

DELAYED PERMISSION.

I came upon the sod-house about dusk one evening as I was traveling "cross country" through Western Kansas. It was rough, low, mean and dirty, but never the less was the abode of a lively family, the Doddsworths, as I found out later. I could go no further and so stopped, asked for lodgings, put out my horse and sat down to talk with my host.

"You may haft sleep out ter the barn part o' the night," he volunteered.

"Why," I asked.

"Wa'al, young Bemis is comin' over hyar pretty reglar to spark Mary, an'—"

"Oh, pa! how can you talk so!" chimed in the buxom daughter of the family, immediately flouncing out of the kitchen into the best room.

"So he is stuck on Mary?" I suggested.

"You bet he is. He's over here regular. He's a nice fellow, Bemis is."

"What does he do?"

"Oh, he farms 'Squire Lewis' land on shares. He ain't got much money, that's the only thing; but I don't care.

ay they're big enough to marry when they're old enough and old enough when they're big enough, money or no money."

"Does Mary like him?"

"Yes, tolerable. She says he's kinder bashful—not near so peart as the schoolmaster that's shinin' up to Tilly Marks; but I say she shall have Bemis as sure as my name's Doddsworth."

"Well," I put in, "you had better let 'em go and marry."

"That's what I say; but, you see, Sally, my wife, is dead again' it. She's awful opinionated, Sally is, and don't use good sense. Now, fer me, when I see I'm wrong, I always admit it and let it go; but she won't. She just sticks and hangs an' won't gin' up. You want to be careful of gittin' in an argyment with her."

I said I would and remembered the caution when Doddsworth had gone out to milk the cows, she approached me and began to talk about Mary and Bemis. I remembered what he had said.

"I ain't got nothin' against Bemis," she admitted. "He's a good enough boy; rather bashful, of course, but Mary likes him."

"Is your husband opposed to the match?" I suggested, to see what she would say.

"Of course, I don't like to talk much about it, but he's kinder offish about it. He's awful set, Doddsworth is. Sometimes I think he don't use good sense. Now, when I see I'm wrong I'm willing to admit it and drop the matter; but he won't. He just sticks an' hangs an' won't give up. He don't exactly like Bemis an' he won't give up that Mary can marry him."

Here, thought I, is a grand chance to bring two clashing natures together and make them work for Mary's happiness. Mary was already entertaining her lover in the "best room," which was the only other room in the house but the kitchen, in which we sat, and I concluded I'd please the pair as well as surprise them, so when the husband came in, I addressed him:

"I was just talking to your wife, Mr. Doddsworth, and she seemed perfectly willing to have young Bemis for a son-in-law. Now, you expressed the same opinion to me a while ago, and as you are both very liberal in your views, why not unite on this question?"

"Is that so, Sally?" exclaimed the husband. "Be you willin'?"

"Well, I—" she began, when she caught my eye and frankly admitted, "Yes, I ain't got nothin' against him, but you was always so obstinate that—

"No, Sally, it was you that was set in your—"

"See here," I put in, "no quarreling now. You are agreed in this matter. Let's break the news to the young folks."

They had no opportunity of demurring before I opened the door leading to the "best room." There was a sudden shuffling of chairs and feet as we entered, as though the lass and lover had moved rapidly apart.

"Mary," said I, for I rather enjoyed the theatrical aspect of the case, "your folks are willing that you should marry this young man if you want to. I hope you will be happy and prosperous."

"Say, you city dude," drawled the young man in question, "whose funeral is this, anyhow? Do you run this household now? Mary and I don't care fer yer blessin'. We was married by Squire Quinn last night when the folks thought we was at the dance."

"The folks," who had been standing in the back ground, somewhat awed by my officiousness, and myself, beat a precipitate retreat. Our kindness had come too late.

I rode on the next morning and have not seen Bemis or the Doddsworths since.—C. M. Harger, in *Detroit Free Press*.

The Baby in the Bureau.

There lived in a Pennsylvania town a few years ago a woman who managed this baby-in-the-bureau question most skillfully. To begin with, the baby, as well as the bureau, was her own. Her method was to remove the two upper drawers, and seating the child in the lower drawer, gently slide it shut and turn the key. The child then sat up of its own accord, and with its head in the space vacated by the upper drawers, crowded merrily away for hours. Not unfrequently, the mother thus left the child to attend to her duties in another room, or even to go on shopping expeditions requiring an hour or two. Confined in this improvised cradle, the child was not always quiet,

but it could neither harm itself nor any of the objects about it, and that the mother knew.

Another Belief Killed.

Supernatural, almost diabolical, influences are attributed to the famous upas tree, which, according to all accounts, is so deadly that if a hot wind passes over it an odor is carried along which is fatal to whoever breathes it. Old letters, written from Paris in 1642, by "The Turkish Spy," describe a plant cultivated in a garden in the city that blasts all that grows within ten cubits of its roots. They call it "ill neighbor." He declares that there was a withered circle around it, while the tree itself was green and thrifty.

There is a tradition of a poison or upas tree that grows in the Island of Java, from which a putrid steam rises and kills whomsoever it touches. Foersch, a Dutch physician (1783), says: "Not a tree or a blade of grass is to be found in the valley or surrounding mountains. Not a beast or bird or reptile or living thing lives in the vicinity. On one occasion 1,600 refugees encamped within fourteen miles of it, and all 300 died within two months."

The falsehood of this story is exposed by Bennett, who says: "The tree (upas) while growing, is quite innocuous, though the juice may be used for poison; the whole neighborhood is most richly covered with vegetation; men may fearlessly walk under the tree and birds roost in its branches."

Darwin, in his "Loves of the Plants," has perpetuated Foersch's fable when he says:

On the blasted heath

Fell Upas sits, the hydra tree of death. It is probable that the fable of the blighting influence of the upas tree has been derived from the fact that there is in Java a small tract of land on which nothing can live. This is caused, not by the "fell upas," but by emanations of carbonic acid gas, which are constantly going on. At the same time, it is quite true that the juice of the upas is a deadly poison.—*All the Year Round*.

A Chinaman's Funeral.

At the funeral of a Chinaman in Philadelphia some queer ceremonies were observed. The deceased was clothed in garments of the lightest

texture, so that he might not suffer from the heat in his new abode. He wore a straw hat, and in one hand he held a fan. The corpse of a Chinaman is always provided with money to pay its expenses to the unknown country.

One of the mourners dropped between Hong's teeth a 25-cent piece, and about a score of the others came forward with their quarter subscriptions. The undertaker could not get all of them in the dead Chinaman's mouth, and half of the silver pieces were placed in his

ocket. The ceremonies finished, the coffin was closed, and over the top of it were placed strips of red, white, and black bunting, the colors of the Sing Ye Hong Society (Chinese freemasons), of which the dead man had been a member.

He Spoke from Experience.

"What are you doing here?" said a policeman to a suspicious-looking small boy in the Central Park yesterday morning.

"Oh, nothin'; only waitin' to hear mother tell pa what she thinks of him for not comin' home last night," replied the boy, calmly.

"Where do you live?"

"Down there by the Grand Central Depot."

"Why, you are half a mile away."

"That's all right," said the boy, with a grin; "the farther you git away from mother when pap comes in like that the better it sounds. I bet the old man wished to goodness gracious he was up here with his lovin' son, and don't you forget it."—*New York Mercury*.

A Desirable Tenement.

"But why do you charge such an enormous rent for a flat in such a well, in such a plebeian neighborhood?"

"Good gracious man, there's a saloon in the basement, and you can get into it on Sunday by going down the back-stairs."—*Boston Courier*.

A Compiment.

Tom (angrily)—"Did you hear Dick call me a fool?"

Harry—"No; on the contrary he paid you a compliment."

"Ah, what did he say?"

"He said you were not the only fool in the world."—*Yankee Blade*.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men which, if taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." If your affairs are at a low ebb now, don't fail to write to B. F. Johnson & Co., 1009 Main St., Richmond, Va., who have plans that will enable you to make money rapidly.

Episodes at Johnstown.

A party driving through the mountains picked up a ragged little chap not much more than big enough to walk. From his clothing he was evidently a refugee.

"Where are your folks?" he was asked.

"We're living at aunty's now."

"Did you all get out?"

"Oh, we're all right! that is, all except two of sister's babies. Mother and little sister wasn't home, and they got out all right."

"Where were you?"

"Oh, I was at sister's house. We was all in the water and fire. Sister's man—her husband, you know—took us upstairs, and he punched a hole through the roof, and we all climbed out and got saved."

"How about the babies?"

"Oh, sister was carrying two of them in her arms, and the bureaus hit her and knocked them out, so they went down!"

The child had unconsciously caught one of the oddest and most significant tricks of speech that have arisen from the calamity. Nobody speaks of a person's having been drowned, or killed, or lost, or uses any other of the general expressions for sudden death. They have simply "gone down." Everybody seems to avoid harsh words in referring to the possible affliction of another. Pimples, sores, eruptions and all skin and scalp diseases are radically cured by this wonderful medicine. Serious disease may affect the glands, causing swellings or tumors; the bones, causing "fever-sores," "white-swellings," or "lip-joint disease;" or the tissues of the lungs, causing pulmonary consumption. No matter in which one of its myriad forms it crops out, or manifests itself, "Golden Medical Discovery" will cure it if used perseveringly and in time.

Two old friends met for the first time since the disaster.

"My God! I am glad to see you," exclaimed the first. "Are you all right?"

"Yes, I'm doing first rate," was the reply.

The first friend looked awkwardly about a moment, and then asked with suppressed eagerness and emotion:

"And—and, your family—are they all—well?"

There was a world of significance in the hesitation before the last word.

"Yes. Thank God, not one of them went down."

A man who looked like a prosperous banker, and who evidently came from a distance, drove through the mountains toward South Fork. On the way he met a handsome young man in a silk hat, mounted on a mule. The two shook hands eagerly.

"Have you anything?"

"Nothing."

The younger man turned about and the two rode on silently through the forest road. Inquiry later developed the fact that the banker-looking man was really a banker whose daughter had been lost from one of the overwhelmed trains. The young man was his son. Both had been searching for some clew to the young woman's fate, and each was ready to bear bad news to the other when they met.

Be Merciful to Yourself,

And heed the appeals for assistance put forth by your liver, when the organ is out of order. Among these are distress in the right side and through the right shoulder blade, yellowness of the skin and eyeballs, furred tongue, sour breath, sick headache, and, above all, irregularity of the bowels. The mercy you extend to the afflicted organ is wisely shown by a prompt course of medication with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, most genial of alternatives, and the hepatic gland early reciprocates the deserved attention by resuming its secretive functions actively and regularly. Among the accompanying good results are renewed digestion, freedom from headaches, and a resumption of activity of the bowels. All bilious symptoms disappear, and appetite and sleep improve. Beneficent are the effects of the Bitters in malarial disease, kidney disorder, rheumatic ailments and nervousness.

A Bold Cavalry Leader.

A prominent Confederate once told the writer that when Sherman's army assumed the offensive there were three or four regiments of cavalry which would wheel on the Confederate flank like chain lightning and strike like a whole division. It was Gen. J. T. Wilder's brigade of mounted infantry, armed with Spencer repeating rifles. They had come down from Rosecrans' army and went back with Thomas, and those repeating rifles made music. Gen. Wilder was a New Yorker by birth, learned the iron business in Ohio, and after the war, in 1867, built two blast furnaces at Rockwood, near Chattanooga, the first furnaces ever erected in that country which used mineral fuel, and they are still running. Gen. Wilder is at the Ebbitt, a tall, vigorous man, with short, white whiskers and a bluff, hearty manner. He has disposed of his interests in Chattanooga, and is now building the Charleston, Cincinnati and Chicago Railroad. He has done many things in his eventful life.—*Washington Post*.

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of service to the subject of health, especially of the head, throat, and lungs, and some time since he

commenced a series of experiments with a view to determining whether any combination could be found which would kill the parasite and act as a healing power at the same time, and which unneeded in determining that menthol when combined with magnetism would do so, but how to arrange their combination so that it was a safe and

some difficulty. At length he succeeded in confining within a vulcanite tube three inches long and about three-quarters of an inch in diameter a perfect magnet and a sample of a coil of steel wire. In the interior of this tube was a stone made of imported menthol. The ends of the tube are closed by nickel caps, which, when removed, admit of the free action of the electro-mentholized air. The menthol acts as a magnet, and the electric force stimulating the weakened nerves of the diseased parts into healthy action forms a wonderful healing power, thereby successfully stopping all the fumes when inhaled are refreshing and cooling, and for the immediate relief and speedy cure of catarrh, cold in the head, hay fever, headache, neuralgia, catarrhal deafness, etc., it is unequalled.

One of the diseases immediately affected by the inhaler. Commencing colds can be broken up in 24 hours by a few inspirations from this little beneficent instrument. It is safe, simple and produces sound and refreshing sleep at night. It has a pleasant smell. The inspiration is pleasant and effect wonderful.

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