SICK HEADACHE, chills, loss of appetite, and all nervous trembling sensations quickly cured by Beecham's Pills, 25 cents a box.

The man with a long head is rarely headlong.

A Sore Throat or Cough, if suffered to progress, often results in an incurable throat or lung trouble. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" give instant relief.

Among parting friends farewell is a good bye word.

A Child Enjoys
The pleasant flavor, gentle action and soothing effects of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be costive or bilious, the most gratifying results follow its use; so that it is the best family remedy known, and every family should have a bottle on hand.

Fortune does not change manners; it uncovers them.

A single trial of Dr. Henry Baxter's Mandrake Bitters will convince any one troubled with costiveness, torpid liver or any kindred diseases of their curative properties. They only cost 25 cents per bottle.

Downs' Elixir will cure any cough or cold, no matter of how long standing.

Many people think nothing can be wrong that pays well.

The back seat professor wants a front seat at the circus.

"German Syrup"

My acquaintance with Boschee's German Syrup was made about fourteen years ago. I contracted a cold which resulted in a hoarseness and cough which disabled me from filling my pulpit for a number of Sabbaths. After trying a physician, without obtaining relief I saw the advertisement of your remedy and obtained a bottle. I received quick and permanent help. I never hesitate to tell my experience. Rev. W. H. Haggerty, Martinsville, N. J.

WEAK AND NERVOUS.
Sleepless Nights, All Unstrung.

East Groveland, N. Y. May 19, 1893.
Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.
Gentlemen:—Last March I suffered very bad with heart and kidney trouble. After using two bottles of your Swamp-Root I began to improve and I now feel like another person. I do not have those terrible Pains in my Back and across my kidneys. My food does not distress me, I have a good appetite and sleep well nights; something I have not done in a long time. Now I do not have that tired dragging feeling that I used to have before taking your medicine. After sitting down awhile and getting on my feet I would have to stand and steady myself before I could place one foot before the other on account of the pain across my back and kidneys.

MRS. VAN TETER.

Swamp-Root Cured Me.
I was troubled with constipation very much, but your medicine has regulated my bowels which were in a bad condition. I will willingly answer any one who will write to me. Mrs. William Teter.

At Druggists, 50 cents and $1.00 Size.
"Invalids' Guide to Health" free—Consultation free.
Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

"MOTHER'S FRIEND"
is a scientifically prepared Liniment and harmless; every ingredient is of recognized value and in constant use by the medical profession. It shortens Labor, Lessens Pain, Diminishes Danger to life of Mother and Child. Book "To Mothers" mailed free, containing valuable information and voluntary testimonials.
Sent by express, charges prepaid, on receipt of price, $1.50 per bottle.
BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.
Sold by all druggists.

Afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water.

A.P.A. EXPOSED. 32 PAGE Pamphlet, Price 10c; 3 for 25c. Address P. O. Box 132, Toledo, O.

Patents, Trade-Marks.
Examination and Advice as to Patentability of Invention. Send for "Inventors' Guide, or How to Get a Patent." PATRICK O'FARRELL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

WORN NIGHT AND DAY.

Holds the worst rupture with ease under all circumstances. Perfect Adjustment. Comfort and Cure. New Patented Improvements. Illustrated catalogue and rules for self-measurement sent securely sealed. G. V. HOUSE MFG. CO., 744 Broadway, New York City.

PUBLISHERS! Are you going to issue a Holiday edition? Do you intend to use a Holiday Supplement? Have you seen our samples? Write us.
Western Newspaper Union, DETROIT, MICH.

Unlike the Dutch Process
No Alkalies
—or—
Other Chemicals
are used in the preparation of
W. BAKER & CO.'S
Breakfast Cocoa

which is absolutely pure and soluble.
It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

GOOD CHANCE!
Odell $20 Typewriter for $10, if cash with order is received before Nov. 1st, 1893. The famous Odell Typewriter is used by Lawyers, Ministers, Doctors, Merchants, Editors and Government Officers, because of its clean print, simplicity and manifold copies. No teacher required. It will do your work in one hour's practice. Order now and take advantage of this extraordinary offer.
GOOD CHANCE!

Address FRANK ROHM, 88 W. Jackson St., Chicago.

STELLA Lorne dropped her letter into the mail-box at the corner, and turned hastily away. The deed was done, the letter mailed; a little later it would be on its way to its destination in a distant Northern city. Yet, Stella felt strangely uneasy. Had she been too precipitate?

Perhaps there was some mistake, after all. Oh, how she wished it might be so; she would humble herself upon her knees before him, if she could only prove herself mistaken. Yet, it was there—in black and white before her—the evidence of his guilt. What could she do but believe?

She went home to the pretty cottage nearby, where she had lived all her life, still with that uneasy feeling rankling in her heart, that troubled expression in her gray eyes.

Going straight to her own room, she opened her writing desk and took from it a letter—the letter which had told her of Teddy Dane's perfidy. Teddy Dane, her own dear lover, to whom she was betrothed.

Far away, in his Northern home, he was working for her—waiting for the day when he could claim her for his wife. Stella was working, too, with her pen; for she was quite a successful writer of stories for various publications, and earned a very comfortable income. So she devoted herself to her literary work, and her bank account gradually increased. For Stella was independent, and was determined not to come to Teddy Dane's home penniless; and all her worldly possessions consisted of the income derived from her writing.

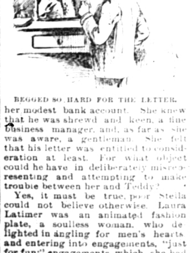
Teddy was so loving and tender, so true and honorable, no wonder she loved him; and if there was a little jealous terror lurking in her heart, lest some one else should learn to care for him also, one cannot wonder at it. For in all true love there lurks a spice of jealousy. It is the human element, and since we are all poor, erring mortals, our love must partake of the human—more or less. But nothing had ever aroused the slumbering demon, jealousy within Stella's heart until now. The first seed was sown now—what would the harvest be?

She stood holding in her hand the letter which had been the cause of her disgust ever since its reception that morning. This is what it said:

"MISS STELLA LORNE: Pardon me, a stranger, for venturing to address a word of warning to you. I understand that you are betrothed to Mr. Teddy Dane, of W——. Are you aware that he is a constant visitor at Miss Laura Latimer's residence in B——? It is generally understood here that Mr. Dane is going to marry the lady. I have been aware of this for some time, and as I have the greatest respect and admiration for you as a lady and a writer, I have ventured to drop you this hint. If I have blundered in doing so, I beg your pardon. My intentions are good, and I trust you will not imagine, for a moment that my motive is otherwise than honorable. A word to the wise is sufficient.

"Yours very respectfully,
"OSCAR SMITHSON."

Slowly, carefully did Stella Lorne read this letter over, her face growing very pale, her eyes filling with tears of bitter sorrow and regret. Sorrow for her own suffering, her lost faith, lost trust, and regret that her idol should be thus rudely dethroned. For Stella could not close her eyes to the warning conveyed in Mr. Smithson's letter. She had never met the gentleman personally, but he had attended to some business matters upon several occasions, investing her small funds in such an advantageous manner that the investments had largely increased


BEGGED SO HARD FOR THE LETTER.

her modest bank account. She knew that he was shrewd and keen, a fine business manager, and, as far as she was aware, a gentleman. She felt that his letter was entitled to consideration at least. For what object could he have in deliberately misrepresenting and attempting to make trouble between her and Teddy?

Yes, it must be true, poor Stella could not believe otherwise. Laura Latimer was an animated fashion plate, a soulless woman, who delighted in angling for men's hearts and entering into engagements, "just for fun;" engagements which she had not the slightest intention should culminate in marriage. She was too fond of her freedom, she was wont to say. And so she went on in her game of hearts, and more than one man had learned to despise her.

To Stella Lorne who knew all about her, though personally a stranger, the very sound of her name was sufficient to arouse all the worst attributes of her nature. And now to read in a stranger's letter the shameful announcement of Teddy Dane's faithlessness seemed more than she could bear. Soon after the letter from Mr. Smithson had arrived Stella had seated herself at her desk and there she had written a few scathing lines to Teddy—true and faithful, she had always called him), and had coldly broken the engagement between them.

"Mature deliberation has convinced me that we should never be happy together" (so she wrote), "and I therefore cancel the engagement between us. You will find sweet consolation in Miss Latimer's affection (while it lasts), and I—well, no matter about me. good-by."

And if that was not a cruel letter, then I am no judge.

And now the letter was mailed; was safe in Uncle Sam's letter-box, and Stella was desperate. But somehow the spirit of defiance and anger which had upheld her during the entire episode, seemed to have deserted her now. Across her memory some words of Teddy's crept with slow and monotonous footsteps—words which he had spoken to her before he returned home.

"I trust nothing on earth, circumstantial evidence or anything, will change you. I trust you with my very soul."

Somehow these words kept flitting through her brain, ringing like death bells; she felt strangely uneasy. Had she betrayed his trust? Might she not have been too precipitate, after all? "I trust you with my very soul!" The words chased her about like tormenting demons. Was she worthy of his trust?

Oh, if she only had that letter back from the mail-box—that cold, doubting, scornful letter! She would think twice before she would send it. But she could never get it back. She knew better than to cherish any such hopes. Once, a wild temptation assailed her to appeal to the postman—a pleasant-faced young fellow, who was never too fatigued or busy—even in his long and wearisome rounds—to offer a cheery greeting. Then she recollected the improbability of his granting such a request, so decidedly "against orders;" and so, at last, poor Stella resigned herself to the inevitable. The letter was gone—no doubt it was on its way, even now, to that far-off Northern city; she must be resigned, and submit humbly to the consequences of her own rash act.

But Stella was destined to retrieve her error in a way least expected. Glancing over the evening paper she saw in the list of letters "held for postage"—one addressed to the name of her lover. A great hope sprang up in her heart that it might be the letter; for no one else in that town corresponded with him, and, in fact, Teddy was quite a stranger there. So, full of hope, Stella hastened to the post-office. She knew that she would not be permitted to claim the letter, but only to affix the necessary stamp. In her angry haste to mail the letter, which would dissolve all bonds between Teddy and herself, she had utterly forgotten to place a stamp upon it. But Stella was in luck again. The postmaster was an old friend of her dead father, and to him she told her story—all, omitting nothing. She begged so hard to be allowed to claim possession of her letter, that he smilingly consented; and so—perfectly happy—Stella carried the letter home. Once there, the first thing she did was to put it into the fire.

Then she seated herself and wrote Teddy a tender, loving letter, telling him of the communication which she had received from Mr. Smithson, and inclosing the letter itself to Teddy.

This time she did not forget a postage stamp. The letter was hardly mailed when the postman brought her one from Teddy Daen:

"Dear, I have something to tell you" (the letter said). "I have secured a home for us at last. Such a lovely cottage here in W——, and have paid for it, too. I purchased the property from Miss Laura Latimer, of B——. She has long owned the place, having inherited it from her father; and not caring to retain any real estate so far from her home, she has sold it to me at a bargain. I called upon her several times upon business connected with the sale.

"By the way, it is said that Miss Latimer has jilted young Smithson, and he has vowed vengeance upon her. She is a trifler and unworthy any good man's affection.

"And now, Stella, I want my wife. I am coming to you, darling, in a few weeks, and after that we must not be parted any more. Your
"Teddy."

So much for circumstantial evidence.

HE WAS MISTAKEN.

She Was Not the Person He Originally Thought She Was.

"Miss Jackson," he began, as he removed his hat and scraped his foot as they met on the street. "I dun hab de happy facilty to meet up wid you de odder night at the cake walk."

"Yes, sah," she loftily replied.

"What fust distracted my attenshun to yo' was yo'r purtiness," he continued. "It was de gineral opinyun dat yo' was de handsomest gal in de hall. In fact, yo' outshone de shiniest of dat vast aggregashun of shiners."

She bowed her thanks.

"What next distracted my attenshun was yo'r clothes and style. One glance prognosticated de fact dat yo' was a bo'n lady. I felt dat me an' yo' was two eagles 'mong a lot of crows. Does yo' anticipate de suit of clothes I had on dat night? Made to order an' cost me seben dollars. Coattails had de reg'lar New York droop, an' dat celluloid collah jest frowned all de mashers down. More dan 100 pussons called me a swell."

She bowed again.

"Perhaps yo' percolated de remembrance dat I squoze yo'r hand, Miss Jackson, an' yo' must have observed dat it was my intenshun to ambulate a few remarks when interrupted by dat werry common and undistinguished pusson known as"—

"My husband, sah!" she icily interrupted.

"Fo' de Lawd, Miss Jackson, but yo' hain't dun married to Moses Phillips?"

"Two weeks ago, sah!"

"An' yo' hain't Miss Jackson no mo'?"

"No mo', sah."

"Hu! 'Scuse me, please. Reckon I made a mistake. I see now whar it was. I got yo' mixed up with Evangeline Thompson, dat purty, stylish young lady dat was de belle ob de occasion an' called fo'th de undisguised admiration of the gigantic assemblage. Yes, I reckolect yo'. Yo' was waltzing around on the elbow of Moses Phillips an' people was a sayin' dat yo' had a bombazine dress dat b'longed to yo'r grandmudder, and dat Moses dun had a pa'r o' trousers made out of a blanket! Good day, Mrs. Phillips. 'Scuse my bein' mistook."

Better Informed.

It sometimes appears when a fluently speaking witness is in the box, that there is little reverence for the learned judge of a court-room. Few Englishmen had more accurate and extended knowledge of the horse than Baron Martin, who, when riding the circuit, always visited all the stables in the neighborhood of the town.

At one time he was trying a case in York, when an important point in the evidence happened to be a somewhat obscure disease of a horse.

"Now," said the examining counsel to an old man in the witness box, "tell my lord and the gentlemen of the jury the name of the disease from which they say this horse is suffering."

The witness gave a knowing wink and jerked his thumb in the direction of the bench.

"Just you ask t'ould one up there," was the reply. "He'll tell you!"

Never Tells.

The wife of an eminent scientist in New York was asked by a minister what religious faith her husband had. She replied that he had no religious faith, but believed as all scientists do in regard to religion.

"And what is that belief?" queried the minister.

"Oh, that he never tells," she said.

Naphthaline.

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

A Molecule's Weight.

The weight of a molecule of hydrogen is approximately 0.000,000,000,000,000,000,000.04 of a gramme; the atomic weight of iron is 0.000,000,000,000,000,000,000,002.2 gramme.

On the Ocean.

Passenger, for the 40th time.—Captain, do you think we will strike an iceburg?

Captain—I hope so.—Texas Siftings.

In the United States and British America there are 130,197 Sunday schools. These are attended by over 10,000,000 pupils.

ABOUT ANCIENT ILIOS.

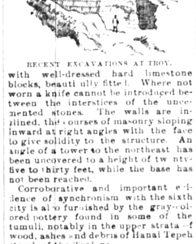
EXCAVATIONS AT TROY PROVE MYTH A REALITY.

The Walls of the City Have Recently Been Disclosed by Excavation—Dr. Dorpfeld's Success in Clearing Away the Mist.

THE EXCAVATIONS at Troy, or Ilios, under the direction of Dr. W. Dorpfeld, director of the German school of archæology at Athens, assisted by Dr. A. Bruckner and other members of the expedition, have been brought to a close for the present. Mrs. Schliemann's fund of 10,000 francs has been exhausted, and the staff furnished by the German government has left. It will be remembered by those interested in the matter that Dr. Schliemann divided the artificial mound of Hissarlik into six superposed cities prior to Hellenic, Macedonian and Roman occupation. Homer's Troy he placed in the second city, where the golden treasures were found. Many attacks were made against this theory, the fiercest by Mr. Botticher, who contended that Schliemann's six cities were nothing more than a huge crematory used for ages. A conference of savants, invited by Schliemann to Hissarlik in 1883, condemned Botticher's theory. Still, skepticism existed in the minds of several as to the identity of Hissarlik with Homer's city. Due allowance made for poetical license, the rough unhewn stone and mud brick walls of the second city never inspired the "well-built lofty towers constructed by Neptune and Apollo."

Dr. Dorpfeld has been singularly successful in clearing the mist. Basing himself on the discovery of painted pottery in the sixth city, identical with that found at Mycenæ, the principal synchronism of the two ancient sites suggested the clue to Homer's Troy.

The "broad and very fair" walls of the sixth city have been exposed at five different points. They measure twenty feet in breadth and are faced


RECENT EXCAVATIONS AT TROY.

with well-dressed hard limestone blocks, beautifully fitted. Where not worn a knife cannot be introduced between the interstices of the uncemented stones. The walls are inclined, the courses of masonry sloping inward at right angles with the face to give solidity to the structure. An angle of a tower to the northeast has been uncovered to a height of twenty-five to thirty feet, while the base has not been reached.

Corroborative and important evidence of synchronism with the sixth city is also furnished by the gray-colored pottery found in some of the tumuli, notably in the upper strata of wood, ashes and debris of Hanai Tepeh (tomb of the Trojans).

In the center of the accompanying illustration is the angle of a Trojan tower; to the left a Roman wall, with builder's lettered stones (probably a repaired Macedonian building), abuts diagonally on the Trojan structure to the right a rough Hellenic staircase and wall leaning against the other side of the Trojan tower. Still farther to the right the Trojan wall reappears in similar conjunction with the Roman.

In the trench made some years previous to the commencement of Schliemann's excavations the lettered wall figured was discovered and followed. Had the trench been advanced another three or four yards the walls of Troy would have come to light, and Schliemann's "Ilios" and "Troja" would have been written otherwise.

The evidence in hand proves that Homer was not guided by tradition alone—the walls of Ilios were visible in the poet's day (ninth century B. C.), also in Macedonian and Roman times. Now can the scene be realized as it presented itself to the immortal poet's imagination.

The chronological date of the sixth city may be placed approximately to the twelfth century B. C. Several antecedent centuries may be added to the age of the first city, which is contemporaneous with the settlers on Hanai and Tepeh and round the tomb of Protesilaus. These form the earliest evidence of neolithic man on the Hellespont. Paleolithic man, relics of whom have been found in the raised gravel beds of the River Rhodius, 120 feet above present level, disappeared in the glacial period. Between the two people there is an immense gap of time which discovery has not yet bridged.

QUEEN WILHELMINA

The Little Sovereign of Holland as She Now Looks.

The accompanying portrait of the young queen of the Netherlands is one of the last taken of her majesty, and represents her in the national dress of a part of Holland, wearing the curious gold head-dress, covered with lace, worn by ladies of noble birth. The beautiful ornaments across the forehead are of diamonds set in gold, as are also the side ornaments.

Queen Wilhelmina is a very pretty girl, with bright blue eyes, and a particularly sweet expression of countenance. She is fond of all out-of-door pleasures, and rides and drives every day. Her pets are numerous—dogs, horses, cats, and birds of all kinds; and she has the faculty of attracting all animals to her. Queen Wilhelmina celebrated her thirteenth birthday on the 31st of August, an anniversary that was kept with great rejoicings all over the kingdom of Holland. Her majesty looks much older than she really is, and more like a girl of 16 than only 13.

The people of Holland are already anxious to know what young prince will be chosen for the future consort of their queen, and it is well known that the German emperor is in hopes that one of the sons of Prince Albrecht of Prussia will be chosen but this choice would be unpopular with a great number of the queen's subjects. Other princes who have been mentioned are, one of the sons of the crown prince of Denmark, the youngest brother of the queen of Wurtemberg, Prince Maximilian zu Schaumburg-Lippe, and Duke Heinrich of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. The young queen will, like Queen Victoria marry young, and in all probability her engagement will be announced when she has completed her seventeenth year.

QUEEN WILHELMINA IN NATIONAL COSTUME.

EVANS IN REAL LIFE.

Charles Reade's Famous Humanitarian Discovered in Jail.

Very few people may be aware that the celebrated novel, "It's Never too Late to Mend," was founded on the cruelties practiced in the Birmingham, England, jail in the years 1852 and 1853. Indeed, the original of the character of Evans, the humanitarian, still lives, and, in fact, is now in the service of the prison authorities. He is Mr. William Brown, the chief warder of the Wilson Green jail, Birmingham, and many times he has been offered a large remuneration to appear on the stage to play the part of himself in adaptation of Reade's brilliant novel.

His story indeed is a sensational one, and forms a wonderful chapter of prison life in the "fifties," and also contrasts in a striking manner the treatment of prisoners now adopted.

In 1852 Lieutenant Austin was appointed governor of Wilson Green prison. He had formerly been in the navy, and in that service had forced himself to the conclusion that discipline was everything. He took a delight in severe punishment, and considered that a breach of prison disciplin was a crime almost greater than that for which the prisoner entered the jail. He pinned his faith to constant threats of punishment, and an almost perpetual use of those barbarous tortures, the cellar, strait-jacket, dark cells and crank labor.

Among the labor boys had to perform was turning of a crank handle with a ten-pound pressure upon it for 10,000 revolutions between sunrise and night. So many revolutions had to be before breakfast, so many before dinner, so many before supper. If the required number was not completed before breakfast, no breakfast; if not completed before dinner no dinner; if not completed before supper no supper, so that a weakly man or boy would go a whole day without food, and would think himself lucky if at 10 o'clock he got eight ounces of brown bread and a pint of water.

During the whole of the time these abnormal cruelties were being practiced the chaplain and Mr. Brown were doing their utmost to relax the terrible prison discipline adopted by the harsh governor. They worked together with a will, and many, many times have prisoners fallen on their knees in thankfulness for timely succor which had been rendered them.

At length, at the demand of the inhabitants of Birmingham, a royal commission of inquiry was held to inquire into the truth of these allegations. The whole of them were found to be true. Several shocking cases were made public, and altogether the commission sat thirteen days and sixty-four witnesses were examined.

One particularly pitiable case was that of a boy named Edward Andrews, about whom, in the name of Josephus, Reade gives a true and heartrending account. Mr. Brown has a vivid recollection of this poor boy. He was sent to jail for three months for stealing four pounds of beef. He was very weak indeed, but was, notwithstanding, put to the crank. Very often he was unable to perform his task in consequence of sheer inability, and he was ordered by the governor to be fed on bread and water only.

One day the chaplain, Mr. Sherwin, was attracted to the boy's cell by cries of "Murder!" He found the boy crying piteously, and he said he was being starved. He was in the strait-jacket at the time, and the chaplain tried to insert one of his fingers between the collar and the boy's neck, but failed. Mr. Brown happened to be passing at the time, and he slackened the straps on his own responsibility, and greatly relieved the little sufferer.

Several times after this the boy was punished by order of Austin, and on many occasions buckets of water were thrown over him. Once Brown found the boy strapped to the wall, and on being released he fell to the ground insensible. On April 27 he put an end to his sufferings by committing suicide in his cell.

Ten Miles an Hour.

C. L. Simonds of Lynn, Mass., has made a steam carriage for his own use that will make ten miles an hour. The carriage weighs only 400 pounds and can carry two persons at a time. It has the appearance of an ordinary carriage in front except there are no provisions made for a horse. The wheels are of cycle make and are four in number. The hind wheels are forty-three inches and the front wheels are thirty-six inches, with rubber tires.

The boiler and engine are just in the rear of the seat, and give the carriage the appearance of a fire engine. The steam generates in what is called a porcupine boiler, which weighs 100 pounds. The steam is made by naphtha flames from three jets. The naphtha is kept in a cylinder, enough to last for seven hours, and there is a water tank that will hold ten gallons. The steering part consists of a wheel placed in the foot board, so that the engineer can steer and attend to the engine at the same time.

The Oldest Object in Rome.

The obelisk of the Lateran is an Egyptian monument of red granite, nearly 150 feet in height, originally belonging to the temple of the sun at Heliopolis, removed thence to Alexandria by Constantine, and subsequently brought to Rome, where it now stands in the center of the Piazza di San Giovanni. It is the oldest object in Rome, being referred by antiquarians to the year 1740 B. C., when it was erected to the memory of Thotmes IV.

Asked for the Right Material.

It was the morning after the train robbery, and the sagacious detective was holding a business conference with an official of the express company.

"... seems to me," observed the official, reluctantly making out a check for a large amount, "you are striking us very heavy for scouts."

"Yes, sir," answered the detective, "We intend to scour the country thoroughly."—Chicago Tribune.

The Rise of Artillery.

Until the time of Charles XII. of Sweden, artillery was not considered a part of the army; the men serving it were not soldiers, but regarded as mechanics; the officers had no army rank. Charles XII. gave artillery officers a rank and regularly organized the artillery into companies.

In His Dreams.

Conductor, giving him a shake—Tickets!

Sleeping Suburbanite, pushing his hand away—No, you don't, Maria! If you want the baby walked with you can walk with him yourself. I'm going to get some sleep to-night, by jocks, if I miss fifty trains!

Don't Forget it is Royal BAKING POWDER that makes the delicious biscuit, griddle cake and doughnut.

GATHERED GRAINS.

National grants in aid of education were first made in the United States in 1803.

In the world's fair forestry building not a single nail was used in its construction.

A pig with only two legs is the pet of a New York police officer. The porker was captured in Spain.

Mrs. Charles Stewart Parnell still lives in the house where her husband died. She has no amusements, no diversions and enters none of the social pleasures of life.

It is interesting to hear the confessions of Cramp, the great shipbuilder, that he does not go aboard oftener because ocean voyages prostrate him with sea sickness.

A personal in a Boston paper reads as follows: "To Philanthropists—I am a working woman; will some one buy and hold for me two shares of Sugar common, and allow me to pay in monthly installments? Address V. E. M."

While Louis Westcott was crossing an elevated railroad trestle at Elizabeth, N. J., he was struck by a train and hurled thirty feet away, landing below the trestle, a fall of eighteen feet. Doctors pronounce his injuries as not serious.

An Irish whitethorn cane, which was presented to Richard Brown, who commanded the America when she won the original cup around the Isle of Wight, is now in possession of William H. Webb, a retired New York police sergeant.

At Big Run, Pa., a man named Oresta sold his entire effects for $105. The inventory included his wife and children. It would appear that he rued his bargain, for on the next night he placed kindling, saturated with oil, under the house, but his intentions were discovered in time.

In a French churchyard is a monument of which the following is a translation: "Here lies Jean Pinto, the Spanish vocalist. When he reached heaven he united his voice with the voices of the archangels. As soon as He heard him the Deity cried, 'Keep quiet, all you fellows, and let us hear alone the illustrious singer, Jean Pinto!'"

A stone twice the size of a hen's egg, on which is plainly visible the face of a human being, was found on the grounds of R. H. Harris at Yarmouthport, Mass., recently. A careful examination of the stone has revealed the fact that not only one profile, with its accompanying incisions, is carved thereon, but there are two faces at opposite ends of the stone.

A photographic record of the oscillation of projectiles has been obtained by Professor Neeson of Berlin. Each projectile was hollow, containing a sensitive plate, in which a ray of light penetrated. From the curve described by the luminous point on the plate the oscillation of the axis and the point of the projectile could be calculated, and both were found to have had quite unexpected movements.

We have advanced in our notions since the day that Governor Winthrop said of Mrs. Hopkins, the wife of the governor of Hartford, that she was "a godly young woman and of special parts, who was fallen into a sad infirmity, the loss of her understanding and reason, which has been growing upon her divers years, by occasion of giving herself wholly to reading and writing." Her husband is described as "being very loving and tender of her, loath to grieve her; but he saw his error when it was too late."

AMUSING INCIDENTS.

Flaherty wore his new $4 silk hat to the Finnerty wake and put it in the chair beside him. One-eyed Widow Riley came in and put fourteen stone of beef, blood and bone square atop it. "Misther Flaherty, I belave I've sot on your hat." "Belave it? Ye know dom well ye have!"

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.
as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.
Sold by Druggists, 75c. per bottle.

A receipted bill is the best evidence that you pay your debts.

If you want people to respect you you must respect yourself.

They were two sons of the Green Isle. Said one: "That is this about the pinsion reform?" "It's jist this," was the reply. "A lot of fellers do be gittin' pinsions that don't desarve thim. And so they are goin' to give pinsions only to thim as were morally wounded, and they will git thim forever."

The following anecdote of Dr. McCosh, ex-president of Princeton, curiously illustrates the unconscious egotism of that learned theologian: "Some years ago he was lecturing before the senior class. He had been discussing Leibnitz's view of the reason of evil, to the effect that mankind was put upon the earth because there was less evil here than elsewhere. One of the seniors inquired: 'Well, doctor, why was evil introduced into the world?' 'Ah!' said the doctor, holding up both hands, 'ye have asked the hardest question in all feelosophy. Sukkrates tried to answer it and failed; Plato tried it and he failed; Kahnt tried it, and made bad work of it; Leibnitz tried it, and begged the whole question, as I've been tellin' ye; and I confess (gnawing at his thumb knuckles)—I confess I don't know—what—to make of it myself.'"

Michigan Central Winter Tourist Rates.
The Michigan Central are now selling round trip winter Tourist tickets to points south and south-east at reduced rates, good returning until June 1st; also to Pacific coast points, good nine months to return. For tickets and information, apply at Union Ticket Office, 66 Woodward avenue, corner Jefferson, or Depot foot of Third St.

God wills; man hopes.

See Colchester Spading Boots adv. in other column.

Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve."
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Small fish will nibble at any kind of bait.

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

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A constant friend is a thing rare and hard to find.

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Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. You will see the excellent effect after the first dose. Ask your friends about it. 50c and $1.00 at all druggists.

No vice has any more ugly face that self conceit.

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E. L. Lomax, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agt., Omaha, Neb.

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W. N. U., D.—XI—47.

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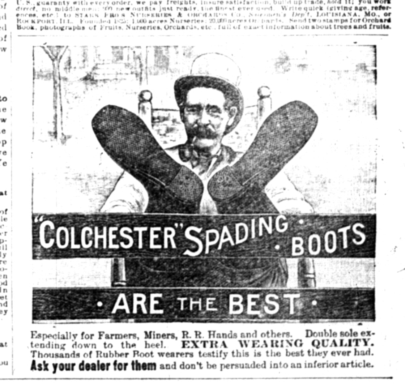

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