,000. J. C. Drexel left about \$8,000,000, being less of a money-maker than the others, and Anthony, the only one left, is estimated to be worth anywhere from \$20,000,000 to \$50,000,000. Nobody really knows how much he is worth, but the house

can raise \$50,000,000 or more in twenty-four hours, if necessary, which is something no other institution in the country, outside of the United States Treasury, can do. When Frank died he left three daughters. All are under twenty-five, one only is married, and they have each an income of about \$1,000 a day. The fellow who married one of them was a young lawyer without a dollar.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

Marks of Gentility.

There are many curious personal habits and usages that originally marked gentility, if not aristocracy. The practice observed among Spanish hidalgos of allowing the finger-nails to grow into claw-like forms was to show that they had never done any work. The same thing is done by the Chinese for the same purpose.

Among the ancient Romans the wearing of long sleeves, which came down over the hand, was the fashion in the upper circles. This advertised to the world that the wearer did not engage in any labor, and freedom from employment was, according to their crude notions of worth, the condition of respectability.

The height of absurdity is reached in the fancy of the Chinese leaders of fashion who have gone to the extent of inducing shapeless deformity in women's feet, and rendering the victims cripples for life, to prove that these could afford to get along without doing anything for themselves.

Yet we can not afford to laugh at the Chinese in this matter. English boots and shoes have been designed more or less for the same absurd purpose. As early as the time of William Rufus "peaked-toed" boots and shoes excited the wrath and contempt of the monkish historians. The shoes called *pigacia* had their points made like a scorpion's tail, and a courtier named Robert stuffed his out with tow, and caused them to curl round in form of a ram's horn, a fashion which took mightily amongst the nobles. It is plain that the purpose of this fashion was to show that the privileged wearer was not dependent on any kind of labor or fleetness of foot for his daily bread.

The practice of wearing tight-fitting boots and shoes is an old one, for Chaucer, writing of them in his day, says that it is

"Merveyle sith that they sitte so pleyn,
How they come on, or off again."

Later, in 1765, Horace Walpole said, "I am now twenty years on the right side of red heels."

Water Cresses in New Jersey.

"I have lived here for nearly forty years," said an old resident of Belleville, N. J., and never in all that time have I eaten anything for my breakfast during the spring, summer, and autumn season except bread and butter and water cresses."

The old gentleman's practice is not exclusively his own. There are still persons who eat water cresses, and call them the healthiest herbs that grow. The streams that flow into the Passaic River, in the vicinity of Belleville, are just now literally choked with water cresses, and although bushel baskets are filled with them every morning, they seem rather to increase than to diminish in numbers. Scores of persons, young and old, find a healthful recreation in picking them when the early dew is on the grass, and are willing to submit to the inevitable penalty of wet feet for the pleasure of the occupation and the flavor of the cress. Country maidens, who are by no means partial to early rising as a prelude to lighting the fire or milking the cow, are up with the lark when it becomes a question of wading in the cool streams and gathering water cresses.

The water cress is a weed, pure and simple. It can never be anything else. Efforts to cultivate it and produce a better and more delicate species have been made, and signally failed. Under artificial treatment it loses the faint, piquant, mustard flavor that is its especial charm, and assumes much of the hot, pungent taste of the horse radish. It flourishes for nearly nine months in the year, and, as it is constantly renewing itself, the large, coarse leaves of the old plants may be left to wither, and only the young, delicate stems picked. It will not bear cooking of any kind, but eaten raw with a little salt, and fresh bread and butter, it is—well, try it.—*New York Sun*.

Too Much for the Baby.

Gushing visitor—Oh, oo little teeny weenty toozie oozy sing! Tum here and et me tiss its little turly tootsie-wootsie, oo itty pitty sing.

Boston baby—I really beg your pardon, madam, but, owing to what perhaps is a foolish prejudice on mamma's part, I have not been allowed to commence my language studies. I am very sorry, but I will have to ask you to address me solely in the English language.

Looking Backward.

"I've never seen my hands when they were as dirty as yours," said a mother to a young daughter by way of reproving her for want of neatness.

"No," quickly retorted the clever child, "but I guess grandma has."—*Judge*.

More Likely.

Landlord—Well, sir, how did you sleep last night?

Guest—Oh, first-rate, until long toward morning the trains wake me up.

Landlord—There are no trains through here in the morning sir. It must have been our new hash machine.

THE prayer rug must have been the original of mat-in-knees.

The Parson's Courteous Retort.

People named Smith are obliged to encounter the tedious joke about their name very frequently during their lives. "It seems to me that I've heard your name before," is the form this joke usually takes, and, if you notice, you will see that everybody who utters it to any member of the numerous family of Smiths does it with the air of getting off a very original witticism. Once in a while, however, something really good follows this same old joke, and attones to the long-suffering Smith for the complacency with which good-breeding forces him to smile for the thousandth time at the remark. A young man named Smith was introduced to a famous London clergyman.

"Ah," said the famous man, jocularly, "I think, don't you know, I've heard your name somewhere."

"Possibly," replied the young man: "but if you'll pardon me for saying so, I did not expect a man of your character to say that same old thing. Do you really think, sir, that a clergyman should go to heaven who is capable of saying that to one of us Smiths?"

Quick as thought came, the answer, while the good man's eyes flashed with a merry appreciation of young Smith's mirthful sarcasm.

"My dear lad," said he, "don't you know that heaven is peopled with Smiths? They've been going there for hundreds of years."

The Effects of Thunder on Dogs.

An interesting story was told last year of a supposed mad dog out in Litchfield County, that was killed because of its strange conduct, and afterward was found to have been only frightened by the thunder. It had run twelve miles and then taken to a strange house, run up-stairs and refused to stir, and so was shot. It was a Scotch collie, and these dogs are peculiarly susceptible to and utterly cowed by thunder.

There is one in this city not quite as bright as the sunshine in fair weather that becomes an utter imbecile as soon as thunder or even a firecracker is heard. Yesterday afternoon, amid the distant rumble of a far-away storm, he laid aside his intelligence and ran wildly off from home without it. A long search for him proved futile, but in a couple of hours he turned up, all wet and muddy, at his owner's office ready to be escorted home. On the penitential journey homeward they met another dog, not quite so big as this one, and, at sight of the large and ruffled collie, the strange dog dropped flat upon his belly and lay cringing and trembling, the victim of abject fear, until the dog scared by a crack of thunder had walked proudly by. There are all sorts of cowards.

Shaken, Broiled and Drenched.

These are three particles of English grammar. They are also the three successive conditions undergone every day, every other day, or every third day, by the unhappy wretched headless enough to allow fever and ague to fasten its clutch upon him. No need of it—none. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will and does preserve those who use it from every type of malarial disease, whether intermittent or bilious remittent. For nearly thirty-five years it has been a professionally recognized specific for and preventive of these tenacious maladies, not only on our own soil, but in tropical and equatorial lands where the scourge is prevalent at all seasons and in its worst forms. Biliousness, dyspepsia, rheumatism, kidney complaint, nervousness and debility are also ailments to the complete removal of which the Bitters long since demonstrated its adequacy.

What They Call 'Em in Chicago.

"Miss Calumet," said Miss Brainy (of Boston), "speaking of Sartor Resartus reminds me to solicit your opinion of the modern style of gentlemen's trousers. Do you think them unusual, and I may even say their extreme width, is incompatible with the highest expression of true art in man's habiliments?"

"Well," replied Miss Calumet, her Chicago eyes gleaming with interest, "I think they are slicker than the old-fashioned hand-me-downs."—*Clothes and Furnisher*.

MANY industries having been established in the South, particularly at the rapidly growing city of Florence, Ala., the Chicago and Eastern Illinois (Evansville Route) has decided to run five personally conducted excursion trains as follows: August 6 and 20, Sept. 10 and 24, and Oct. 8. All the railroads in the Northwest have agreed to sell for those dates excursion tickets to points in Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana at one lowest first-class fare for the round trip. Tickets will be good returning thirty days. Persons desiring to join these excursions can obtain full particulars by writing to J. B. Morrell, Traveling Agent C. & E. I. R. R., 501 First National Bank Building, Chicago, or to William Hill, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

Hard to Understand the Law Business.

"Qu'ah thing 'bout dissher law business," said Uncle Jonas.

"What's the matter, uncle? Have they been mixing you up?"

"Dat's jess what. I doan un'stan' it."

"What don't you understand?"

"Why, I pays de lawyer \$10 ter git me out er trubble, and de Judge he goes ahead anyhow an' does jes ez he pleases erbout it."—*Merchant Traveler*.

THE very best way to know whether or not Dobbins' Electric Soap is as good as it is said to be, is to try it yourself. It can't deceive you. Be sure to get no imitation. There are lots of them. Ask your grocer.

THE highest office in the gift of the President is that of postmaster at Mineral Point, Col. It is 12,000 feet above the sea level, but the salary is not as high in proportion. The office-seeker prefers a lower position with a higher salary attached.—*Norristown Herald*.

THE skillful cook may not know much about Shakespeare and Milton, but she is well up in Browning.

A Dog's Extraordinary Leap.

Lieut. Franklin A. Shaw, of the First Regiment of Infantry, of Boston, was out walking at Greathead, with his little daughter Grace, the other afternoon. They were attended by a thoroughbred St. Bernard, the property of Lieut. Shaw. While at the highest point of the cliff, Grace went close to the edge, and the dog, seeing her danger, walked between the child and the precipice. The turf started and the dog lost his footing. Realizing his danger, he made a spring far out over the cliff. The child had turned to her father and was really out of danger when the dog sprang up in front of her, but the noble brute had done his duty in guarding her. He sprang clear of the rocks and landed on his feet on the beach, 120 feet below. It was a remarkable escape, for the dog is extremely large, weighing 165 pounds, and such a leap, without breaking limbs, seemed impossible. Beyond a few cuts on his feet the dog was apparently unhurt.

Save That Sweet Girl!

Don't let that beautiful girl fade and droop into invalidism or sink into an early grave for want of timely care at the most critical stage of her life. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will aid in regulating her health and establishing it on a firm basis, and may save her years of chronic suffering and consequent unhappiness.

A more pleasant physic
You never will find
Than Pierce's small "Pellets,"
The Purgative kind.

A Murderous Proposition.

Bridget—Mr. Sophleigh is in the parlor, mem.

Laura—That hateful little dude again? I wish I could think of some plan to get rid of him.

Brother John—Why don't you try insect powder on him, Lol?—*Terre Haute Express*.

It is all very well to pay as you go, but if you have no baggage the hotel proprietor would rather you would pay when you arrive.

Summer Weakness

Is quickly overcome by the toning, reviving, and blood-purifying qualities of Hood's Sarsaparilla. This popular medicine drives off that tired feeling and cures such headache, dyspepsia, scrofula, and all humors. Thousands testify that Hood's Sarsaparilla "makes the weak strong."

"My health was poor, as I had frequent sick headache, could not sleep well, did not have much appetite, and had no ambition to work. I have taken less than a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and feel like a new person." Mrs. W. A. TURNER, West Hanover, Mass.

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