

MISS DILLY DALLY.

She is a sort of omnipresent damsel, common to all communities, and on famous visiting terms with all the neighborhood—at least, she thinks so. She always runs into your house in great haste as though her wish was to borrow fire, instead of telling you (in a voice lowered in terrorized accents) that your neighbors on the other side of her, have just closed a loving tussle to remove superfluous tresses from each other's devoted heads. Indeed, our lingering informant draws on her imagination so strongly in depicting the manipulation of jet and cardinal locks, that we see forthwith a mental picture of the angelic book-keeper above, with busy pen subtracting handfuls of hair from our neighbor's record.

She has remained standing during this exciting recital, she being "in too much of a hurry" to sit down. Now she sinks into a chair and relates other direful happenings, her haste apparently of lesser importance than her chat, and the budget she is generously banqueting you upon. All the time she is going, but doesn't get off. Perhaps Miss Dilly Dally is such a very kind-hearted creature, and seeing the implied entreaty in your face for just one more of her stories, she cannot deny you her society all at once, so she breaks the shock of her departure by frequently reiterated warnings of "Well, really, I must go."

But she doesn't. She settles back and aimlessly talks for ten more minutes, through the washer women may be waiting for her wages, with a sick family at home needing her immediate presence; or, she may be cheating you out of other duties which you are anxious to discharge; but courtesy keeps you there giving ear to Miss Dilly Dally's gasconading and idle gossip.

Finally, this creature of a most tiresome habit will arise; but still she tarries, standing in various unbecoming attitudes, repeating for the fiftieth time, "I just run over for a minute," forgetting she had already slain many golden minutes.

She may get half way down the hall when she will suddenly brighten up with something she, "had nearly forgot to say." Then, in a nervous state, you must listen to what is of no more benefit to you or humanity in general than Hebrew is to Geronimo. Then she hangs on to the door knob, still talking, as if she held the hand of a long lost friend and felt loath to part with it. After the door is opened, she issues general and particular invitations to everybody present to "call soon," pitched her voice to upper C to reach those who may not have followed her to the door.

She may get so far as the gate, when an after thought, or a last underscore to "call soon," strikes our "going" caller, and you must risk a pneumonia by standing in the chill winds to patiently and politely hear to the end.

Everybody seems relieved after Miss Dilly Dally's departure. She may be ever so nice otherwise, but her prolonged announcements of going detract from her society materially.

Miss Dilly Dally and all others whom it may concern, when you say you must go, put your potential verb into force and GO. Do not dally and have everybody on the qui vive to see you go. Be not offensive short or abrupt, but go, when you say that you are going.—Prof. AD. H. GIBSON, in St. Louis Magazine.

Sheridan's Scouts.

Washington Dispatch to the Boston Traveller: A former member of Gen. Grant's staff during the war said to the Traveller correspondent tonight while chatting about the great commander: I know a great deal about Sheridan's campaign through the Shenandoah Valley, about which so much has been said recently in the newspapers, on account of the attack of Gen. Rosser upon the Lieutenant-General of the Army. I know exactly what Sheridan's orders were, because I wrote them from Grant's dictation. The Valley of the Shenandoah was really the supply station for Lee's army, and Grant knew that he could strike the Confederates a heavier blow by taking their food from them than he could by winning half a dozen battles. His orders to Sheridan were most explicit, and afterwards he often spoke in words of praise at the manner in which the work was so effectually done. Of course Rosser doesn't like Sheridan, although he is a splendid fellow, if he has stopped over in this affair. During most of the time that Rosser was in Sheridan's vicinity 'Little Phil' kept him on the jump, and naturally a man is a little rancorous in his feelings even twenty-five years afterward.

I was with Grant when he got the first news that Sheridan had laid the valley a desolate waste. We were at City Point one afternoon when the guards brought in one of the toughest-looking customers that I ever saw. They had on old Confederate uniforms and were a disreputable pair. Grant looked at them closely and then he smiled. Both saluted, and then he called them by name and shook hands with them.

to the General; the other unscrewed a button on his coat and took out some tissue paper. These were Sheridan's dispatches to Grant, and the two Union scouts, for such the men were, had traveled over 200 miles around the Rebel army, and sometimes through their lines, to reach the Commanding General with the good news. Both men were rewarded with promotion for their brave and dangerous work. One of them is now a Captain of Artillery in the regular army—the other I have not heard from for a great many years."

Came Too Soon.

There is a revival in progress in a town not far from Boston, and various incidents have marked the progress of the work of grace. Among others is related the following which has at least the merit of illustrating a phase of human nature: Two ladies quarreled about a year since, and have since then refused to recognize each other. One of them, moved by an eloquent sermon delivered by the revivalist on the need of brotherly love, went to her neighbor and endeavored to effect a reconciliation. She expressed her regret that there should have been hard feeling between them, took rather more than she felt to be her fair share of blame, and said that she had come to ask if they could not be friends again.

The other woman heard all this in silence, but with an unsoftened glitter in her eye.

"That's all very well," she commented, spitefully, at last, "but you ought to have come six months ago."

The spark of grace in the heart of the caller flared up in an instant and went out. The blood flushed in her cheeks.

"No," she said, rising with much dignity. "You mean that I have come six months too soon."

And now the breach between the pair is wider than ever.—Boston Courier.

An Almost Human Appeal.

Edwin Emory of East Baltimore had an experience of the sagacity of the dog yesterday. On his way down South Broadway a small dog ran up to him acting in a strange manner. The little fellow jumped on him and licked his hands and occasionally snapped and whined. Thinking of hydrophobia Mr. Emory kicked the dog which then ran in front of him, and, posing in a begging position began to beat the air with his front legs. Mr. Emory insisted on having nothing to do with the dog, but it repeated the act several times. Finally, just as he was going to knock the persistent little beggar with sufficient vigor to last for all time, Mr. Emory discovered a large pin sticking in the foot of the dog, and with humane instinct he took him in his arms and pulled it out. As soon as relieved the dog manifested his thanks by licking Mr. Emory's hands, and then disappeared as fast as he could.—Baltimore Sun.

Mr. Frank L. Cox, Foreman Herald and Times, Gouverneur, N. Y., writes: "I sprained my ankle very badly and suffered intense pain. One bottle of St. Jacobs Oil cured the sprains and reduced the swelling."

Business After the War.

An Alabamian, who is worth \$100,000 to-day, was asked how he got his start when the war closed. "Do you mean what was the first thing I did?" "Yes." "Well I headed across the country for Selma. When I got within ten miles of the town I stopped at a house for dinner. It was a place owned by an old chap who did a heap of blowing to egg the Confederacy on, but had not gone to war himself. He wanted to charge me a dollar greenback for the meal. I offered him \$20,000 in Confederate money. He got mad, and I said: 'Here old man, is the money you helped to make, and I'm carrying around two bullets shot into me in the war you helped bring on. Now come out here!' He came out, and I set to and gave him the worst licking an old fire eater ever got, and when he hollered 'enough!' I threw the money into the fire and walked off. That's the first thing I did after the war and that's what I date my prosperity from."

Hotel proprietor: "We don't allow any games of chance here." Gambler: "This isn't a game of chance. My friend here has no chance."

R. W. TANSILL & CO., CHICAGO. The demand for your "Tansill's Punch" 5c cigar is rapidly increasing, although I have already retailed over 150,000.

Henry D. Boyden, Druggist, Grand Island, Neb.

"You want more exercise." "But, doctor, I'm a postman." "Then you need rest—join the police force."

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"I thought you were a vegetarian, and now I see you eating mutton." "Well, I am only an indirect vegetarian. I eat the meat of such animals only as live on vegetable food."

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Jealous Queen Bees. It sometimes happens that a demand arises in the beehive for more queens than are hatching in the queen cells, says a writer in the Chicago Tribune. In such a case the nurses break down the walls surrounding a young worker egg, or larva, enlarge the cell to royal dimensions, feed the stimulating jelly to the occupant, and a queen is produced. A queen is born 16 days from the day the egg is laid, but she is not always permitted to come out from her cell. The old queen hates her young rivals so bitterly that should they be

permitted to come within her reach she would instantly kill them. Indeed, she has to be prevented from attacking them in their cells, and the resistance thus opposed is the only symptom of insubordination to the queen ever shown that ruler.

The nurses live in hopes that the old queen will swarm, which is to lead part of the colony out of the hive to a new home, and as long as there is any prospect of her doing so they will protect the young queens. Should the queen mother leave the hive for good the young queens are liberated one by one, a few days apart, in order to prevent them destroying one another.

Should two get out at the same time they immediately fight until one is killed, when the other becomes ruler of the hive. Such combats meet with no opposition, the members of the colony standing by and watching the struggle with intense interest. The first use the victor makes of her power is to kill off all her sister queens in their cells. It is a curious fact that when two sister queens fighting for the crown get into such a position that each has the power to kill the other, they at once retreat. Patriotism is greater than natural hostility, and neither is willing to leave the colony without a queen.

Late in the season, when the time for swarming is past, it happens sometimes that new queens are hatched. The workers then realize that the old queen must remain with them for the winter, and offer the young queen no protection. The fury of the old queen meets with no obstacle as she transfixes one by one in their cells with her stinging her hated rivals.

Bob Tooms Abashed.

A new story of "Bob" Tooms is afloat. At a dinner-party he waited for a pause in the discussion, and then, addressing Lord Elgin in stentorian tones, remarked apropos of the engrossing topic: "Yes, my Lord, we are about to relume the torch of liberty upon the altar of liberty." Upon which our hostess, with a winning smile, said: "O, I am so glad to hear you say that again, Senator; for I told my husband that you had made use of exactly the same expression to me yesterday, and he said you would not have talked such nonsense to any body but a woman." The shouts of laughter which greeted this sally abashed even the worthy senator, which was the more gratifying to those present, as to do so was an achievement not easily accomplished.

A falsetto voice does not necessarily imply a falsetto teeth.

Heroes and Heroines.

There are few who endure bodily troubles without complaint. Did you ever meet among the heroes or heroines of your acquaintance—if any such there have been—one with a yellowish cast of countenance and that jaundiced aspect generally, which the most unpracticed eye recognizes as the product of a disordered liver, who did not complain, and peevishly too, of the soreness of the recalcitrant organ, of pains beneath the right shoulder blade, of dyspeptic symptoms, constipation and headache? Of course you never did, and of course the individual was not using Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, or he would not so have looked—so have complained. To purify the blood when contaminated with bile, and conduct the secretion into its proper channel, to re-establish regularity of the bowels, banish bilious headache and remove impediments to complete digestion, nothing can approach in efficacy this peerless alterative and tonic. Malarial complaints, always involving the liver and kidney and bladder inactivity, are remedied by it. It is a capital appetizer.

A statistician claims there is one divorce to every four and a half marriages. It is the half marriage that accounts for the divorce every time. The half married are wholly miserable.

Throwing a King.

An old Greek said that a horse, which is neither flatterer nor courier, throws a king with as little ceremony as he would a porter. Equally impartial is Allen's Iron Tonic Bitters which cures high and low of all ill arising from derangement of the digestive organs. All genuine bear the signature of J. F. Allen, St. Paul, Minn.

"I have a theory about the dead language," remarked a Brown University Freshman. "I think they were killed by being studied too hard."

A young man belonging to an eighteen million family in New York, was made a perfect mental wreck by overstudy at college. After four years of doctors to no account, this Moxie Nerve Food that is talked so much about on the street, cured him in two months.

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A Soldier's Tale.

During one of Napoleon's campaigns a detachment of a corps commanded by Davoust occupied the Isle of Rugen, which they were ordered to evacuate. They embarked with such precipitation that they forgot one of their sentinels posted in a retired spot, and who was so deeply absorbed in the perusal of a newspaper as to be totally unconscious of their departure. After pacing to and fro for many hours upon his post, he lost patience, and returned to the guard-room, which he found empty. On inquiry he learned with despair what had happened, and cried, "Alas! alas! I shall be looked upon as a deserter—dishonored, unhappy wretch that I am!"

His lamentations excited the compassion of a worthy tradesman, who took him to his house, did all in his power to console him, taught him to make bread—for he was a baker, and, after some months, gave him his only daughter in marriage.

Five years afterwards, a strange sail was seen to approach the island. The inhabitants flocked to the beach, and soon discovered in the advancing ship a number of soldiers wearing the uniform of the French army.

"I am done for now!" cried the dismayed husband. "My bread is baked." An idea, however, suddenly occurred to him, and revived his courage. He ran the house, slipped into his uniform, and seizing his faithful firelock, returned to the beach and posted himself on sentry at the moment the French were landing.

"Who goes there?" he shouted in a voice like thunder. "Who goes there, yourself?" shouted one in a boat. "Who are you?"

"A sentinel." "How long have you been on guard?" "Five years." Davoust—for it was he—laughed at the quaint reply, and gave a discharge in due form to his involuntary deserter.

The Waiter's New Dodge.

Restaurant and beer saloon waiters have devised a new scheme for making an honest penny on the side, which is decidedly an ingenious one, says a Chicago Tribune writer. A party of four take supper after the theatre. One of them pays the check to the waiter. The next time either of the four goes to the restaurant the waiter puts on a long face.

"Do you know the gentleman who paid for your suppers the other night?" he asks.

"Certainly; he's a friend of mine." "Well, do you know," the waiter says his face growing longer, "I made a mistake of 50 cents in his check, and I had to pay it out of my own pocket. I thought I would tell you, because it's hard, you know, for a poor man with a family and \$6 a week to get stuck that way."

"Don't say another word, my man; here's half a dollar to make good your loss."

The waiter pockets the half and profusely thanks the gentleman. If each of the supper party of four appears at the restaurant within a reasonable time the waiter can count on a net profit on the side of \$2.

A Grateful Bird.

Here is a little story for the benefit of those who keep pet birds. I am told that there is not far from where I am writing a tame magpie which is accustomed to receive dainty little bits from the rosy lips of its fair owner. One day last summer it perched on her shoulder as usual, and inserted its beak between her lips, not, as it happened, to receive, for, as one good turn deserves another, the grateful bird dropped an immense green fat caterpillar into the lady's mouth.—Leeds Mercury.

Purify the Blood.

We do not claim that Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only medicine deserving public confidence, but we believe that to purify the blood, to restore and renovate the whole system, it is absolutely unequalled. The influence of the blood upon the health cannot be over-estimated. If it becomes contaminated, the train of consequences by which the health is undermined is immeasurable. Loss of Appetite, Low Spirits, Headache, Dyspepsia, Debility, Nervousness and other "little" ailments are the premonitions of more serious and often fatal results. Try

Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar

PENSIONS. Officer's pay, bounty pay, etc. secured; desirable relief. This article is a carefully prepared physician's prescription, and has been in constant use for nearly a century, and notwithstanding the many other preparations that have been introduced into the market, the sale of this article is constantly increasing. If the directions are followed, it will never fail. We particularly invite the attention of physicians to its merits. JOHN L. THOMPSON & CO., Sold by all druggists. TRON, N. Y.

THE OLDEST MEDICINE IN THE WORLD IS FITTING! Dr. Isaac Thompson's Celebrated FITTING WATERS. This article is a carefully prepared physician's prescription, and has been in constant use for nearly a century, and notwithstanding the many other preparations that have been introduced into the market, the sale of this article is constantly increasing. If the directions are followed, it will never fail. We particularly invite the attention of physicians to its merits. JOHN L. THOMPSON & CO., Sold by all druggists. TRON, N. Y.

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Suffering Womanhood.

Too much effort cannot be made, to bring to the attention of suffering womanhood the great value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as a Remedy for the diseases of women. Such an one is the wife of General Barringer of Winston, N.C., and we quote from the General's letter as follows: "Dear Mrs. Pinkham. Please allow me to add my testimony to the most excellent medicinal qualities of your Vegetable Compound. Mrs. Barringer was treated for several years for what the physician called Leucorrhoea and Prolapsus Uteri combined. I sent her to Richmond, Va., where she remained for six months under the treatment of an eminent physician without any permanent benefit. She was induced to try your medicine and after a reasonable time commenced to improve and is now able to attend to her business and considers herself FULLY RELIEVED." [General Barringer is the proprietor of the American Hotel, Winston, N. C., and is widely known.]

CURED OF SICK HEADACHE. W. B. Edwards, Fallmyra, O., writes: "I have been a great sufferer from Constipation and Sick Headache, and have tried many medicines, but

Tutt's Pills

is the only one that gave me relief. I find that one pill acts better than three of any other kind, and does not weaken or grip." Elegantly sugar coated. Dose small. Price, 25 cents. SOLD EVERYWHERE. Office, 44 Murray Street, New York.

\$5 TO \$20 A DAY. Samples worth \$1.00 FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. With BREWSTER SAFETY RING BOWLER CO., Salt, Wash.

OPIMUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

CANCER cured without cutting or burning. Address DR. WALKER, 135 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

Wanted Gentlemen and Ladies to Learn Telegraphing. Tuition not paid until position obtained. Address Dr. Valentine's College, Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

RUPTURE If you want relief and cure at your home, send for Dr. J. A. Sherman's circular of instructions. 24 Broadway, New York.

Don't Marry until you have investigated the benefits of the Home Endowment Association. Send for circular. W. R. Pease, Sec'y, 426 Temple Court, Minneapolis, Minn. Agents wanted.

DETECTIVES

Wanted in every County. Shrewd men to act under our instructions in our Secret Service. Experience not necessary. Send stamp for particulars. GRANHAM DESTRUCTIVE BUREAU, 47 Avenue C, Cincinnati, O.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail. No. 2, E. T. Eastman, Wagon, Pa.

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chopped wide open at the big Boston, Miniapolis, all their Suits, Summer Coats and Vests, Thin Underwear, Light Colored and Striped Hats, marked clear down to cost and less. Send in your address for Best gains, men's all wool Suits in Blue Flannel and Grey mixed Cassimeres, only \$6.00.

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"CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH." The Original and Only Genuine. (No and always reliable. Beware of worthless imitations. Inexpensive to LADIES. Ask your Druggist for Chichester's English and take to others, or let them know to get the particulars in letter by return mail. NAME PAID FOR BY CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Ask for "Chichester's English" Pennyroyal Pills. Take no other.

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SWAYNES' TO KEEP HEALTHY SWAYNES' PANACEA SWAYNES' YEMPHREY'S EXERCISE DAILY SWAYNES' PURIFIES SWAYNES' THE CHILDREN'S 2. EAT GOOD FOOD SWAYNES' 3. BE CHEERFUL SWAYNES' USE SWAYNES' PURIFYING BLOOD.

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