A number one cough cure. Mrs. Jas. H. Buffum, of Concord, Mass., writes us as follows: "I am using Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup in my family, and find it a sovereign remedy for coughs and colds, and my house shall never be without it."

The echo of whispered scandal is heard by all.

Better a line of sense than a page of nonsense.

It is by all odds the best liniment Mr. Chas. Hodgens, of Geyer Ave., St. Louis, Mo., is of the same opinion. He says: "Salvation Oil is the same as recommended we have used in our family. It is the best remedy on earth."

Want of money is the root of much evil.

Only the animal that is in us makes us love life because it is life.

Don't complain of the baker until you have tasted his bread.

No Trees of first quality can ever be sent by mail. Maybap you know it. By freight, prepaid if preferred, we ship safely 4, 5 or 6 ft. trees; 2 year Roses of rare excellence—everything! You actually pay less than for the puny stuff. Great varieties. 20,000 acres Orchards. Exact information about trees and fruits. Stark Bros., Louisiana, Mo.

A lady at Ashford, England has just received a bequest of £150,000 from an old gentleman, an entire stranger, for a small service she once rendered to him five years ago. He was in the crowd outside Buckingham palace watching the arrivals at one of the queen's dining rooms when he became faint and staggered helplessly. The crowd jeered him shouting that he was drunk, and commenced to jostle him rudely. The lady saw that he was ill, and helped him through the crowd to a seat in a park close by. He soon recovered, asked her name, and they parted, and she did not hear of him again until two weeks ago, when his solicitors informed her of his death and that he had bequeathed her the sum named.

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
LOUISVILLE, KY. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. NEW YORK, N.Y.

"August Flower"

I have been troubled with dyspepsia, but after a fair trial of August Flower, am freed from the vexatious trouble. J. B. Young, Daughters College, Harrodsburg, Ky. I had headache one year steady. One bottle of August Flower cured me. It was positively worth one hundred dollars to me.—J. W. Smith, P.M. and Gen. Merchant, Townsend, Ont. I have used it myself for constipation and dyspepsia and it cured me. It is the best seller I ever handled.—C. Rugh, Druggist, Mechanicsburg, Pa.

AT BEDTIME I TAKE A PLEASANT SHERB DRINK

THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND IN AND MY COMPLEXION IS BETTER.

It may be says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys, and is a pleasant laxative. This drink is prepared for use in a moment, and is prepared for use in tablet form. It is called

LANE'S MEDICINE

All druggists sell it at 25c. and $1 a package. If not natural get it, send your address for a free sample. Lane's Family Medicine moves the bowels each day. Address

LANE MED. CO. 10 GRATTAN ST. WOODWARD, LARGE, N.Y.

CATARRH CURED 25 YEARS AGO. SHILOH'S CURE. Shiloh's Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Throat and Lungs. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail, 25 cts. For a Lame Side, Back or Chest Shiloh's Porous Plaster will give great satisfaction.—25 cents.

How is your Blood?

I had a malignant breaking out on my leg below the knee, and was cured sound and well with two and a half bottles of SSS. Other blood medicines had failed to do me any good. WILL C. BEATTY, Yorkville, S. C.

I was troubled from childhood with an acrofulous taint. Five bottles of SSS. and three bottles of Lime and Iron Tablets cured me permanently. Mrs. J. A. MASSEE, Macon, Ga.

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

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Applied into each nostril is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists or by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

CATARRH THE CURE FOR COLD IN HEAD HAY-FEVER

ELY'S CREAM BALM

TRY THE CURE HAY-FEVER

WITH CANDAR.

All these calendar leaves, my friend,
Are with the Candar Calendar.
Yet finely written from beginning to end
In the words that follow, I lend
Thoughts all days of the year must be
Of the four-and-twenty meanings
Yet wide as the blue of the sky
Fair, sincere, tender and pleasant.

Need life be a fearful monotone
Because it is made up of days?
These are the pillars of Wisdom's throne
Wherein today and to-morrow
Are one therefore cease worry and sorrow
Thus spoke Candar
Shall heaven its tall or cancer its nest,
Or life with worry be burdened?
—Charlotte Fiske Bates in Harper's Bazar

THE MYSTERY OF MRS. BLENCARROW.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER II.

"Is It You?"

Kitty Elrcham had been a first almost from the time she could speak; she was a first Kate somewhat soon, becomes in the midst of her frivolity, as well as to the simplest girl. She had played with so many hearts without being the worse for it that it was the greatest surprise to herself, as well as to her mother and interested friends, to find that at last this little witch was herself caught. I need not say that the man was the last person whom, in her sober senses, Kitty would have chosen, or any of her family consented to. Mant He was not even a man, but a boy—only two or three years older than herself—a young fellow who had to go through one of those ordeals, quite new-fangled then—things which nobody understood—an examination for an appointment; and who had nothing in the world but the prospect of that, a prospect daily becoming less probable as he saw she had fallen in love with each other. They were neither of them of that high strain which is stimulated by love. They had not force of mind to think that every day which was spent in lovemaking, quarrelling and folly made it less easy for Walter Lawrence to work his way, or to work at all; and that without work he was as little likely to pass his examination as to fly; and that if he did not pass that examination they could not marry.

Both of these young people saw all this perfectly well, but the knowledge made no difference in their behavior. When he was not running after her by his own impulse, which was generally the case, Kitty used all her wiles to draw him away from his books, sending him notes, making appointments, inventing ways and means of meeting. His mother made appeals to him with tears in her eyes, and almost cursed the girl who was making her boy lose all his chances. Poor old mother made Kitty's life a burden, asking her how she intended to live, and whether she meant to support her husband by her needlework (at which everyone saw she was so clever!), by taking in washing, or by what?—since he neither had a penny nor would ever be able to make one for himself. This disgusted on both sides naturally threw these foolish young people more and more into each other's arms, and the domestic discomforts became so great that it at last became apparent to both that there was nothing for it but to run away.

"When we are married they will see that it is no use making a fuss," Walter said to Kitty. "They will acknowledge that once it is done it can't be undone."

"And they must lay their heads together and get you a post, or give us something to live on," said Kitty to Walter.

"They will never let us starve," said he, "after."

"And they will never give us any peace," said she, "before."

So that they were in perfect accord so far as the theory went. But they hesitated to take that tremendous step; their minds were made up, and it was a delicious subject of conversation during the hours which they daily spent together; but neither of them as yet had quite screwed up courage to the sticking point.

This was the state of affairs on the evening of the Blencarrow ball. It had happened to both to be unusually tried during that day. Kitty had been scolded by her mother till she did not know, as she said, "whether she was standing on her head or her heels." Her uncle, who had come from a distant part of the country for Christmas, had been invited to remonstrate with her on her folly. Papa had not said anything, but he had been so unapish that she had not known what to do to please him—papa who had always stood by her under all circumstances. And Uncle John! Kitty felt that she could not bear such another day. Walter, on his side, had again had a scene with his mother, who had threatened to speak to her trustees, that they might speak to Walter to show him his duty, since he would not listen to her.

It was some time before this suffering pair could get within reach of each other to pour out their several plaints. Kitty had first to dance with half a dozen uninteresting people, and to be brought back demurely to Mrs. Bircham's side at the end of every tedious dance; and Walter had to ask a corresponding number of young ladies before a happy chance brought them together. The wife of Mrs. Bircham and Mrs. Lawrence, who were both watching with the most anxious eyes, Kitty could not even keep time dancing when they had thus met.

"Oh, I have a dozen things to tell you!" she said; I must tell you or I shall die."

They went into the conservatory, but there were some people there, and into room after room, without finding a solitary corner. It was in the hall that the chance came at last. The servants were preparing the supper table in the dining room. The library was being used by the older people (Kitty's elders and betters) getting in one's way, who had no feeling at all!) for their horrid cards. People, i. e., other young pairs, were seated on the stairs and in every available corner.

"Oh, come down here; there's nobody here," said Kitty, drawing her lover to the staircase at the end of a long passage which led down to the lower part of the house.

Both of them knew the house thoroughly, as country neighbors do. They had been all over it before they were children, and knew the way down into the flower garden, and even the private door at the back, by which tradesmen and petitioners were admitted to Mrs. Blencarrow's business room. The lights were dim in those inner regions; there was perfect silence and quiet—no other couples to push against, no spying servants nor reproachful seniors. The young pair hurried down the long stairs, feeling the cold of the empty passage grateful and pleasant.

"The old dining room is the nicest place," said Kitty, leading the way. This room was in the front of the house under the drawing room, and lighted out upon the lawn and flower beds. It was part of the older house which had served all the purposes of the Blencarrows in the days when people had not so many rooms as now. There was no light in it except a faint glimmer from the fire. The shutters had not been closed, and the moon looked in through the branches of the leafless trees. The two lovers went in with a rush and sat down in quiet satisfaction upon a sofa just within the door.

"Nobody will disturb us here," whispered Kitty with a sigh of satisfaction. "We can stay as long as we like here."

They were both out of breath from their rush; and to find themselves alone in the dark, and in a place where they had no right to be, was delightful. They sat quite in a moment leaning against each other recovering their breath; and then there happened something which, notwithstanding Kitty's delicious enjoyment of her own affairs, gave her such a prick of still more vivid curiosity as aroused every sense and faculty in her. She became all ear and all observation in a moment. There was a soft sound as of a door opening on the other side of the room—the side that was in the shade—then after a moment a voice asked, "It is you?"

Walter (the idiot) suppressed with pain a giggle, and only suppressed it because Kitty flung herself upon him, putting one hand over his mouth and clutching his coat with the other to keep him quiet. She held her breath and became noiseless as a mouse—as a kitten in the moment before a spring. The voice was a man's voice with something threatening in its tone.

"How long do you think this is going to last?" he said.

Off, what a foolish thing a boy is! Walter shook with laughter, while she listened as if for life and death.

Then the voice was again. Again the voice asked cautiously, "It is you?"—another pause and then the soft closing of the door more cautiously than it had been opened.

Walter rose up from the sofa as soon as the door was shut. "I must get my laugh out," he whispered, sweeping Kitty out into the passage way. Oh, that foolish, foolish boy! As if it were a laughing matter! A man, a stranger, asking, somehow, how long "this" had "was going to last! How long was what to last? And who could it be?

"Oh, Wat, you might have stayed a moment!" Kitty said, exasperated. "You might have heard quiet. Perhaps he might have said something more. Who could he be?"

"It is no business of ours," said Walter; "one of the guests, I suppose. Let's go upstairs again, Kitty. We have no business here."

"Oh, don't be so silly," cried Kitty. "We must find a quiet place, for I've scores of things to tell you. There is a room at the other end with a light in it. Let us go there."

Their footsteps sounded upon the stone passage, and Kitty's dress rustled—there could be no eavesdropping possible there. She went on a step in front of him and pushed open a door which stood ajar. Then Kitty gave a little shriek and fell back, but too late. Mrs. Blencarrow, in all her splendor for the ball, was standing before the fire. It was a plainly furnished room, with a large writing-table in it, and shelves containing account books and papers; the business room, in fact, where nobody except the tenants and workpeople ever came in. To see her standing there, with all her diamonds flashing in the dimness, was the strangest sight.

"Who is there?" she cried with an angry voice; then, "Kitty! What are you doing here?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Mrs. Blencarrow. We did not know what room it was. We couldn't find a cool place. Indeed," said Kitty, recovering her courage, "we couldn't find a place at all, there is such a crowd—and we thought the house was all open to-night, and that we might come down stairs."

Mrs. Blencarrow looked at them both with the fullest straight look of those eyes, whose candor was sometimes thought to mean defiance. "I think," she said, "that though the house is all open to-night, Walter and you should not make yourselves remarkable by stealing away together. I thought, perhaps, to tell your mother."

"Oh, don't, Mrs. Blencarrow!"

"It is very foolish of you both."

"It was my fault, Mrs. Blencarrow. Don't let Kitty be blamed. I remembered the old way into the garden."

"I hope you did not intend to go into the garden this cold night. Run upstairs at once, you foolish children." She hesitated a moment, and then said, with one of her sudden blushes dyeing her countenance: "I have got a bad headache; the music is a little too loud. I came down here for a moment's quiet and to get some eau de cologne."

"Dear Mrs. Blencarrow," cried Kitty, too much touched at the moment to make any comments upon the lady's look or manner, "don't please say anything to mamma."

Mrs. Blencarrow looked at them, looking from one to another, which meant gentle reproof for their foolishness, but then nodded an assent to Kitty's prayer. But she pointed to the door at the same time, rather impatiently, as if she wanted to be rid of them; and, glad to escape so easily, they hastened away. Kitty felt the relief of a darling so strongly that she never even asked herself why Mrs. Blencarrow should come down to the business room in the middle of a ball, and that was a likely place to find eau de cologne. She thought of nothing (for a moment) but that she had got off rather well from what might have been an embarrassing situation.

"I don't think she'll tell on us," Kitty said, with a long-drawn breath.

"I am sure she will not," said Walter, as they ran up the long stone flight of stairs, and came back to the sound of music and dancing.

Mrs. Bircham had just broken the monotony of a chaperon's vigil by taking a cup of tea. She was leaning forth from the door of the room upon the arm of one of those portly old gentlemen who are fitted for the purpose, when Kitty, breathless with haste, pushing Walter along in front of her, suddenly came within her mother's view.

That mother side Kitty did not again leave, save for the brief limits of a dance, all the evening. She read in the glance with which she was regarded from time to time the lecture that was in store for her. Indeed, she knew it all by heart; there was no novelty in it for Kitty. She gave Walter a despairing look as he passed her by, and the next time he had a moment's whisper as to the spot where they must meet to-morrow, for all that she had intended to confide to him by still in Kitty's heart she felt sad and even began to feel that affairs had come to a crisis which demanded action at once.

CHAPTER III.

An Elopement.

The ball was the more brilliant and more successful that ever had been at Blencarrow, and nothing was wanting to make it intoxicating and delightful to the boys, whose eyes were had been thought of, and all their partialities taken into account. Mrs. Blencarrow was perfect as a mother. She gave the young heir his place without showing any partiality, or making Bertie one whit less the beloved and favored son of the house; and no one could say that she spoiled either of them, though she considered their every wish. They were as obedient and respectful as if they had been within the severest discipline, and yet how they were indulged!

When everybody was preparing to go in to supper, Mrs. Blencarrow called Reginald to her in sight of all the guests. She said to him, "I think you may go and fetch your friend Brown to supper, Rex. He will like to come to supper, but I am sure he knows I too shy unless you go and fetch him."

"Oh, May I, mamma?" said the boy.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HOTEL SUICIDES.

They Get Rather Monotonous to the Hotel Clerk.

"Suicides are very ordinary things that come under the observation of hotel clerks," said Billie Ormes to the Louis Republic news-scraper. "During my brief experience as a clerk I have seen no less than ten suicides. They have become so common of late that they no longer excite my nerves. I first went into the hotel business at Omaha. The second night I was on watch one of the most popular guests of the hotel walked quietly up to the desk, conversed intelligently with me for a few minutes, and then pulled out his pistol and shot himself through the heart. Of course that excited me somewhat. But the next night several of the guests were sitting in the rotunda telling ghost stories. Suddenly an apparition floated quietly across the corridor that attracted the attention of us all. We stopped talking for a minute, when, all of a sudden, a man jumped out of the third-story corridor and landed in a heap right in our midst. Wasn't that strange?

"The following week I went to work for another house. The first night there the watchman came into the office about midnight, leading one of the waiters, who had tried to end his life by severing his jugular vein. He lived until the following day, when he died. A month later one of my most intimate friends came especially from Chicago to pay me a visit. The second day he was in the house he took on a spree which lasted a week, and wound up by his going to the happy hunting grounds by the morphine route.

"All of these happened within six months after I had started in the hotel business, and I began to think that I was a Jonah to the business. But I soon discovered that my experience was not any more strange nor startling than those met with by other hotel clerks."

AFTER MEAT.

A Happy Philosopher Argues on the Subject Without Avail.

A man who had just purchased several pounds of sparerib and sausage meat, which was insufficiently wrapped up in butcher's paper, stopped in a street car. At that moment an old man, shabby dressed, with silver locks of curling hair, stepped up to him.

"Pardon me, good sir, but may I, in the interest of humanity, ask a question?"

"Certes, friend," responded the man, pleasantly.

"Is that meat in that package?"

"It is."

"Swinefleh, if I mistake not."

"The same."

"Do you eat it?"

"Well, I reckon I do, if I get a chance."

"And do you not feel, sir, after eating it, a swinish impulse to lie down and bellow?"

"Not a wallow."

"Sir, the Hindoos eat no meat."

"But I am not a Hindoo."

"You would live a thousand years if you never tasted meat."

"But I don't want to. I should get old before the time was half up."

"Oh, sir, you might be able to converse with spirits if you would give up animal food."

"Thanks, no spooks in mine."

"But I see rash on your face. The unhealthy quality of your food is the cause, sir. Meat is only another name for poison."

"I dare say, old man, but I like that kind of poison. Hits my car. Much obliged. Good day."

The aged philosopher looked after him sadly and shook his head as he murmured:

"Sparerib, u-um; sausage with gravy—yum, and I haven't tasted a bit of meat for a week. I must get home and hunt up my pipe. These sloppy interests of humanity don't seem to take today to any great extent."

His Bliss Postponed.

"I love you madly, Blanche!" the young man declared, with all the ardor of a passionate lover. "Will you marry me?"

"I don't know about that, Charley," replied the girl. "I admit that I look on you with favor and could learn to love you—but—but—"

"But what, dear?"

"How are you fixed financially?"

"I must acknowledge that I am poor, but my uncle is really great and made me his heir, and he may die any day."

"I don't like the idea of waiting for dead men's shoes."

"Neither do I, but—"

"So I have decided to marry your wealthy great-uncle myself, and when he dies you may transfer your attentions. Au revoir.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

In Big Luck.

Lady, in butcher shop—You can put aside half a dozen of your plumpest partridges.

Butcher—Yes, ma'am. Shall I send them right away?

Lady—No, my husband is out shooting partridges to-day, and he may call for them this evening.—Texas Siftings.

A Good Excuse.

Mrs. G.—I hope you will excuse my husband for not attending your brother's funeral.

Mrs. H.—Was he ill?

Mrs. G.—No; but he had one of his silly fits on, and then he would laugh every time he observed a gas bill at him.—Texas Siftings.

SERIOUS FACTS ABOUT BREAD

Which Housekeepers Should Earnestly Consider.

A serious danger menaces the health of the people of this country in the numerous alum baking powders that are now being urged upon the public. There is no question as to the detrimental effects of these powders upon the system. Every Board of Health, every physician, will tell you of the unwholesome qualities they add to the food. Some countries have absolutely prohibited the sale of bread containing alum.

Even small doses of alum, given to children, have produced fatal results, such cases of heartburn, indigestion, griping constipation, dyspepsia, and various kindred gastric troubles from irritation of the mucous membrane, caused by the continuous use of food prepared with the alum or alum-phosphate powders, are familiar in the practice of every physician.

It is not possible that any prudent housewife, any loving mother, will knowingly use an article of food that will injure the health of her household, or perhaps cause the death of her children.

How shall the dangerous alum powders be distinguished? And how shall the danger to health from their use be avoided?

Generally, alum powders may be known from the price at which they are sold, or from the fact that they are accompanied by a gift, or are offered at less than cost. Cream of tartar powders, or accompanied by a present, or disposed of under any pretext, are to be avoided as detrimental to health and to be avoided.

But the easy, safe, and certain protection of our bread, biscuit and cake from all danger of unwholesomeness is in the use of the Royal Baking Powder only. This powder is mentioned because of the innumerable reports in favor by high medical authorities, by the U. S. Government, and by the official chemists and Boards of Health, which leave no doubt as to its entire freedom from alum, lime and ammonia. It is absolute purity and wholesomeness. While its use is thus a safeguard against the poisonous alum powders it is satisfactory at the same time to know that it makes the whitest, lightest, sweetest and most delicious food, which will keep moist and fresh longer, and that can be eaten with immunity hot or cold, stale or fresh, and also that owing to its greater strength it is more economical than others.

These facts should incline consumers to turn a deaf ear to all importunities to buy the inferior powders, and the grocer urges the sale of the cheap, impure, alum brands, it should be borne in mind that it is because he can make more profit on them. The wise housekeeper will decline in all cases to take them.

Take no chances through using a doubtful article where so important a matter as the health or life of dear ones is at stake.

SHEEP IN ENGLAND.

The Finest of All Are the Healthy, Pretty-Featured South Downs.

The naturalist who is not too proud to know the history of the domestic animals which are now to him as native to the soil as any of the ancient wild races could name any district in which he found himself by a glance at the sheep upon the hills, or even by the shape of the bones of cattle exhibit such marked differences as are to be found in the flocks which a century of careful selection has fixed upon the hills and in the valleys of England. The big Leicester sheep, with long gray wool and white faces, are as different from the Cotswolds as the Newfoundland from a white poodle. In the Cotswolds will be found the original of the "blackamoor" of the proverb. These sheep have black wool, wool in locks, and with tufts upon their ears and forehead. The Lincolnshire sheep are more like those of Leicester, but have a finer fleece, coarser legs and a little fifteenth cousin in the marshes. They have, perhaps, the most intelligent faces of any sheep but the refined South Downs. We noticed in the Lincolnshire fen country, upon a rack of cakes by putting her foot into the mouth and drawing out the contents as it lay on the ground, a little black pet. Romney marsh has its own breed of sheep, something like the Lincolns. But of all the flocks of England the South Downs must win the palm. Their short clipped wool is so fine and so felted together like moss. The hand sinks into it with difficulty. The form is beautiful and rounded, and, though apparently fat, is fully built, their straight legs great. The close yellow gray fleece fits over the head like a cap, leaving the face and ears covered with short gray hair—not wool. The features are extremely dainty and the movements of the mouth, as the sheep nibbles its fragrant supper of trefoil and grass, and dandelion, and pressed flat with a setting hoof and finally tinted for the day. The Hampshires, black-faced and Roman-nosed, are also rouged.

Florida's Shell Mounds.

A ship carpenter who has spent much time on the St. Johns river, Florida, thinks that he has solved the problem as to the origin of the shell mounds that occur along that stream. The river twists about in an extraordinary way, so that in many places the view along the water extends for only a few rods, but he finds that a tall whipper of the smoke of a fire, shown from the top of one of these mounds could be seen from those next below and above, and he believes that smoke signals were Indian signal stations, by means of which the natives were able to announce the approach of a hostile force along the river, as the Greeks signaled the news of the fall of Troy to their home cities by lights on the mountain tops, that were repeated from peak to peak.

History of a Shekel.

The late M. de Quatrefages, the French ethnologist, said all mankind came from a central mass in Northern Asia, and that there were three fundamental types—black, white and yellow. These three types scattered over the world and intermingled, forming, in course of time, seventy-two distinct races of human beings.

A Luminous Fungus.

A new luminous fungus has been forwarded from Tahiti to Europe. It is said to emit a light resembling that of the glow-worm, which it retains for a period of twenty-four hours after having been gathered. It is used by the native women in bouquets of flowers for personal adornment in the hair and dress.

OLD-TIME PANTALOONS.

Fabricated in Forty Hours After the Shearing of the Sheep.

"Late in the afternoon of one of the last days of May, in the year '76, when I (Mrs. Eunice Locke Richards) was a few months short of 15 years old, notice came to Townsend, Mass., there was a battle to be fought, that fifteen soldiers were wanted.

"The training band was instantly called out and my brother that was next older than I was was the one selected. He did not return till late at night, when we were all in bed. When I rose in the morning I found my mother in tears, who informed me that my brother John was to march next day after to-morrow at sunrise. My father was in Boston in the Massachusetts assembly.

"Mother said that though John was supplied with summer clothes he must suffer for winter garments. There was at this time no stores and no articles to be had, except what each family found make itself. The sight of mother's tears always brought all the hidden strength of body and mind into action. I instantly asked what garment was needed. She replied, 'Pantaloons.' 'Oh, if that is all,' said I, 'we will weave and spin him a pair before he goes.' 'But,' said mother, 'the wool is on the sheep's back, and the sheep are in the pasture.'

"I immediately turned to a younger brother and handed him take the salt dish and call them to the yard.

"Mother replied: 'Poor child, there are no sheep' sneers within three miles and a half.'

"'I have some small shears at the loom,' said I.

"'But you can't spin and weave it in so short a time.'

"'I am certain we can, mother.'

"'How can you weave it? There is a long web of linen in the loom.'

"'By this time the sound of the sheep made my quickens my steps toward the yard. I requested my sister to bring the wheel and cards while I went for the wool. I went to a small pen with my brother and secured a white sheep, from which I sheared with my loom shears half enough for a web. We then let her go with the rest of her fleece. I sent the wool with my little sister, and Luther ran for a black sheep and held her while I cut wool off for my filling and half the warp, and then we allowed her to go with the remaining coarse part of the fleece.

"The rest of the narrative the writer would abridge by saying that the wool thus obtained was duly carded, spun, washed, sized and dried. A loom was found a few doors off, the web got in and was woven, the cloth prepared, cut and made two or three hours before the brother's departure, that is to say, in forty hours from the commencement, without help from any modern improvement."—Farmer's Field, Mass., Gazette.

Seven American presidents have died in the month of July and in that month Garfield received his fatal wound.

A snow white opossum, a rare specimen of the possum tribe, has been presented to the central park (New York) menagerie.

A new shoe for men which will shortly be introduced has a flap top like an overlap, and fastens with one single snap buckle.

New Zealand streams were stocked with trout and salmon twenty years ago. Now one day's ordinary work of an angler is 100 pounds of trout.

The sultan has ordered a competitive trial of Krupp and Gail cannon. The latter are used by the French army and the Ottoman army has been using the former.

The Catholics of Mexico are preparing to raise funds for the erection of a magnificent cathedral on the banks of the Grijelva river.

THE HANDIWORK OF MAN.

An Englishman has invented a combination folding bed, billiard table, settee, table and bureau—all taking up no more room than an upright piano.

An electric solidometer, or instrument for measuring the amount of acid substance in liquids has recently been perfected and is expected to come into extensive use in refineries, breweries and similar places.

A clerk in a bicycle store in Kansas City has designed and is building a new buggy with pneumatic-tired bicycle wheels and a number of improvements calculated to add strength, lightness and speed to the vehicle.

No sooner have European aeronauts learned that balloons are almost to the point of perfection for military uses than along comes a Russian scientist with an apparatus which captures the rays of the sun and employs them to burn the balloon. The inventor claims states that the balloons can be burned when at a distance of three miles from the pigeons handling the apparatus.

A watchmaker in Newcastle recently completed a set of three gold shirt studs, in one of which is a watch that keeps excellent time, the dial being only three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter. Three wires are connected by a strip of silver inside the shirt bosom, and the watch contained in the middle one is wound by turning the studs over, when the hands are set by turning the one below.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve."
Warranted to cure, or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 25 cents.

Every back has its pack.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,
Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for Children Teething.

Home is the rainbow of life.

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

Sighs are poor wings to fly with.

We eat too much and take too little outdoor exercise. This is the fault of our modern civilization. It is claimed that Garfield Tea, a simple herb remedy, helps nature to overcome these abuses.

They who live in a worry invite death to hurry.

For coughs and throat troubles use Brown's Bronchial Troches. They stop an attack of my asthma cough very promptly.—C. Clark, Elmira, N. Y., Oct. 1, '90.

Pens and ink out of reach avoid many a breach.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.
Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. You will see the evident effect after the first dose. Ask your friends about it. 25 and $1.00 at all druggists.

A man's character is seen at home.

He who would eat his egg must first break its shell.

Jane's Medicine Moves the Bowels Each Day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Causes constipation, headache, kidney and liver troubles and regulates the stomach and bowels. Price 50c and $1.00 at all dealers.

If a dog could think as man does he might be faithful.

Look after your wife; never mind yourself, she'll look after you.

Success at Last
I have paid out a great many dollars in the last twenty years in remedies, in trying to cure myself of dyspepsia, constipation and liver complaint, but none of them cured me, received no material benefit and almost despaired of ever being cured. Finally Mr. Hodge, the druggist, recommended me to try Dr. Miles' Anti-Dyspepsia Pills, with the result that I soon began to improve in health. After taking three boxes I felt that the time was entirely cured; I carry them with me, and am ready to recommend them to all who are in the unfortunate condition I labored under for so long.—JOHN G. VOSBURGH, Vosburgh Hotel, Fulton Ave. and Bridge, N.Y. Write to J. A. Dunne & Co., Catskill, N.Y.

It is said that fully 100,000 complete sets of the new Columbian stamps, costing $16 each, will be taken by collectors. Mr. Wanamaker estimates that the stamps sold this year to collectors will net the government over $1,500,000, as this money will not have to be earned by mail service. The value of the stamp exhibit at Chicago is estimated at $5,000,000.

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A copy of the Official Portfolio of the World's Columbian Exposition, descriptive of Buildings and Grounds, illustrated in water-color effects, will be sent to any address upon receipt of 10c., in postage stamps by THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

SALZER'S LIGHTNING—The 60 Day Cabbage.
This is absolutely the earliest cabbage. Send very mere. Pkg., 15c.; ½ oz., 25c.; ½ lb., $1, postpaid.
THE EARLIEST VEGETABLES
Will be in great demand this spring and will fetch big prices. To have the earliest, plant before winter.
10 pkgs. Earliest Vegetable Novelties, $1, postpaid.
FOR 14c. (WITH CATALOGUE, 10c.)
To introduce our seeds everywhere, we send, postpaid, upon receipt of 14c.
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HALL'S CATARRH CURE IS TAKEN INTERNALLY, and acts directly upon the Blood and mucous surfaces.

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E. B. WALTHALL & CO., Druggists, Horse Cave, Ky., say: "Hall's Catarrh Cure gives every one that takes it."

CONDUCTOR E. D. LOOMIS, Detroit, Mich., says: "The effect of Hall's Catarrh Cure is wonderful." Write him about it.

REV. H. P. CARSON, Scotland, Dak., says: "Two bottles of Hall's Catarrh Cure completely cured my little girl."

MARQUIS OF MARQUEE, W. Va., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me of a very bad case of catarrh."

Hall's Catarrh Cure Is Sold by all Dealers in Patent Medicines.

PRICE 75 CENTS A BOTTLE.

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City of Toledo, Lucas Co., State of Ohio. } S.S.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Frank J. Cheney

Sworn to before me, and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1889.

NOTARIAL SEAL. A. W. GLEASON, NOTARY PUBLIC.

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ONE CENT INVESTED IN A POSTAL WILL BRING YOU ALL ABOUT THEM, WHICH AND WHY. ADDRESS, BEATTY, WASHINGTON N.J.

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CATARRH Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. & $1. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

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