"German Syrup"

I am a farmer at Edom, Texas. I have used German Syrup for six years successfully for Sore Throat, Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Pains in Chest and Lungs and Spitting-up of Blood. I have tried many kinds of Cough Syrups in my time, but let me say to anyone wanting such a medicine—German Syrup is the best. We are subject to so many sudden changes from cold to hot, damp weather here, but in families where German Syrup is used there is little trouble from colds. John F. Jones.

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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 exceptionally

GOOD CHANCE!

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THE FAIREST LAND.

"Tell me, gentle traveler, thou
Who hast wandered far and wide—
Seen the sweetest roses blow,
And the brightest rivers glide;
Say, of all thine eyes have seen,
Which the fairest land has been?"

"Lady, shall I tell thee where
Nature seems most blest and fair,
Far above all climes beside?
'Tis where those we love abide,
And that little spot is best
Which the loved one's foot hath pressed.
Though it be a fairy space,
Wide and spreading is the place:
Though 'twere but a barren mound,
'Twould become enchanted ground:
With thee, yon sandy waste would seem
The margin of Al Cawthar's stream:
And thou canst make a dun eon's gloom
A bower where new born roses bloom."

—From the Persian.

What's in a Name.

Naming a baby is, in my opinion, a more important matter than we really make of it. The poor little helpless thing has no voice or choice in the matter, but must take whatever we see fit to give him. Just think, too, a name is something that lasts through life and will be forever on our tongues and dinned in our ears. Surely we ought to give thought and care to its selection. Of course what is musical to the ears of one might not be to another, but a little discrimination and common sense will show to as good advantage in the selection of a name as in any other place you could possibly use it.

Often a name really becomes pleasant to us by reason of the affection and respect we bear towards the one to whom it belongs; but it will hardly follow that if we call a child any name it will grow sweet with us. I know a man, says a writer in the Philadelphia Times, who carried the name Zollicoffer through life, and that with dignity; but I used to look at him and think what a hard time he must have had when a boy, and I divided my pity between him and another poor fellow whose name was Jehosaphat. Two names are better than one, that is more musical, if they are well put together, and if they look well when written in full. This is especially true for one in public life, or if the surname is a very common one. Give your son a name that you would like to see written in full if he becomes a noted divine or senator.

Above all things, don't give a poor little helpless baby a name that will be a mortification and perhaps an almost insufferable burden to him all his life, for the sake of naming him for his grandfather, or some kind, well-meaning uncle, who agrees to buy a suit of clothes for him in return for the "honor." Honor to whom, pray? What respect would it show to the departed or elder members of the family to give their names to your baby? It surely does not foster respect in the mind of the child.

Instead of handing a name down in a family from father to son, one of a name in a family is enough. Who has not heard "Big Joe" and "Little Joe," "Old Dave Harker" and "Young Dave Harker?" If you feel a great and perhaps a pardonable pride in the parent's or grandparent's name, remember that the children of noted men seldom are as great as their fathers. Sometimes, indeed, they are quite the reverse, and in that case you not only do not add to the son's capabilities or character, but may bring reproach to the honored name. Even should he excel, let him have the credit of doing so on his merits, not because of his father's name. Then, too, how awkward in business or letter writing to always be adding the Sr. or Jr. to distinguish them.

I lost a sister, years ago, whose name was pretty and would bear repeating, but mother would never allow the name to be given to another in the family. To mother the name is as much a part of sister as her face was and to hear it used for another would destroy its individuality and seem almost like sacrilege.

Another point in choosing a name to get one that cannot be nicknamed, or, at least, one that will nickname well: not like the colored woman who named her boy Sapolio and called him Sap for short and her girl Cynthia and called her Sin. For a second name nothing can be nicer than for one child in the family to bear his mother's maiden name, provided it is a "comfortable" one. A name an be given for a second name that you think very pretty, but which is too long or hard to speak for common use. If you give a name that ends in a, by all means pronounce it properly. Don't call Alva Alvy, nor Julia Julie.

If the surname is a very common one, like Smith, Jones, or Brown, select some name that is not likely to be duplicated. In this case, too, names may be given with an unusual combination of initials. They impart more individuality in later years. But don't go to the other extreme. Don't give a name so fantastic or romantic as to emphasize by force of contrast the prosaic common surname. Fantastic names are all very well on the program of a comic opera, but they are rather undignified in real life. This is not a theatrical world, and one does not want to be saddled for life with a stage name.

Brave Hannah Snell.

There have been many women warriors in the world, but it must be admitted that there have been very few whose deeds were such as to claim the admiration of the country for any great length of time. In the annals of women's warfare there are generally stories of overzealousness leading to fanaticism and subsequent punishment and disgrace.

Seldom, indeed, has a woman warrior been gratefully recognized by the government of her country. Within the memory of our grandparents there lived in England a woman named Hannah Snell, who, when but a girl, took the strange resolution of enlisting as a soldier. She served as a marine on one of the vessels of a fleet bound for the West Indies, and showed so much courage that she was repeatedly promoted. Her sex was unknown, and therefore it could never be claimed that Hannah Snell's success was due to partiality or favoritism.

Once, when dangerously wounded, she extracted the ball herself, fearing that she might be discovered and discharged. After long service she returned to her native home at Worcester, England, where her adventures soon became spread abroad. The government, on investigation of her really great career, granted her a pension of £20. She died full of years and laden with honors at an inn near Wapping.

Mexican Kitchens.

A Mexican kitchen differs radically from our ordinary conception of that useful apartment. In the first place it contains no cooking stove nor even a fire place. Instead, on one side a shelf is built into the wall about breast high, on the center of which a small fire burns, built of gnarled and knotty sticks, which thrifty American housewives would consider unfit for use. Occasionally this method is varied by making a charcoal fire in a large earthen pot and setting smaller cooking utensils upon the coals. So little baking is done that many households dispense with the oven entirely, but where one is used it is built of mud either out of doors or at the end of the fireshelf.

Tortillas are the staff of life in Mexico and consist simply of crushed corn which has been previously boiled in weak lye, rolled into balls. Dish washing in a Mexican kitchen is conducted on a novel plan. There is no soap, no dishcloth, and no wiping towel, much less a table provided with a dishpan and draining rack. The dishwasher seats herself comfortably on the floor with a pail of water beside her, and some sliced amole root, which makes excellent suds, and in place of a dishcloth she uses a tiny, stiff whisk broom. Dish-wiping is unknown. The dishes are simply turned up against the wall to dry, and somehow or other they always come to the table clean and shining. The spoons and knives of brass and steel are as bright as the traditional dollar, though no brick dust or patent silver polish is applied to them; nothing but common Mexican dirt dug up in the door yard.

"In short," says a recent visitor to this foreign country almost in our midst; "everything is kept as bright and fresh as hands can make it, even to the cooking pottery, which is of necessity smoked black whenever used. If we could combine their innate neatness with our improved methods the result would be that cleanliness which we are told is next to godliness."

Entertaining a La Mode.

A great modification has been inaugurated this season in the mode of dinner-giving, and the fashion of serving dinners at small tables laid for eight or ten has been almost universally adopted in the grand monde of Paris. This arrangement has been hitherto only in use at ball suppers, but now these late suppers are rather out of date, and the festivities begin with a dinner instead of ending with a feast. The dinner is much the same as a ball supper, the chief difference being that at the suppers the guests placed themselves where they liked, while at the dinners the places are assigned by the mistress of the house.

The tables are all decorated with different flowers, and each gentleman receives on his arrival an envelope containing the name of the lady he is to take in to dinner and the flowers to be found at the table intended for him. Handsome dishes of old silver or modern ones in imitation, baskets of silvered wire, shells of China or simple vases of glass the color of the flowers, are used as receptacles for the pretty flowers, and pretty trays of delicate china or lace-like silver are filled with bon bons and candied fruits. The menus are made very small, in the shape of a pocket-book, in pale shades of pink, blue or green, and ornamented with gilded initials or the crest of the family. White damask linen is used for these grand affairs, the millinery mode of table decoration being reserved to country houses and simpler feasts.

The Popular Girl.

The really popular girl always knows a lot. She knows enough not to gossip about people who have done her favors and who are in a way of doing her favors. She knows enough to dress appropriately at all times and never to be overdressed. She knows enough not to wear diamonds, discuss religion or politics, boast about her ancient lineage or tell long-winded tales. She knows enough to keep silence and she knows how to talk well.

She knows how to dance, swim, row, sail a boat, play the piano and banjo, sing negro melodies and college songs. She knows enough not to "give away" all the funny confidences the boys give her when in the blues or feeling particularly good, and she knows how to cook when they are stranded on an island, becalmed and without oars or a stick with which to pole home. She knows just how to catch a fish and then to cook it, and she knows enough not to growl and whine and complain until they are safely home.

How Old Are You?

The physical beauty of women should last until they are past fifty. Nor does beauty reach its zenith under the age of thirty-five or forty. Helen of Troy, comes upon the stage at the age of forty. Aspasia was thirty-six when married to Pericles, and she was a brilliant figure thirty years thereafter. Cleopatra was past thirty when she met Antony. Diane de Poictiers was thirty-six when she won the heart of Henry II. The king was half her age, but his devotion never changed. Anne of Austria, was thirty-eight when described as the most beautiful woman in Europe. Mme. de Maintenon was forty-three when united to Louis and Catherine of Russia, thirty-three when she seized the throne she occupied for thirty-five years. Mlle. Mar was most beautiful at forty-five, and Mme. Recamier between the ages of thirty-five and fifty-five.

Uses of Hairpins.

Hairpins are very valuable. They cost only a trifling sum, to be sure, but they are worth a great deal when you don't happen to have one.

Here are a few uses for them:

They make splendid corkscrews.

They are unrivaled when it comes to straightening out tangled shoestrings.

They aren't bad paper-cutters.

They are invaluable when you lose the key of your desk or trunk. With a little ingenuity, plenty of patience and persistent scratching with one of them the lock will snap back with sheer desperation.

They are very handy to pin veils.

They have been known to keep detached ruffles in place.

They can be used as hat-pins—in a pinch.

They are superior to any shoe or glove buttoner ever invented.

A Handsome Jar.

A smelling jar made of a solid piece of jade two and one-half inches in diameter and three and one-half inches high is a novelty exhibited at present. The inside was drilled with diamond dust by an immense coring machine. The stopper is embraced in rose quartz with lapis lazuli top, mounted with two small jade butterfly ornaments and jade drop pieces. The pinnacle is studded with rubies and sapphire imbedded in the jade without any metal mountings.

The Pudding of Long Ago.

Four large tart apples, half of a nutmeg, grated; four ounces of stale bread crumbs, half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, four eggs. Pare and chop the apples very fine; mix them with the bread crumbs. Beat the eggs separately until very light, then add the yelks to the crumbs, stir in the whites carefully, and the salt cinnamon and nutmeg; mix carefully and boil in a greased mold three hours. Serve hot, with foamy sauce. Good.

Baked Chicken.

An appetizing way to cook chicken is to cut it in pieces, as if for a fricassee. Dip the pieces in beaten egg and then in fine bread crumbs. Season with salt and pepper and minced parsley. Put them in a dripping pan with bits of butter over them, and a little water in the pan. Bake slowly until they are done. Put the chicken upon a hot dish, make a rich gravy of the contents of the pan and pour over them. Garnish the dish with parsley.

Unique and Beautiful.

The Empress Frederick of Germany possesses a unique tea service. The tea tray has been beaten out of an old Prussian half-penny. The teacot is made out of a German farthing, and the tiny cups are made from coins of different German principalities.

THE ceremony was over. It had not seemed very hard or very long. Yet other brides had warned her that it would be both.

"I, Anna, take thee, David"—she had been unconscious of effort in the saying. Tongue and throat acted automatically, following the smooth voice of the rector, much as she followed responsive his intoned prayers each Sabbath. Only now there was no stained-glass window to watch, nor could she ponder upon the memorial tablet just above the pew, her frequent occupation while she joined in the general confession of having followed too much the devices and desires of the heart. Yet was her mind no more fixed, or definite than then. Her eyes wandered and saw that a picture hung slightly askew above the mantelpiece. She even made a step forward to set it straight when she noticed the rector was saying "Anna, wilt thou?" and her dazed senses caught at the idea of an admonition. She glanced downward, and observed how rosy were the creases showing through the little triangular gap just above the first button of her glove. Why were all gloves made so foolishly tight that they distorted that portion of the hand, she wondered? And all the while the rector was droning on words that she did not understand.

They knelt, and he, David, this tall, straight man beside her, seemed to feel how cold was her hand within its glove, since he pressed it tenderly, reassuring. "How good is he!" she thought, swiftly, and then, looking upward, saw that the white spray which bound her veil as a wreath had uncoiled and loosened. The brown stem stood stripped and bare of its white blossoms for an inch or more. "It looks like a horn," she thought, listlessly, as she had thought things all that day and for many days, "like the horn of a devil;" then a great horror smote upon her. "It is that," she

TOO LATE!

shuddered. "I am a bad woman—a bad woman."

* * * * * * *

"——Life everlasting—Amen!" the last word drawn out, sonorous, resonant, in the rector's best style. The ceremony was over. They rose to their feet. A brief pause followed, then the rector was saying something, there were kisses on the bride's cheeks, sweet phrases in her ears: good wishes and congratulations made a buzz throughout the room. And ever at her side stood the tall, straight man with the clear brow and the frank eye. She could feel the outturned edge of his arm pressed toward her in mute sympathy and support, an unnoticed putting of love into the quietest of actions. Yet it failed to stir her apathy. She was still thinking, inconsequently, of the grotesque horn peering over her bridal veil. She even put slyly out first one foot and then the other, to see which of them was cloven. But she saw only dainty white bottines, embroidered with tiny pearls, and above them strips of softest white silk hosiery. No, the cloven foot was clearly lacking. She wondered vaguely at its absence, almost fretfully, as one wonders at an absent though invited guest. She felt that it ought to have been there, for these strange words kept still humming themselves in her brain, the words of her other, inner self—"How good he is; how bad am I!"

There was the wedding breakfast, the clinking of glasses, the perfume of flowers, the making of toasts. She had inserted a silver knife in the great white cake which stood before her, simply because they told her to do so, and then she forgot all about it. The tall, straight man at her side stood and said many words. They were good words, she thought, faintly, the good words of a good man, and she—she was so bad.

A party of merry girls took her to her room up-stairs and began to help her off with her white garments. Even the "horn" fell, she grimly noticed. And they put dainty patent-leather shoes where the white embroidered ones had been and dark, clinging draperies instead of the snowy ones, and then they went out and left her alone.

* * * * * * *

She went to the window, opened it, leaned out and tried to think. There lay the smooth lawn below, with the gaudy geraniums, its late glory and center-piece, bruised into a yellowing crispness of decay. There was the hedge of evergreen fir, but beyond that was a long line of unfamiliar carriages. They wearied her. She turned her listless eyes the other way; there was the Barbary tree in its scarlet and green livery, standing guard by the library window! Oh!—a sharp pain sent the blood stinging to the apple of her throat and tearing at her eyeballs. It was there that she had crept and hidden to read a letter only a week ago and the red berries had dropped upon her breast as she writhed beneath the boughs and every drop seemed as a flame to burn into her heart. How could one suffer so—and live?

And why was she "bad?" She could not remember. She only knew that that day beneath the Barbary tree was the last wrench in giving up the forbidden. She had thought she was being good and noble, was keeping her promise as the highest canons of duty demanded. Was putting aside temptation—and yet the voice kept saying she was bad. It was a problem her learning could not clear.

Some one was calling at the door, calling some other person with an unfamiliar name — would they never leave off? They bothered her. Then someone else, a man, boldly crossed the threshold of her room, laid his hand upon her arm, bent low and said: "Anna, love of me—come, we shall be late."

She let him lead her away. He was so tall, so strong! Down in the hall below people were waiting. Some of them were crying, and it made her vaguely sad. She tried to efface herself by stepping into the shadow of a bookcase, and then someone sought her ought and said: "Good-by, Miss Irwin," and everyone laughed at what they called his "blunder."

She wished they would not. It confused her; why should they laugh because he called her Miss Irwin—was that not her name? Ah, no, she remembered—and there were more good-byes, and many kisses and she was seated in the carriage beside the tall, straight man, and they were driving down the hill that she knew so well. How good it all looked. The trees touched by the first early frost into a spiked glimmer of gold and flame. The little river, singing exultant of recent rains beneath the bridge upon which the hoofs of the horses smote sharply, with a ringing sound. The world was fair, so very fair. Did it not seem thus to those who were about to die, she wondered, so sweet and dear a world to close their eyes upon, and have darkness shut in upon their lids forever?

The man at her side bent over her, coming between her and her thoughts. She felt his arm about her; she heard his whisper of "Anna, my little wife, after all the weary years of waiting." For one delirious moment she gave herself up to thinking that these were other arms, to believing even the voice another voice, to dreaming that she could look up and see the stern, dark face of the absent, instead of the clear brow and frank eyes of the present.

Then she tore herself away with a little choking cry of horror at herself and hatred.

The man looked, saw the carriage had almost reached the station platform, saw a merry party thereon gathered, and said, apologetically, "Oh, I see, dear, they are here before us," and then smiled brightly to the wedding guests who had preceded them. The long wind swept aside shawls and wraps as they walked and gave to ordinary people about the depot glimpses of satin shoon and lace ruffles and glittering arms, and here and there a flower and a jewel. There was an abundance of laughter and rice, and both were distributed by the restless ones unable to wait quietly for the belated train and the proper season for rice-throwing. Anna felt the cold, hard grains press against the hollow of her neck, but only smiled. It was a dream, and she herself but a fantasy among shadows. The dream grew more and more confusing. The bridegroom was hurried away to the ticket office upon some errand which had become entangled. A thought of temporary freedom seized her. She must get away from this confusion of shadows. She turned in the direction which her husband had taken. The shadows laughed about her: "She cannot loose sight of him even a moment. Oh, Anna, won't you be known for a bride at once?" and a tenderer than the rest murmured: "How she must love him!"

But Anna did not follow her husband beyond the first door. Crossing a waiting-room she opened a second door and emerged into the outer air again, and upon a second platform. She knew the place well. Here was but a single track and less light and fewer people. Here she could be more quiet to think the problem out—why the voice kept saying she was "bad." She paced up and down, and the wind blew her silk-lined mantle into clinging, classic folds about her. Still it cooled her head and cleared her brain.

Why was she bad? Had she not kept her promise of years? Had she not irrevocably sent away that other man who had made vows even as hers now were? She had suffered; so, doubtless, would he. At the latter thought the old cruel pain clutched at heart and throat—but she had done what she thought right. Up to to-day her life had appeared pure, spotless, blameless. She and that other man had drifted into loving almost without knowing, but upon realization of their folly they had given each other up, had done their duty singly. How, then, could either of them be "bad?" But the voice kept saying it and Anna Irwin—no, Anna McIntyre—cringed as she recollected a saying of her father's when once as a child she had sobbed to see a debased and cursing wretch dragged along the streets by a policeman. "She is a bad woman, my darling." But she—Anna—how could she——? Why, her only sin was in thinking of that other man—a thing which had only become a sin at the marriage ceremony of to-day. But was it a sin? Like a flash came to her memory of the sermon on the mount — "whosoever looketh" — the heart thought was with him even as the deed, a thing the purveyors of creeds too often forgot. She saw and understood.

A shrill whistle sounded; just beyond two green lights lowered; the gates of a crossing were closing for an approaching train. Was it the train that they were waiting for? Was it the train that would take her into that new place where her home was to be? Soon, even now, she must go away; away with that man from whose encircling arm she shrank while they were in the carriage. What a horrible—what a vile thing such action would be! He was a good man, yes, and she was very bad, but how could she have him in her embrace when another man was in her heart?

The whistle sounded nearer. A bell clanged tumultuously. A red glare showed beyond the platform. It was not, then, their train, but one on this single, lonelier track. With that nearing light shining upon her distended eyeballs a new light seemed to pierce the brain of the girl. She lifted two slender hands in the air and called softly, exultantly: "No; I see it now—I am a good woman—a good woman—since I cannot give myself where my best love is not——." And then she went softly down before the hot flare of light and the thundering wheels, and no one could stop her. A sickening noise of soft bones crushing, a gush of blood red as the Barbary berries, over the dull iron of the track, a shriek of horror from many throats, a shrill command—too late—to reverse the engine——

And then the bridegroom passed through the open door calling happily for his bride to come.

What Did It.

The Coroner—You say in your opinion the man was killed by a funny story. Explain yourself.

The Drummer, witness at the inquest—It's this way. We were all standing at the head of the stairs on the second floor of the hotel.

The Coroner—Yes; go on.

The Drummer—Gaggs, the shoe man, said he had two or three good ones to tell us.

The Coroner—I understand.

The Drummer—He started right in with one of them. None of us caught on except the poor fellow lying there dead. He——

The Coroner—He what?

The Drummer—He tumbled to the first story. The fall killed him.—Hotel World.

Selling Under Difficulties.

Real Estate Agent—Our map of Marshland is very attractive, but I think it would be wise to dump a few loads of stone into those staked out boulevards, so people in search of suburban lots can walk on them.

Capitalist—Let 'em fix things themselves after they buy the lots.

"But the place is all quicksand."

"You needn't tell 'em that."

"I don't."

"Then what's the matter?"

"Why, you see, they read our advertisements, go out to look at the place and—er—never get back.

A Queer Delicacy.

Alligators' tails is one of the queer delicacies much prized by Southern creole gourmands, but not the tail of any alligator is desirable. It must be of the proper size and condition. When it is properly cooked it is most toothsome. It tastes something like turtle.

A government check for one cent, given during the war to correct an error, is still in possession of a New York man.

Cream of Tartar and Soda

Have uses in cooking well known to every housekeeper; but the method of refining them to make them chemically pure, and of mixing them together so as to produce the greatest leavening power and best results when combined, is a matter of great exactness, requiring the most expert knowledge and skill.

Royal Baking Powder

Is the product of this knowledge and experience and the expenditure of many thousands of dollars in patents and appliances for its preparation. It is a compound of strictly pure grape cream of tartar and absolutely pure soda, combined with exactness and care by famous chemists, and it will produce more wholesome and delicate bread, biscuit, cake, rolls, etc., than can be had where this modern agent of cooking is not used.

Beware of the cheap compounds called baking powders to catch the unwary. They are made with alum and are poisonous.

BRAINS AND BRAWN.

The hotel keeping business has assumed enormous proportions in the United States. There are now over 50,000 hotels, exclusive of inns and taverns.

A mosaic portrait of President Cleveland is on exhibition in Yonkers, N. Y., which contains 300,000 pieces of Italian marble of various colors and weighs 300 pounds. It is the work of Marienne Gilbert, an artist at Rome.

A company is being formed in Philadelphia by several piano manufacturers for the purpose of putting on the market an electrical device, which, it is said, will automatically turn leaves of music. The invention is intended to do away with the necessity of turning the leaves by hand, and operates upon pressing a button.

Jasper Van Nette of Tiffin, has invented a sewing machine which bids fair to revolutionize the manufacture of that important article of household economy. It dispenses with the shuttle, the loop being taken from the needle by means of a compound gyratory lever, which spreads it in the form of a triangle, thus allowing the bobbin to pass through it without friction. The complete device is very simple.

"Papa, do men descend from monkeys?" "Yes, my boy." "And what about the monkeys?" Puzzled Pater—The monkeys descend—aw—from the trees.

"Jump aboard, miss," said the conductor briskly. "I'll see to your bag." "But mamma wants to kiss me good-by," replied the girl. "I'll attend to that, too. All aboard."

Mrs. Flathunter—But the rooms are so dreadfully small! Really they are only closets. Landlord—Ah, but then you know there's nothing like having plenty of closets in a house.

The Magician—Is there anyone in the audience who will loan me a hat for a few minutes? A Voice—Ask this lady sitting in front of me; she seems to have a good deal more than she is entitled to.

"If you go first," murmured the wife of his bosom to the sick man, "you will wait for me on the other shore, will you not, love?" "I s'spose I'll have to," he grumbled. "I never went anywhere yet without having to wait for you at least half an hour."

The enraptured young man drew the shapely head with its golden hair close to his heart. "Do you hear it throb, darling?" he asked. "Y-Yes, Harold." "What does it seem to say?" he whispered. The dear girl listened a moment and answered softly, "It says tick, tick, tick, tick, tick, Harold."

OUT OF THE ORDINARY RUN.

A New York stock exchange seat sold recently for $17,000.

The latest ocean steamship suggestion is a submarine trolley.

The children of the Aitutaki islanders are born with the left leg an inch shorter than the right.

Wilson Harnett, the most bowlegged boy in Greene county, North Carolina, has had his legs made entirely straight. A Raleigh surgeon got on to his curves.

The mountain of Fujisan, in Japan, is actually in motion. It is 12,400 feet above sea level, yet the power of the winds in those quarters causes it to sway from side to side.

"The power to wag the ear," writes Eugene M. Aaron in Science, "is common among the West Indian half breeds and the Maya and other derivatives of Mexico and Central America, and many whites have the power who hardly realize the fact."

Fayette county, Pa., reports a spring whose waters make the drinker hilarious. A sportsman from Connellsville found a crowd of hilarious Hungarians about the wonderful spring. They let him drink but swore him to secrecy as to its location.

The Congo is the most wonderful waterway in the world. It is twenty-five miles across in parts, so that vessels may pass one another and yet be out of sight. It has twice the extent of the navigable waters of the Mississippi and its tributaries and three times its population.

BEECHAM'S PILLS are a painless and effectual remedy for all bilious and nervous disorders. For sale by all druggists.

More people would be generous if more were honest.

Conscience is not a safe guide in any matter upon which it has not been enlightened.

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75c.

The best answer you can make to self-conceit is to keep still.

No dollar can buy so much as the one that has been squarely and honestly earned.

One can journey with delight in the ideal, but one reposes well only in the reality.

The punishment of falsehood is to suspect all truth.

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.

A man often stubs his toe on the threshold of success.

See Colchester Spading Boots adv. in other column.

He who has no character is not a man; he is a thing.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure

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

Our sorrow is the inverted image of our nobleness.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve."

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

Death is the only trustworthy friend of the miserable.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

One may do without mankind but one has need of a friend.

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.

The man who amounts to the most took the least time to hope.

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.

Earthworms have done more to benefit man than elephants.

There are more than a thousand ways in which some people can tell the other people that they are proud.

A single trial of Dr. Henry Baxter's Mandrake Bitters will convince any one troubled with costiveness, torpid liver or any kindered 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.

The only opinions that weigh much are those we have the courage to express.

There are men with natures so small that, if there is anything in transmigration, they will probably appear as microbes.

TRENTON, N. J., Jan. 20, 1890.

Having been a sufferer for some time past with Biliousness and Constipation, I was recommended to use Dr. Deane's Dyspepsia Pills. I did so and am pleased to find that they are as recommended, a cure for those ailments. I therefore subscribe myself cheerfully in recommending them to any who may suffer with those complaints.

C. B. NAAR.
News Editor True American.

Write Dr. J. A. Deane & Co., Catskill, N. Y.

Londoners are trying to show that Benjamin Franklin was not the first experimenter in atmospheric electricity or the inventor of the lightning rod. It is said that a Catholic priest named Procopius Diwisch, as early as June 15, 1754, noticed that lightning was an electric spark and worked out a complete theory of atmospheric electricity. At this time he was living in a small Bohemian village, and he constructed a rod having 324 needle points, connecting the bottom of it to the earth. Why he didn't advertise the fact at the time is not mentioned.

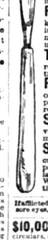
QUIPS AND CRANKS.

Clara—How has your new dressmaker been treating you? Maude—Oh, splendidly. But she has been suing father.

"Does she sing?" asked the young man. "Oh, yes," replied the girl to whom he was talking. "Why, all her neighbors stay awake nights listening to her."

"Be them all your children, Mrs. M'Sorley?" "Phwat! thim all moine? They'd be behavin' 'emselves better ef they weren't children I'm paid to take care of."

A SURGEON'S KNIFE



gives you a feeling of horror and dread. There is no longer necessity for its use in many diseases formerly regarded as incurable without cutting.

The Triumph of Conservative Surgery is well illustrated by the fact that RUPTURE or Breach, is now radically cured without the knife and without pain. Clumsy, chafing trusses can be thrown away! They never cure but often induce inflammation, strangulation and death.

TUMORS Ovarian, Fibroid (Uterine) and many others, are now removed without the perils of cutting operations.

PILE TUMORS, however large, Fistula and other diseases of the lower bowel, are permanently cured without pain or resort to the knife.

STONE in the Bladder, no matter how large, is crushed, pulverized, washed out and perfectly removed without cutting.

STRICTURE of Urinary Passage is also removed without cutting in hundreds of cases. For pamphlet, references and all particulars, send 10 cents (in stamps) to World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water.

$10,000 OFFERED Bald - Headed or Scalp-Diseased People, send for circulars, Seneca County Med. & Comp. Co., Tiffin, 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.

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

W. N. U., D.--XI--45.

When writing to Advertisers please say you saw the advertisement in this Paper.

ST. JACOBS OIL IS THE KING-CURE OVER ALL.

FOR SCIATICA

IT HAS NO EQUAL, NO SUPERIOR. ALONE THE BEST.

WORK THIS WINTER

For us. Cash pay weekly; business men, professional men, mechanics, farmers—their sons, daughters and others, work for us the year round—because nothing else brings them so much quick cash. Beginners taught; our men sell where others fail—our prices half others. Our Whole Root Trees live (one customer planted 12,000 and every tree living); hardy sorts for the North—1st Choice sorts for every State in U. S., guaranty with every order. We pay freights, insure satisfaction, build up trade, hold it; you work direct, no middle men. 50 new outfits just ready, the finest ever used. Write quick (giving age, references, etc.) to STARK BRO'S NURSERIES & ORCHARDS CO., Salesmen's Dep't, LOUISIANA, MO., or ROCKPORT, ILL. Founded 1825; 1,000 acres Nurseries; 20,000 acres Orchards. Send two stamps for Orchard Book, photographs of Fruits, Trees, Yards, etc., full of exact information about trees and fruits.

EMPLOYMENT ABSOLUTELY SURE TO PAY HANDSOMELY FROM THE VERY START.

Onward! Improvement! Progress! Still advancing! Ever advancing! A larger and broader field for our agents! Universal success attends every worker! Never heretofore have agents made money so fast. We cover the broad field of the people's wants in such a comprehensive manner, and require of them such a small and moderate outlay of money, that the natural result is a grand rush of business for every agent and therefore the largest profit ever known in the agency business.

Our Royal Crimson Silk Velvet Plush Photograph Album. Grand profits for every worker! Sells at sight wherever it is shown. It is of the extreme largest size—11 inches long, 9 inches wide and about 3 inches thick. Room for an immense number of cabinet, panel and card photographs. The insides are decorated in the most artistic and beautiful manner with lovely Prismatic Scenery; in short, the inside is an exquisite floral bower. Such albums have been selling for as much as $10 each, and when a person got one of this class for from $5 to $7 it was thought a bargain to be proud of. Our agents sell this Royal Crimson Silk Velvet Plush Album, to the people for only $2 each. The people are amazed and order at sight wherever it is shown. It appears to them as though they were purchasing a $5 or $10 gold piece for only $2. The people snap them up like hot cakes in a hungry crowd. Any one, without experience, can readily and rapidly take hundreds of orders and make hundreds of dollars.

Our Terms to Agents are the Most Liberal Ever Known, and enable them to make great sums of money. We want many new agents at once. Now is the time while the field is new. No room to explain all here, BUT TO THOSE WHO WRITE US, WE WILL SEND FREE, A FULL AND CLEAR EXPLANATION SHOWING HOW ALL MENTIONED ABOVE IS POSSIBLE. No one can fail who will but go to work. New beginners reap rich rewards from the very start. The album sells at sight wherever it is shown, and thus new beginners do just about as well as the most experienced agents.

Above is a picture of WILLIAM H. GARRISON, SALEM, OHIO.—Engraved from a Photograph. Mr. Garrison says: "I was at work on a farm for twenty dollars a month. I now have an agency for E. C. ALLEN & CO'S albums and publications, and often make twenty dollars a day." Mr. Garrison is making a fortune at work for us; many others are doing the same. Hundreds of others can do just as well. Now is the time. The business will reward every worker royally.

Shall We Start You in This Business?

Write to us and learn all about it for yourself. We are starting many—we will start you, reader, if you don't delay until another gets ahead of you, in your part of the country. If you take hold you will be able to pick up gold fast.

This is the grandest and most desirable photograph album ever put before the public, and the price is so marvelously low that it seems to the people that it is almost given away. A regular $10 album for only $2. The handsomest album in the world. Largest size. Bound in Royal Crimson Silk Velvet Plush. It is a fact that few people possess photograph albums that are really elegant, and it is also a fact that all desire them. All can afford this one and all want it. Wherever it is shown it sells by hundreds and thousands. Reader, you can sell hundreds and thousands, and we will pay you larger wages than ever you expected to earn.

OUR PERIODICALS.

Working for our periodicals is well known to be a first-class business. Our periodical agents are a comfortable and contented class, because they not only make a comfortable living but lay up money. Our periodicals are well known as the best dollar a year publications in the world; for this reason the people want them and readily subscribe. But this is not all. Each subscriber receives free 25 Magnificent Oleographs. Oleographs are the finest and most magnificent pictures in the world that can be afforded by the masses. The people gladly subscribe at sight wherever the mammoth periodicals and magnificent oleographs are shown.

Our agents for our periodicals already to a large extent cover the country, but still there are many places where we have no agents; to those who write to us, who are in localities where we have no agents, we will send terms and full particulars, together with full information about our grand photograph albums. Our terms to agents are liberal, and those who secure agencies find that they have a prize.

OUR BIBLES.

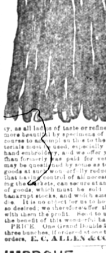
It is well known, and you, reader, are doubtless aware that we are among the most extensive printers and publishers of family Bibles in the world; they are sold exclusively through agents. Those who wish to take agencies for our Bibles will find it a standard business. In binding and general mechanical excellence our Bibles are well known as being superior to all others, that are sold at the same price. Our terms to agents are liberal. We will send full particulars and terms free, to those who write to us from localities where we have no agents. Our Bible agents are uniformly successful, doing a substantial, solid, profitable business the year round. Our Bibles are very handsomely printed and bound, and appeal to the people as by far the best in mechanical excellence that they have ever seen for the money. Our parallel Bible contains both the old and new versions; it is a Double Bible of 2,000 royal octavo pages.

OUR BOOKS.

We publish the most popular subscription books before the public. Our book agents are uniformly successful. Any one can become a successful agent for our books, as they are desired on sight, wherever they are shown.

Better send for terms and particulars for our Albums, Periodicals, Bibles and books at once; we will send the same free, and you will then learn all about the business for yourself. If, after you know all, you take an agency, you will find yourself in a very profitable business; but if after going over the matter you should conclude not to take hold of the business, we shall be satisfied, no harm will have been done, and we will look further for an agent. Address all communications to E. C. ALLEN & CO., Publishers, Augusta, Maine.

SPECIAL OFFER. Here's a Bargain



Embroidery grand, double. See our illustration. All the colors in each bunch. Finest quality. Greatest bargain on earth. Save best silk for use in outline stamps taken. securing bargain in everyhouse. Patchwork broidery, well as so well are content the rich will the here both best manu-

Silk less than 1 cent a skein. A 25 skein bunch for only 22 cents. Illustration, or picture of the bunch, of the rainbow, and many more—finest and most delicate tints, most desirable in the market. A gain in Embroidery Silk on money. Get the best. The crazy patchwork, and for and other embroidery. Postage. Send to us in season, thereby the best and cheapest. Best the world. It is needed in for Embroidery, Crazy Outlining, Cross Stitch Embroidery, Tassel and Fringe Work, as the numberless other uses known to ladies, and we confident all will appreciate bargain we offer. You save money by getting best at any time, and you save money at ends, for you get the Embroidery Silk factored at a considerably reduced price. It will be well to send to us in season, so as to secure the benefit of this extraordinary bargain. Some of the Embroidery Silks sold by the package do not contain the variety of shades so much desired by ladies, but in our Grand, Double 25 Skein Bunch you secure every shade and delicate tint you can dream of, and recollect that it is the very best embroidery silk in the market. Embroidery silk has now become a household necessity, as all ladies of taste or refinement desire to make home more beautiful by specimens of their own handicraft! Of course to accomplish this to the fullest, the very best materials must be used, especially in such delicate work as hand embroidery, and we offer you the best at a less price than formerly was paid for very much inferior silk. It may be questioned by some as to how we can afford to sell goods at such wonderfully reduced rates? Our answer is that having control of all necessary capital, we, by watching the markets, can secure at any time large consignments of goods, which must be sold for cash, as well as large bankrupt stocks, and which small capitalists cannot handle. It is no object for us to hold these goods, even if we so desired; we therefore offer them to the public, sharing with them the profit. Send to us in season so as to secure the benefit of this wonderful bargain.

PRICE. One Grand Double 25 Skein Bunch 22 cents; three bunches, if ordered at one time, 50 cents. Address all orders, E. C. ALLEN & CO., Augusta, Maine.

IMPROVE your opportunities and you will surely succeed; neglect them, and you will surely always remain in obscurity and poverty. We invite the attention of all who are willing to work to something new, that will just coin money for them. Work adapted to all ages and both sexes. You can live at home and do the work wherever you are situated. Reader, it is a royal chance, and such an one as may never again come to your attention in a lifetime. Both men and women often report to us that they have earned from $5 to $10 in an evening. $25 is often easily earned in a day. A postal card on which to write to us, will cost you but one cent, and if you need profitable work, that will give you more solid cash than anything else in the world, you had better address us at once, asking for particulars about our new business; we will mail all to you free, and there will be no harm done if you should then conclude not to work for us. Any one can do the work. Capital is not required, but we start you. You can work in your spare time or all of the time. Those who read this, who need profitable employment, should write at once. Snug little fortunes await all workers absolutely sure. Address, E. C. ALLEN & CO., Augusta, Maine.

HOUSEHOLD LEAVES.

A Manual of Knitting and Crocheting. This book contains a larger number of practical rules for knitting and crocheting than any book ever before published at double the price. Each pattern has been thoroughly tested by an expert and found to be correct before being published. Over one hundred ladies, from all sections of the country, have contributed their newest and choicest patterns for this book, the whole being carefully edited, and only the best designs used. These articles, coming as they do from so many different sources, embrace designs for almost every kind of fancy work which it is possible to construct with the knitting needles or crochet hook. Among the almost infinite variety of articles contained in this book may be mentioned the following: Directions for making Baby's Boots, Bibs, Tobacco Bag, Hoods, Caps, Lady's Undervests, Baby's Sack, Quilts, Purses, Lamp Mat, Ear Muffs, Tidies, Slippers, Toboggan Cap, Infant's Shirt, Tam O'Shanter Cap, Shoulder Cape, Sofa Pillow, Infant's Band, Moss Mats, Collars, Skirts, Bed Spread, Party Bags, Scrap Bag, Pillow Shams, Afghans, Sponge Holder, Lady's Under Jacket, Pin Cushion Covers, Child's Leggins and Drawers, Gentlemen's Gloves, Counterpane, Mitts, Watch Guard, Baby's Blanket, and an almost endless variety of elegant patterns of Edgings, Insertions, etc., of all widths and kinds. In all over one hundred and fifty different designs. It is elegantly printed on tinted paper, with handsome covers, and contains 64 pages. Sent by mail postpaid for 25 cents. Address, E. C. ALLEN & CO., Augusta, Maine.

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