KNOWLEDGE

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

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

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

"August Flower"

"What is August Flower for?" As easily answered as asked. It is for Dyspepsia. It is a special remedy for the Stomach and Liver.—Nothing more than this. We believe August Flower cures Dyspepsia. We know it will. We have reasons for knowing it. To-day it has an honored place in every town and country store, possesses one of the largest manufacturing plants in the country, and sells everywhere. The reason is simple. It does one thing, and does it right. It cures dyspepsia

AT BEDTIME I TAKE A PLEASANT HERB DRINK

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

My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys, and that it is prepared for use in such a manner as to be pleasant to take.

LANE'S MEDICINE

All druggists sell it at 50c. and $1 a package. If you cannot get it now, send your address for a free sample. Lane's Family Medicine moves the bowels each day.

ORATOR F. WOODWARD, LEROY, N. Y.

DO YOU COUGH DON'T DELAY TAKE KEMP'S BALSAM THE BEST COUGH CURE

25 Doses Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the combined effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles 50 cents and $1.00.

TOWER'S TRADE MARK FISH BRAND

This Trade Mark is on the best

WATERPROOF COAT in the World!

Illustrated Catalogue Free. A. J. TOWER, BOSTON, MASS.

CATARRH IN CHILDREN

For over two years my little girl's life was made miserable by a case of Catarrh. The discharge from the nose was large, constant and very offensive. Her eyes became inflamed, the lids swollen and very painful. After trying various remedies, I gave her S.S.S. The first bottle seemed to aggravate the disease, but the symptoms abated, and in a short time she was cured.

DR. L. B. RITCHEY, Mackey, Ind.

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

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP-ROOT

THE GREAT KIDNEY LIVER AND BLADDER CURE.

Pain in the Back, Joints or hips, sediment in urine like brick-dust frequent calls or retention, rheumatism.

Kidney Complaint, Diabetes, dropsy, scanty or high colored urine.

Urinary Troubles, Stinging sensations when voiding, dizziness, pressure in the parts, urethral irritation, stricture.

Disordered Liver, Blood or dark circles under the eyes, tongue coated, nausea, indigestion, constipation, dyspepsia.

Guarantee: The contents of one bottle of this remedy, if used according to directions, will benefit any one who is afflicted with any of the above symptoms. If you are not benefited you will be refunded the price paid. Sold by druggists, price fifty cents and one dollar. Home of Swamp-Root, Binghamton, N. Y. Dr. KILMER & Co., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

WAITING FOR MY OWN.

Seems I sold my hands and wait
Your sure leave for wind, and time, and sea;
I have no more quaint time or fate,
For all nor own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays;
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand and wait the coming days,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy for coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruits of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw
The brook that springs in yonder heights;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delights.

The swallow keeping in the wind
Is ready plighted to the bee;
And maiden, why that look unkind?
Lo! all thy lovers seek with thee.

The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

THE MYSTERY OF MRS. BLENCARROW.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER VIII—CONTINUED.

"Do you guess why I sent for you, Mr. Germaine?"

The vicar hesitated and said, "I am by no means sure."

"Or why I receive you here in this strange place, and let you in myself, and treat you as if you were a visitor whom I did not choose to have seen?"

"I have never thought of that last case,"

"No; but it is true enough. It is not an ordinary visit I asked you to pay me." She took her hands from her face and looked at him for a moment. "You have heard what people are saying of me?" she said.

"Yes; but I did not believe a word. I felt sure that Kitty Ray meant to carry harm at home."

She gave him a strange, sudden look, then paused with a mechanical laugh. "You think, then," she said, "that there are people in my neighborhood to whom that view would be something to conciliate; something—something to make them forgive?"

"There are people everywhere who would give much for such a story against a neighbor, Mrs. Blencarrow."

"It is sad that such a thing should be. She stopped again and looked at him once more. "I am, perhaps, no surprise you very much, Mr. Germaine. You are not like them, so I think I am going to give you a great shock," she said.

She had turned her face toward him as she spoke; the two red spots on her cheeks were like fire, yet her paleness was extreme; they only seemed to make this the more remarkable.

In the momentary silence the door opened suddenly, and some one came in. In the subdued light afforded by the shaded lamp it was difficult to see more than that a dark figure had entered the room, and, crossing over to the further side, sat down against the heavy curtains that covered the window. Mrs. Blencarrow made the slightest movement of consciousness, not of surprise, at this interruption, which, indeed, scarcely was an interruption at all, being so instantaneous and so little remarked. She went on:

"You have known me a long time; you will form your own opinion of what I am going to tell you; I will not excuse or explain."

"Mrs. Blencarrow, I am not sure whether you have perceived that we are not alone."

She cast a momentary glance at the new-comer, unnecessarily, for she was well aware of him, and of his attitude, and every line of the dark shadow behind her. He sat bending forward, almost double, his elbows upon his knees, and his head in his hands.

"It makes no difference," she said, with a slight impatience—"no difference, Mr. Germaine, I sent for you to tell you—that it was true."

"What!" he cried. He had scarcely been listening, all his attention being directed with consternation, almost with stupefaction, on the appearance of the man who had come in—who sat there—who made no difference. The words did not strike him at all for the first moment, and then he started and cried in his astonishment.

"What!" as if she had struck him a blow.

Mrs. Blencarrow looked at him fixedly and spoke slowly, being, indeed, forced to do so by a difficulty in enunciating the words. "The story you have heard is—true."

The vicar rose from his chair in the sudden shock and horror; he looked round like a man stupefied, taking in slowly the whole scene—the woman who was looking at him, but was gazing straight before her, with those spots of red excitement on her cheeks; the shadow of the man in the background, with face hidden, unsurprised. Mr. Germaine spoke as received this astounding, inconceivable thought into his mind.

"Good God!" he cried.

"I make no—explanations—no—excuses. The fact is enough," she said.

The fact was enough; his mind refused to receive it, yet grasped it with the force of a vise. The vicar, who sat down helpless, without a word to say, with a wave of his hands to express his impotence, his incapacity even to think in face of a revelation so astounding and terrible; and for a full minute there was complete silence; neither of the three moved or spoke. Then the ticking of the clock took up the tale, as if the house had been vacant—time going on indifferent to all the downfalls and shame of humanity—with now and then a crackle from the glowing fire.

She said at last, being the first, as a woman usually is, to be moved to impatience by the deadly silence, "I have not only to tell you—but to ask, what am I to do?"

Mrs. Blencarrow—I have not a word—I—it is incredible."

"Yes," she said with a faint smile, "but very true." She repeated after another pause: "What am I to do?" Mr. Germaine had never in his life been called upon to face such a question. His knowledge of moral problems concerned the more primitive classes of humanity alone, where action is more obvious and the difficulties less great. Nothing like this could occur in a village. He sat and gazed at the woman, who was not a mere victim of passion—a foolish woman who had taken a false step and now had to own to it—but a lady of blameless honor and reputation, proud, full of dignity, the head of a well-known family, mother of children old enough to understand her downfall and shame with, as far as he knew, further penalties in reserve of having them, and every habit of her life, and following the man, whoever he was, into whatever wilderness he might seek. The vicar felt that all the ordinary advice which he would give in such a case was stopped upon his lips. There was no parallel between what was involved here and anything that could occur among the country folk. He sat, feeling the problem beyond him, and without a word to say.

"I must tell you more," said Mrs. Blencarrow. At her high strain of excitement she was scarcely aware that he hesitated to reply, and not at all that he was so much bewildered as to be beyond speech. She went on as if she had not paused at all. "A thing has happened—which must often happen; how can I tell you? It has been—not happy for either. We miscalculated—ourselves and all things. If I am wrong, I am—subject—to contradiction," she said, suddenly, stopping with a gasp as if for breath.

The shadow of the drama grew darker and darker. The spectator listened with unspeakable excitement and curiosity; there was a silence, which seemed to throb with suspense and pain; but the figure in the background shifter moved nor spoke—a large, motionless figure, one could see upon itself, the shaggy head held between the hands, the face invisible, the elbows on the knees.

"You see?" she said, with a faint movement of her hands, as though calling his attention to that silence. There was a painful flicker of a smile about her lips, perhaps her pride, perhaps the best feature saved even at this moment's protest. She went on again: "It is—as I say; you will see things in this complicated—all that one thinks of—as duty. What am I to do?"

"Mrs. Blencarrow," said the clergyman—then stopped, with a painful sense that even this name could no longer be hers, a perception which she divined, and responded to with again a faint, miserable smile—"what can I say to you?" he burst out. "I don't know that you have asked what you tell me is so little. If you are married—"

She made a movement to speak, but what was he to say? The presence of that motionless figure in the background, had there been nothing else, would have made him dumb. "The first thing," he said, "in ordinary circumstances—Heaven knows I speak in darkness—would be to own your position, at least, and set everything in its right place. Nature itself teaches," he continued, growing bolder, "that it is impossible to go on living in a false position, actually. If not speaking, what can be nothing but a lie."

"It is commonplace, indeed," she cried bitterly, "all that; who should know it like me? But will you tell me," she said rising up and sitting down in her excitement, "that it is my duty to leave my children, who want me, and all the work of my life, which there is no one else to do, for a useless position, pleasing no one—a life without an object—a duty I can never fulfil? To leave my trust," she went on, coming forward to the fire, and speaking with her face flushed and her voice raised in unconscious eloquence, "the office I have held for so many years—my children's guardian, their steward, their caretaker—suppose even that I had not been their mother, is a woman bidden to do all that, to make herself useless, to sacrifice that she can do as well as what she is?"

She stopped, words failing her, and stood before him, a wonderful, noble figure, eloquent in every movement and gesture, in the maturity and dignity of her middle age; then suddenly broke down altogether, and, hiding her face, cried out:

"Who am I, to speak so? Not young to be excused, not a fool to be forgiven; a woman ashamed—and for no one."

"If you are married," said the vicar, "it is no shame to marry. It may be inappropriate, unsuitable, it may be even regretable, but it is not wrong. Do not at least take a more bold view."

She raised her drooping head and turned round quickly upon him.

"What am I to do?" she said. "What am I to do?"

The silence seized upon them, as it were, and fell upon them like a weight. The dark shadow there had not moved; the man sat still, with his head between his hands. He gave no evidence that he had heard a word of the discussion; he put forth no claim except by his presence there.

"What can I say?" said Mr. Germaine. "Nothing that is commonplace, nothing but what I have already said. Before everything it is your duty to put things on a right foundation; you cannot go on with this lie. It must be painful to do, but it is the only way."

"It is seldom," she said, "very seldom that you are so precise."

"Because," he said, firmly, "there is no doubt on the subject. It is clear as noonday; there is but one thing to do."

Mrs. Blencarrow said nothing; she stood with a still resistance in her look—a woman whom nothing could overcome, broken down by circumstances, by trouble, ready to grasp at every expedient, yet unabandoned and unconvinced that she could not struggle against fate.

"I can say nothing else," the vicar repeated, "for there is nothing else to say; and perhaps it is just as well that I should go. I can be of no comfort to you, for there is nothing that can be done—not from my point of view. I can only urge this upon you; I can say nothing different."

Again Mrs. Blencarrow made no reply. She stood so near him that he could see the heaving of strong passion in all her frame, restrained by her power of self-command, yet beyond the power to control. Perhaps she could not speak more; at least, she did not. Mr. Germaine let between the two, both silent, absorbed in this all-engrossing question, till he could bear it no longer. He rose abruptly to his feet.

"May God give you the power to do right!" he said; "I can say no more."

Mrs. Blencarrow followed him to the door. She opened it for him, and stood outside on the threshold in the moonlight to see him go.

"At least," she said, "you will keep my secret; I may trust you with that."

"I will say nothing," he said, "except to yourself; but think of what I have said."

"Think! If thinking would do any good!"

She gave him her hand, in all the veins of which the blood was coursing like a strong flood, and closed the door behind him and locked it. During all this time the man within had never stirred. Would he move? Would she speak? Or could he speak and move? When she went back—

CHAPTER IX.

"I Am Her Husband."

A night and a day passed after this without any incident. What the chief persons in this strange drama were doing or thinking was hid under an impenetrable veil to all the world. Life at Blencarrow went on as usual. The frost was now keen and the pond was bearing; the youngsters had forgotten everything except the delights of the ice. Even Emmy had been dragged out, and showed a little color in her pale cheeks, and a flush of pleasure in her eyes, as she made timid essays in the art of skating, under the auspices of her brothers. When she proved too timid for much progress they put her in a chair, and drew her skating from end to end of the pond, growing more and more rosy and bright. Mrs. Blencarrow herself came down in the afternoon to see them at their play, and stood the pond at Blencarrow was famed there was a wonderful gathering of people whom Reginald and Bertie had invited, of who were used to come as soon as they knew that the pond "was bearing."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Wealthy Corporation.

He had been standing on the corner for 38 minutes waiting for a car. During that time 23 cars had passed steadily and half a dozen cars had passed him—going the wrong direction. For the last 20 minutes he had been saying things to himself. Finally he pulled out his book and stamped his feet as if annoyed. Finally a policeman sauntered past.

"Say, Mr. Officer," observed the impatient citizen, in a sarcastic tone, "you must have a pretty wealthy car company here."

"Think so?" was the guarded rejoinder.

"Yes, I notice they don't use the same car twice."

"How's that?" inquired the officer, becoming interested.

"Well, I've been waiting here about an hour, and about 30 cars have gone down, but not a blamed one has come back."

"Long time," comes back on post street!" and the patrolman sauntered on through the falling rain.

Inexpensive Mats.

For a series of pretty mats fine white shirting linen is selected, the design being transferred by using transfer paper. This is worked solidly in smooth satin stitch with two threads of white floselle. Use one thread of golden yellow silk for outlining the whole design, with the same for stem work, or for the feather-edge around the circle. These designs are suitable also for silk or velvet, to use under vases or bric-a-brac. Fine twisted silk is used for the embroidery, with gold thread for stems; or, if a more elegant effect is desired, bullion and gold thread may be used with good effect. This makes a pretty accompaniment to a handsome vase or a similar gift—the mat to be of heavy silk. The delicate colors of the vase may be carried out in the coloring of the design.

He Was Cleared.

The deacon was hauled before the committee on the charge of using a short peck measure in his "mackerying" trips.

"Brethren," he admitted, "I air a little short."

A thrill of horror ran through the assembly and bumped up against the rear wall of the little whitewashed meeting house.

"But," continued the deacon, "I allers heaps it up till there is quite a peck, and if people thinks that they're gittin' a dern sight more'n a half o' platers for the price of a peck it ain't none of my business, is it?"

Verdict for the defendant.—Indianapolis Journal.

Another Kind.

"I saw you up at old Jimson's last night," remarked Smithson to his friend Dobson.

"Aw, yes; I was calling on Miss Jimson."

"You were hanging over the gate when I saw you."

"Which gate?" asked Dobson gloomily.

"Why, the front gate, man; you haven't forgotten, have you?"

"I thought perhaps you saw me when her father wished me good night. I was hanging over his gait then.—Detroit Free Press.

In a Divorce Court.

Defendant's Lawyer—If your honor please, I would like to ask a question for ten minutes. A maiden aunt of the defendant has died and left him $500,000. I wish to consult with my client for a moment.

Plaintiff's Attorney, hurriedly—The lady whom I have the honor to represent instructs me to withdraw this complaint. If the court please, I move that the case be dismissed.—Texas Siftings.

Disappointed.

Gambart, the art-dealer, sent Holman Hunt into the holy land to paint a picture similar to the "Light of the World." Hunt returned with "The Scape-goat." When Gambart displayed it Gambart that he refused to accept it. Seeing Linnell, the painter, shortly afterward, he plaintively said: "I wanted a nice religious picture, and he painted me a great goat."—Argonaut.

Marquis True to His Friend.

The Marquis of Worcester, calling for a glass of claret wine, was told by his physician that claret was not good for his gout.

"What," said the marquis, "my old friend, claret? Nay, give it to me in spite of all physicians and their books for it never shall be said that I forsook my friend for my enemy."

They May All Meet Again.

Two widows seated by a fire were chattering about their dead husbands, when one said: "Come, let us have another candle, for my husband loved light, God send him light everlasting."

"My poor husband," said the other, "loved a good fire, and I wish him fir everlasting."

His Final Cast.

Dobbins—I hear your son intends to make his debut as an actor next week?

Jobbins—So I hear.

Dobbins—What part will he be most apt to appear in?

Jobbins—Well, if he depends on his talent for a living I think he will eventually appear in the poorhouse.

A Heavenly Blessing.

"I've got a tongue-tied child, doctor. Can anything be done for it?"

"Boy or girl?"

"Girl."

"Humph! I think you'd better not interfere with the workings of Providence, ma'am."—Life.

COLUMBUS IN NEW YORK.

The Preliminary Movements of the Vessels Before the Grand Naval Review.

First, and in some respects most interesting of the ceremonies attendant upon the great naval display in New York harbor, was the arrival of the quaint Columbus caravels from Spain and their triumphal but unassuming informal procession up the Hudson to their place of anchorage. They arrived in the following order, with modern Spanish ships as escorts: The Pinta, escorted by the Infanta Isabel; the Nina, escorted by the torpedo boat Nueva Espana; the Santa Maria, escorted by the Reina Regenta. The caravels were not graceful to behold as they came into port. They looked like three kangaroos led by a poodle, all bunched up ready for a spring. High-pooped, oddly shaped and heavy, they bobbed up and down. The yellow stripes on the dark hulls seem to grow more and more grim as the short-waisted craft rose and fell in the wake of the big cruisers and made courtsies to the forts. They were apparently no more seaworthy than lobster pots, and showed a disposition to turn turtle.

There was another craft lying in the lower bay as the gray light broadened to day. It was low-lying and vicious looking. Monsoon. Her decks showed no water level, her turrets grim and her diabolical guns grimmer still—self-confident, portentous, threatening, shadowy, she seemed a sleeping sarinan lolling in the undulating water. She was there to look for the welcoming salute from her monster cannon. Suddenly the atmosphere shook with a thunderous explosion and a reverberating booming peal of thunder awoke the Jerseymen ashore, and startled the shad fishermen on the Staten Island shoals. The Miantonomoh had bade the Spaniards good morning. Passing up the narrows, Fort Wadsworth on the port and Hamilton on the starboard side gave noisy, ponderous greeting to the clumsy hulls which by their presence mean so much. From this time up the river past the city the crafts were welcomed by booming cannon, screeching whistles, bells and shouting.

Another event of the day was the floating of Paul Jones' famous flag and Gold Story" on a flagstaff. In front of the Navesink highlands on the Jersey coast, below the lower bay. This flagstaff is a new institution. It was erected by subscriptions from patriotic societies and individuals. On this staff, hereafter, will fly by daylight the national ensign. Among those about the base of the flagstaff was a woman 80 years of age, who had been especially escorted from her home in Rhode Island. In her possession she brought the original stars and stripes known as the "Paul Jones flag." Mrs. Ida M. Stafford is the owner of the flag, and she it was who, sealed and carefully attended, held in careful hands the little square of bunting so precious to her as the descendant of Lieutenant Stafford of the navy. Congress has presented him this valued relic for his gallant rescue of the flag when, during the engagement between the Bon Homme Richard and Serapis it was shot away into the sea, he being obliged to jump overboard to get it.

First the naval reserves fired a salute which was answered by the Miantonomoh, speeches were made, then the Paul Jones flag was floated up and saluted and then replaced by a beautiful ensign and the precious flag returned to its owner.

Free Trip to Chicago.

Separate World's Fair grand use the letters to spell as many words as you can by using the letters as many times as you wish, either back wards or forwards, but not use the same letter in making any one word more times than it appears in the World's Fair.

It is said seventy-five small English words can be spelled correctly from the ten letters contained in "World's Fair." Example—Wad, law, idol, etc. If you are good at word-making you can secure a Free trip to the World's Fair and return, as The Scott Seed Company will pay all expenses, including railroad fare, hotel bills, admissions to the Columbian Exposition and $50.00 in cash for incidental expenses, to the first person who can make seventy words from the letters contained in "World's Fair." They will also give a free trip to the World's Fair and return with $25.00 for incidental expenses, to the first person sending fifty words. To the first person sending fifty words will be given $25.00 in cash towards paying expenses to the World's Fair, to each of the first five persons sending thirty-five words will be given $10.00 in cash and to each of the first ten sending thirty words will be given $5.00 in cash. Only one prize will be awarded to any one person. Write your name on list of words numbered, and enclose the same prepaid with fifteen U. S. two-cent stamps for a large package of our Choice English Cottage Garden Flower Seeds. This combination includes the latest and most popular English flowers of which many varieties name as will be contained in the elaborate exhibit of English flowers at the World's Fair.

This "World's Fair" Contest will be carefully and conscientiously conducted solely for the purpose of introducing our business into the United States. You will receive the biggest value in flower seeds ever offered, and if you are able to make a good list of words and answer promptly you will have a first-class opportunity to procure a free trip from your home to Chicago and return.

We are spending a large amount of money to start our trade in the United States and want your trial order. You will be more than gratified with the result. Send to-day, and address THE SCOTT SEED COMPANY, Toronto, Canada.

CAUGHT IN A DEATH TRAP.

National Guard Armory Destroyed by Fire in Chicago.

The first regiment armory, at Sixteen street and Michigan avenue, Chicago was totally destroyed at an early hour. Before the fire department could get to work several violent explosions occurred, blowing off the roof. The fire had eaten its way to the magazine, and it was soon evident that the structure was doomed. Finally the whole interior seemed to burn out and reached. The most terrific explosion of all occurred, and the north wall was blown out.

It is known that two men lost their lives in the flames. The names of the men are Walter Williams and George Helford, both were assistant janitors. Two negro waiters were taken out of the third story and removed to St. Luke's hospital, where it was thought they were probably fatally injured. The origin of the fire is a mystery. The property was insured for $40,000. The loss of the building, which cost $215,000 will be almost total, and the damage done to the Tribune-Record company will reach $20,000.

BRIEFLY TOLD:

Twelve hundred iron molders at Chicago went out for an increase in wages.

All strikers on the line of the Union Pacific have resumed work, the strike being over.

About 4,000 Odd Fellows attended the seventy-fourth anniversary of the order at Cairo, Ill.

Polly Williams, the 10-year-old daughter of John Williams, a farmer living near Mt. Pleasant, was terribly burned by her clothes catching fire from a stove. She lived but a few hours.

The roundhouse, eight miles east of Lake City, belonging to the Thayer Lake Power Co., burned. Two engines and locomotives were almost entirely ruined. The loss will be about $7,000.

The prince of Wales held a levee at St. James palace. Hon. Robert T. Lincoln, the United States minister; Henry White, secretary of legation, and Maj. C. Post, military attaché, attended.

Switchmen on the Chicago & Northwestern railway struck at Clinton, Ia., for the transfer dock at St. Ignace, and stands in 16 feet of water. The cars could not pass over for some time. Engineer Ferris narrowly escaped death.

The Clearing House association of Boston, which includes all the national banks of the city, have agreed to give half their gold reserve to the government in exchange for notes, which will amount to about $3,000,000.

INCIDENTS OF THE DAY.

An Indianapolis woman was subjected to some personal inconvenience and fined $10 for writing what she thought of some prominent people on a postal card.

Thirteen and twenty-one years were the respective ages of a lately married bride and groom at Raleigh, N. C. shortly after the ceremony was performed the couple were arrested and placed in jail.

Thieves entered the Roanoke college at Salem, Va., the other day, and stole the organ, the pulpit, the Bible and the altar. All the property was recovered shortly after the robbery was committed.

A piece of real estate that was sold at public auction in Elizabeth, N. J., the other day, was the property of Mrs. Catharine Beatty, who was a maid of honor in the court of King George IV. of England, and brought only one-third the price originally paid for it.

John Ruskin must be included among the artist-authors, for he was originally a painter, although he never made any great success of following that work, his life being devoted to the art of letters. Philip Gilbert Hamerton presents another instance where the author was also a hand worker and pigments for pen and ink. Probably Ruskin and Hamerton have done more work than any other two literary men of any time toward a wide diffusion of an artistic taste.

An inexorable professor of logic from a Russian university, driven into exile with his fellow Hebrews, found temporary employment in New York as the conductor on a street car. Two women got on together one day, and later signaling the conductor, begged to be let off at different streets. Then the logician passed before his astonished passengers, and with conviction: "No, you haf got on together, and consequently you vill get off together," and so they did.

PERSONAL ANECDOTES.

Under water dearth, under snow bread—Tuscan.

The story goes that the bootmaker to Don Carlos, the son of Philip II., took him a pair of boots which were too small to be comfortable, and by the order of the angry prince they were cut in pieces, boiled, and forced down the unwilling fellow's throat, so that he was well-nigh killed.

The late Admiral Sir Arthur Cumming was in his youth the hero of a deed of great daring. Just fifty years ago, when a lieutenant in command of the pinnace of the Frolic, he boarded a piratical slave ship, the Vincedora and found himself the only Englishman on deck, for his boat was beaten back by the waves of the slaver. In this critical position the young lieutenant showed the stuff of which he was made by shooting down the man at the wheel and keeping the Spanish crew at bay with drawn pistol until his own boat came alongside again.

I Cure Constipation and Dyspepsia.

Dr. Shoop's Restorative Nerve and Liver Pills are the only Pills in the world to prove merit, for Restamp. Druggists, Dr. Da. SHOOP, Box W., Racine Wis.

Most men are neither sages nor fools.

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

Every true strength is gained in struggle.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,
Be sure and use that old and well tried remedy, Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

Sin is a dreadful, positive, malignant thing.

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Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery purifies the blood. By this means it strengthens, builds up, and invigorates every part of the system. Health must follow. Blood-taint or disorder, and for every disease that comes from an inactive liver or impure blood, it is the only remedy so sure and effective that it can be guaranteed.

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She—Now you've looked over my music, what would you like to have me play? He—Either euchre or cribbage.

First Stranger—It seems to me I have seen your face before. Second Stranger—Quite likely. That's where I carry it.

The best rubies come from Burmah. The finest turquoises come from Persia.

Purple, green and blue tourmalines are found in Brazil.

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MT. STERLING, KY., Feb. 13, 1889.

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Unlike the Dutch Process No Alkalies or Other Chemicals are used in the manufacture of W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa which is absolutely pure and soluble. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and easily digested. Sold by Grocers everywhere. W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

W. N. U., D.—XI—10.

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