"German Syrup"

Two bottles of German Syrup cured Mary E. Hemenway of Lung Lungs when other remedies failed. I am a married man and, thirty-six years of age, and live with my wife and two little girls at Durham, Me. I have stated this brief and plain so that all may understand. My case was a bad one, and I shall be glad to tell anyone about it who will write me. PHILIP E. SCHENCK, P. O. Box 45, April 25, 1890. No man could ask a more honorable, business-like statement.

A FLIRT.

She's just a flirt, a gay coquette
As mortions go she is cracked quite
It pleases her if she can get
A man entangled in her net
Of wheling, waisting wiles and yet
She has no thought of harming.

She seems an innocent of guile
As any saintly Quaker;
And yet she coos and plays with her smile,
And plays with their despair awhile,
And then laughs off in such a style
Sometimes I'd like to shake her.

Yet, she's a flirt, and you can guess
Just how her comfort strikes me.
And yet such witching loveliness
Let's her escape. I'm sure, to bless
And not to harm—and I'll confess
At times I think she likes me.

—Somerville Journal.

THE MYSTERY OF MRS. BLENCARROW.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER VII.

A Night of Misery.

She was gone before they could say one word, leaving those looking at each other in consternation, not knowing what to think.

"For the rest of the night Mrs. Blencarrow shut herself up in her own room; she would not come down stairs, not even to dinner. The boys arrived and sought their mother in the drawing room, wondering that she did not come to meet them, but found only their uncles there, standing before the fire like two baffled conspirators. Reginald and Bertie ranked to their mother's room, and plunged into it, notwithstanding her maid's exhortat on to be quiet.

"Your mamma has got a bad headache, sir."

They were not accustomed to any regime of headaches. They burst in and found her seated in her dressing gown over her desk.

"Is your head so bad? Are you going to stay out?" said Reginald, who had just learned the slang of Eton.

"And there's Uncle Rex and Uncle Roger downstairs," said Bertie.

"You must tell them I am not well enough to see them. Bertie, you must take the head of the table and take care of them instead of me," said Mrs. Blencarrow.

"But what is the matter, mamma?" said Bertie. "You do not look very bad, though you are red here." He touched his own cheeks under the eyes, which were shining with the cold and the excitement of arriving.

"Never mind, my dear. Emmy and you must do the honors of the house. I am not well enough to come down stairs. Had you good sport?"

"Oh, very good one day, but then, mamma, you know this horrid frost!"

"Yes, yes. I should not wonder if the ice on the pond would bear tomorrow," she said with a smile. She waved away, dear boys, and see that your uncles have everything that they want; for I can't bear much talking, you know, with my bad head."

"For mamma!" they cried. Reginald felt her forehead with his cool hand, as he had seen her do, and Bertie hugged her in a somewhat rude embrace. She kissed both the glowing faces, bright with cold, fun and superabundant life. When they were gone, nobsily, yet with sudden starts of recollection that they ought to be quiet, Mrs. Blencarrow got up from her chair and began to walk hurriedly about the room, now and then wringing her hands.

"Even my little boys!" she said to herself in the acutest tone of anguish. "Even my little boys!"

For she had no headache, no weakness. Her brain was supernaturally clear, seeing everything on every side of the question. She was before a problem which it needed more than mortal power to solve. To do all her duties was impossible. Which was she to fulfill and which abandon? It was not a small contradiction such as sometimes confuses the brain, but one that was fundamental, striking at the very source of life. She was not angry with her brothers, or the others who had made this assault upon her. What were they, after all? Had they never spoken a word, the problem would still have been there, more and more difficult to solve every day.

No one disturbed her further that night; she sent word down stairs that she was going to bed, and even sent her maid away, darkening the light. But when all was still she rose again, and, bringing out a box full of papers, began examining them, and read them, burning many—a piece of work which occupied her till the midnight noises had all sunk into silence, and the chill of midnight was within and around the great house full of human creatures asleep. Mrs. Blencarrow had all the restlessness about her of great mental trouble. After she had sat long over her papers, she thrust them from her hastily, throwing some into the fire and some into the box, which she locked with a sort of fierce energy, then rose and moved about the room, now and then stay at herself, with her feverish cheeks, in the great mirror; then throwing herself on her knees by her bedside as if to pray; then rising with a despairing movement as if that were impossible. Sometimes she murmured to herself with a low, unconscious outcry, like some wounded animal; sometimes relieved herself with broken words. Her restlessness, her wretchedness, seemed to be beyond her control, as the involuntary cries of pain. "What shall I do? What shall I do?" At length she opened her door softly and stole down stairs. There was moonlight outside, and stray rays from a window here and there made the long corridor and stairs faintly visible. One broad sweep of whiteness from a window upon the first staircase crossed the dark like a vast ribbon, and across this ghostly light her figure appeared and passed, more strangely and more fearful resembling than had all been dark. Had any one seen her, it would have been impossible to take her for anything but a ghost.

She went down to the hall, then noiselessly along the further passage and bare, stone stairs to the little business room. All was dark and silent there, the moonlight coming in through the chinks of the closed shutters. Mrs. Blencarrow stood on the threshold a moment as if she had expected to find some one there; then went in and sat down a few minutes in the dark. Her movements and her sudden pauses were alike full of the carelessness of distracted action. In the solitude and midnight darkness and silence what could her troubled thoughts be meditating? Suddenly she moved again unseen, and came out to the door of which tenants and other applicants came for business or charity. She tried the key softly, and, opening it, stood upon the threshold. The opening from the darkness into the white world unseen was like a chill and startling transformation. The light streamed in, opening a narrow pathway in the darkness, in the midst of which she stood, a ghost indeed—enough to have curdled the blood of any spectator. She stood for another moment between the white world without and the blackness of night and sleep within. To steal away and be lost forever in that white still distance—to disappear and let the billows of light and space and silence swallow her up, and be seen no more. Ah! but that was not possible. The only thing possible to mortal power was a weary plodding along a weary road, that led not to vague distances, but to some village or town well known, where the fugitive would be discovered in the daylight, by wondering wayfarers, by life which no one can escape. Even should death overtake her, and the welcome chill extinguish existence, yet still there would be found somewhere, like a fallen image, her empty shell, her mortal garment lying in the way of the life's pilgrims. No; oh, no; rather still the struggle, the contradictions, the despair—

And how could she ask God to help her?—that one appeal which is instinctive; for there was nothing she could do that would not be full of lies or of treachery, a shirking of one duty or another, the abandonment of justice, truth and love. She turned from the world outside and closed the door; then returned again up the long stairs, and crossed once more the broad belt of moonlight from the window in the staircase. It was like resigning all hope of outside help, turning back to the struggle that had to be fought out inch by inch on the well-known and common ground. She was chilled to the heart with the icy air of the night, and threw herself down on the hearthrug before the fire, with a forlorn longing for warmth, which is the last physical craving of all wounded and suffering things; and then she fell into a deep but broken sleep, from which she fortunately picked herself up before daylight, so as to prevent any revelation of her agitated state, if any had maid, who naturally suspected much, but knew, thanks to Mrs. Blencarrow's miraculous self-command, scarcely anything at all.

She did not get up next morning till the brothers, infinitely perplexed and troubled, believing their sister to be mortally offended by the step they had taken, and by their adoption, or partial adoption of the rumors of the neighborhood, had gone away. They made an ineffectual attempt to see her before they left, and finally departed sending her a note, in which Roger d'Eyncourt expressed the deep sorrow of both, and their hope that she would come in time to forgive them, and to see that only solicitude for herself and her family could have induced them to take such a step.

"I hope," he added, "your dear sister, that you will not misunderstand our motives when I say that we are bound in honor to contradict upon authoritative grounds the abominable rumor, since our own character may be called in question, for permitting you to retain the guardianship of the children in such circumstances, if you refuse to discuss it with us (and I understand the natural offense to your pride and modesty that seems involved), we must secure ourselves by examining the books in which the record of the marriage was said to have been found."

Mrs. Blencarrow received this note while still in bed. She read it with great apparent calm, but the great bed in which she lay quivered suddenly, as if a heavy satin draperies moving as if an earthquake had moved the room. Both her maid and Emmy, saw this strange movement with alarmed surprise, thinking that one of the dogs had got in, or that there had been some sinking of the foundation.

"The bed shook," said Mrs. Blencarrow, clutching with her hand at the quilt, as if for safety. "Yes, I felt something; but the flooring is not very even, and worm eaten at some places, you know."

She got up immediately after, making a pretense of this to account for her recovery so soon after her brothers' departure, and appeared soon afterwards downstairs, looking very pale and exhausted, but saying she felt a little better. And the day passed as usual—quite as usual to the boys and servants; a cheerful day enough, the children in the foreground, and a good deal of holiday noise and commotion going on. Emmy from time to time looked wistfully at her mother, but Mrs. Blencarrow took no notice, save with a kiss or an especially tender word.

"I think you have got my headache Emmy."

"Oh, mamma, I don't mind if I can take it from you."

The mother shook her head with a smile that went to Emmy's heart.

"I am afraid," she said, "no one can do that."

In the afternoon she sent a man over to the vicarage, with a note to the clergyman of the parish. He was a middle-aged man, but unmarried; a studious and quiet person, little in society, though regarded with great respect in the neighborhood; a man safe to confide in, with neither wife nor other belongings to tempt him to the betrayal of a secret entrusted to him. Perhaps this was why, in her uttermost need, Mrs. Blencarrow bethought herself of Mr. Germaine. She passed the rest of the day in the usual manner, not going out, establishing herself behind the screen by the drawing-room fire with some work ready to be repaired by the children. It was the time at which she expected visits, but there had been no callers at Blencarrow for a day or two, which was also a favorable thing, for the neighborhood was what is called sociable, and there had been rarely a day in which some country neighbor, or two, did not appear, until the last week, during which scarcely any stranger had crossed the threshold. Was it the weather which had been so cold? Was it that there were Christmas parties in most of the houses, which perhaps had not quite broken up yet? Was it—? It was a small matter, but Mrs. Blencarrow was thankful beyond expression to be rid of them, to be free of the necessity for company looks and company talks—but yet—

In the evening, after dinner, when the children were all settled to a noisy round game, she went downstairs to her business room, bidding them good-night before she left, and requesting that she should not be disturbed, for her headaches lately had made her much afraid of her work, which, of course, was unusually heavy at the beginning of the year. She went away with a curious stillness about her, musing at the door to give a last look at the happy little party, all flushed with their game. It might be the last look she should ever have of them, for the expression in her face; and then she closed the door and went resolutely away. The servants in their regions below rounded almost as merry as the children, in the after-dinner cozy chat they were far from the business room which was perfectly quiet and empty—a shaded lamp burning in it, the fire blazing. Mrs. Blencarrow sat down at her writing table, but, though she was so busy did nothing. She looked at her watch with a weary sigh, then leaning her head on her hands, waited—for whom, or for what, who could say?

CHAPTER VIII.

Mrs. Blencarrow's Confession.

She had been there for some time when the sound of a footstep on the gravel outside made her start. It was followed by a knock at the door which she herself opened almost before the summons. She came back to the room, immediately followed by a tall man in clerical dress. The suppressed excitement which had been in Mrs. Blencarrow's aspect all the day had arisen to an extraordinary height. She was very pale with one faring spot on either cheek and trembled so much that her teeth were with difficulty kept from chattering against each other. She was quite breathless when she took her seat again, once more supporting her head in her hands.

The clergyman, was embarrassed, too; he clasped and unclasped his hands nervously, and remarked that the night was very cloudy and that it was cold, as if, perhaps it had been to give her information about the weather he came. Mr. Germaine, giving her his views about the night, and Mrs. Blencarrow listening with her face half hidden, made the most curious picture, surrounded as it was by the bare framework of this out-of-the-way room. She broke in abruptly at last upon the broken bits of information which he proceeded to give.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MAY CHEAPEN ELECTRICITY.

French Improvement on Faraday's Disk Likely Work Wonders.

Two French scientists have recently discovered an entirely new property of Faraday's disk, and the result may be an important improvement in the dynamo. It will be remembered that Faraday discovered the principle of the dynamo when he attached one end of a fine wire to the center of a copper disk revolving between the poles of a magnet and the other end at the circumference. A current of electricity was thus produced on the wire, and this simple experiment resulted in the commercial dynamo, says the Philadelphia Record.

Instead of the Faraday disk, the French scientists employ tin plates of a certain constitution not yet made public. These plates are composed, in the direction of their thickness, of a very magnetic and highly conducting metal, and are so placed that the lines of force of the field of the magnet are perpendicular to this direction of thickness. Thus, it is said, the flow of induction which proceeds from the north pole of the magnet is divided into several sheets of parallel lines, which are very close together and which only traverse the magnetic portions of the bimetallic conductors.

The discoverers of this property constructed a small machine employing this principle, and it was found that the available energy of the machine increases at a rate which is practically proportional to the length of the conductors. The results achieved are remarkable, and are believed to indicate a valuable discovery of great commercial importance.

Shaves Her Husband.

There is a society woman in this city who shaves her husband three times a week," said a smooth-faced man at a desk in the corner of the office. "It is so, and I know it. I ought to know it, for I'm the man. The way of it is this: Last summer, I lived in the country, and in the evening, three times a week, I used to come into town to get shaved. Of course I would meet somebody I knew and when we got home late, sometimes, I confess, in a rather 'frazzled-out' condition. Madame didn't say anything, but she, no doubt, kept up a diligent thinking, and one day she said: 'Jarik, I hate to have you go to town to get shaved; it keeps you up late and gives you such headaches. Bring me out a razor, and I'll manage to shave you.' Of course I hooted at the idea, but she persisted and claimed she was far more intelligent than the average barber, besides being equally talkative; so I finally humored her by getting a nice case of razors. Well, sir, she cut me slightly only once or twice and can shave me like an expert. Did you ever see a clean-faced man mine? I pay her a fancy price, of course, but she promises to take me to Europe some day on her barber-shop perquisites."—Chicago Herald.

The Retort Courteous.

"I don't stoop to vulgarity, sir," said the irate visitor to the editor.

"No, I had observed that," responded the editor cheerfully.

"I'm glad you have, sir."

"Don't mention it," begged the editor blandly. "I am sure a person of your character would never stoop to vulgarity."

"No, sir; no—"

"No, of course not," interrupted the editor; he would have to reach up to it."

So Might He With Wings.

A gentleman upon approaching a stream asked a shepherd whether it was to be passed over or not, and being told in the affirmative, flo unced over head and ears.

"Why, thou rogue," says he, "did you not tell me that it might be passed over?"

"Truly, sir," he replied, "I thought so, for my geese go over and back again every day."

Pantry Persiflage.

"You are altogether too fresh," said the potato to the egg. "and I have my eyes on you."

"Now look here, Irish," said the egg. "I dare say you have a good deal, but remember that when we come to scramble for a living you're not in it with me."—Life.

Where Some Talent Goes.

Foreigner—You say your country is well adapted to the development of talent. Do your artists and literary men meet with success?

The American Citizen—Well, I should say so. You ought to read the advertising matter they get up.—Chicago News-Record.

Very Effective.

Brushleigh—That picture of yours, "An Impending Storm," is wonderfully realistic.

Palette—I suppose it must be. I showed it to Cadleigh the other day and he immediately borrowed my best umbrella.

High-Toned Coyotes.

The coyotes of Cook county, Oregon, are becoming two high-toned to live exclusively on mutton, and are cultivating an alarming taste for veal, and consequently calves are disappearing in large numbers.

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

President H. N. Higinbotham has issued the following statement concerning the fair:

To the Public: Because of many misrepresentations and mistatements relative to exposition management and affairs being in circulation through the press and otherwise both in this country and abroad, and in reply to many letters of inquiry or complaint touching the same matters, it seems advisable that some official statement regarding them should be made to the public. Therefore I respectfully ask that the widest publicity be given to the following facts:

1. The exposition will be opened in readiness for visitors May 1.

2. An abundance of drinking water, the best supplied to any great city in the world, will be provided free to all. The report that a charge would be made for drinking water probably arose from the fact that hyres water will also be had by those who desire it at one cent a glass.

3. Ample provisions for seating will be made without charge.

4. About 1,500 toilet rooms and closets will be located at convenient points in the buildings and about the grounds, all of which will be absolutely free to the public. This is as large a number and proportion to the estimated attendance as has been provided in any exposition building. In addition to these there will be nearly an equal number of lavatories and toilet rooms, with a costly and handsome character as exhibits, for the use of which a charge of five cents will be made.

5. The admission fee of fifty cents will enable the visitor to see and enter all the exposition buildings, inspect the exhibits, and, in short, to see everything within the exposition grounds, except the Esquimaux village and the representation of the Colorado cliff dwellings. For these as well as for the special attractions the Midway Plaisance a small fee will be charged.

6. Depositing or extortion of any description will not be tolerated.

7. First medical and emergency hospital service is provided on the grounds by the exposition management.

8. The bureau of public comfort will provide accommodations free waiting rooms, including ladies' and gentlemen's parlor and toilet rooms in various parts of the grounds.

H. N. HIGINBOTHAM, President.

Notes.

The statue Germania, which is to adorn the imperial portal of a new German parliament building in Berlin, will be shown at the world's fair. Through the efforts of Herr Wermuth and the consent of Emperor William this masterpiece of German sculpture will be exhibited at Chicago and will be placed in the manufacturers building, as the crowning piece of the German section there. When Germania is in place there will be seen represented a typical German mounted on a war horse, with an imperial flag in the right hand and an old German shield with the eagle in the left, a youthful warrior, with swords and laurels, shows himself to be the recipient of the gifts of the goddess of victory heralding the glory of victorious battles. Those are stationed on either side of the figure.

Bretros Effendi Helwch, the famous oriental decorator, has arrived in Chicago from Paris with forty large boxes, containing the parts of a wonderful work which is to be displayed at the world's fair. It is to represent the interior decoration of a room of an eastern sultan. It is made of 2,000,000 pieces of mosaic and took ten years of Effendi Helwch's life to complete. It is in the form of a kiosk, and the interior is made up of rich, eastern designs and legends, inlaid with mother of pearl and rich woods. When reconstructed the kiosk will be placed in the Tunisian part of the French section. Effendi Helwch brings letters from Carnot, Eiffel, the late Jules Ferry and other distinguished Frenchmen. He is about forty-eight years old, and is considered the greatest living oriental designer and decorator.

Forty-five precious historical documents relating to the voyages and discovery of America are to be exhibited at the world's fair. The duke of Veragua, the living descendant of Columbus, has agreed to lend them. The forty-five papers form almost a history of Columbus' career as a discoverer. In the list is the original commission given to Columbus by Ferdinand and Isabella upon his departure for the first voyage. It is dated Granada, April 30, 1492. In it he is appointed grand admiral of the ocean seas, vice-king and governor general of all the lands he should discover. Every document in the collection is either written by Columbus or signed by Ferdinand or Isabella.

Tjeldie, the Norwegian sculptor of Minneapolis, will represent Hiawatha bearing Minnehaha in his arms across wild rushing rivers. This is to be in the form of a statue for the Minnesota building at the world's fair. The women of the state pay for it. The conception is said to be exceptionally fine, and, after being produced in plaster for presentation during the exposition, it will be cast in bronze and placed at Minneapolis fails in the state park. The ladies have gathered the sum required for this work by means of penny contributions in the schools. Mrs. H. P. Brown of Minneapolis, one of the lady managers for the state, has been particularly active in the enterprise.

Bids which for a long time declined to participate in the world's fair has made an appropriation of 277,500 frs. or about $55,500, for a representation. The Italian chamber of commerce and other financial interests have also supplied funds with liberality.

Visitors to the world's fair will have the opportunity of going to the roof of the manufacturers building—the largest in the world—and enjoy for there a half-mile promenade. Four elevators, with a capacity of 600 an hour, will take the people to a great platform, 200 feet above the floor, from which a magnificent bird's-eye view of the interior of the interior of the mammoth building with its acres of exhibits beneath. From the platform the visitors will pass to the promenade on the roof, where an unsurpassed bird's-eye view of the entire grounds and buildings will be unfolded.

The North German Lloyd steamship company is preparing an elaborate exhibit for the world's fair. It will present a pavilion there, in the middle of which be placed a large map of the world, on which the daily positions of all of the steamers on various lines of that company will be represented by miniature ships that will be moved from day to day to correspond with the movements of the ships of the company all over the world. Around this large map of the world will be placed in size a model of the newest North German Lloyd steamers.

Minnesota women have the honor of presenting an especially handsome and unique flag for the decoration of the women's building. This was in response to a request of the board of lady managers for flags to be used for this purpose. The women of the Minnesota state board advertised for original designs for a flag, and many were submitted. The first prize for the accepted design was awarded Mrs. Edward H. Center. The second prize was given Frank H. Hickman, and the third prize went to Miss Ada White, all of whom are residents of Minnesota.

WITH OR WITHOUT MORALS.

One of Harvard's most celebrated professors, the author of works on botany with which every schoolboy is familiar, used to find keen delight in catching mice with his fingers. Another Harvard professor, whose erudition has made him famous in Europe as well as in America, says that the most delicate of all odors that please the nostrils of man is the incense that rises from a cook's frying pan.

Goldsmith took a degree in a medical school and was greatly pleased when called "Doctor." After he became somewhat celebrated as a writer he was at dinner with a number of distinguished persons. "Do you ever practice now, doctor?" asked one of the party. "Only on my friends," replied Goldsmith gravely. "Pray, doctor," put in Thurlow, "reverse your rule and practice on your enemies."

All aspiring young poetesses should read, mark, learn and inwardly digest the story of Mrs. Carney. She wrote only four lines of verse, but they have been quoted oftener than by every one who speaks the English language. The lines were: "Little drops of water, little grains of sand, make the mighty ocean and the beautiful land." Mrs. Carney is an American lady, and is about 70 years old. She wrote the verse nearly fifty years ago, when she was a school mistress.

NATURAL PHENOMENA.

The oldest artesian well in Europe is found at Lillers, France. From its mouth water has flowed uninterruptedly for 746 years.

On the farm of M. J. Mock, near Wayeross, Ga., is a marshy basin which is several miles long. The basin is filled with water from natural springs, and the water is always in motion. The motion of the water forms a run, and the run is divided into two streams, which run parallel with each other, but in opposite directions.

The idea that the oak and certain other trees are particularly subject to destruction by lightning, while the shaved and peeled birch is safe from danger, has been investigated by P. Jessen. The conclusion is reached that no trees are exempt from risk. Trees containing much sap are liable to be struck, those with most oil being best protected; while lightning seems to prefer trees containing much starch, and those which have little oil in summer. Dead limbs of either starch or oil-containing trees are especially liable to be struck.

MECHANICAL DEVICES.

A Chicago man advocates the building of a fifty-story apartment house, to be called the "Interstellor," as the crowning achievement of the world's fair.

The turpentine gatherers of Georgia, it is estimated, have destroyed during the past five years, $200,000,000 worth of pine timber. The same kind of vandalism is going on in all the Southern tier.

An idea, evolved by an ingenious woman whose dainty tete-a-tete set lost both its saucers, was to tie the two matelesse cups together with a bow of fancy ribbon and convert them to the service of used and unused matches.

An insane woman was lately arrested in a bank in Detroit while attempting to cash a $1,000,000 with blank pieces of paper.

A prisoner in the Fitchburg, Wis., jail, who has had considerable experience as a reporter, remarks that "there is more money in larceny than in literature."

A little Auburn, Me., boy evidently has older sisters, for when his teacher asked him the other day to define the word "fellow" he spoke right up promptly and said: "A feller is somebody what comes to see yer."

A man living in Spencer, Mass., saw an advertisement that on the receipt of $1 an elegant engraving of the "Landing of Columbus" would be sent. He forwarded that amount and received a copy of the Columbian two-cent stamps.

An advertisement which appeared lately in the Milton, Fla., Clarion reads as follows: "February 20, 1893. Editor Clarion. Sir—Allow me to tell the public that I lost my wife December 23, and she left three children, and I have found a step-mother for them. All are invited to come and see the marriage. She is a widow, and has been for three years. Look out. Tuesday March 3, I will marry Mrs. Charlotte Whittaker. Yours, W. F. E."

The editor of the Scotsman not long ago received an envelope which bore in addition to his address a request that the indorsed letter should be handed to a physician in Edinburgh. The letter ran: "The kind of book that I want is a courting book—a book that will tell me how to talk to the lass when I see her. A book that will tell me the words to say to her and the words to ask her when i be courting her is the sort of book that I want. No more now, for I have few or how little the words may be."

I Cure Constipation and Dyspepsia. Dr. Shoop's Restorative Nerve Pills sent free on 30 days' trial. Dr. Shoop, Box 11, Racine, Wis. Druggists, 25c. Dr. Shoop, Box W, Racine Wis.

Electric omnibuses are to be introduced on Liverpool street, in London.

Coughing Leads to Consumption. Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. It is a positive specific for all throat and lung troubles. Ask your friends about it. 50c and $1.00 at all druggists.

Steel needles were first made in England in 1545.

FITS—All fits stopped free by DR. ELIZER'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. Only one bottle needed. No fits after first day. Great success with all cases of epilepsy. Send for $2 trial bottle free and a treatise. Address Dr. Elizer, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Anemometers were invented by Wolfers in 1790.

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

The city of New York cares for 18,000 lunatics at a cost of $625,000 a year.

Lane's Medicine Moves the Bowels Each Day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Lane's Medicine acts mildly on the bowels and liver troubles and regulates the stomach and bowels. Price 50c and $1.00 at all dealers.

The first almanac was printed in Hungary in 1470.

Western Farm Lands. Send the names and addresses of your friends to F. A. Eustis, General Passenger Agent, Burlington Route, Omaha, Neb., a pamphlet descriptive of farm lands in Nebraska, Colorado and Northwestern Kansas Sent free on application.

Iron pavements were first laid in London in 1867.

The Best Thing. "The best thing yet." That is the way a young man put it who made arrangements to work for R. J. Johnson at Cincinnati, Ohio, Ya. You can get further information by dropping them a card.

Ice was first made by machinery by Carre in 1860.

Malaria Cured. I was troubled with indigestion, and biliousness and thought I had malaria. After taking Dr. Deane's Dyspepsia Pills I felt like a new man. ALBERT OSBORN, Carthage, N. Y. Write for a trial box to Dr. Deane, Catskill, N. Y. 50 cts. a box.

The domestic relations of both Thackeray and Dickens were unhappy.

Pure grape cream of tartar forms the acid principle of the Royal exclusively. The Royal imparts that peculiar sweetness, flavor and delicacy noticed in the finest cake, biscuit, rolls, etc., which expert pastry cooks declare is unobtainable by the use of any other leavening agent.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure

A combined mailing and delivery letter box for houses stores, etc., allowing letters being made in a neat plate, which can be unlocked by the postman, the outgoing letters then falling into his hands from the upper portion of the receptacle inside the door, is a new invention.

Barometers were invented by Torricelli, 1643.

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

Bombshells were first made in Holland in 1435.

The Evolution Of medicinal agents is gradually relegating the old-time herbs, pills, draughts and vegetable extracts to the rear and bringing into general use the pleasant and effective liquid laxative, Syrup of Figs. To get the true remedy see that it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co only. For sale by all leading druggists.

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Frank J. Cheney

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