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"He will not separate us—we have been so happy!" These were the last words of Charlotte Bronte when, having become Mrs. Nicholls and having lived with her husband only nine months, death came to snatch the cup of domestic felicity from the lips of the happy pair. A low, wandering delirium came on. Wakening for an instant from this stupor, she saw her husband's worn face and caught the sound of some murmured words of prayer that God would spare her. "Oh," she whispered. "I am not going to die, am I? He will not separate us—we have been so happy!"

**The Words That Won.**  
In London one of the weekly papers offered a prize for the best list of strong words to number ten. The announcement specified that but ten words would be considered from any one person and a committee of literary men would select from the numbers offered the ten strongest words in the English language.

These are the words that won: Hate, blood, hungry, dawn, coming, gods, love, dead, alone, forever.

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**Cured Hay Fever and Summer Cold.**  
A. S. Nusbaum, Batesville, Indiana, writes: "Last year I suffered for three months with a summer cold so distressing that it interfered with my business. I had many of the symptoms of hay fever, and a doctor's prescription did not reach my case, and I took several medicines which seemed only to aggravate it. Fortunately I insisted upon having Foley's Honey and Tar. It quickly cured me. My wife has since used Foley's Honey and Tar with the same success."—W. E. Brown & Co.

**Too Much of a Good Thing.**  
George Marshall, philanthropist who always kept a sharp lookout never to be wasteful, decided to go for a week's camping, taking as his guests some ragged street urchins. One morning he used the bits of meat left from the evening before and made hash for breakfast. There was some left over, which he concluded to reheat and serve again at noon.

**An Acrobat's Dilemma.**  
The acrobats of the music halls have no end in view except to cause amusement. But suppose one should meet them in ordinary life? Mr. Berkeley, the proprietor of a London hotel, was in his office about 6 o'clock one evening when he heard a knock at the door, while a voice, which seemed to express pain, cried "Open!" Mr. Berkeley obeyed, but a cry of horror escaped him, and he almost fell backward. He saw before him, rolling on the ground, topsey turvy, a kind of man ball which was walking up his hands, with the head twisted round, eyes protruding and neck contorted.

**Sided With Father.**  
"There is a little chap in our town," said the suburbanist, "whose father and mother have quarrels quite frequently, and have them loud enough to be heard by the neighbors. The burden of their recriminations when audible is, on the wife's part, that she ever lowered the Hicks family sufficiently to marry a Stubbs, and on his part that he ever honored the Hicks family by allying it with the house of Stubbs."

**The Sea Serpent.**  
When fourteen miles off the coast of Brazil M. J. Nicoll, author of "Three Voyages of a Naturalist," observed a sea serpent which came within about fifty yards of the ship. "All that we could see was a dorsal fin about four feet long sticking up about two feet from the water. The fin was a brownish black color and much resembled a gigantic piece of ribbon sawed. Below the fin we could indirectly see a very large brownish black patch, but could not make out the shape of the creature. Every now and then the fin disappeared below the water. Suddenly an eel-like neck, about six feet long and of the thickness of a man's thigh, having a head shaped like that of a turtle, appeared in front of the fin, lashing up the water with a curious wriggling movement. This creature was an example, I consider, of what has been so often reported, for want of a better name, as the great sea serpent. I feel sure, however, that it was not a reptile that we saw, but a mammal."

**Bought His Own Work.**  
To come across a bit of one's own work in print is an experience not ordinarily expiring to an author, but a Washington writer on scientific matters was recently not very agreeably surprised by such a development.

**A Long Dance.**  
The longest dance on record is probably that of William Kemp, an actor of some celebrity in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He was a comedian and danced all the way from London to Norwich.

**She Hated Garrick.**  
Mrs. Clive was eminent as an actress on the London stage before Garrick appeared, and as his bias of excellence transcended his own, she never forgave him and took every opportunity of venting her spleen. She was coarse, rude and violent in her temper and spared nobody.

**Approaching It Gradually.**  
An old farmer, on paying his rent, told his landlord he wanted some timber to build a house and would be much obliged to him if he would give permission to cut down wood for the purpose.

**Delays Are Dangerous.**  
"This milk is sour, and I won't take it," declared the lady. "That's your own fault, ma'am," replied the dealer. "I offered it to you day before yesterday when it was fresh, and you wouldn't take it."—Cleveland Leader.

**A Happy Medium.**  
Uncle Inquired of little Bobby if he had been a good boy. Bobby—No, I haven't. Uncle—Why, I hope you haven't been very bad. Bobby—Oh, no; just comfortable.—Delaware County Democrat.

**Habit of the Postman.**  
Why is it that the postman never stops at your house when you are expecting a check and always does when you are expecting a bill?—Columbus (O.) Journal.

**Excellent Health Advice.**  
Mrs. M. M. Davison of No. 379 Gifford Ave., San Jose, Cal., says: "The worth of Electric Bitters as a general family remedy, for headache, biliousness and torpor of the liver and bowels is so pronounced that I am prompted to say a word in its favor, for the benefit of those seeking relief from such afflictions. There is more health for the digestive organs in a bottle of Electric Bitters than in any other remedy I know of." Sold under guarantee at Arant's Drug Store. 50c.

**Hard to Decide.**  
Smithers—I am going to have my picture taken. A good deal depends upon the pose, don't you know? Now, what is the best for me? Brownie—Well, I don't know. I was going to say with your back to the camera, but then your hair is rather thin behind.—Boston Transcript.

**It Was Tantalizing.**  
"Has she told you that she loved you?" "Not in so many words. She merely asked me what life insurance I carried."

**Fortune gives too much to many, but to none enough.**—Martial.

**Attention, Asthma Sufferers**  
Foley's Honey and Tar will give immediate relief to asthmatic sufferers and has cured many cases that had refused to yield to other treatment. Foley's Honey and Tar is the best remedy for coughs, colds and all throat and lung trouble. Contains no harmful drugs. W. E. Brown & Co.

## PLAYING A TROMBONE

**A Rather Easy Matter, the Musician Seemed to Think.**

**SUCH A SIMPLE INSTRUMENT**

**But Somehow or Another the Explanation Only Muddled the Man Who Wanted to Learn and Who Decided to Tackle an Accordion.**

The band was playing loudly in the Trinkstiebigarten and the little bald-headed man had his eyes fastened interestedly on the trombone player. When the players stopped to recuperate he beckoned the man who works the loose horn over to his table and ordered two glasses of schoenbrunne.

"My name is Biggs," said the man whose name was absent. "One of my lungs is trying to quit work, and the doctor advises me to break up my shiftless habits by blowing a brass. The careless way you yank that pump horn looks good, and I want you to put me on."

"What do you want to know?" asked the musician. "Just a hint about how you handle that wind machine so nonchalantly."

"The trombone is very simple," replied the musician, wiping his lips, which curled in thick, red volutes. "The slide is divided into seven shifts, or positions, about three inches apart. Starting with the lowest note in the first position—the slide closed—you get B flat. Push out the tubes and you hit successively A flat, G, F sharp, F and E."

"That's only seven notes," objected Biggs. "Yes. Getting the rest depends on how you pucker your lips. In the first position you can make, figuring upward, B flat, F, B flat, D, F, B flat and C. In the second you obtain A, E, A, C sharp, E, G and A. The third gives you A flat, E flat, A flat, C, E flat and A flat. It works out the same all the way down."

"There are higher notes that I didn't mention, but you won't want to monkey with them. But a good player has a compass of more than three octaves." Biggs looked troubled. "Let me see," he said. "You start in the first position with B flat."

"Yes," replied the other—"that is, provided you are playing in the bass clef. In the treble clef the first position is C."

"What?" exclaimed Biggs. "It's one note one time and another another?" "In the treble clef?" explained the musician. "The trombone is a B flat horn. In the bass clef it is a C horn." Biggs mopped his brow. "Say that again, will you?" he appealed.

"Don't you see?" came the answer. "When the first position is C it's a B flat horn. When the same shift is B flat it's a C horn."

Biggs unbuttoned his coat. "You may call this thing simple," he said, "but if it is I'll give myself up to the nearest asylum. You are talking antonyms."

The musician grinned. "Well, take one thing at a time," he said. "In getting at what a B flat horn is let's consider a cornet."

"Let's, if it's simpler," said Biggs hopefully. "It's because it's always a B flat horn," replied the other. Then he added, "Except when it's an A horn." Biggs gave a sickly smile.

"The lowest note on a cornet when open—when no keys are pressed down—is really B flat," said the bandman. "But it is called C."

"That doesn't make it C," said Biggs. "For all practical purposes it does," was the reply. "There is a reason for doing this, but it's complicated and at present I'm keeping to simple facts."

"Yes, indeed," murmured Biggs. "In an orchestra, for instance, when the first violins are playing in C natural the cornetist's score is two semitones higher and is thus written in D or two sharps. When the violins are playing in D the cornet player is too high in E or four sharps. But if things kept on this way the cornetist would soon be lost in a confusion of sharps and double sharps, so he slips an A crook on his instrument. That raises the fifties play in A or three sharps the cornetist is blowing along the easy path of C natural."

"Look here," said Biggs. "If my wife is playing 'Under the Pink Lilac Bush' on the piano, couldn't I play with her from the song score?" "Not unless you can mentally transpose as you go along," said the musician. "The system looks queer at first, but it's logical. Its purpose is to bring the same music within the natural compass of all the instruments of a band or an orchestra. But if you are going to play the trombone you won't have to bother your head about any of this, as trombone music is nowadays always written in the bass clef."

"Then what have you been talking about it for and mixing me up?" shouted Biggs, jumping up. "What are you getting mad about?" asked the trombonist. "I'm not mad," replied Biggs. "I'm only going to make my will and buy an accordion."—Washington Post.

**No Longer a Secret.**  
"So that great inventor is dead and his wonderful secret is lost?" "Not at all. He told it to his wife just before he died."

"Yes; that's what I mean."—Philadelphia Press.

People seldom improve when they have no model but themselves to copy after.—Goldsmith.

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**Charity.**  
Clara—At Jennie's wedding last week, owing to a misunderstanding, she had to wait at the church thirty minutes for the bridegroom. Maud—Oh, well, thirty minutes isn't anything to a woman who has waited thirty years.

**Anxious.**  
Professor Stone—To the geologist a thousand years or so are not counted as any time at all. Man in the Audience—Great Scott! And to think I made a temporary loan of £2 to a man who holds such views.—London Telegraph.

**She Likes Good Things.**  
Mrs. Chas. E. Smith, of West Franklin, Maine, says, "I like good things and have adopted Dr. King's New Life Pills as our family laxative medicine, because they are good and do their work without making a fuss about it. These painless purifiers sold at Arant's Drug Store. 25c."

**Night Rates For a Horse.**  
"Hicks, the hotel man, has a new scheme. He serves Welsh rabbit free to his guests' evenings." "What's his idea?" "Well, they have nightmare, and then he charges them for the use of one horse."—Boston Transcript.