KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence lsdue to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

"August Flower"

"I have been afflicted with biliousness and constipation for fifteen years and first one and then another preparation was suggested to me and tried, but to no purpose. A friend recommended August Flower and words cannot describe the admiration in which I hold it. It has given me a new lease of life, which before was a burden. Its good qualities and wonderful merits should be made known to everyone suffering with dyspepsia and biliousness." JESSE BARKER, Printer, Humboldt, Kas.

Miracles Not Ended Yet.

WHAT A MINISTER SAYS OF SWAMP-ROOT.

Sagerville, N. Y., May 12, 1888.

Gentlemen:—For years I suffered with kidney and liver trouble. Doctor after doctor treated me with no avail. I grew worse and was in despair of ever being any better. My agony I endured when the attacks came on, rolling on the floor, screaming and half crazy. Nothing but morphine would quiet me. It seemed death would be a blessed relief. My stomach was in a terrible condition, food, what little I ate, distressed me, my urine was yellow, thick and constipated; I was only able to walk as far as the front porch. A friend recommended your Swamp-Root. I began to take it at once.

Swamp-Root Cured Me.

After passing off from my system a fearful amount of poisonous matter, imagine my joy to find I was improving. The kidney improvement after that was rapid and uninterrupted and in six months I was completely cured. Rev. Wm. H. VanDenburgh, D.D.

At Druggists, 50 cents and $1.00 Size.

Invaluable Medical Advice—pamphlet free. Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Cures Scrofula

MRS. J. Howell, Medford, Mass., says her mother has been cured of Scrofula by the use of four bottles of S.S.S. after having had much other treatment and being reduced to spit blood and to a low condition of health, as it was thought she could not live.

S.S.S. Cured my little boy of hereditary Scrofula, which appeared all over his face. For a year I had given up all hope of his recovery, when finally I was induced to use S.S.S. A few bottles cured him, and he has been free from all symptoms of the disease ever since. MRS. T. I. MATHEWS, Matherville, Ills.

S.S.S. ment, and being

Our book on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

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is largely an "outdoor" product. Fresh air and exercise usually produce sound appetite and sound sleep. Sickly children obtain great benefit from

Scott's Emulsion

of cod-liver oil with Hypophosphites, a fat-food rapid of assimilation and almost as palatable as milk.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

BAXTER'S MANDRAKE BITTERS

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COSTIVENESS

Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Diseases of the Kidneys, Torpid Liver Rheumatism, Dizziness, Sick Headache, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, Eruptions and Skin Diseases.

Price 25c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Dealers, address Lyon, Fraser & Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

TWO CHEMES

CARLY in the winter of 1863, I was ordered to report at Benton Barracks, St. Louis, Mo., to assist in organizing a new regiment.

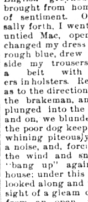
It looked like snow when I left Philadelphia, and it did snow, worse and worse as we speeded further west. By the time we reached Terre Haute, Indiana, things looked very blustrfor getting on.

Anxious not to lose a chance to reach my station, I stuck to my seat in the cars, the conductor assuring me that the engine and mail car would go ahead anyhow, and that I could be then put through.

I was awakened by the brakeman, who informed me that the train had gone to the hotel, leaving him to wake me and say there was no hope of anything on wheels going out that night. My disappointment rendered me angry and unreasonable. I rose up in my wrath, and stumbled down the road and all connected with it, high and low. As he advised me to stay in the cars, I determined not to do so.

I had been for some eight months at my home, recovering from an ugly wound in the face, received in our first advance against Richmond; this wound, or rather its bandage, completely hid my right eye and much of my face, and this, while it appealed to the patriotic, made me a queer-looking figure.

In the baggage-car; chair, to my trunk, was Mac," my dog, a large English greyhound, which I had brought from home through a feeling of sentiment. Once determined to "sally forth," I strapped the baggage on, untied Mac, opened my trunk, exchanged my dress overcoat for one of rough blue, drew on long boots outside my trousers, and strapped on a belt with two six-shooters in holsters. Deeming it safe, as to the direction of the hotel from the brakeman, and calling Mac, we plunged into the storm. On, and on, and on, we blundered and stumbled, the poor dog keeping close to me and whining piteously. Suddenly I heard a noise, and, forcing my way against the wind and snow, I found it, came "bang" up against the side of a house; under this partial protection I looked along and was cheered by the light of a gleam of light which came from an open window; I quickly found the door of the house, and with shaking hand rapped the clapper on a third-rate lager-beer saloon. It was about 11 o'clock at night; the proprietor was a German, surly German. He stared with astonishment as we burst in upon him.



"I DID NOT LIKE HIS LOOK."

"Can I stay here to-night?"

"Vas!"

"Why not? Look here, old man, I look pretty rough, but I've got money to pay for everything I get, and I order," and I showed him a large roll of greenbacks. "If you can't give me a bed, make up your fire here so it will keep all night, and I'll pay you well to let me sleep on chairs in this barroom."

"Vell," he replied, with hesitation, "I haf von room got, unt it two bed in; but der is von man dere already."

"I don't care if there's an elephant in the one bed, so I get the other," said I. "Let's have it right off."

"Der dog, he will here stay, ehe?"

"No sir-ee, that dog goes where I do. I'm not for him or any other Christian; put it in the bill."

With a grunt and a shrug of the heavy old fellow lighted about half an inch of tallow candle and telling me to come on, led the way out of the side-door, and up dirty, rickety stairs to what might be called the "front attic." As we passed the door of the second floor, a woman's voice called to the man. I suppose she asked him what he was doing, as he answered that he was only going to show "dis feller to bet."

The room in which he placed me was mean in every way—one strip of rag carpet in the middle; a poor bed under each slope of the roof; he placed the candlestick on a rude shelf, and with a grunt took his departure.

I looked around—and did not like the appearance of things. I saw a lot of rough clothing piled on a chair by one bedside; I took the candle and went quietly over to survey my room mate. I was not prepossessed in his favor. He was a sallow-looking chap, with a big black beard, and tangled hair; the outlines of his figure, curled up under the blankets, seemed to indicate that he was about seven feet high, and I could see that he was feigning sleep and watching me. I determined to "bluff it through," if possible. Placing the candle again on the shelf, I unbuttoned my overcoat, and drew forth my big "navies," putting them on half-cock. I twirled the cylinder around and looked carefully into each chamber; then, with a sigh of relief, and as if to say, "That's good for six shots anyhow," I laid them on the bed. I was to occupy the side next to him; I pulled the old sheet half over my ears as possible, and then, over the blankets, and, with boots, overcoat, and hat on, turned into the bed. The plaid I placed over the side next of me; the knife I laid under my back.

I wakened Mac, who, totally exhausted, was asleep on the floor; made him jump in and lie down close to me, and then pulled the blankets over him as both I quickly dropped into a half-sleep. A movement from the other creaky bed awakened me. I opened my eyes, and by the dull snow light which straggled through the window could see the outlines of the man in the other bed, and he was sitting up.

In an instant I was on the alert, but made no movement. He leaned forward and seemed to listen; then he dropped down again, and, a few minutes he once more raised himself, and for a time was motionless; then one leg was put outside the cover, then the other, and he stood erect. With the utmost caution he invested his long legs in the proper garments, and then, gathering up his other clothing and boots in his arms; he stole quietly as a rubber out of the room.

I heard him descend the stairs and knock lightly on the door of the landlord's chamber; several times he knocked; then the door was opened, and I could hear the dull muttering of the big German, the shrill whispers of a woman, and earnest, though low tones which must be those of the stranger. Then the two men went down into the bar-room, and I decided that I was "in for it." I crept out of bed and went to the door,—no lock or catch was there. I looked for some thing to brace against it; nothing could be found. One of the two chairs had only three legs, and neither had any back. I was caught in a trap.

I had fought my way through every grade, from private to captain, in the field, and done every line of duty from picket to pitched battle, but I never had such trying hours as I passed in that bed. I could recognize the shuffling of stocking-shod feet on the first floor, and could hear a steady conversation for about fifteen minutes. Then all was quiet for a time. Next I heard a heavy but cautious tread ascending to the landlord's room, and the woman's whispers were renewed. The garret-room door was open just a crack. There I fastened my gaze. To that point I directed the barrels of my pistols. I heard the stairs creak, and the wind howl.

I watched and waited and finally—I fell asleep. When I awoke, Mac was licking my face and broad day-light was streaming through the window; my pistols lay where they had fallen from my hands. I felt in my pockets; there was my money all right. Quickly I made my way downstairs. In the bar-room, which seemed rather cozy by morning view, was the host, who now looked an honest, stupid fellow. "Can I get breakfast for myself and dog?"

"Well, I guess so, after a bit."

And all the time he was eyeing me most curiously. I took a seat by the hot stove; he came and rattled in a little with the poker, and at last said:

"Say, vat mit dat other feller you do, lasht night, dot you so much him sleep?"

"Do!" said I. "I didn't do anything, and as to 'skeer,' I'll bet a horse against a twenty-dollar bill against the thundering big border ruffian."

"Ev Shimmy! dot a good one was. He come down all wet and drimbles, and vakes mine wife und she myself, unt he say to me, 'Wot for you sent to my pet room in mit hot coal in a vite mash? his face on, unt pin-tols unt dot pig bloothun' dog? I shtay not der room in mit hot such bloothun' unt murterin' cultrote.' Haf de shairs in de kitchen for him fit unt he sat de night long, unt without his breakfast what for he de last night paid."

In spite of its very tame, though decidedly satisfactory ending, that was as trying a night as ever I passed in my life.

FACTS ABOUT HICCOUGH.

A Few Suggestions for the Benefit of the Unhappy Victim.

Hiccoughs are too well known and too difficult to define. Although involuntary, they are considered by a large class that in polite circles the victim makes his or her excuses and retires. The explosive and exhaustive hiccough is caused by the intermittent contractions of the larynx diaphragm.

It is generally regarded as an indication of a disordered liver, but in children it is an unmistakable symptom of indigestion. As a rule it is spasmodic and passes off without need of treatment. Occasionally the fact is serious, being distressing to the individual and annoying to his associates, and should be promptly treated.

One source of re- a swallow of cold water. A fit cough can be cured by sprinkling water on the face. Dashing a handful in the face is not a pleasant surprise from a devoted friend or mother, but it is a sure cure, due perhaps as much to the sudden shock of the cold water. If a baby has a hiccough it is an indication that he has had far too much dinner. A change of position will bring relief. A favorite one being to put the well-fed youngster on his stomach across the lap of his nurse.

An attack of hiccoughs in children is frequently followed by a bad night, either sleeplessness or the nightmare, says the Cincinnati Inquirer. Of course, the nurse is blamed for the surfeit; the mother or the nurse must bear the blame and find a way to stimulate digestion. It will be hard to keep the little dear awake and dangerous to bathe him within three hours, but the old-time nostrum may be tried on the smallest toddler:

"Give dinner at sunrise."

After supper wake a mile.

An Early "Speaking Machine."

Just after the close of the crystal palace exposition in London, a Hungarian native of Hungary exhibited a wonderful "speaking machine" at the great Cockney resort known as Egyptian hall. The inventor, "a modest fellow," had done his best to finish his machine in time for the great exposition, but had failed, and in order to show him that there was no ill-feeling on his part, 2,000 Londoners visited Egyptian hall the first day that it was exhibited. The "machine" consisted of the air-pipes, with pipes, valves, bellows, etc., for lungs; a glottis made of reeds, and a face, mouth, jaws and nostrils made to resemble those of a man. It pronounced all the letters of the alphabet distinctly except d, k, g and t, which were given a very imperfect accent. The rudeness of construction made the voice somewhat harsh, but the reports made at the time say that it pronounced long words and sentences so as to make them perfectly intelligible.

What is a Dew Pond?

In some of the English chalk hills where shepherds feed their flocks, wells are few and far between. Now, as water is as necessary for sheep as for human beings, how is it they get it? Hundreds of years ago a very simple plan was employed for the purpose of collecting water, and this plan is in use to-day in certain parts of England. A pond is formed and made water-tight by filling in its sides with clay. If the pond has been shown in choosing a situation for the pond, it will be found that enough water gathers in it from the dew and rain, even when it is hung about the hill to satisfy the wants of the sheep. In fact so excellent do these ponds answer their purpose that many in the county on the Hampshire hills are never dry.

Upswing in an Easy Death.

Many people who have been recovered from drowning describe their sensations as almost free from anything like agony. One man who was taken from the water apparently drowned, and only restored to vitality after a long time and much trouble, said to a friend that there was a sharp preliminary pang, caused by the hopelessness of my position, followed by the whole of my life being lived instantaneously, flashed through the mind; then came a dancing of lights in the eyes and a tingling of bells in the ears, pleasant visions of elysium followed, afterward absolute unconsciousness."

Where He Drew the Line.

She—If it were ever necessary and I were your wife would you go through fire and water for me?

He, hesitatingly—Do you think it would ever be necessary?

She, teasingly—It might.

He, grabbing his hat and starting for the door—Then I guess you'd better marry a fireman.

Like No Other Love.

By Charlotte M. Braeme.

CHAPTER XV—CONTINUED.

Superintendent Chapman was a stern man, but he turned away with tears in his eyes when he saw the young man on his knees by his mother's side kissing her face in a long farewell. He thought of the words, "The only son of his mother and she a widow." It is many years since these events happened; but he never likes to think of that scene or of the hapless mother he left lying like one dead.

So they left the beautiful home Sir Carlos was never to see again. There was little said as they drove in a carriage with drawn blinds along the sunlit roads to Lynn Mavis. The bright summer day was at its brightest, but for one who sat there all brightness was passed forevermore.

CHAPTER XVI.

The trial which had furnished the whole country with gossip was over. The coroner's inquest had been previously held on the drowned women, and the verdict had been "Wilful murder."

The case had been tried at the Lynn Mavis assizes before the eloquence of some of the shrewdest counsel in England. Sir Carlos Carew had been found guilty and sentenced to death.

The golden hair of Lady Carew had turned white from the anxiety and suspense she suffered. She had made superhuman efforts to save her son; but they were futile. During the dreadful ordeal Lady Gladys had been more than a daughter to her. She never left Lady Carew, never wearied of her passionate grief. Night and day the burden of the sorrowing mother's cry was "My son, my son".

Those were days terrible to hear. No sound save the hoarse sound of the waterfall broke the silence of the grand old house. The servants came to lady Gladys for their orders, she saw to everything. It was she who wrote John Wilkinson, the faithful servant, stood by her side and helped her to tell the dreadful story. It was she who went to Hilma West and told him, in words he never forgot, begone. It was she who chose the spot where Maggie was buried and followed her to the grave. It was she who wrote cheering loving letters to the prisoner and bade him be hopeful. Now it was all over, and he had to die.

"I must see him" was all his mother said, when she was carried, more dead than alive, out of court.

The few faithful friends who stood by her anxious to help, but powerless told her she should see her son. She tried to comfort herself with the thought, "He will say good-by" to him, to her son who had lain on her breast and to whom she had devoted her life.

Her fidelity is like into the dignity of sorrow. People made way for the gentle lady with the beautiful face and white hair as though she had been a queen. No one ever forgot what she said when she was leaving the court.

"Gentlemen the law may say what it will, but I maintain that I have killed my son. I have slain him by my indulgence by my cruel kindness by my weak affection. I have killed my living him every thing he desired, by never teaching him self-denial or self-control. I have killed my son, and the stain of his blood is on my hands."

Sir Carlos had but three weeks to live. Lady Gladys never knew in after years exactly how she had lived through those terrible days, through those long nights. She heard ever that one wail, "My son, my son! I thought I had lost you long ago." Through the great desolate rooms up and down the broad staircases the pale, patient figure wandered, ever with the same cry, "My son! my son".

One night Lady Carew seemed to sleep more soundly, and Lady Gladys who was worn to the last, insisted on sharing her old friend's room—worn out with sorrow and watching sleep too. She must have slumbered for some hours, for when she awoke Lady Carew was not with her. She came back to her room after a short time and the young girl asked in fear and trembling where she had been.

"I have been wandering through the state-rooms. Was the boy, I thought I heard Blanche speak to him. Do you remember? Oh, Heaven, let me for one hour forget."

Lady Gladys tried to soothe her but she did not rest, and Lady Carew held so tightly clasped in her hand.

In the morning a letter came from Sir Carlos praying his mother to come and see him on that day, and containing the necessary permission from the governor of the Lynn Mavis prison.

"I will go with you to Lynn Mavis" said Lady Gladys "and wait for you in the governor's rooms. If Carlos will let me see him tell him I will be the only happiness left in life for me."

They drove over to the prison that morning; it was a cold day when they reached the gloomy jail, which stood outside the town. The governor received the ladies with all respect. Lady Gladys went to his rooms while Lady Carew was led to her son's cell. The customary precautions were taken. It was a sad sight Lady Carew had nothing concealed about her person, and then one of the warders took her into the cell.

At first she was in the presence of her son, and his face brightened when he saw her.

"Ever true and faithful!" he cried to her. "Mother, love like you should have saved me."

The cruel grating stood between them. She laid her pale face against the strong bars and [illegible] as no woman ever prayed before, for strength that she was weak and trembling. With one hand she clung to the iron bars the light falling on it showed the bones of her fingers white and among them he saw a band of gold with a magnificent ruby. He idly pondered what that ring was worth and thought how fortunate some people were to have such jewels.

She whispered something to her son, and the man was on his knees.

"Pardon me my lady, but there must be nothing of that kind," he said.

Her troubled eyes rested on him for one moment and then he heard Sir Carlos say.

"Mother, your beautiful hair has turned white."

She went up to the warder and spoke to him. He had never seen such woe in a human face and he never heard such anguish in a human voice.

"Let me kiss him" she said. "I am his mother. I have nursed him. His arms have been clasped around my neck a thousand times. Let me pass my arms between the bars and clasp them around his neck—just once that I may remember it until I die."

It was only human and he turned away with dim eyes.

The eyes of mother and son met. He bowed his head, and she passed her trembling hands between the bars. She clasped him with murmured words of anguish. Then something slipped from her finger. In another moment her hands were once more holding the bars. Had the warder looked more closely he would have seen that the ruby ring which had shown on her finger was gone. But he did not think of the rings; he was afraid she was going to faint.

"Good-by, dear mother!" said a voice broken by tears; but she held out her arms to the warder.

"Take me away," she said. "My sight is failing, and I cannot hear!"

He caught her just as she was falling, and no one ever knew in what words Lady Carew said farewell to her son. They took her back to Elrhoime, and the governor of the prison who was a warm-hearted man, advised Lady Gladys not to let her come again. It could do no good, he said, and was simply torture to her.

The night passed, and when the morning dawned it struck the warder—the same man who had granted Lady Carew's request—he had just relieved his fellow-officer of the task of watching the prisoner—that the convict was very quiet. He no longer groaned and tossed and long, dreary sighs and the restless turning on the miserable bed had ceased. Sir Carlos was strangely still. When the warder came there was no answer, when he went to him, he found him—dead.

A few minutes later on he found on the stone floor of his cell a ruby ring, the one that he had seen on Lady Carew's finger on the day before. He saw the broken spring and the hollow beneath it, and guessed what had happened; for, before he gave any alarm he destroyed the ring. He had a wife and children near, and could not afford to run the risk of losing his post.

Then he gave the alarm. The governor came at once and sent for the doctor, but it was too late. Sir Carlos had been dead for hours; and it was no or known how he died.

No one but Lady Gladys knew what the sorrowing mother meant when, in the long illness that followed her visit to the prison, she raved of the ruby ring and the love that was like no other love.

Lady Carew lives in the North England home and every day she lays fresh flowers on the grave marked only by a white marble cross on which is recorded no name.

The Carew estates and revenues have gone to the next of kin. Lady Carew's eyes will never again rest on her ancient home. She devotes her fortune and her life to charity. The one bright reflection in her life is that Lady Gladys after a time married Captain Athelston, and she happiness the days she spends with him.

When the young heir of the Athelstons, a handsome, sturdy lad, is obstinate and defiant and refuses to obey, Lady Carew's gentle voice says:

"Gladys chasten thy son while there is hope."

Her ladyship sees the flowers bloom and hears the blithe song of the birds; but her heart is ever full of the anguish and the sweetness that come only The Love Like No Other Love.

THE END.

LAKE SUPERIOR.

A Capricious Monster, Always Ready For Mischief.

Lake Superior is a capricious monster, demanding skilled seamanship and the use of powerful and stanch boats, the majority of which are comparable with the vessels in our Atlantic coasting trade. The lake is a veritable womb of storms. They develop quickly; there, even more so than in the water takes on a furious character. It is always cold, and the atmosphere above and far around it is cooler than it is summer. I have been told, but can not verify the statement that the temperature of the water in the open lake never rises above 40 degrees Fahrenheit.

As a rule the men who sail upon it cannot swim. The lake offers no inducement to learn the art, and also those who are expert swimmers could not keep alive any length of time in the icy water. When I was making inquiries on this point I found, as one almost always does some who dispute what the majority agree upon. I even found an old gentleman a prominent one, too, who had passed the age, who said that for several years he had visited the lake each summer time, and that he had made it a practice to go into its waters nearly every day. It was chilly, he admitted, and he did not stay in very long.

But many sailors among them some ship and steamship captains, confirmed my belief declares a writer in Harper's Magazine that few lake sailors seemed to have learned to swim, and that the coldness of the water quickly numbs those who fall into it. I asked one captain how long he supposed a man might hazlite for life or cling to a spar in the lake. He answered, very sensibly, it seemed to me, that some men could endure the cold longer than others, and that the more flesh and fat a man possessed, the longer he could keep alive.

"But," he added, "the only man I ever saw fall overboard went down like a shot before we could get to him. I always supposed he took a cramp."

The bodies of the drowned are said not to rise to the surface. They are refrigerated, and the decomposition, which causes the ascent of human bodies in other waters, does not take place.

Potatoes Growing Like Pease.

Wellbaugh and Chening in their explorations in the Colombian Andes, have discovered a species of potato growing like pease or tomatoes. Each stalk is protected by a thin film or membrane, not unlike that which envelops the "ground cherry." They do not grow in clusters, each being given plenty of space in which to thoroughly mature. The natives say that during the dry season the membrane surrounding each potatoe is filled with water, which in a measure protects it from the rays of the sun.

Putting Off the Evil Day.

"Who is that long-haired young fellow who seems to have nothing to do?" inquired the casual stranger. "That's our poet," said the squire. "Town chips in an' pays his board and clothes." "Where are his works published?" "Ain't never been published. He's arranged to have 'em printed arter he's dead. That's why we are trym' to keep him alive long a we can." —Indianapolis Journal.

This Is Fame.

Lord Aberdeen related a story of a celebrated physician who was brought down to the proper level by his coachman's little son. "Do you know who I am?" asked the doctor of the lad at the close of a little talk held in the stable. "Oh, yes," answered the boy promptly, "you are the man who slipped his father's carriage."

THE ROYAL Baking Powder surpasses all others in leavening power, in purity and wholesomeness, and is indispensable for use wherever the best and finest food is required.

All other Baking Powders contain ammonia or alum.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

FRAGMENTS OF SCIENCE.

The longest telephone in the world is the one between New York and Chicago. It is 950 miles long.

It is a fact of rather singular interest that California wheat is used almost entirely in making American macaroni.

Among the old patents of recent invention is one for a harness covered with phosphorescent paint which makes it luminous at night.

It has been ascertained that the working of the electric railway in London can positively be felt as far away as the north of Norfolk the motion being conveyed by the telegraph wires along the whole distance—about 120 miles.

A learned German who has devoted himself to the study of phraseology and allied sciences makes a startling assertion that mustaches are becoming commoner among women in the present day than in the past. He says that in Constantinople among the unveiled women one out of ten possesses an unmistakable covering of down on the upper lip.

A new calculation of the sun's motion in space has been made by an American astronomer, Mr. A. D. Risteen. Previous calculations have been founded on the observed proper motions of the stars, but Mr. Risteen's estimate is based on the motion of forty-two stars in the line of sight, spectroscopically determined by Dr. Vogel. The result reached is that the sun is moving, at the rate of about eleven miles a second, towards a point in the constellation Bootes.

MERELY SQUIBS.

"Is she fond of music?" "I don't think so. I've heard her play the piano great deal."

"If I should ask you to lend me five pounds, what would happen?" Prospective Victim, tersely—Oh, nothing.

The Debutante, aside—How many verses shall I sing? The Professor—Do you want an encore? The Debutante—Of course. The Professor—One.

"Didn't Johnson care to live in New York?" "Yes, indeed. He said he would have given all he was worth to stay there." "Why didn't he?" "Oh, he died."

He—Wifey, love, I am taking part in a balloon ascent to-morrow. She—I have no objection, love, only don't forget to bring me something nice when you come home.

A small girl of three years suddenly burst out crying at the dinner table. "Why, Ethel," said her mother "what is the matter?" "Oh, she whined Ethel, "teeth stepped on my tongue."

"How-ow-how do they determine the depths of the watah in the sea?" asked Hollo. "By sound," replied the nautical man absently. And Cholly was so surprised that he hadn't the heart to ask any more questions.

Mrs. Weyup—Funny. Mrs. Highflyer said she was coming to this ball because she hadn't anything to wear and there she is. Weyup—I don't see where the funny part of it comes in. From her appearance she simply concluded to wear it.

If you will be truly happy keep your blood pure; your liver from growing torpid by using Beecham's Pills. 25 cents a box.

Not party platforms is ramshackly in places.

A M. PRINT, druggist, Shelbyville, Ind., says "Hall's Catarrh Cure gives perfect satisfaction; I can get plenty of testimonials as it cures every one who takes it." Druggists sell it, 75c.

The New Zealand house of representatives has passed the electoral bill conferring the franchise upon women, including Maoris.

A German town council has postponed the erection of an electric light station for five years, "because improvements may be made in that time."

The farmer always gets plowed under in the politicks he field.

Liver Dyspepsia and Constipation.

Dr. Shoop's Pestorative Nerve Pills sent free with Medical Book to prove merit. for 25c stamp. Druggists 25c. Dr. Shoop, Box W, Racine, Wis.

Some statesmen ought to be fatmus for their eloquence.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure

is sold on a guarantee. It cures Incipient Consumption. It is the best Cough Cure. 25 cts., 50 cts. & $1.00.

Until States senators be that they wear, no use in blunder about a title.

FITS—All fits stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fit after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

When candidates go to bailing the vote market it's a sine qu a close race.

Cox's Cough Balsam

Is the oldest and best. It cures your cough quick or than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

When you find a Congressman that don't like to read his name in the newspapers glut him out.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve."

Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

The American cigar can't rite his name.

When a politician starts in after a soldier's pension the fire on patriotism is gone to cry.

"If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething

After suffering for years with the worst form of Dyspepsia and as blinding, dull sickness' vertigo, acid stomach, etc., I came across for relief a Dyspepsia Pill—I taking them as directed 2 months, and still continuing; and great relief. Would not be without and cheerfully recommend to any suffering with the above symptoms.

A. J. RICHARDSON,

Notions and Hosiery, 51 Newark Ave., Jersey City.

Written by A. Deane & Co., Catskill, N. Y.

It is a long time between elecshuns to defeeted candidate.

It looks, sometimes as if the palaiun uv our liberties was in the hands uv money perlists.

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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 Geo. H. Heafford, general passenger agent, C., M. & St. P. Ry., Chicago, Ill.

Zylolith, or wood stone, is extensively used in Germany for flooring and other purposes.

For counterfeit paper from which Bank of England notes are made has been manufactured at Laverstoke Hampshire.

The Ottawa correspondent estimates from the Canadian census of 1891, compared with that of 1881, that the population of Canada has risen to 4,000,000 French Canadians and more than 40,000 English-speaking people in ten years. Most of them are credited with having come to the United States.

IT SEEMS TOO SMALL to do any good, when you look at one of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. But just try it, when you're bilious or constipated, or have a sour stomach, or a fit of indigestion—and you'll own that they're the best things in the world.

Sugar-coated, they cure permanently, and do it, *pleasantly*. They're tiny, little sugar-coated, and easy to take. There's no disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. *Satisfaction guaranteed*, or money refunded.

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PRICE. One Grand Double 25 cents Bottle 25 cents, Five Grand Doses 25 cents. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price. Address, R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.

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