Diamond Crystal Salt Has Scored Another Victory.

A large consumer of butter salt who had always used a certain salt which had borne a high reputation for many years, was induced to try Diamond Crystal with a view of using same if found more satisfactory. His experiments were begun in January and continued until the following September, during which time he used about 30,000 lbs. of Diamond Crystal salt. The first point he wished to settle was whether the butter would be any better and whether the salt would hold the butter as long. After careful tests for eight months these points were decided in favor of Diamond Crystal. Another question still in doubt was whether the butter would weigh as much after being salted with Diamond Crystal as when salted with the other salt, which did not dissolve so perfectly. One of the principal arguments used by the advocates of the other salt was that it had make-weight properties, which were so great that if any other salt were furnished without cost it would still be a great gain to use the salt in question, even at the very high price for which it was sold. This test was made in the following way, viz., 129 lbs. of unworked butter were put on the worker, and to this was added 8 lbs. of Diamond Crystal salt. After being worked 3¼ minutes it weighed 120¾ lbs. Then the same amount of butter was treated in the same manner and the other salt in question used. This lot weighed 119½ lbs., the difference in favor of Diamond Crystal being 1¼ lbs. The gain shown by this test—1¼ lbs.—for every 8 lbs. of salt used would equal 35 lbs. for every 224 lb. sack, which if figured at 20 cents per lb. would be $7. Besides this, the butter when finished ready for the tub was smooth and free from grit, while the other was in the usual gritty condition when that salt is used. It is needless to say that the party was ready for Diamond Crystal, and an order for a car load was immediately sent in.

What dealer in butter is there who will not say—all other things being equal—that butter free from grit is worth 1 cent per lb. more than butter that contains grit, or rather, undissolved salt? 224 lbs. of salt will salt 3,584 lbs. of butter; then if you gain 1 cent per lb. on the value of the butter it would mean a gain of $35.84 on every 224 lbs. of salt used. Then if you add the other gain in weight it would be $42.84. This theory may not hold good, but it is precisely the argument used for many years past by the representatives of the salt with which the above test was made.

Jones—I think my wife would make a first-rate member of congress. Jones' Friend—Why? Jones—Because she talks so early and so long on the money question.

The last time I ordered spring chicken here they brought me a thoroughly matured hen. How do you suppose I can get a real spring chicken?" "Order a fresh egg!"

Grumbling Guest—When you charge ten cents for a cup of coffee it ought to be better than this stuff! Stately Waiter—Perhaps, sah, you are not accustomed to ten cent coffee, sah.

Tenor—Sir, this music is a trifle too high for me. Manager—Let us take it a note lower. Tenor—Oh, half a note would do. Manager, solemnly—Here, sir, we never do things by halves!

The most interesting solar eclipse yet to come during the present century will occur on August 8, 1896. It will be visible in Lapland, Nova Zembla, Siberia and Japan. On the River Amur the period of totality will be two and three-fourths minutes.

Miss Antique, taking seat politely proffered—Thank you, my little man. You have been taught to be polite, I am glad to see. Did your mother tell you to always give up your seat to ladies? Polite Boy—No'm, not all ladies; only old ladies.

A beggar, ragged, pitiful, loaded with a tale of woe and the usual "large family," stopped and implored alms of a lady passing. "How many children did you say you have, poor man?" questioned the lady, commiseratingly, responding generously. "Only one, madam, but—I have three wives."

Huber says that during the course of a battle he observed between nests of red and black ants, the latter were being worsted, when he saw courier black ants running off in various directions, who soon returned with a host of blacks from neighboring nests, and the reds were soon routed with great slaughter.

"German Syrup"

I must say a word as to the efficacy of German Syrup. I have used it in my family for Bronchitis, the result of Colds, with most excellent success. I have taken it myself for Throat Troubles, and have derived good results therefrom. I therefore recommend it to my neighbors as an excellent remedy in such cases. James T. Durette, Earlysville, Va. Beware of dealers who offer you "something just as good." Always insist on having Boschee's German Syrup.

DR. KILMER'S

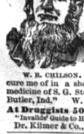
SWAMP-ROOT

CURED ME

Of Kidney and Liver Complaint, Inflammation of the Bladder.

Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Gentlemen:—"It affords me pleasure to give you a recommendation for Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT, of which I have taken 3 small bottles. It has nearly removed the effect of the



RHEUMATISM

of about 7 years standing, also a severe weakness of my back and kidneys of about 10 years' standing and has helped a severe attack of

INFLAMMATION

of the bladder, which I am sure SWAMP-ROOT will entirely cure me of in a short time. I purchased the medicine of S. G. Stone, the Druggist here in Butler, Ind." W. R. Chilson. March, 7, '93.

W. R. CHILSON.

At Druggists 50 cents and $1.00 Size.

"Invalids' Guide to Health" free—Consultation free.

Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Dr. Kilmer's PARILLA LIVER PILLS Are the Best. 42 Pills, 25 cents.—All Druggists.

"MOTHERS' FRIEND"

MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY,

Colvin, La., Dec. 2, 1886.—My wife used MOTHER'S FRIEND before her third confinement, and says she would not be without it for hundreds of dollars.

DOCK MILLS.

Sent by express on receipt of price, $1.50 per bottle. Book "To Mothers" mailed free.

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO.,

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. ATLANTA, GA.

Like No Other Love.

By Charlotte M. Braeme.

CHAPTER XIV—CONTINUED.

"You will drive into Lynn Mavis I hope," said Sir Carlos to the superintendent. "You will not object to a closed carriage?"

"Any wish of yours on that point shall be carried out," replied the officer. He was still anxious and unsettled about the interview. "I have but little time to spare, Sir Carlos," he added.

The master of Firholme opened the door of one of the little ante-rooms that led to the drawing-room.

"I merely want to talk to my mother for a few minutes," he said. "Place one of your men outside that French window and stand at the door here yourself; then you will be satisfied that there will be no attempt at escade;" and the next minute mother and son were alone.

CHAPTER XV.

Lady Carew did not wait for Sir Carlos to speak. The love like no other love filled her heart.

She threw her arms around him, covered his face with kisses and tears and clasped him to her breast as though he were still a child. She murmured loving words to him kissed the haggard face and the curling hair. Ah, they might charge him with what they pleased, speak as they pleased—to her he was her idolized son.

He released himself from the clasp of those loving arms and looked at the grief-stricken face in which the light of happiness would never shine again.

"Mother," he said. "I have not much time. I must tell you all."

"You shall tell me only what you please," she cried.

"I must tell you all!" he repeated. "Sit down here and let me kneel at your feet—let me lay my head on your knees as I did when a little child. I was tired of play. Mother, dear, darling it is for the last time."

She sat down in the chair he placed for her. Outside, in the brilliant sunlight, stood the stalwart figure of a policeman whose eyes never for a moment wandered from the window. Sir Carlos knelt at her feet and laid his head on her knee. Was it most bitter or most sweet to her that he wept first before he spoke—wept such tears as men seldom shed, his strong frame shaken with sobs?

When the passion of his tears was exhausted, he told her the story of his mad love, his hasty marriage and his unutterable misery and despair.

She did not add to his sorrow by one reproach did not say as some women would have said, that she had foreseen it. She bent her beautiful face over his bowed head and listened with a heart riven with anguish and love.

"It was my own fault, mother," he said. "I thought I knew better than you. I was a fool, wise in my own conceit."

"You left her at Como?" she said gently. "How came she there, Carlos—in the mere?"

"I had forgotten. I have told you only half my story after all," he replied. "I meant to tell you everything but I put off the evil day; and then came that unfortunate announcement in the newspapers. I hardly thought she would see it, but it seems that the poor girl felt lonely and went to dine at the hotel in Como. There she saw an English newspaper and read the paragraph. She must have loved me very dearly—poor Maggie! She came away at once, bringing the paper with her. She went to Lynn Mavis and from there she wrote to me—you gave me the letter yourself, mother—saying that she would come over to Firholme that night and I must see her. It was the night of the dinner, and I knew that whatever she felt inclined to do she would do, and the thought of a scene before Lady Gladys was intolerable to me. I knew that I must go and meet her if I wished to prevent her from coming to Firholme. I did so. There was nothing in my mind when I left home I swear, but the wish to be kind and patient with her. I met her on the high road, but—alas for her, alas for me—she was in one of her worst moods—defiant, coarse, violent—and I am ashamed to tell you she had evidently fortified herself with brandy. I turned from the high road as soon as I could—I was ashamed of her—and brought her into the grounds. We walked under the tall trees that shade the western side of the pool. It was only then that I could get one sensible word from her. For the fiftieth time I asked her what had brought her here. Then she drew that fatal newspaper from the bosom of her dress and cried out, 'This—this!' I understood all in a moment.

"'It is a false report, Maggie,' I said, 'and you ought to know it.'

"'I will believe it is false,' she answered, 'if you will take me to the house and tell that painted bold-faced madame that I am your wife.'

"'I shall do nothing of the kind,' I said quietly. 'You will be more yourself to-morrow, and then we will see what is to be done.'

"We were walking then quite close to the water—indeed I told her once that her dress was wet, and she drew it aside. What spirit prompted her—unless it was the vicious one of drink—I cannot tell, but she began to abuse you and Lady Gladys. She shouted out the most insolent things she would not lower her voice; and I—heaven forgive me. I was never a very patient man—my brain throbbed and my blood seemed on fire. Perhaps I, too, had tried to get up false strength from stimulants. I know that she said everything most horrible of Lady Gladys, but she could not remember her name.

"'Give me that paper!' she cried, 'that I may read her name again and call on heaven to crush her!'

"Of course I resisted; I would not let her have the paper. I said to myself she should not revile Lady Gladys but that on the morrow I would take her away. I swear to you that I had not the faintest thought of harming her. But she flung herself on me suddenly and violently, determined, to wrest the paper from me, and screaming out such horrible things about you and Gladys. I would not let her have the paper; I pushed away her hands and she fell—fell backward with a loud cry into the pool. I had no thought of pushing her in. I did not even know we were so near the brink; but I did not save her.

"As she fell she seized hold of my coat, and then of my cuff, and tore it from the wrist; and, as you saw, they found it in her poor hand. Why she sunk like a stone and never rose again I cannot tell. I stood there some minutes. If she had come to the surface again I would have saved her; but I did not plunge in after her, and so I slew her. Ah, mother, talk of avenging furies, of evil deeds coming home! I would rather undergo any torture than suffer as I have suffered since. I could not rest here, so I went away; but the scarlet brand went with me; I came back haunted, driven by a thousand furies."

He paused, and then said suddenly—

"Mother, what induced you to order the draining of the mere while I was away? Was it heaven, to punish me? What strange, weird hand pointed out such a way to bring about my death? She was my wife, mother—poor, pretty Maggie! Ah, if she were but alive now and sitting as she sat last year in the bonny woods of Hatton! You will send for her father and tell him the truth. Let her be buried as becomes my wife, miserable wretch that I am! And mother"—

He drew her head down to his lips and whispered something to her. As she heard it the pallor of death come over her face.

"Oh, my son, must it be?" she cried, "is there no hope of escape?"

"No," he said sadly, "there is none for me; everything will be against me. She was my wife, and no one knew it. My marriage was a private one. If the Italian servants are summoned to give evidence they will say that we quarreled frequently and violently, that I was tired and weary of her, that I left her and returned home alone. Then what will people here say against me? That I became acquainted with a beautiful girl and fell in love with her. You heard Lady Gladys this morning say that she loved me. How will the story run now mother? That my deserted wife came after me and was found drowned, holding the very evidence of her death in her hand. Every one will believe that I pushed her into the mere. Mother," he whispered again, "will you promise? Your love has always been to me like no other love. Oh mother you bore me, you nursed me, you have watched and loved and cared for me, tended me all these years—can you bear to let me stand on the scaffold and die a shameful death? Oh, save me—save me, mother!"

The gray pallor deepened on her face, and her white, dry lips murmured some inarticulate words.

"If the worst comes—and it will come," he went on, "the verdict will be 'wilful murder,' no matter what counsel I get. If the worst comes, promise to do this for me."

The golden head fell lower, until the ashen face rested on his. She could no longer weep, speak or pray.

"You will promise," he implored. "If you promise I shall bear my fate so proudly that more than half the world will believe that I died innocent after all. Promise me, mother."

The white dry lips were closed, the feeble arms clung more lovingly around him. His next words pierced her like a dagger thrust.

"You have never refused me anything in my life, mother!"

Oh, cruel words, in which the very key-note of his fate lay!

"Mother," he cried, in agonized appeal, "save me from the shame of the scaffold! Promise me you will do what I ask!"

With a despairing effort she raised her face and pressed her cold lips to his. He heard her murmur a prayer and then caught the words—

"I promise!"

The next moment she lay unconscious in his arms. He laid her on the couch and opened the door.

"Ring the bell for me, if you please," he said to the officer. "My mother has fainted; let me go before she opens her eyes again."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WANTED TO GIVE PLENTY.

Little Negro Whose Teacher Proved Most Unreasonable.

A friend dropped into the office of the New Orleans Picayune and told the following good story: A lady on one of the sugar plantations, a zealous Christian worker, has the little negroes come to her to say the catechism. She requires only that the scholars be cleanly dressed and in case of disobedience she does not hesitate to administer the old time discipline.

A little negro named Joe came in with his catechism, when the following occurred:

"Joe, how many Gods are there?"

"Three."

"Why, Joe, don't"—

"Four."

"Joe, is it possible"—

"Five."

"Will you never learn"—

"Six."

"I am astonished"—

"Seven."

"Oh, Joe, you are"—

"Eight."

This was too much, and Joe received a sharp rap on his ears and left in disgrace and tears. Going out he met a little nigger named Bill coming in.

"Whar ye gwine, Joe?"

"I'se guine home. Look yer, Bill, how many Gods is dere?"

"Lord, Joe, don't yer know dat much? Dar's only one."

"Look yer, Bill, you guine in dar and tell Miss Grace dars only one God she kill you. I tole her dar was eight, and she almos' knocked me down."

A Country Without Clocks.

We know that there must have been a time when time-pieces were unknown, and that even to this day there are people in this country—Indians for instance—to whom the sun is the only standard of time, but it is hard to realize that such people could be anything but barbarians. Yet Golden Days tells us there are civilized countries where a time-piece can be dispensed with conveniently. In Liberia, which is anything but barbarous in manners and customs, a clock is rarely seen in any of the farm houses and many of the town residents have no time piece at all. The reason is that the country lies five degrees north of the equator, therefore the sun rises about 6 a. m. and sets about 6 p. m. all the year round, and at noon it is vertically overhead. Therefore it is very easy to tell the hour of the day with reasonable certainty. In telling time by the sun they are rarely more than a quarter of an hour out of the way.—Jeweler's Review.

The Blundering Printer.

Even Mr. Aldrich, with all his dainty perfection of handwriting has suffered from printer's blunders. The Boston Globe says that he once in a moment of ecstatic inspiration began a stanza thus: "Oh, thou potent nectar, which the gods themselves—"

Well, the proofs of it duly came; the poet carefully trimmed his effusions, smoothed his verses, rounded his rhymes and in due time they arrived in a dainty volume. But to his utter amazement his heroic line read:

"Oh, thou patent nectar,' etc."

Beginning at the Top.

Hicks—"I think I shall bring up my boy to follow the sea for a livelihood."

Dix—"Why have you settled on that?"

Hicks—"It seems to be the only industry in which one is not expected to begin at the bottom."—Brooklyn Life.

THE SOLDIER'S VISION.

STRANGE SIGHT SEEN IN A CHURCH IN VIRGINIA.

Aroused From His Slumber in the Shelter of the Consecrated Building to Witness the Return of a Ghostly Wedding Party to It's Old Haunts.

In the early days of the late war we were living with our family in a great country house in one of the border counties of Virginia, so called, as it was near that line of flame, the sad, fatal, fluctuating war.

Near our house was a church, a noble edifice and monument of the days gone by, when stately ladies and grand gentlemen composed its congregation. The old church, built in early colonial times, had seen the growth of our strong, young republic, and near its hallowed precincts were buried the descendents of princes, nobles and titled dames, the old cavaliers of Virginia. The wind made sad music through its sounding galleries and the raindrops spattered like tears of memory on its ruined walls. The church had been used as a barracks by passing troops in two wars, who found safety from storms in its massive walls, and it could be used as a fortress of defense in sudden attack. In the swift flight of years it had fallen frequently into ruin and been again repaired, and once, while removing the rubbish, the workmen found a box hidden far back in an embrasure of the ruined tower, which contained a rich bridal garment, in a fashion of bygone years. The rare and costly fabric was blood-stained, and every evidence pointed to mysterious murder, but in answer to the questions, "Who did the deed?" "Who was the victim?" the echoes from nearly two centuries brought no reply.

One quiet night in June while we were sleeping after watching and praying for weary hours for loved ones in the army who might never return, we were startled by a knock at our front door, and on opening it a dark, determined man stood there and asked for shelter, which in a Virginia house is never refused. His uniform was dark brown, the color of dead oak leaves; his cap was knit of black and gray worsted, the color of dead moss and lichens of forest trees; his rifle was long and bright, and a sheath knife glittered in his belt. As he stood in the weird light of the faintly dawning day he looked like a ghost of one of the old knights of Sherwood forest in the days of old Robin Hood, but we knew him for what he was, a Texas ranger so famous in the guerrilla warfare of the South. The color of his uniform so blended with the color of the woods that no one could suspect his presence.

After a hasty salutation he said: "I have seen strange things to-night, that make me doubt my own identity, and I have come to you, not with war stories and news of battles, but to ask the explanation of what I saw. I am acting as a scout for General Stuart and have been sent forward to obtain what information I can. I have passed quickly and quietly from one position to another, my presence not even suspected, and as night came on, tired out, I sought refuge in the old church so near you. I suppose I must have fallen asleep from utter weariness, for apparently I awoke to the sound of weird music, so plaintive and ghostly in its nature that all the superstitions I had learned from my negro nurse on the faraway old plantation possessed me at once.

It was that wild, low strain, a wedding march or a funeral dirge; in its tones, tenderness, regret, sorrow and pity seemed blended. All at once the massive doors of the old church were swung open by unseen hands and the dim moonlight lit the old building with a ghostly light, and a phantom train of stately cavaliers and pale, lovely women entered the ancient sanctuary.

"Solemnly down the aisle the dim procession swept. I could hear the taps of the high-heeled shoes and the rustle of the ladies' trains as they passed over the old, damp stones, and the night winds tossed their waving plumes, and the low, dirge-like music kept time to their stately stepping.

"There was one among them fairer than all the rest. Surely the pearls in her golden hair and the shadowy veil had been arranged in delicate beauty by spirit hands; the soft, mournful eyes had a far-away look of grief, and at her side walked one dark and stern as midnight.

"The procession paused before the ruined chancel, and it seemed to me that bridal vows and deep sobs were mingled with low imprecations and muttered curses; the wail of a sad, low voice, a quiver and a shudder passed through the phantom and the vision mingled with the shadows of the night.

"Thoroughly aroused, I arose and went out into the moonlight; far away in the east the first rosy tints of the new morning were faintly glowing, while the sentinel stars still kept watch over the sleeping earth; but nature could not explain the ghostly meeting."

Such was the Texan's story. Was it an explanation of the moldering box that the workman found in the ruined tower, and were the blood-stained garments those of the murdered bride of long ago, who had come back to the old church in the midnight to act again the tragedy of her unknown sorrow and mysterious marriage, or was the vision only a phantom of the tired brain of the man whose life was spent amid scenes of blood, and the music only the sobing of pines as they stood witnessing the desolation of the land, all the shedding of blood, and helpless to do more than wail and toss their giant limbs in the winds?

A Substitute for Glass.

In a number of places in the East a very pretty substitute for glass is being used in the windows and other places where glass is commonly employed. It is a substance which at first glance seems much like a fine quality of light yellow glass crossed and recrossed with a network of fine black lines. Its basis is a cloth of fine steel wire, the spaces between the wires being about a twelfth of an inch. The wire gauze, being made, is dipped into pots of specially prepared varnish, which fills up the interstices and makes the whole a translucent yellow sheet. The material is very durable and the effect beautiful.

IN THE HOP FIELDS.

Features of Life Among the Hop Pickers of New York.

Perhaps in no section of the United States is there a more prolific hop territory than may be found in the counties of Schoharie and Otsego, says the Albany Argus, where nearly every available foot of ground is studded with the poles under which thousands of young and old people annually earn and enjoy their vacations. Albany county, too, has a number of hop fields. The agents point out this feature of the hop-picking pursuit as the main argument in enlisting recruits.

Each yard is invariably equipped with a dancing pavilion, or a barn metamorphosed into one, and in the evenings fun reigns unchecked. The fun, by the way, forms a large section of the recompense for the day's labor, the money consideration being of such slight proportions as to form no considerable matter of worry.

Albany generally furnishes the bulk of assistance to the farm owners in the persons of girls, women, young and old, men whose regular avocations do not demand their services at this season of the year, and who find this the only available means of taking a vacation.

One of the agents told an Argus man recently that the main troubles to be contended with in the business were the hop lice and the bug juice, the former on the vines and the latter in the pickers. There is no known remedy to suppress the hop lice evil, but the bug juice tendency has been successfully contended with by the application of the summary dismissal principle.

In the vicinity of Cooperstown and all around the shores of Lake Otsego in the early September evenings the jolly parties in the various hop fields, may be heard indulging in all kinds of gay and pleasurable proceedings, marked mainly by the sound of song and the squeak of the country violin as the various groups send vocal incense to Apollo, or beat in merry cadence their pedal tribute to Terpsichore.

Some of the pickers make lots of dollars at the hop yards. The ways taken by this money are various. Some who believe that industry, frugality, and economy lead the way to wealth put by the proceeds of their hop picking. Other pickers only go for the jolly times. The Albany police have a tradition that when the hop pickers come back arrests are plenty.

Telephones in a Storm.

A celebrated English oculist warns the public against the use of the telephone during a thunderstorm, and relates an incident that occurred to a friend of his who went to the telephone for the purpose of acquainting the central exchange at a distant city that a storm was approaching and the instrument would not be available until it was over. The moment he put his ear to the telephone a flash occurred, and he received a blow of such severity that he was sent across the small chamber against the opposite wall. Otherwise—beyond the temporary but very rude shock, which he described as a severe box on the ear—he was unhurt. In this respect he was more fortunate than an artilleryman, who, while using the telephone in the field during some recent military maneuvres, was struck dead by a powerful current of electricity which passed over the telephone.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Highly Meritorious Case.

The Eminent Political Official—But why, my poor man, should you expect to receive charity from me? I do not know what your deserts may be.

The Tramp—Don't know what my deserts are, is it? An' here I come to you and ain't asked for a office since I come in.—Chicago Record.

Infantile Precocity.

Impatient Father—Here, you young rascal, what are you doing? Wow! Let go of my hair! Are you trying to pull the top of my head off?

Angel Child—Yep. Want to see the wheels go round.—Detroit Tribune.

SO MEN OF SCIENCE SAY.

Chinese botanists can grow oaks in thimbles.

Amber is resin from an extinct species of coniferous tree.

The silkworm's web is only the five thousand three hundredth part of an inch in thickness, and some of the spiders spin a web so minute that it would take 60,000 of them to form a rope an inch in diameter.

A duck and an owl were shipped in the same box by a fancier from Orlando, Florida, to the North the other day. Upon the arrival of the box at its destination it was found that the owl had totally devoured his traveling companion.

While eating pie at a Sunday-school picnic near Beaver Falls, Pa., Harry Lockwood swallowed a hornet. The pugnacious insect lighted upon the pie as it disappeared into Harry's mouth and stung his throat several times on its downward journey.

A league has been formed to study the cancer disease. Probably the most eminently suggestive views on the subject recently made public are those of MM. Verneuil of Paris and Roux of Lausanne, who attribute cancer to the improper use of meat, especially pork.

It is claimed that the prize for patience must be awarded to the scientist who recently compiled a catalogue containing lists of the various kinds of insects which are to be found in the world. According to him there are 750,000 distinct species, not including parasitic insects.

It is popularly supposed that the sudden downpour which usually follows a bright flash of lightning is in some way caused by the flash. Meteorologists have proven that this is not the case, and that, exactly to the contrary, it is not only possible but highly probable that the sudden increased precipitation is the real cause of the flash.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

FRAGMENTS OF SCIENCE.

Lightning is believed to be visible a distance of 150 miles.

R. D. Kathrens, secretary of a large oil company, says that the supply of petroleum in Wyoming is inexhaustible.

The proportion of the size of the skull of a male to that of a female is as 100 to 88; of body weight as 100 to 84.

The rainiest place in the United States is the shore of Neap bay, in Washington, where 129 inches of rain fell last year.

Quinine, the active principle of Peruvian bark, was discovered in 1820. In 1888 there were produced 12,000,000 pounds of bark and 260,000 pounds of quinine.

The slag that accumulates about iron furnaces, and that heretofore has been a great nuisance, has been discovered to contain valuable fertilizing qualities, and the German farmers are using it freely.

A method has been discovered by a French inventor for the preparation of iron so that it can be alloyed with other metals generally, and particularly, with copper and zinc, to procure a white alloy, which the inventor terms "iron silver."

Naphthalene, which is a product of coal-tar distillation, in appearance something like earaffin, has been found useful in England for the preservation of timber. The wood is soaked for two to twelve hours in the melted naphthalene at a temperature of about 200 degrees Fahrenheit.

It is averred that bees can tell the time of day. A St. Louis gentleman made an experiment to test this instinct by placing a lump of sugar out of doors at noon for several successive days to attract the bees from a hive near by. He discovered that they were on hand punctually to meet him.

From the work of two French engineers, Messrs. Hugo and Lallemand, it is calculated that the ocean will reach Paris without artificial aid in somewhat less than 3,000 years. They find that the surface of Southern France, especially in the Pyrenees region, is steadily rising, but that Northern France, particularly in the vicinity of Lille, is slowly sinking. In Paris itself the subsidence is about a third of an inch a year.

PERT PLEASANTRIES.

First Stranger—It seems to me I have seen your face before. Second Stranger—Quite likely. That's where I carry it.

She—I suppose you would have been happier if you had not married me? He—Yes, darling; but I wouldn't have have known it.

"Perry Graffer won't be able to write any more jokes for a good while now." "Why?" "He fell and broke his humerus."

The progress of science in medicine has produced nothing better for human ills than the celebrated Beecham's Pills.

An observatory is approaching completion on Mont Blanc at an altitude of 15,781 feet above the level of the Mediterranean.

A new loud talking telephone has been invented in England. The receiving instrument is said to speak loud enough to be heard all over the room.

The tenth census shows that 23,010,000 inhabitants of the United States are supported by agriculture, 11,520,000 by manufactures and 15,620,000 by commerce.

The harvests in Ireland this year are fully a month earlier than any before recorded, and the most abundant that country has been blessed with for twenty-five years.

Ordinary soda of commerce has been successfully used in France as a substitute for salt water in mixing cement or mortar during cold weather. The results have been very satisfactory.

The Japanese eat more fish than any other people in the world. With them meat eating is a foreign innovation, confined to the rich, or rather to those rich people who prefer it to the national diet.

Lucca Della Robbia was the inventor of a method of hardening terra cotta, the secret of which died with him. His famous groups were all executed in terra cotta, which he made as hard as stone.

There is no end of good coaching records, but an old inhabitant of Oxford, Eng., tells a story of how Joe Tillett once drove a coach, with six changes only, from Oxford to Holborn Viaduct in three hours and a half—fifty-six miles.

I Cure Dyspepsia and Constipation.
Dr. Shoop's Restorative Nerve Pills sent free with Medical Book to prove merit, for 2c stamp. Druggists 25c. Dr. Shoop, Box W, Racine, Wis.

Affectation in dress implies a flaw in the understanding.

We will give $100 reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

Dollars are delightful.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve."
Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

No fine clothes can hide the clown.

FITS—All fits stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fit after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

As a man dresses so is he esteemed.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,
Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

Dress slowly when you are in a hurry.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine.
The original and only genuine. Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Cold Sores, &c. C. G. Clark Co., N. Haven, Ct.

A smart coat is a good letter of introduction.

That Joyful Feeling
With the exhilarating sense of renewed health and strength and internal cleanliness, which follows the use of Syrup of Figs, is unknown to the few who have not progressed beyond the old time medicines and the cheap substitutes sometimes offered but never accepted by the well informed.

In my own city my name, in a strange city my clothes procure me respect.

The history of Downs' Elixir is identified with the history of New England for the last fifty years. It cures coughs and colds.

Costiveness is the cause of the intolerable "bad breath" of multitudes. Dr. Henry Baxter's Mandrake Bitters remove the cause and prevent the evil, and cost only 25 cents.

Foppish dressing tells the world the outside is the best of the puppet.

Love laughs at locksmiths, because locksmiths have been in love themselves.

Welcome Friends.
By a rare accident I was made acquainted with Dr. Deane's Dyspepsia Pills, and have used them for 2 years. They act gently and like a charm, correcting the secretion and preventing Constipation. I subscribe myself your friend, as your pills are welcome friends to me.
THE REV. J. M. STEVENSON, Hawthorne, N. J.
Write Dr. J. A. Deane & Co., Catskill, N. Y.

The Creator created woman unattired because He knew He could not pick out a gown to suit her.

To California and Back
By the Santa Fe route. The most attractive American tour. A new descriptive book with the above title page, containing over 150 pages and as many pen and ink illustrations sent free on receipt of 4 cents in postage, by JNO. J. BYRNE, 702 Monadnock building, Chicago.

A New Through Sleeping Car Line
From Chicago to Seattle via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul and Great Northern railways, has been established and first-class sleeping cars will hereafter run daily from Chicago at 10:30 p. m., arriving at Seattle 11:30 p. m., fourth day. This is undoubtedly the best route to reach the North Pacific coast.

For time tables, maps and other information apply to the nearest ticket agent, or address George H. Heafford, general passenger agent, C., M. & St. P. Ry., Chicago, Ill.

The "sandpaper tree" is one of several varieties of the order Dilleniaceœ, having leaves with fibers and surfaces so rough that they can be used like sandpaper. It is found in Guiana and also in the East Indies. The growth in the latter place is known to naturalists as Dillenia scabrella. The tree is one of the curiosities of nature.

YOUNG GIRLS entering womanhood ought to have just the special help that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription can give.

They need to be started right. The "Prescription" aids and promotes the proper functions, corrects the delicate weaknesses and derangements that might become chronic, establishes regularity and health, lessens pain.

They want a nourishing, supporting, strengthening tonic, such as an experienced physician has especially prepared for the female system, in the "Prescription."

In every "female complaint" and weakness, and in all nervous conditions, if it doesn't benefit or cure, the money will be returned.

Miss MAGGIE JACKSON, of Barbreck, St. Landry Parish, La., says: "I was lying sick for some time with female complaints, and all the medicine my friends gave me did me no good. Death was approaching; all my friends had given me up to die. I heard of your wonderful medicine, and I bought two bottles of it, and before I had taken the last, I got entirely well. I am still enjoying good health, and expect to praise your medicine every where I go."

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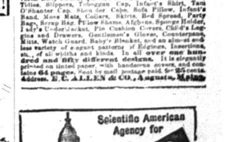

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