THEIR LAST HANDCLASP.

The Final Meeting of Charles A. Dana and Jacob Riis.

with Charles A. Dana, the "old chief," as he was always called in the office. In all the years I was on the Sun I a balf dozen times. When he wanted anything of me personally his orders his heart he was faithful to his early love. He had been in his youth, as former, a member of the Brook Farm community. But if he thought I saw he let no sign escape him. He hated shams. Perhaps I was on trial all the time. If so I believe that he meant to tell me in that last handshake that he had not found me wanting. It was on the stairs in the Sun office that we met. I was going up; he was coming down-going home to die. He knew it. In me there was no suspicion of the truth when I came upon him at the turn of the stairs, stumbling along in a way very unlike the usual springy step of the old chief. I hardly knew him when he passed, but as he turned and held out his hand I saw that it was Mr. Dana, looking somehow older than I had ever seen him and changed. I took off my hat, and we shook hands.

"Well," he said, "have you reformed everything to suit you, straightened out every kink in town?"

"Pretty nearly," I said, falling into his tone of banter, "all except the Sun office. That is left yet and as bad as ever."

"Ha!" he laughed. "You come on. We are ready for you. Come right along!" And with another hearty handshake he was gone. He never saw the Sun office again.

It was the only time he had ever held out his hand to me after that first meeting of ours when I was a lonely lad, nearly thirty years before. That time there was a dollar in it, and I spurned it. This time I like to believe his heart was in it. And I took it gladly and gratefully. - Jacob A. Riis, "The Making of an American."

THE LAND OF CHEESE.

Switzerland Has the Proud Honor of Deserving This Title.

Cheese, although an important product of our dairy farms and a reasonably popular article of diet in the United States, has never held quite the position with us given it in some European countries.

English and Germans are far greater consumers of cheese than we, while both are surpassed by Norwegians, But above all Switzerland is the land of cheese. On more than one occasion travelers have dwelt upon the functions, social and sentimental as well as astronomical, performed by the cheese of Zermatt-that remarkable cheese which is so hard that it has to be scraped with a knife or cleft with

It is said by one authority that the patrician rank of a Swiss family in that part of the confederation is estimated by the age of its cheese, and the greater the respect due to or the affection for a guest the older is the cheese set before him. There are said to be families who own cheese that dates back to the time of the first French revolution, which is served only on solemn occasions, such as christenings, weddings or funerals.

There are in each pantry at least as many cheeses as there are boys and girls in the family, for at the birth of every child a cheese is made, which is named after the newcomer and is first cut into on his or her wedding day, on which festive occasion all guests partake of a piece of the groom's and the them all earthly thrift and happiness. The rest is served as a token of friendly souvenir and heartfelt mourning after the tomb has closed over his or her mundane career.-New York Trib-

New Mexico's Early Name.

What a pity the name "New Mexico" cannot be changed to "Cibola!" (Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, California-Cibola! How well these would sound in the already musical roll call of the states!) Such was the primeval name, and the country was known as the "Land of the Seven Golden Cities of Cibola" after Vaca brought the first reports of its marvels into Mexico. The sensitive imaginations of the Spaniards, whetted by the tales told by Vaca and inspired to new flights by an occasional Indian's romancing, pictured seven noble cities, each as large and as beautiful as the City of Mexico. Fancy painted mirages wherein were gold and silver and rare gems without limit.-D. H. MacAdam in Metropolitan Magazine.

Enlightening the Minister. "We are going to have pie for dinner." said Bobby to the minister.

"Indeed!" laughed the clergyman, amused at the little boy's artlessness. "And what kind of pie, Bobby?" "It's a new kind. Ma was talking

this morning about pa bringing you to dinner so often, and pa said he didn't care what she thought, and ma said she'd make him eat humble pie before the day was over, and I suppose we're going to have it for dinner."

In the Future.

Magistrate - What! Drunk again? When you were here last time you promised to sign the pledge. Prisoner -Well, I'm goin' to, yer honor, jest as soon as I learn to write. I've been takin' lessons, but I haven't made . much progress yet.-Toledo Blade.

A Famous Kitchen. "It was our good fortune to see at least one thing in Paris which the tourist knows nothing about," writes I like to think of my last meeting an American woman from that city. "Every one knows about the Tuileries and sees what is left of the historic pile, but not many find their way to do not think I had spoken with him the kitchen from which the elect of the third empire were served, as we did. It lies under the Pavillon de were very brief and to the point. It Flora, its high arched ceiling resting was generally something-a report to on massive colums. It is divided into be digested or the story of some social many sections, at the entrance to each experiment-which showed me that in of which there is a sign-gold on marble. Here we see 'Rotisserie,' 'Patisserie.' 'Section aux Sauces,' etc. everybedy knows, an enthusiastic re- The provisions for washing gold, silver and porcelain services, the tremendous roasting, boiling and broiling arrangements, the extra roast beef oven, six meters high and seven meters broad; a roaster with a capacity for six sheep and four dozen chickens all looked extra large and imposing to us. who manage to worry along in a flat kitchen, which has two things, however, which we could not find in Napoleon's dinner factory-electric light

Her Sound Advice.

and a battery of washtubs."

The prominent citizen and favorite son sat at his desk, deeply immersed in the cares of his wide affairs. A delegation of party leaders was ushered

"Sif," said the spokesman, "you have been unanimously chosen as the party's candidate for governor of the state. Under present conditions a nomination is tantamount to election, and we urge your acceptance. The office seeks the

"Gentlemen," said the favorite son. "I am profoundly impressed by the honor done me, but before I accept I must consult my wife. I never take a decisive step without consulting my

The committee bowed and withdrew. At home the favorite son confided the circumstances to his wife, who listened with fond pride and wifely admiration.

"And now," he said in conclusion "what would you advise me to do?" "John," she said, "you must get your hair trimmed."-Savannah News.

Uncle Sam's Eagle. The eagle is the king of birds, the lord of the sky, the bravest, noblest and most independent of the feathered tribe, and probably that is the reason why he was adopted as our national bird. His 'mage holds its place upon our national coat of arms by sheer merit and not merely from empty sentiment. The noble bird, loving liberty, scorning confinement, at home and at his best only when invested with the wide freedom of the glorious heavens, is the fit emblem of the "spirit of '76" and of the government that that spirit won and established on the earth. Other peoples entertain the same high opinion of the eagle, since from the time of the institution of the Roman standard straight down to the present day he has appeared as a conspicuous figure in the heraldry of the nations.-New York American.

Too Pretty a Lake For That. "China gave me many a shock," said the returned traveler, "but the one that nearly carried me off was administered in the Fuchau district. Out in the country I came across a beautiful little lake drained by a beautiful little river. The scenery was marred somewhat, however, by signs stuck up every few yards at the edge of the lake. I wondered what their import was, and on one of my trips to the lake I took a missionary friend along to translate.

"'Oh, that,' said he. 'There are not many of them left in this district. That is a warning that girls must not be drowned in this lake.'

"Somehow I could never admire my beautiful lake so much after that, albride's cheeses in order to secure for | though maybe I ought to have admired it more." -New York Press.

Ponies and Horses.

I have been asked a great many times if ponies are really more intelligent than full sized horses. They certainly appear to be. But the intelligence of any horse will develop under petting and human companionship, and there is no doubt that other horses, if given the same privileges that ponies enjoy and if their size admitted of their being handled and managed in the same way, would prove equally intelligent.-Outing.

Sheer Waste.

Wife-John, is there any poison in the house? Husband-Yes. But why do you ask? Wife-I want to sprinkle some on this piece of angel cake and put it where the mice will get it. Wouldn't that kill them? Husband-Sure, but it isn't necessary to waste the poison.

Stretches Politeness.

The Duchess of Blankshire (who has made a poor drive)-A little too much to the right, I'm afraid. Obsequious Professor (who is instructing the Duch ess)-Oh, not at all, your grace; the hole has been cut too much to th left.—Golf Illustrated.

Variety. Blodds-I never knew a woman so changeable as Mrs. Dashaway. Slobbs-I know it. She never even

wears the same complexion twice."-Philadelphia Record.

One Way. Wigwag-1 never knew such a fellow as Bjones! He is always looking for trouble. Henpecke-Then why doesn't he get married?

There's nothing half so good as laughing. Never sigh when you can sing.-Mackwarth Praed.

BROUGHT HIS TOOTHBRUSH.

But Saint-Saens, the Composer, Didn't

Shock Parisian Society. The Cri de Paris told the following story of Saint-Saens, the composer: A rare visitor to Paris, he is on his visits much sought after as a social tion. One lady succeeded in persuading him to accept an invitation to dinner, promising to send to fetch him and also to deposit him at his door when he left, his only stipulation being that he should be al-

lowed to make his adieus at 10 o'clock. The son of his hostess was dispatched in good time and found M. Saint-Saens in a velvet coat seated before his piano. He rose at once, however, and asked for ten minutes to dress, at the end of which he appeared, tying his white cravat. As he was shutting his door behind him he ejaculated:

"Good gracious! One minute more! I have forgotten my toothbrush!"

The young man, to his amazement, saw his guest dive into his dressing room and reappear with a toothbrush, which he put away in his breast pocket. On arriving home he told his mother, who in some uneasiness informed her friends, and everybody was in wonderment as to what the great composer was going to do with his toothbrush.

Every eye was fixed on him throughout the dinner, watching him as he ate and drank and used his finger glass. In the drawing room Saint-Saens talked with the ladies and played any piece that was asked of him till 10 o'clock struck, when he bade farewell region of Mexico they ripen so hot that politely to the company.

The journey home was without incident, and when they reached his house who said:

"Excuse me, maiter, but I should so much like to know why you so particularly wanted to take your toothbrush with you."

"Oh, my young friend," replied Saint-Saens, "it is very simple! My lock is very stiff, and I always hurt my fingers in turning the key. So I now pass the handle of my toothbrush in the ring of the key and turn it easily. Voila!"

THOROUGHLY WARMED.

An Old Time Schoolboy's Experience

on a Bitterly Cold Day. An old time gentleman of Newburyport, describing his school days in the opening years of the nineteenth century, has this to say of a wintry day:

"We found our inkstands all frozen up. These required to be thawed out. To do this there was a board held up by bricks over the stove on which the pewter inkstands were placed, but before the copy was written down the ink would be again frozen. Then the boy took his ink to the stove again and while it was thawing laid in a store of caloric for himself, standing by the stove, watching closely that the pewter should not melt.

"The clothes of the boys were made of corduroy, jacket and trousers in one. and nothing under but a shirt. These absorbed the heat like sheet iron, so that when a boy retruned to his seat he was often compelled to carry his inkstand in his mouth, employing both hands to hold his trousers off from his knees, and with every precaution the skin was often mottled and scorched." Another old time schoolboy in his

later years recalled an even severer ex-"I can remember," he recorded, "how, crowding close to the stove to toast the

shivers from my poor little body, I scorched a hole in my trousers in front and exclaimed aloud at the disaster, whereupon the master thrashed a hole into them behind, and when I went home to my mother she told me grimly it was well that things should match and that as my shirt was such an old one she was willing to risk fraying it on the back, and she reached for a strap and did!

"I was thoroughly warmed, and it was the coldest day of the year, but I regretted my shivers after all."-Youth's Companion.

Helpful Son-in-law. "So you asked my wife for our daughter's hand, did you?" said the stern father.

"I did. and she began to give me a piece of her mind about my persumption, and I"-

"And you beat a retreat and came to see me. Well, sir"-"Oh, no! I didn't retreat. I argued it out with her, and before I left she

had given me her consent. So I"-"You did? Bully for you! You can have the girl, and you can live right here with us. I want to study your system of defying my wife for a year or so anyway."-Woman's World.

Little Pitcher.

Lady Visitor-1 am coming to your you over .- Exchange. mamma's company tomorrow, Tommy. Tommy-Well, you won't get a good supper. 'Tommy's Papa-Tommy, what do you mean, talking like that? Tommy-Well, you know, pa, you told ma great yearning? you'd have to get some chicken feed for her old hen party tomorrow.-Baltimore American.

The Widow. "I noticed as I came in," said the caller to her dear friend the widow, "that you have made a change in your servants. You have a white butler now."

"Yes." sighed the widow, "a white half mourning this season."-Harper's.

Inherited It. "What a matchmaker that woman

is, to be sure!" "Yes, but she comes by it honestly. I understand her father was a promoter."-Detroit Free Press.

The Conscience of Clara.

One day when Mrs. Bell was making a neighborty call on Mrs. Ellis the latter, in the presence of her caller, discharged her colored maid, whose obstreperousness could be borne with no longer.

A few weeks later Mrs. Bell again called on Mrs. Ellis, and to her surprise her hostess informed her that Clara was back.

The services of the maid were required by her mistress, who pressed the button in the drawing room. There was, however, no response. Finally Mrs. Ellis went out and waited on herself. While she was gone Clara, who was acquainted with Mrs. Bell, having served in her family also, put her head in at the door and explained:

"Mis' Bell, I heard Mis' Ellis all the time, but do you recollec' the las' time you was here she discharged me an said she'd never have me again? said I'd never come back too. But here I am, so we bofe lied. That's why I's ashamed to come in. I was ashamed for bofe of us."-New Yorl Times.

Chili Con Carne.

From remotest Mexico comes this recipe for chili con carne, which is capable of warming whatever cockles the heart may have and of diffusing calories to one's works at large: First comes a fire of logs in the open. Second comes an olla of generous proportions. Into the olla put a gallon of water and plenty of the hot chilis, and in that not even the rattlesnake will dare take refuge in their shade. Upon this be ginning lay as much of a side of beef M. Saint-Saens simply offered to shake in one piece as may be squeezed into hands and say good night. Curiosity the pot. Set the cover on this olla and was too strong, though, for the youth. | lute it down with clay. Then put the pot into the fire and heap the glowing coals all over it, with particular attention to the 'id, so that the luting may bake into brick. Keep the fire burning slowly all day long. When night has come scatter the embers, break the brick seal of the olla, fork out and throw away whatever of the meat remains solid. The remainder is the chili con carne. No sauce is needed.

The Love Affairs of Handel.

Women greatly admired Handel. who was very handsome, but the serenity of the composer seems only to have been ruffled twice by love on his part. His first attachment was to a London girl, a member of the aristocracy. Her parents believed him beneath her in social position, but were good enough to say that if he abstained from writing any more music the question of marriage might be entertained. It was easier to abstain from their daughter than from his art. and he did so. Years after almost the same thing occurred. Handel and another beautiful pupil of his fell in love with each other, and proud parents gave him the choice between giving up his profession or their daughter. Music, "heavenly maid," was chosen .-"The Love Affairs of Some Famous Men."

Hitting the Doctor. As today, in the days gone by the doctors were made the target of the

jester's fling. Pausanias, the Spartan general, when asked by a physician how it was that he was never ill, exultingly answered, "Because I never consult

At another time Pausanias said that the best physician was the one who dispatched his patients with the least possible suffering.

Pausanias, strongly disapproving of a certain physician and his methods and berating him in no mild terms, was asked by a friend how, as he had never consulted that particular doctor. he could be so sure of his statements. Pausanias answered, "Well, had I consulted him would I be living today?

A Summer Without Nights. To the summer visitor in Sweden there is nothing more striking than the almost total absence of night. At, Stockholm, the Swedish capital, the sun goes down a few minutes before 10 o'clock and rises again four hours later during a greater part of the month of June. But the four hours the sun lies bidden in the frozen north are not hours of darkness. The refraction of his rays as he passes around the north pole makes midnight as light as a cloudy midday and enables one to read the finest print without artificial light at any time during the "night."

Put on His Guard. Little Brother (who has just been given some candy)-If I were you I shouldn't take sister yachting this afternoon. Ardent Suitor-Why do you say that? Little Brother-Well, I heard her tell mother this morning that she feared she'd have to throw

The Dearest Spot. Poetical Lady-is there anything on earth that you long for at times with a

Mere Man-Yes, there is. When I draw two cards to three aces there is one spot that I vearn for with all my-But the lady had left him.-Toledo

Transformation. An English farmer had a number of guests to dinner and was about to help them to some rabbit when he discovered that the dish was cold. Calling butler, but a negro cook. I go into the servant, he exclaimed. "Here. Mary, take this rabbit out and 'eat it and bring it back a little 'otter!"

> Different. Willie-Did the doctor make you take nasty medicine when you were sich? Freddie-No: it was father who made me take it.-Exchange.

Oh, the Difference! "You look pretty this evening." the

bachelor said to his fair companion. She gazed at him philosophically. "I am sure you mean that well," she replied, "but you have no idea how such a speech wrings the heart of one like me-or would if I had not become hardened to the inevitable. Nobody ever says to me, 'You are pretty.' It is althe sea. The girl who really is pretty bowels. never has to give the subject a thought. Nothing she can do or leave undone affects the vital fact that she is pretty. The girl whom nature has not thus dowered must be forever trying to make herself 'look pretty.' Of course for making herself acceptable to the success-but it always reminds her of the battle she must continually wage." -Exchange.

The Summerless Year.

It was the 1st of June before the first sprout, and when they came to the surface there was not heat enough to make the frail plants grow. It is recorded that during the month of June birds froze to death in the woods and fields. Small fruits, such as there were, rotted on the stem, there being no birds to eat them. But little corn matured. Only in sheltered spots were good sized roasting ears to be found. Frosts prevailed every month in the year and almost daily. The people after repeated hopes of a change for the better settled down almost in despair. The like of it was never known in the country before and, fortunately, has never been repeated.-New York American.

Tolstoy and the Bear. When Count Tolstoy was a young man he took part in a bear hunt that teeth. Tolstoy was knocked down, falling with his face in the snow. "There," he thought; "all is over with me." He drew his head as far as possible beand with the lower teeth the skin of the left part of the forehead. At this moment the famous bear hunt leader. Ostashkof, ran up with a small switch in his hands and cried out his usual you getting to?" This, says Tolstoy. sent the bear scuttling off at her ut- tion.

The Real Old Article.

The stranger in Boston was interested in the old family names of that city. He bore a strong letter of introduction to a prominent townsman. "I can give you from memory the at an amazing rate. The stranger looked up from his

copy pad expectantly. "Is that all?" he asked.

most speed.

"I have given you a complete list of tions."

The stranger stared. "But surely you have other old families of note in Boston?"

"Merely transients," icily replied the Boston man.-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Good and Bad. James in an after dinner speech. It King, in St. Nicholas. was delivered by an Irish judge trying a man for pig stealing. The evidence of his guilt was conclusive, but the prisoner insisted on calling a number of witnesses, who testified most emphatically to his general good character. After hearing their evidence and the

counsel's speeches the indge remarked.

the only conclusion you can arrive at is

that the pig was stolen by the prisoner and that he is the most amiable man in the county."-Lordon Chronicle. Not Her Fault. The mistress comes home without warning. She finds the maid in gala

"Why, what do you mean." she cries, "by wearing my best black skirt?" "It is not my fault," replies the maid. "Madam locked up all her colored

ones."-Cleveland Plain Dealer. Volcanic Ash. The destructive Philippine volcanoes have value for one thing at least. says a writer in the Pacific Monthly.

They are directly responsible for the

finest hemp producing area in the

impregnated with volcanic ash. His Share. "How do you propose to support my

daughter, young man?" "Rut, sir, I was only proposing to marry ber."-Exchange.

Opinion. Stella-What do you think of marrying a nobleman? Bella-It is like buying a fish instead

of catching it.-New York Times. How blessings brighten as they take their flight!-Young.

Free Sample For Baby's Ills

Something can and must be done for the puny, crying baby, for the child that refuses to eat and is restless in its sleep. And since the basis of all health is the proper working ways 'You look pretty.' There is a dif- of the digestive organs, look first to ference as wide 'as the wideness of the condition of the stomach and

A child should have two full and free movements of the bowels a day. This emptying of the bowels is very important. as with it comes a clear head, a lightness of step, good appetite and sound sleep. But it is equally important to know what to give the child in the emergency of constipation and indiges-tion. Cathartics are too strong and salts in a way she deserves far more credit and other purgatives are not only too strong, but the child refuses them because of their bad taste. Have you ever public than the pretty girl does—also tried Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin? It is it is a compliment to her taste, ingenuity, skill and various other mental qualities to assure her she has attained success, but it always reminds her of the child, but there is nothing better to be found for children. They like its taste -you will not have to force them to take it.

First of all, if you have not yet used it, Dr. Caldwell would like to send you a sample bottle free of charge. In this way you can try it before buying. Later. The year 1816 was called the "year without a summer." Spring came that year, but in its faintest form. Snow, cold rains and winds were incessant.

Way you can try it before buying. Later, when convinced of its merits, you can get it of your druggist at fifty cents and one dollar a bottle, just as thousands of other families are doing. The family of Mr. D. W. Spangler of Strattonville, Pa., as well as that of Mr. A. F. Johnson of s well as that of Mr. A. F. Johnson of Walnut Grove, Tenn., started with it in left the ground. The farmers planted | that way and now write that it is their their crops, but the seed would hardly one tamily necessity next to loop itseir. one family necessity next to food itself. sickly child, one given to constipation and indigestion, you should send for a free sample of this remedy.
'Dr. Caldwell personally will be pleased

to give you any medical advice you may desire for yourself or family pertaining to the stomach, liver or bowels absolutely free of charge. Explain your case in a letter and he will reply to you in detail. For the free sample simply send your name and address on a postal card or otherwise. For either request the doctor's address is Dr. W. B. Caldwell, R.500 Caldwell building, Monticello, Ill.

For sale by J. G. Hall.

OUR LANGUAGE UNIFORM.

While Great Britian, For Instance,

Has Many Different Languages. It has been observed that the languages spoken in the United States is remarkably uniform True, there are many dialects, but Great Britnearly ended fatally. When the beast ian, less in area than any one of charged him Tolstoy fired and missed a half a dozen of our states, con-He fired a second shot, which hit the tain such very different languages bear's jaw and lodged between his as English, Welsh and the Gaelic of Scottish highlands, to say nothing of the provincial dialects of Cornwall and Yorkshire and the unique tween his shoulders, exposing chiefly speech of the London cockney, while his thick fur cap to the beast's mouth in this country with its vast extill she was able to tear with her upper panse of territory, its settlement teeth only the cheek under the left eye by Spanish, French, Dutch and Swed ish colonists and its millions of imigrants drawn from nearly every country, large and small, all over the world, there is far greater uni-"Where are you getting to? Where are formity of speech than in any other land of equal area and popula-

The causes can be readily seen. The public schools have made us a nation of readers, and the press has supplied books and papers without limit. Press associations have done their part toward giving a uniform and fairly good tone to the newspanames of all the old families of our per language of the day. The telecity." the prominent townsman said, graph, the telephone and cheap posand he rattled off two or three dozens tage have brought distant parts of the country into quick and easy com munication, and so have aided in teaching a common language. The railroad has penetrated every cor-Boston's leading families," the promi- ner of the land and made us a nent townsman replied. "Not one of nation of travelers. Countless huthem dates back less than six genera- man shuttles thus are thrown daily across he land in every direction, carrying with them the threads of thought and speech and doing their part to make one pattern of the whole. No doubt our maps, which still present so many different kinds of names, will in time lose the A remarkably brief, effective sum- strangeness and the "foreign air" ming up was once quoted by Lord that are so noticeable now .- H. M.

Starts Much Trouble.

If all people knew that neglect of constipation would result in severe indigestion, yellow jaundice or virtulent liver trouble they would soon "Gentlemen of the jury, I think that take Dr. King's New Life Pills, and end it. Its the only safe way. Best for biliousness, headache, dyspepsia, chills and debility. 25c. at J. G. Hall's.

TryThis

OVERNIGHT CURE FOR COLD IN HEAD OR CHEST

It is Curing Thousands Daily, and Saves Time and Money.

Get a bowl three quarters full of boiling water, and a towel.

Pour into the water a scant teaspoonful of HYOMEI (pronounce world. Hemp thrives in a soil heavily | High-o-me).

Put your head over the bowl and cover head and bowl with towel.

Breathe the vapor that arises for a few minutes, and presto! your head is as clear as a bell, and the tightness in the chest is gone.

It's a pleasant cure. You'll enjoy breathing HYOMEI. You'll feel a once its soothing, healing and beneficial effects as it passes over the inflamed and irritated membrane. 50 cents a bottle, at druggists everywhere. Ask J. G. Hall for extra bottle HYOMEI inhalent.