"German Syrup"

My niece, Emeline Hawley, was taken with spitting blood, and she became very much alarmed, fearing that dreaded disease, Consumption. She tried nearly all kinds of medicine but nothing did her any good. Finally she took German Syrup and she told me it did her more good than anything she ever tried. It stopped the blood, gave her strength and ease, and a good appetite. I had it from her own lips. Mrs. Mary A. Stacey, Trumbull, Conn. Honor to German Syrup.

At ½ Price Watches, Guns, Buggies, Harness, Sewing Machines, Organs, Bicycles, Farm Tools, Safes, etc. List FREE. CHICAGO SCALE CO., Chicago, Ill.

Are You Going to the World's Fair?

5000 Furnished rooms in private families ... AgentsWanted—

Better Dead than Alive.

DUTCHER'S FLY KILLER is sure death. Every sheet will kill a quart of flies, insuring peace while you eat and the comforts of a nap in the morning. Insist upon Dutcher's and secure best results.

FRED'K DUTCHER DRUG CO., St. Albans, Vt.

PISO'S CURE FOR Consumptives and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use Piso's Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It has not injured one. It is not bad to take. It is the best cough syrup. Sold everywhere. 25c.

CONSUMPTION.

LEWIS' 98 % LYE
POWDERED AND PERFUMED (PATENTED)

The strongest and purest Lye made. Unlike other Lye, it being a fine powder and packed in a can with removable lid, the contents are always ready for use. Will make the best perfumed Hard Soap in 20 minutes without boiling. It is the best for cleansing waste pipes, disinfecting sinks, closets, washing bottles, paints, trees, etc.

PENNA. SALT M'F'G CO.
Gen. Agts., Phila., Pa.

Bile Beans

Positively cure Bilious Attacks, Constipation, *Sick-Headache*, etc. 25 cents per bottle, at Drug Stores. Write for sample dose, free.

J. F. SMITH & CO., Props. New York.

MEND YOUR OWN HARNESS

WITH THOMSON'S SLOTTED CLINCH RIVETS.

No tools required. Only a hammer needed to drive and clinch them easily and quickly; leaving the clinch absolutely smooth. Requiring no hole to be made in the leather nor burr for the Rivets. They are STRONG, TOUGH and DURABLE. Millions now in use. All lengths, uniform or assorted, put up in boxes.

Ask your dealer for them, or send 40c. in stamps for a box of 100; assorted sizes.

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JUDSON L. THOMSON MFG. CO.,
Waltham, Mass.

"MOTHER'S FRIEND"

is a scientifically prepared Liniment and harmless; every ingredient is of recognized value and in constant use by the medical profession. It shortens Labor, Lessens Pain, Diminishes Danger to life of Mother and Child. Book "To Mothers" mailed free, containing valuable information and voluntary testimonials.

Sent by express, charges prepaid, on receipt of price, $1.50 per bottle.

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.
Sold by all druggists.

To Populist Press and People.

I take pleasure in announcing that I have made arrangements on behalf of the National Reform Press Association, whereby platens and ready-prints containing Populist matter officially approved and recommended by the National Reform Press Association and Chairman Taubeneck, in any quantity desired, will be furnished by

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Write to the Western Newspaper Union for samples and prices. No other house furnishes authorized matter. W. S. MORGAN, Sec. National Reform Press Association.

Address,

Western Newspaper Union,
DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP-ROOT CURED ME.

La Grippe! Grippe! Grippe! After Effects Cured.

Mr. Bilger writes:—"I have had an attack of the Grippe; after a time caught cold and had a second attack, it settled in my kidneys and liver, and did much pain and misery in my back and legs. The physicians' medicine and other things that I used made no impression, and I continually grew worse until I was a physical wreck, and given up to die. Father bought me a bottle of Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT, and before I had used all of the second bottle I felt better, and to-day I am just as well as ever. A year has passed and not a trace of the Grippe is left. SWAMP-ROOT saved my life." D. H. BILGER, Hulmeville, Pa. Jan. 10th, 1893.

DROPSY! DROPSY! DROPSY!

Suffered Three Years.

"Respected Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N.Y. My wife had suffered for three years with Dropsy, during that time she was attended by five different physicians, none of whom helped her for longer than a few weeks. We also tried twenty different remedies, but nothing did her any help.

MRS. HERMAN BROERING.

Then we used your SWAMP-ROOT, and after she had used three bottles relief was apparent, hence she continued to take it until she had used twenty-five One dollar bottles. Now she is healthy as any woman ... I send you this testimonial ... HERMAN BROERING. Feb. 23, 1893. Loramie, Shelby Co., Ohio.

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

U & O Anointment Cures Piles. Trial Box Free. At Druggists 50c.

MAY TIME

The lilacs are sweet in the hedges,
The roses cling by the wall,
And in the blossoming hedges
I hear the robins call.

Breezing the young, green grasses
The Southland breezes blow,
Sweet with the breath of violets
That blossomed long ago.

Since the storm and tempest,
Such calm, such peace doth come;
After the long, cold winter,
Sunshine and summer bloom.

And my heart that thro' the winter
Was frozen with doubts and fears,
Speaks out with these buds of May time,
O'erflowing with grateful tears.

"WHAT THE LORD GAVE."

"Don't go, Joey."

The little face looked up from its mass of sunny curls, and a small hand reached out as if to detain him. Joey threw her a quick kiss, slung his blacking-kit over his shoulder, and started for the door.

"Pease don't go, Joey," the sweet little voice called. "Me so afraid."

The little fellow turned and saw his baby sister sitting up in bed with two great tears shining in her eyes. He went quickly back to her, gave her first an old picture card, then a tender kiss, and the next moment he was feeling his way down the long, dark, rickety stairs.

Tot looked longingly after her brother as he passed out the door, then, with half a sob, half a sigh, gave her attention to the crumpled, greasy card he had given her.

Little Joe Collins was an old man for his years. He had seen much of the world, or, rather, of the world's experience and had received from it a good many hard knocks without being able to hit back. If any one asked him how old he was he would answer, "Thirteen when mammy died." But as only one person in the world knew when this unfortunate event occurred, no one who had ever been interested enough to ask ever found out just how much boy and how much man there was to the little fellow. And a great many did ask Joey this question, for there was something in his face that prompted interest.

But it was his answer that turned this interest to sympathy; and then came more questions. In this way nearly all the business men who were accustomed to pass the corner where Joey stood, every morning knew that he had neither father nor mother, and that he had to work pretty hard to make money enough to pay for his one little room at Mammy Gibson's, and buy bread and milk for his little sister. But Joey's business had grown, for he was a good boot-black and an intelligent talker, and men liked to hear about the grand boot-black "emporium" he meant some day to establish, and the fine house he would then build for his dear little Tot. So Joey worked on, day after day, making nickels to save a few every now and then, but more than paying for them in long hours of hard and weary toil. Yet he did not complain, for it was all for Tot, whom he loved better than his very life.

The room at Mammy Gibson's was a small, dingy affair, but it furnished them a comfortable shelter, and what was a very great consideration with Joey, the old lady charged only fifty cents a week. Mammy Gibson, however, was very fond of her little lodgers, and for this weekly rental she not only gave them the room, but provided for it a cot bed, two chairs and a table, and went in every morning to put the room in order and give Tot her breakfast. And they, too, were very fond of her; for, though her skin was black, her heart was white and that was the only color the Joey ever recognized. Besides, it was she who took care of his mother when the latter was sick, and the old woman always protested when he brought her a dollar or two to go toward paying the funeral expenses which had been advanced from the bounty of Mammy Gibson's purse.

It was a bright morning near the end of March when Joey left his little sister so hurriedly, for he had overslept and he feared if he did not reach his corner by 6 o'clock he would disappoint some of his regular customers, and perhaps lose their trade. Tot was at first inclined to feel hurt at his abrupt departure, but when she looked at the picture card he had given her she forgot her disappointment and began to prattle to it as if it were a thing of life.

It may have been an hour since Joey left, when the door opened slowly and a large black face appeared. It was Mammy Gibson's. She looked about the room for a moment, then stepped in, and seeing that Tot did not notice her, quietly approached the bed. She bent over the little figure and looked at the card, then smiled a broad, good-natured smile, which finally developed into a hearty chuckle. Tot turned, half frightened, half surprised, but when she saw it was only Mammy Gibson a gleeful little laugh escaped her, and she held out her arms to be taken up.

"Wal, wal, honey, good mawnin'," said Mammy, taking the child in her arms. "How's yer feelin' dis mawnin'?"

"Pitty well," said Tot. "See!" and she held the card up toward Mammy's face.

"Fo' de Lawd sakes!" exclaimed the old woman, "whar d'yer git it, honey?"

"Joey," said the child, laughing at Mammy's surprise.

"An' whar'd he git it?"

Tot shook her curly head. She thought a moment, then her face brightening with smiles, answered, "Guess the Lord gived it to him."

Mammy took the card. Her accomplishments did not include reading, but she could understand what was meant by that picture of a little child, a cross and a bright, sunny crown of glory. She looked at the card very intently and then said seriously, "Yas, honey, reckon dat's so. We's all a gwine up to glory, we is, an' here's de picture ob it."

Tot didn't quite understand this, so she asked Mammy who the baby was in the picture, and Mammy began to look more serious. She took Tot from the bed, and as she dressed the child and gave her the simple breakfast of bread and milk, the old woman related, as well as she could, the story of the redemption.

At last the room was in order, and it was time for mammy to start out on her day's work. There were several rich people for whom she did washing and ironing every week, and Saturday was the day when she usually went for their clothes. Tot watched her as she put on her hat and shawl, and for the second time that day tears came into the little girl's eyes at the thought of being left alone.

Mammy saw them, and said quickly: "Wal, wal, honey, yer isn't goin' ter cry fer yo' po' ole mammy, is yer?"

"Me go, too," pleaded Tot. "Me so afaid."

"Golly, chile, yer neber could walk so far, no how."

"Yes, yes," urged Tot; and seeing that Mammy was undecided, she ran to the table and brought her hood.

This proved too much, so Mammy took the child in her arms, and carried her laughing out the door.

Joey had had a rather poor day. He was late at his corner that morning and when he did arrive he found another boy before him. So he did not make very much that day and when night came he was tired and discouraged. It seemed that his poor little feet had never ached so badly, even though it had been bent over fewer pairs of boots than usual, and when night came he was glad to throw his box over his shoulder and start for home.

He climbed the dark stairs wearily, glad to get away from the noisy, heartless world. He thought of his little sister, and wondered if she would want him to play with her that evening. Of course, she always did, and he always liked to hear her merry chatter and happy laugh; but to-night he felt too tired even for play.

He reached the room at last and opened the door. How dark and cheerless everything seemed! It never had looked so cold and bare before. And where was Tot? Hiding, probably. She always liked to play such tricks on her Joey, and then laugh at his affected surprise when he found her. He looked around the room; but saw no trace of her. He usually could catch sight of a little bit of brown dress or hear her excited breathing, and then he would hunt and hunt for a long time, and at last come across her in the most unexpected manner. But there was no sign of her to-night, so he stood in the middle of the floor and wondered where she could have hidden. Then he called to her, but no answer. He lighted the candle, and looked in every corner and behind every chair and box; but no Tot. He was beginning to be alarmed, for he had never before failed to find her. At last he thought of Mammy Gibson's, and he breathed a sigh of hope and relief. He tore up the other flight of stairs and knocked on the door. There was no answer. He pushed it open, and found the room as dark and cheerless as his own.

"Tot!" he called, anxiously. "Tot, are you in here?" But he heard only the sound of his own voice, and it made him shudder. Then he looked carefully about the room, calling first for his sister, then for Mammy Gibson, until at last, almost beside himself with fear and anxiety, he sank on the floor and burst into tears. Then he thought some of the other lodgers might know where she was, so he ran up and down the steep stairs to their rooms, never minding the falls he received, and longing only to hear some news of his sister. But the search was fruitless. He returned to his own room, and with his young heart wrung with anguish, threw himself on the bed.

Poor Joey! He felt that he had lost her forever, and he wanted to die. What was there left to him in life now that she was gone? It was she for whom he had been living and working all these long, weary months, and now that she was gone what need any longer to keep up the struggle? He sobbed and sobbed until his little frame, weakened by grief and want of nourishment could no longer hold out against the demands of nature, and he fell into a troubled sleep.

It was a terrible dream that haunted him. He kept tossing and tossing, and now and then he would wake and call feebly for her. Then he would fall asleep again, only to have dreams more terrible than before. He saw Tot's face, but it was cold and white. He caught her in his arms, but she did not notice his tears or his kisses. He spoke softly to her, but she did not answer. Then he lay on the little cot with her and prayed that he might die too. He closed his arms tightly about her and waited—waited. At last two men came, and he held her more tightly, for they were coming near the bed. Then one of them took her roughly by the arm, and Joey cried aloud in his agony.

"No! No! Don't take her away! Don't! Don't! She's mine, and you—"

"What 'oo cryin' for, Joey?"

He awoke with a start, and there, sitting beside him on the bed, her face brighter than the day without, was his very own little Tot.

"Why, it isn't true, is it?" he said, both crying and laughing. "They have given you back to me." And he took her in his arms, and laying his tired little head on the pillow, fell into a sweet, peaceful sleep.

* * * * * *

The Easter chimes rang forth sweetly, carrying to all the world their hopes of a higher and better life. They meant all this to Joey and his sister, though he did not know it yet and she was not old enough to realize it.

Mammy Gibson looked in the door and found them still sleeping. "Neber'd thought," she chuckled to herself, "dat ole Missus Gray ud took sech a 'tachment fer Miss Tot. Miss Tot! Yassir, an' Massa Joey, too, fo' dey's quality now, sho' nuff, 'long dey's gwine ter live wid ole Missus Gray. Golly, Miss Tot, you's got de fine house, but Massa Joey can't hab no 'mporium. Po' Joey! Be'n cryin' ter kill hisse'f. An' jes' 'cause we stayed all night; but Missus Gray, she 'sisted on—an' now she's gwine ter hab 'em an' I ain't 'n Old Mammy Gibson wiped a great tear from her eye and left the room slowly and quietly.

And Joey awoke. He had never before been so happy, and he gave little Tot a gentle, loving hug. He took her little hand in his, but found it clasping something very tightly.

"What's dis, dear?"

"You' card, Joey."

"Oh, yes. The one teacher gave me at Sunday-school. Let's see what it says."

"I know, Joey. Mis' Gray told me."

"Miss Gray?"

"Yes. Now listen. 'I am'—say it, Joey."

"I am—"

"The res'rection—"

"The resurrection—"

"An' the life.'"

"And the life.'"—American Cultivator.

A Woman's Argument.

Husband—You've been worrying me for five years because you were not as well dressed as Mrs. Nextdoor.

Wife—Well?

"Well he's failed — can't pay his debts."

"Did he owe you anything?"

"No."

"Humph! I can't see what that has to do with my clothes."

Brightest Part of My Trip.

A New York fashion correspondent of a Southern paper gives out the following:

A lady writes: I have read your letters for a long time, and have often envied you the opportunity you enjoy of seeing the beautiful things you describe. I used to think when I read of those charming dresses and parasols and hats at Lord & Taylor's, that theirs must be one of those stores where a timid, nervous woman like myself, having but a few dollars to spare for a season's outfit, would be of so little account that she would receive little attention; but when you said, in one of your letters a few months ago, that goods of the same quality were really cheaper there than elsewhere, because they sold more goods in their two stores than any other firm in New York, and that because they sold more they bought more, and consequently bought cheaper, I determined, if I ever went to New York, I would go to Lord & Taylor's.

"That long-waited-for time came in the early autumn, and I found myself standing before that great entrance, with those wonderful windows at either side. I summoned my courage and entered, as I suppose tens of thousands of just such timid women as I have done before. My fears were gone in an instant. The agreeable attention put me at my ease at once, and I felt as much at home as though I were in the little country store where my people have 'traded' for nearly a quarter of a century.

"And now, as I wear the pretty things I purchased, or see them every day and find them all so satisfactory, I think of my visit to this great store as the brightest part of my trip to New York."

SAD LOT OF A VETERAN.

A Resident of New York Who Can't Get a Pension.

John Wallace is the name of a man who is officially but not really dead. He is bent with age and bronzed from exposure, and his mind is obscured from the suffering to which most abject poverty has subjected him. On the war records in Washington it says that John Wallace, of Company E, First Missouri, was killed at the memorable siege of Vicksburg, and, when the old soldier applied for a pension twelve years ago he was rather amused by this intelligence. He thought it would be an easy matter to prove his identity, but year after year slipped by until he gave up the undertaking in despair. The colonel of his regiment died, and without money Wallace was at a loss how to procure the necessary evidence. He now lives in a hut, scarcely four feet from the high-water mark, on the Harlem river. It is only a few steps from the Third avenue bridge, on the south shore. Wallace was permitted to move into the shanty early last fall, and there he spent the long winter. He was born in Westchester in 1824, learned the shipbuilder's trade and married early in life Sarah Hyde. He removed to St. Louis some years before the war and worked on the gunboats at St. Louis, Nashville and Carondelet, which were built for defense on the Mississippi. He enlisted in the First Missouri regiment, served one year and re-enlisted.

"I was with Grant when he lost Johnson," he said to a New York World reporter, "and before Vicksburg I was wounded. I lay for a day in the trench and after that my memory fails me. I was in the hospital for a long time, and when I was discharged my left arm was gone."

At the close of the war he came to New York and worked in the feed store of Uriah Chamberlain, Thirty-first street and Second avenue. In 1880 he was induced to apply for a pension. Since then he has been a victim of poverty and misfortune. The loss of his arm prevented him from working at his trade. A few charitable people are now endeavoring to aid him. Mrs. J. F. Sloper, of 600 East One Hundred and Forty-third street, and others gave an entertainment at Republican hall, One Hundred and Forty-third street and Third avenue, recently, at which Judge McAdam presided. The proceeds, which unfortunately were not large, were given to the old soldier and an effort is being made to procure him the pension.

A Youthful French Hero.

What Miss Quincy, in her life of Henri de la Rochejaquelein, calls a "side-show of the great revolution"—the Vendean war—was distinguished by one touching feature. The ranks of the insurgents were full of young patriots, scarcely more than boys, and indeed, in some cases, lads not out of their teens. The most taking story of all is told of the chevalier of Mondyon, a pretty lad of fourteen, and a truant from his school. At the battle of Chautannay, the little fellow was placed next to a tall lieutenant, who, under the protext of a wound, wished to withdraw. "I do not see that you are hurt, sir," said the child; "and as your departure would discourage the men, I will shoot you through the head if you stir." The tall lieutenant stayed.—Argonaut.

A Gun That Fits.

A fact which is not generally known outside of sporting circles is that a gunner who seeks to do the best work he is capable of requires to be measured for his gun in the same way he would be for his suit of clothes. To facilitate this operation a new adjustable gun has been devised. The bend and cast-off of the gun are adjusted by means of screws, and the points of each are placed in grooves running parallel to the line of the butt. The length of the butt is also adjusted by screws in the heel. The length and bend of the stock can in this way be regulated to the length of neck, the arm of the shooter, as well as to the various special requirements to which his style of shooting may give rise.

The Armadillo's Teeth.

The great armadillo has the greatest number of teeth. Whereas the normal number of teeth is thirty-two, this animal has from ninety-two to 100, twenty-four to twenty-six in each side of the upper jaw, and twenty-two to twenty-four in each side of the lower jaw—all molars. They increase in size from front to back, have no roots, but an individual base, showing constant growth, and are destitute of enamel.

The Point of View.

Little Dot — Papa and Uncle George is always talkin' 'bout orthodoxy an' liberalism. What is them?

Little Dick — Wy, if you are poor, you'll be orthodox, and say a rich man can't enter th' kingdom of heaven; but if you are rich, you'll be liberal an' say the verse don't mean anything.—Good News.

Just the Kind of Man Wanted.

Dry Goods Dealer — You want a position in our woollens department? Do you know anything of that class of goods?

Salesman—A great deal more than I can tell the customers.

Dry Goods Dealer—You are employed.

PRESSING THE BUTTON.

HAVE AMATEURS SUCCEEDED WITH THE CAMERA.

Here Are Some Points Which the Real Greenhorn Who Takes a Kodak to Europe With Him May Study With Profit.

Even after dry plates came out it was some years before the hand camera and the roll films were put upon the market. Their introduction dates back only about five or six years, but when they came they simplified the process of amateur photography in its application to landscape and tourist purposes to such an extent that they brought it generally within the comprehension of any person of average ability.

The question has more than once been asked, can really good results be secured with a hand camera? There is no doubt about it that failures mountain high, overtop the comparatively few successful amateur experiments in this direction. Amateurs consequently blame the camera and its manufacturers, when the real truth of the matter is, in nine cases out of ten, that they are the ones at fault. It is a great mistake to suppose that a person can purchase a hand camera, no matter what the make may be or whether glass plates or roll films are used in it, and start out to take pictures. It is immaterial what make the hand camera may be, the operator must have some knowledge of its workings before he can reasonably expect to secure good results.

An error which is constantly made is the purchase of a hand camera with a roll film one day and starting to Europe with it the next, without having a chance to test the box or without any previous knowledge whatever of photography, yet with the firm expectation of bringing home some attractive views. Arriving on the other side they proceed energetically to "press the button," sending their films home to have the rest done, i. e., for development. What is the result? Generally very discouraging, weak, thin, foggy negatives, which make but poor prints and still worse reminders of travel, or, as is often the case, no impression appears on the films at all, and yet, generally speaking, the blame is not to be laid where it is usually laid, on the camera. There is only one way in which the camera can be blamed for poor negatives, and that is by not being perfectly light tight.

Whether a box is light-tight or not can soon be determined by the simple test of exposing a plate in the box from three to five minutes without opening the lens, then taking the plate out in the dark room and carefully developing. If it quickly fogs up and assumes a grayish look, or if it is streaked with dark rays, then the box leaks light and good pictures cannot be taken with it until the matter is remedied. Generally this is easily done.

To obtain good results many experiments and tests of the camera must be made without at first any hope of reward. The proper exposure and the best plates to use can only be found out by a practical test, but to make the test the amateur should develop his own plates. It is hardly possible to take satisfactory pictures unless the operator does his own developing, for the matter of developing a picture is something which must be largely regulated by the exposure. The time of day and the atmospheric condition which exists when the photographs were taken have also to be carefully considered in the use of the chemicals, and unless a plate is thus developed it is almost sure to be disappointing in results.

Anyone contemplating a trip abroad with a hand camera should purchase the camera several months before and begin by taking pictures around home, thus getting used to the box and its workings, determining the time of exposure, focus and other matters necessary for the production of a good negative. If this is done, the chances are that when the trip is made and the photographs taken, the results will be creditable to the photographer and the camera alike.

For traveling purposes and for out-of-door work a 4x5 hand camera has many advantages over a larger-sized box with a tripod attachment. Snap shots at street scenes and other incidents along the line of travel can be taken with a hand camera, where they would be utterly impossible to secure were it necessary to give the time in preparation for taking the picture with a tripod camera.

Two simple points in regard to photography with a hand camera may prove of value and interest to amateur photographers: First, better results on an average are obtained from glass plates than from films. Of course, plates are not by any means so convenient as they require a dark room in which to change this plate in the holders. This work, however, can be done at night in an ordinary apartment by the light of a ruby lamp. When films are used the exposure must be longer than on glass plates, as they are much less rapid in their action. Second, when glass plates are used buy the most rapid on the market.

Bauxite Ores in the South.

Information has come to the two important scientific bureaus in Washington, the geological survey and the Smithsonian institution, of absolutely inexhaustible deposits of bauxite ores in Alabama and Georgia, which give promise of solving the chief difficulty heretofore experienced in the cheap production of aluminum for commercial purposes. Specimen lumps of these ores recently analyzed at the Smithsonian institution show 48 per cent of pure aluminum in the light tints and 40 per cent in the brown shades, whereas ordinary clay contains on an average only 33 per cent. Bauxite derives its name from the fact that it was discovered first near Baux, or Beaux, near Arles, France. Besides France it is found to a limited extent in Austria and elsewhere in Europe and in workable quantities in Arkansas and other states and territories of the union.

The Novelist's Hero.

The house of a well-known lady novelist in London was the other day observed to be shrouded in the gloom of drawn curtains and lowered blinds. Sympathetic friends presently called to inquire what family affliction had taken place. They were admitted into a darkened drawing room, where, clad in deep mourning and holding a clean pocket handkerchief in her hand, the lady novelist sat weeping upon the couch. A sympathetic and inquiring murmur from the visitors elicited a fresh burst of tears as the lady sobbed forth: "Affliction? Yes, I should think so. My hero is just dead."

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

All other baking powders are shown by the latest United States Government Report to be inferior to the Royal in both Purity and Strength.

(See Bulletin 13, Chemical Division of U. S. Agricultural Dept.)

ODD CAUSES OF DEAFNESS.

Instances Where It Has Resulted From a Sudden Mental Shock.

Sir William Dalby, consulting aural surgeon to St. George's hospital, London, has been noting down some "strange incidents in practice" — that is to say, certain cases within his own experience as medical practitioner—which he confesses himself unable to account for by any course of cause and effect with which the profession can be said to be at all accurately familiar. The most curious have reference to the effects of emotion on the various senses. One is that of a lady who was standing before her toilet table and looking through an open door into her husband's dressing room when she saw in a mirror the reflection of her husband in the act of cutting his throat. From that moment she was absolutely deaf. A similarly sudden and complete loss of hearing happened some years later to a young married lady who was suddenly brought face to face with her dead husband at a time when she believed him to be quite well, and when she was going to meet him after a long absence. On various occasions Sir William Dalby has noted the remarkable effects produced upon the hearing by emotional influences, not only by great mental shocks, but by mental strain. He has known not only sudden grief, but also overwhelming joy instantly to make a person quite deaf. Sir William Dalby has known the sense of smell to be lost by very strong emotional influence, and with this the sense of taste.

A remarkable instance of loss of a faculty is that of a brother physician who in boyhood found himself suddenly deprived of the power of speech. He was a man of middle age and robust appearance. His hearing was perfect, and he could understand all that was said, but his replies were always communicated by pencil and paper. One day this physician announced that the power of speech had returned as suddenly as it had originally left him. He added that he was entirely unable to ascribe the recovery to any cause, and Sir William Dalby confesses that his experience does not enable him to offer any explanation.

What is reputed to be the largest locomotive in the world was recently completed in Rhode Island for the Mexican Central railroad. The weight on the drivers is 201,000 pounds and 30,000 pounds on each truck.

The Devil's Beef Tub, in the Vale of Annan, Scotland, is a secluded hollow or basin surrounded by lofty hills. In ancient times it was a most favorable retreat for raiders, and was used by them as a hiding place for stolen cattle.

Henry Bloch, a wholesale butcher of Brooklyn, is the father of twelve living children—four boys and eight girls. The subject of his children makes Mr. Bloch one of the most enthusiastic of men. They are his pride and delight. Recently he had tiny photos of his interesting brood made for the dial of his watch—one child for each hour. This watch he takes with him wherever he goes, and when tired and perplexed in his business he pulls it out, and the faces of the beautiful children allay all fears and soothe all troubles.

Edison is quoted as saying that "in his experience whatever has been proved to be impossible by mathematical authorities has been the easiest invention to produce."

John Oliver Hobbes, who has lately jumped into a literary reputation in London, is to her friends Mrs. Craigie, a young lady who began her professional career three or four years ago as an art critic.

John Burroughs, the author, has ten acres of grapevines on his country estate overlooking the Hudson. The preparation of the fruit for market he scrutinizes as carefully as he does a proof-sheet of one of his new books.

For indigestion, constipation, sick headache, weak stomach, disordered liver — take Beecham's Pills. For sale by all druggists.

The devil always presides at church controversies.

Great theologians don't go to Heaven because they are great theologians.

The Ladies.

The pleasant effect and perfect safety with which ladies may use the California liquid laxative, Syrup of Figs, under all conditions, makes it their favorite remedy. To get the true and genuine article look for the name of the California Fig Syrup Co., printed near the bottom of the package.

When a man has passed his three score and ten he thinks less of time and more of eternity.

The Summer Tours

of the MICHIGAN CENTRAL, "The Niagara Falls Route," are unrivalled in their variety, picturesqueness and comfort, embracing the best routes to Petoskey, Mackinac Island and Michigan resorts, Niagara Falls, Thousand Islands and the St. Lawrence River, the Adirondacks, Green and White Mountains, Canadian Lakes and the New England Sea Coast. A copy will be sent upon application to JAMES RHINES, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, 66 Woodward Avenue, Detroit.

To complete their growth, the nails of the left hand require eight to ten days more than those of the right.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury,

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

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

Four eyes see more than two.

I Cure Dyspepsia and Constipation.

Dr. Shoop's Restorative Nerve Pills sent free with Medical Book to prove merit. 25c for stamp. Druggists 25c. DR. SHOOP, Box W., Racine, Wis.

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

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This country has 1,600,000 miles of telegraph wire, enough to reach 80 times around the globe.

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More people, adults and children, are troubled with costiveness than with any other ailment. Dr. Kay's Baxter's Mandrake Bitters will cure costiveness and prevent the diseases which result from it.

Farm lands in the United States, taking the country as a whole, occupy only 2-9 acres in every 100.

After suffering years with the worst form of dyspepsia, such as bloating, dizziness, heartburn, acid stomach, etc., came across Dr. Deane's Dyspepsia Pills. Using them as directed two months, and still continuing, found great relief. Would not be without, and recommend them to anyone suffering with the above symptoms.

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

A healthy adult, doing an ordinary amount of work, will require from 10 to 12 ounces of meat a day.

The Way of It.

In the spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

In the spring the gentle passenger agent dips his pen in a liquid sunshine and writes ads. to charm the guileless public.

The daily papers teem with dollar-a-line products of a restless brain sounding the praises of this or that railway.

The traveling public continually demands the best the country affords. The tendency has been merged into the drawing room car; the ordinary coach of the once open a three open sleeping car has become a veritable palace on wheels, with families, and ladies traveling alone, can secure coveted seclusion from certain portions of the traveling community who insist upon taking a morning bath in the wash room, when a simple ablution is all that is necessary.

Electric lights have superseded oil and gas for reading purposes, when in unmixing reading, and dining cars enable one to eat, drink and be merry without having to "gorge"—as well in the old-fashioned "twenty minutes for dinner," with one eye on the conductor for fear he will call "all aboard" and you won't be there.

The railway companies, quick to respond to the demands of an extravagant public, are ever prone to the front with the newest and best of everything that shall make traveling a pleasurable incident of life's journey.

All of which is a prelude to saying that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway ranks as the only line which runs electric lighted, vestibuled compartment-car trains between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis, and that all coupon ticket agents in the United States and Canada sell tickets via this line.

George Lizotte and his wife, the latter a niece of Justice Harlan, have been on a wedding tour ever since their marriage in 1891. They like the life, and say they may continue it as long as they live. Thus far they have traveled 57,000 miles, and have visited almost every town of any size in North America.

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by the women who are ailing and suffering, or weak and exhausted. And, to every such woman, help is guaranteed by Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. For young girls just entering womanhood; for women at the critical "change of life"; women approaching confinement; nursing mothers; and every woman who is "run-down" or overworked, it is a medicine that builds up, strengthens, and regulates, no matter what the condition of the system.

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

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