Nerves

Depend upon the blood for sustenance. Therefore if the blood is impure they are imperfectly fed and nervous prostration results. To make pure blood, take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. $1; 6 for $5.

Hood's Pills cure biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, constipation. 25c.

America has 30,000,000 farmers.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only cough medicine used in my house.—D. C. Enright, Millersburg, Pa., Dec. 31, '95.

Chicago is to have a hotel with 6,311 rooms.

Coe's Cough Balsam
Is the oldest and best. It will break up a Cold quicker than anything else. Has always given satisfaction. Try it.

London has over 30 statues to famous men.

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

Gold was discovered in the Transvaal in 1886.

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 Transvaal has been independent since 1852.

Throat Troubles. To allay the irritation that induces coughing use Ayer's Cherry PECTORAL TROUCHES. A simple and safe remedy.

Wheat and tobacco are the chief crops of the Transvaal.

FITS—All Fits stopped free by Dr. R. Miss's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Miss, 931 Arch st., Phila., Pa.

The devil never feels ashamed of himself in the company of a stingy man.

Walking would often be a pleasure were it not for the corns. These pests are easily removed with Hindercorns. 15c. at druggists.

If church members only could save, heaven would be full of hypocrites.

The more one uses Parker's Ginger Tonic the more its good qualities are revealed in dispelling colds, indigestion, pain and every kind of weakness.

Troubles trighten the good only when they forget their God.

The soothing, healing effects of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is felt almost instantly. There is no other cough medicine that has obtained the use of virtues. Sold by all dealers.

Johannesburg, the metropolis of the Transvaal has 15,000 inhabitants.

Anyone who suffers from that terrible plague, Itching Piles, will appreciate the immediate relief and permanent cure that comes through the use of Doan's Ointment. It never fails.

The devil is close by when the Christian worries things he can't help.

"I taken into the head by the nostrils two or three times a week. Thomas' Eclectric Oil will positively relieve the most aggravated case of catarrh." Rev. E. H. Crane, Dunkirk, N. Y.

A blow aimed at the devil often strikes a church member square in the face.

Colorado Gold Mines.
If you are interested in gold mining or wish to keep posted regarding the wonderful strides being made in Colorado, it will pay you to send fifty cents for a year's subscription to The Gold Miner, an illustrated monthly paper published at Denver.

Spoons of wood, horn, metal or stone have made in every country from prehistoric ages.

A Trip to the Garden Spots of the South.
On January 28, February 11 and March 10, tickets will be sold from principal points to towns and villages of the north, to all points on the Louisville & Nashville railroad, to Mississippi, Alabama, Mississippi, Florida and a portion of Georgia, at one fare for the round trip. Tickets will be good to return within 20 days from date of sale. Write for pamphlet to the south bound trip. Any other information you may desire, address W. H. Baymond, Cincinnati, O., or Jackson Smith, P. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

DeKay's Fencing Club.
Charles De Kay, United States consul general in Berlin, who was formerly president of the New York Fencing club, has started a similar organization in the Prussian capital. A French master has been engaged as instructor.

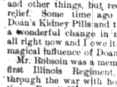
LOOKING BACKWARD.

Look after the Back: A Fall, a Strain, a Constant Sitting or Stooping Position Brings Backache—Do You Know, This Means the Kidneys are Affected!

How few people realize when their back begins to ache that it is a warning provided by nature to tell you that the kidneys are not working properly. You have a severe fall, you strain yourself lifting, perhaps you are compelled to maintain a sitting or stooping position for long intervals at a time, your back begins to ache, then your head, you become listless, tired and weary, but do you understand the real cause? We think not, many will try to not use plasters and liniments on the back which only relieve but do not reach the cause. If you would rid yourself of pain and cure the root of the trouble, at the same time save many years of suffering and perhaps life itself, take the kidney remedy that has been tried and proven that it will cure.

Mr. John Reboul, 661 Russell Street, Detroit, says: "As a result of exposure during the war I have suffered, ever since with rheumatism and kidney trouble. Pains would start in my hip and go around to my back. Highly colored urine deposit of kidney trouble, later in my back was often so bad I had to get up work until the severity of the attack passed away. I have used many remedies and other things, but received very little relief. Some time ago I started using Doan's Kidney Pills and they have worked a wonderful change in me. My back is all right now and I owe it all to the almost magical influence of Doan's Kidney Pills."

Mr. Robson was a member of the 7th Regt. Illinois Regiment, which served through the war with honor and distinction. Doan's Kidney Pills are sold by all dealers—price, 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-McClellan Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name, *Doan's*, and take no other.



SWAMP ROOT

The Great KIDNEY, LIVER & BLADDER CURE.

At Druggists, 50c. and $1. Advice & Pamphlet free.

Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

PENSION JOHN W. ROBBINS, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau. 3 in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

$50 A WEEK AGENTS Local or traveling, either sex, young men, middle aged, best and honest; needs washer and ironer; no peddling; no capital required; big wages paid weekly. Send stamp for sealed envelope, with full particulars. Address, National Patent Dish Washer, Box 1, Adrian, Mich.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. **CONSUMPTION**

THE FATAL LOVE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER I.

ARCH Trevlyn had had a good day. Business had been brisk. The rain had fallen steadily since daybreak, and the crossings in New York were ankle deep in mud. The little street sweeper's arms ached fearfully, but his pocket was full of pennies, interspersed with an occasional half dime.

The cloudy grey breaking in the west, and a gleam of sunshine gilded the tall tower of St. John's. Arch shouldered his broom, and whistled a merry tune as he took his way homeward. His bright dark eyes sparkled as he thought how the sight of his earnings would cheer his feeble mother. She could have tea now, with real milk and some sugar in it, and an orange, too. Only yesterday she was wishing she had an orange.

Arch's way led past a horticulturist's store, and his eyes wandered longingly over the display of flowers in the window. He must have just one wee white rose, because, only the Sabbath before, while he sat at his mother's feet, she had wept in telling him about the sweet roses that used to grow under the window of the little country cottage where her happy years had been spent.

The white rose would be like bringing back to her ever so little a bit of the happy past. It could not cost much, and Arch felt wonderfully rich. He stepped into the store and asked the price of a white rose. The clerk answered him roughly:

"Get out of the shop, you young rascal. You want to steal something."

"I am not a thief, sir," said the boy; proudly, his sallow cheeks crimsoning hotly. "I want a rose for my mother; I guess I can pay for it!"

"It's half a dollar, if you want it," said the man sneeringly. "Show your money, or take yourself off, this minute."

Arch's countenance fell. He had not half a dollar in all. He turned sadly away, his head drooping, his lip quivering. Oh, how very hard it was to be poor, he thought, looking enviously at the costly carriage with a pair of splendid grays, standing before the door.

"Stop, little boy!" said a sweet voice from somewhere among the roses and hellotropes. "Is your mother sick?"

Arch recognized the voice as the inborn spirit of courtesy prompting him to be reverent toward the glorious vision which burst upon him. For a moment he thought he saw an angel, and almost expected that she would unfold her silvery wings, and vanish in a golden cloud from his sight. But after the first glance he knew that she was a little girl about his own age—eight or nine years old, perhaps—with yellow curls, deep hazel eyes, a mouth like a rosebud, and a blue silk frock. She repeated the question:

"Is your mother sick, little boy?"

"No, she is not sick, for she always sits up, and sews, and she is not strong, and her cheeks never have any color in them, like yours."

"And she does love flowers?"

"Yes, she loves them dearly. She kisses them always, when she has any. And that's not often."

"Does she? That's nice. Just like! don't you? said the little girl in pleased voice. "Mr. Burnett—to the gruff clerk—there is a dollar. Give me some real nice roses, and two or three sweet pinks. The lady shall have some flowers, too. Now, sweet lady—"

"Who shall I say sent them?"

"Margie Harrison. Will she know me, think?"

"I guess not. But it's all the same, I shall tell her you are one of the angels, any way. She knows about them, for she's told me ever so much about them."

The little girl laughed, and gave him the flowers.

"Don't soil them with your grimy hands," she said a little saucily; "and when you get home—let's see, what's your name?"

"Archer Trevlyn."

"Why, what a nice name! Just like names in a story book. I know some elegant people by the name of Trevlyn. But they live in a big house and have flowers enough of their own. So they can't be your folks, can they?"

"No, I have not any folks," replied the boy, with a touch of bitterness in his voice.

"Well, Archer, when you get home, you wash your face, don't you, and brush your hair, for it's so dirty."

The boy flushed hotly. If one of his companions had said that to him, he would have knocked him down instantly. But he forgave everything this little girl said, because she was so beautiful and kind.

"I am a street sweeper, miss."

"Oh, that accounts for it, then. It's very muddy today, and you must be tired. Hark! there's Florine calling me. Good-by, Archer."

She vanished, and a moment later the boy saw her disappear within the glittering carriage, which, loaded down with fragrant blossoms, was driven slowly away. He stood a little while looking after it, then, rubbing a tear down over his eyes, and grasping the stems of her flowers tightly in his little purple hand, he started home.

Alas! it could hardly be called so, and yet it was home to Archer. His mother was there—the dear mother who was all the world to him. It was a poor part of the city—an old tumble down house, with a dozen or more tenants, teeming with misery, filth and crime.

Up a crazy flight of steps, and turning to the right, Arch gained the door of his mother's room was half open, and the storm had beaten in on the floor. It was all damp and dismal, and such an indescribable air of desolation over everything! Arch's heart beat a little slower as he went in. His mother sat in an arm chair by the window, an uncovered box in her lap, and a miniature locket clasped in her hand.

"Oh, mother! mother dearest!" cried Arch, holding up the flowers, "only look what I have got! An angel gave them to me! A very angel, with hair like the sunshine, and a blue frock, all real silk! And I have got my pocket full of pennies, and you shall have an orange, mother, and ever so many more little things beside. See, mother dear!"

He displayed a handful of coin, but she did not notice him. He looked at her through the gloom of the twilight, and a feeling of terrible awe stole over him. He crept to her side and touched her cheek with his finger. It was cold as ice. A mortal pallor overspread his face; the pennies unheeded to

"Dead! dead! My mother is dead!" he cried.

He did not display any of the passionate grief which is natural to childhood—there were no tears in his feverish eyes. He took her cold hands in his own; and stood there all night long, smoothing the thick, soft hair and talking to her as one would talk to a sick child.

It was thus that Mat Miller found him the next morning. Mat was a little older than himself—a street sweeper, also. She and Arch had always been good friends; they sympathized with each other when bad luck came to them, and they cheered lustily when fortune smiled.

"Hurrah, Arch!" cried Mat, as she burst into the room; "it rains again, and we can't work. Good gracious, Arch! is your—mother—dead?"

"Hush!" said the boy, putting down the cold hands, and trying to warm her all night, but it's no use. Only just feel how like ice my hands are. I wish I was as cold all over, and then I would let me stay with my mother."

"Oh, Arch!" cried the girl, sinking down beside him on the desolate hearth, "it's a-hard world to live in. I wish—for I—when folks had been hired to sweep crossings, and be kicked and be cuffed round by old grandmas when they don't get no pennies? If they don't, then I wish I was dead, too, Arch!"

"I suppose it's wicked, Mat. She used to say so. She told me never to get tired of waiting for what I wanted, for her very words. Mat. Well, now her time has come, and I am all alone—all alone! Oh, mother—mother!" He threw himself down before the dead woman, and his fierce grief broke out in action, but not a tear came to his eyes. Only that hard, stony look of hopeless despair. Mat crept up to him and took his hand in her lap, smoothing softly the matted chestnut hair.

"Don't take on so, Arch, don't!" she cried, the tears running down over her unwashed face. "I'll be a mother to you, Arch! I will, indeed! I know I'm a little brat, but I love you, Arch, and some time, when we get bigger, I'll marry you, Arch, and we'll live in the country, where there's birds and flowers, and it's just like the park all round. Don't feel so, don't!"

Arch pressed the dirty little hands that fluttered about him for, next to his mother, he loved Mat.

"I will go out now and call somebody," she said; "there's Mrs. Hill and Peggy Sullivan, and she's drunk. Either of them will come." And a few minutes later the room was filled with the rude neighbors.

They did not think it necessary to call a coroner. She had been ailing for a long time. Heart complaint, the physician said—and she had probably died in one of those spasms to which she was subject. So and Arch—rapped and tattered, but sincere mourners.

CHAPTER II.

THEN they came back! Mat, took Arch's hand and led him into her own wretched little room, and called home.

"You shall stay here, Arch, with Grandma Rugg and me. She said you might if you'd be a good boy, and not plague the cat. Grandma's rough one, but she ain't kicked me since I tobe her cap off. I'm too big to be kicked now. Sit down, Arch; you know you can't stay at your own home now."

Yes, to be sure he could not stay there any longer. No one knew that any better than Arch. The landlord had warned him out that very morning. A half-quarter's rent was due, and only the meager furniture would have brought face to satisfy his claim. Hitherto, Mrs. Trevlyn had managed to pay her own expenses, but, now that she was gone, Arch knew that it was more than folly to think of renting a room. But he could not suppress a cry of pain when they came to take away the things, and when they laid their rude hands on the chair in which his mother died, poor Arch could endure no more, but fled out into the street and wandered about till hunger and weariness forced him back to the old haunt.

He accepted the hospitality of Grandma Rugg, and made his home with her and Mat. The latter, which surrounded him were not calculated to develop good principles, and Arch grew rude and boisterous, like the other children in the street boys. He heard the vilest language—oaths were by no means the exception in Grigg Court, as the place was called—and gambling, and drunkenness, and licentiousness abounded. Still, it was singular how much evil Arch shunned.

But there was growing within him a principle of bitter hatred, which one day would burst forth in the whole existence. Perhaps he had cause to, he thought he had, and cherished it with jealous care, lest it should be annihilated in the years went on.

From his mother's private papers he had learned much of her history that he had before been ignorant of. She had never spoken to him very freely of the past. She knew he was proud and high his temper was, and acted with wisdom in burying the story of her wrongs in her own breast.

Her father, Hubert Trevlyn, had come of a proud family. He was a poor blue blood in the land that that which ran in the veins of the Trevlyns. Not very far back they had an earl for their ancestor, and, further back still, the whole long lineage had never been tarnished by a breath of dishonor.

Hubert was the sole child of his father, and in him were centered many bright and precious hopes. His father was a kind parent, though a stern one, who would never brook a shade of disobedience in this boy upon whom his fondest hopes and aspirations were fixed.

When Hubert was about twenty-four he went into the country for his health, which was never very robust, and while there he met Helen Crayton. It was a case of love at first sight, but none the less pure and steadfast on that account. Helen was an orphan—a poor seamstress, but beautiful and intelligent beyond any woman he had ever met. They loved, and they would not be cheated out of their happiness by any worldly opposition. Hubert wrote to his father, informing him of his love for Helen, and asking his consent to their union. Such a letter as he received in return! It made him give up the girl at once and return home. If he ever spoke of her again he was disowned forever. He might consider himself houseless and homeless.

Hubert had some of the proud Trevlyn blood in his composition, and this letter cut him thoroughly. A week afterward he gave the hand of Helen Crayton. He took his young wife to the city, and, having something of a talent for painting, he opened a studio, hoping to receive sufficient patronage from his friends to support his family in comfort.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NEW SUBMARINE BOAT.

In Which Three Men Can Live Under Water Twelve Hours.

Yet another submarine boat has been invented, or is it an old friend under an assumed name? Be this as it may, a submarine boat, ordered by the Russian government, was to be tried this week on the Seine, and the trials being satisfactory other and larger vessels are to be built, says the Court Journal. The new boat, which is named after Goubet, is some twenty-six feet long, about 5 feet 6 inches in diameter in the center, and has a displacement of about ten tons. The motive power is supplied by electricity, and the rudder serves the purpose of a rudder, the shaft being joined so as to enable it to be turned either to the right or to the left. Three men, the inventor claims, can live under water in the Goubet for twelve hours with the supply of compressed air. This has, of course, to be proved; but in the event of anything going wrong, a lead keel, weighing over a ton will be dropped, and the boat will at once come to the surface like a cork. On account of electricity being used for supplying the propelling power in the sphere of action of the new boat must of necessity be very limited, as compasses cannot be used, but it could, do all that is required of it, if taken on board a vessel and launched in the enemy's ships were in sight. The Goubet's mission is to throw torpedoes, and if the arrangement for throwing these projectiles can be relied upon, she will prove a formidable antagonist. To sink the Goubet water is let into compartments in the lower part of the boat, and when it is sunk to any required depth in that position it remains inactive, the arrangement for sinking the vessel being so beautifully and carefully arranged. One ounce of water—more or less—will cause the boat to sink lower or come nearer the surface.

A Treadmill in Water.

While in Paris inventors concentrate their energy on the locomotion on terra firma in the shape of horseless carriages, their colleagues in Germany devote their best efforts to reaching the acme of speed in navigation.

On the lakes and rivers of the Spreewald may now be seen what the Germans call a tretmotorboot, of which "treadmill boat" and "bicycle boat" are equally imperfect translations. In this case neither steam, electricity, petroleum nor naphtha is the factor of speed, but muscle aided by ingeniously contrived machinery.

The boat can be set in motion by one, two or three riders. The more riders, of course, the greater the speed. The wheel back of the last rider controls the power of the screw, the rate of sixty treads per minute the screw makes 500 revolutions in the same time. The last rider can also steer the boat. One advantage of this craft is that it can also be sailed with oars and sails. As the simple machine can be adjusted in any other wider boat it is no necessary to build a specially shaped vessel for it.

In order to maintain the equilibrium, which seems difficult, as the riders are seated very high, a counterweight of 200 pounds is adjusted to the stern.—New York Journal.

A New Metal.

Glucinium is the name of a new metal which seems to be destined to become of great importance in the very near future. On account of its peculiar qualities it will be used especially for electrical purposes. As its atomic weight is 9.1 and its specific gravity 2.00, its strength is considerably greater than that of iron, and its conductibility is equal to that of silver. Glucinium, therefore, is more capable of resistance than iron and a better conductor than copper, and in addition to all that it is lighter than aluminum. If these claims for this new metal should be confirmed for practical use there is no doubt that glucinium will be used extensively for electrical purposes, the more as its commercial value will amount to about $20 a pound, or 150 times less than the same volume and ten times less that the same weight of platinum.

His Head.

Fond Father—If that boy of mine has any particular bent, I can't find it.

Philosopher—What experiments have you made to find out?

Very thorough ones. I gave him a toy printing press, a steam engine, a box of paints, a chest of tools and a lot of other things carefully selected to find out whether his tastes were literary, mechanical or commercial or what, and I know no more than I did before."

"What did he do with them?"

"Swallowed them all up."

"Ah, I see. He is to be a furniture mover."—New York Weekly.

The Way of the World.

"It's strange," said the Maltese cat. "In his life nobody seems to get what he really needs without difficulty."

"I've heard that before," said the tortoise shell cat.

"Yes, but I've had more cause than usual to notice it. If I wore shoes I wouldn't have anything like the collection of bootjacks and blacking brushes that come home without asking."—Washington Star.

Floods of the Nile.

The floods of the Nile are so regular in their coming that the hundreds of years they have not varied ten days in the date of their arrival at a given point. The Nile mud, which renders Egypt a habitable country, is said to be a striking resemblance to lava, which every season is brought down by Missouri.

Praise God that he has delivered you from all the troubles you've ever had, and believe that he is going to keep on doing it as long as you live.—Ram's Horn.

POISON IN LIQUORS,

EFFECTS OF TWO BEVERAGES COMPARED.

All Depends on the Drinker—How to Tell Whether You Are Physically Better Suited to One Than to the Other.

IS it better for a man to drink whisky or to stick to beer? Now, that is a very proper question for thousands of people and it is very important that it should be answered correctly. If a man who ought to drink beer should confine himself to whisky the consequences might be disastrous, and the same should be true when a man whom nature has marked for a whisky drinker devotes most of his bibulous energy to beer, says a writer in a New York paper.

There is all the difference in the world between the two beverages. They are made in the first place of different materials. Beer being a sparkling beverage is heavily charged in the process of fermentation with carbonic acid gas, while whisky is quite, and, in this respect, inoffensive. Beer contains very little alcohol in proportion to the whole quantity of fluid, sometimes but 4 per cent, while whisky contains from 40 to 50 per cent. Beer is therefore largely made up of water. Whisky has very little water in its composition. Beer has a "head," while whisky has none. Beer is liable to spoil unless kept cold. Whisky will keep well at any temperature.

Adulterated beer is, without question, more injurious to healthful than pure beer made of hops and malt, but in point of the healthfulness of any sort of beer is compared with whisky, it is not so much the ingredients of the beer that enter into the question as the general character of the liquid, and the effect of great quantities of it on certain organs, especially the liver, the kidneys and the bladder.

A man who habitually drinks beer takes a much greater quantity of liquid into his system than one who drinks whisky. It would, therefore, stand to reason that if they were equally beneficial, admitting that they are harmful, the beer-drinker would suffer the more. It is also important to bear in mind that there is a great difference in temperament between different individuals. A man who can drink beer in considerable quantities with little bad effect would be easily upset by a moderate indulgence in whisky, and on the other hand, there are many persons accustomed to whisky who are injuriously affected immediately on drinking beer.

Since it would be difficult to obtain proper subjects for an experiment of this sort, it will probably answer the purpose to compare beer-drinking countries, districts and nations, with those that drink little beer, but consume great quantities of whisky. An opportunity for such a comparison is afforded by the high public health of Scotland as compared with that of the north and south of England.

The percentage of deaths in the yolds of England is somewhat larger, but the population differs little between the two sections is that, while the north is comparatively free from gout and rheumatism, those diseases are very prevalent in the south. Gout and rheumatism are found to prevail especially in manufacturing cities, where much beer, porter and ale are drunk. The same is true of cities in Germany. In Scotland, where whisky is drunk, there is a happy absence of both maladies.

So striking has been the coincidence of the association of gouty disease with the use of beer drinking that there have concluded there must be some pathological connection between them. It has also been found in individual cases that many patients who complain of gout have been beer drinkers, and that they experience relief immediately on giving up this beverage.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell declares that the use of whisky, provided it is pure, and is not some objection-pounder to the individual. Probably most physicians will agree with the doctor's views, generally, though they will all see that whisky being strong in alcohol, should be used moderately.

The trouble with beer is that it puts a great tax on the liver and kidneys, and the passing off of great quantities of liquid is unnatural, and when persisted in so weakens those organs as to invite citrhosis of the liver, Bright's disease and other complaints.

Nevertheless each man is a law unto himself, and after first determining to be moderate, you should find out which beverage you are suited for. One good test is to examine the tongue in the morning after drinking. If it is coated after drinking beer and not coated after drinking whisky, leave beer alone. There is no doubt that gluttonous habits of liquid is unnatural, and when persisted in so weakens those organs as to invite citrhosis of the liver, Bright's disease and other complaints.

Nevertheless each man is a law unto himself, and after first determining to be moderate, you should find out which beverage you are suited for. One good test is to examine the tongue in the morning after drinking. If it is coated after drinking beer and not coated after drinking whisky, leave beer alone. If it is coated after drinking whisky, but not after drinking beer, leave whisky alone. If it is coated after drinking both, leave both alone. Ten chances to one it will be coated in either case. The best way to try the experiment with either form of liquor.

Uses and Blood Poisoning.

The lion does not appear to possess the nervousness of a tiger. He will dash into a fied-up bait in the most headstrong manner, heedless of the hunter seated behind a screen of bushes, whose presence, to his keen powers of smell, he cannot fail to detect. From what I have heard and seen of his habits I should say he was a bolder animal than the tiger, but by that I do not mean a more dangerous one in any one respect, perhaps, he is less dangerous than either tiger or panther, for I am inclined to think it is not so much his habit to feed on putrid flesh as either of the two latter and consequently does not kill by blood-poisoning after mauling his foe so often as the other two do. Of late years since Africa has become more accessible to sportsmen one hears frequently of lions getting the best of it and leaving the adversary fairly well mangled, but in nearly all the cases I have heard of the mauled man recovers, whereas in India, as surely as the hot season and its accompaniment, tiger shooting, come around, tiger and panther claim several deaths, usually by blood-poisoning consequent to a mauling received from one of the two.—Scribner's.

Found at Delphi.

Two more slabs of stone inscribed with words and music have been found in the treasury of the Athenians at Delphi by the French, by using some of the fragments previously discovered a second hymn to Apollo, with its notes, has been put together. The date is after the conquest of Greece by the Romans. The Greeks seem to have used twenty-one notes in their musical notation, where we use only twelve.

The way to get happiness is to give it.

WRITERS ARE BORN, NOT MADE

Thackeray Was Thackeray Always but Stevenson Changed.

The author of "How to write Fiction" appears to be one of those innocents who believes in a newly discovered science of human nature," and in the theories of M. Zola, says the London Daily News. You go about with notebooks, you bemuse yourself with "heredity," and then, if you succeed, it is partly by dint of your native qualities, partly by dint of griminess not fit to be named among Christians. It is the same affair in poetry. Wordsworth was a poet by virtue of his genius; he was born so; his theories hampered him when he was true to his theories. Even our author perceives that Shakespeare and Homer did not need theories and popular science, falsely so called, and this is just as true of Miss Austen at 20 and of Mr. Du Maurier at an age much more than middle age.

Mr. Du Maurier was born a writer and a story-teller. Thirty-five years ago he proved this in a little sketch in "Once a Week," and rather later in his poems of "Punjaubrina" in Punch. Every very skilled writer could have rendered as Mr. Du Maurier has done the immortal little Belgian poem translated in "Trilby." Mr. Du Maurier has been drawing all his life, not seriously practicing another art, under private tutors, and with an eye on Prof. Huxley's "Comparative Anatomy" as a matter of course. Some men, like Balzac, have to crush their gold out of a mountain of "quartz rock," or, nearly all, who possess "style" gain it by years of cultivating a natural ear for the harmonies of prose, as observed by them in the great writers—A few, perhaps, but very few, are born with the sense of harmony, by the way of "the sedulous ape."

Thackeray from his Charterhouse days, was always Thackeray, and could not answer an invitation to dinner without a touch of the pencil. Very much so, Mr. Stevenson, on the other hand kept his dress and style for literary occasions and did not wear sword, dagger and lace till once fairly launched upon second growth pine, oak, poplar and cypress. Still medium light loath when they added "Tay a hundred years" to choice meadow, balance of open land, productive and adapted to grow, in of all kinds common to this section capital trucking land. Good dwelling house, eight rooms, good barn and other outbuildings. Ten acres select peach, apple and pear orchard. Fine fishing and hunting. Immense beds of marl in place. Price $6,000; easy terms.

Send for descriptive list of farms, stock, implements and crops of the Tiles Water region and excursion rates to Excursion Agent, 231 Clark street, Chicago.

The Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway is the only line running solid vestibuled trains between Chicago and Denver.

Parker's Ginger Tonic.
Of the many good things to be found in Annual publications we find the following in the Parker's Ginger Tonic advertisement. It has done better results than Parker's Ginger Tonic. Even in the case of a child it is a good necessity, and its well suitable in the most severe case where there is much pain. Ginger Tonic are for sale by druggists. Formula directions that make life a happy one. Sold by all druggists. Price 50c. and $1.00 per bottle.

Coughs, colds, and distressing soreness in the throat and lungs, will be relieved by Parker's Ginger Tonic, and a few doses will convince you that this remedy is exactly what you need.

TO CALIFORNIA

In Tourist Sleeping Cars.

The Burlington Route C. B. & Q. R. R. will run personally conducted excursions to California, leaving Chicago every Tuesday morning at 10:30 for San Francisco via Denver and Salt Lake City, with tourist sleeping cars attached, through to destination, fitted with carpets, upholstered seats, bedding, toilet rooms, and every convenience for comfort on the journey. Rates as low as first-class accommodations. Route via Denver and Salt Lake. Call on or address nearest ticket agent, or write to Jno. J. Byrne, Gen'l Pass. Agt., Chicago, Ill.

Lucknow, Ontario, Canada, Dec. 31, 1896.
Gentlemen: Please send me your Almanac for 1897. I have used Piso's Cure for Consumption for years, and find it the best cough medicine made.—Mrs. Thos. Ogle.

All About Western Farm Lands.

The Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R. R. is desirous of giving information to parties in search of farm lands, which can be found on their lines cheaply, and the opportunities for securing homes in the vicinity of the paper will be sent to any address for one year on receipt of 25c. Postage stamps taken. Address "The Corn-Belt," 209 Adams St., Chicago.

A Texas steamboat, just launched, is to be 160 feet long, 30 feet beam, 4 feet draft and be provided with engines of 500 horse power.

GROW RICH, EVERY FARMER.

The editor thinks it to be the wish of everybody to grow rich, not for the sake of the money, but for the good that can be done with the money. Now, there are three new cereals recently created that will make money for the farmer. One is Silver King Barley, the most wonderful creation of the age, yielding 90, 100 to 110 bu. per acre in 1895, and there are thousands of farmers who believe they can grow 150 bu. per acre therefrom in 1896.

Then there is Silver Mine Oats, yielding 2 to 3 tons per acre. Every farmer who tested it, believes 250 bu. possible.

Then there is Golden Triumph Corn, which produced over 200 bu. per acre, and 250 bu. is surely possible.

And potatoes, there is Salzer's Earliest, which was 81 for table in 28 days in 1895, yielding, unobtusively, with the Champion of the World, tested by thousands, 1 acre 1,000 bu. Every farmer who tested it, believes 250 bu. possible.

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Now, in Salzer's new catalogue there is a wonderful lay-out of new varieties of wheat, oats, barley, rye, potatoes, grasses, flowers and forage plants, and the editor believes that it would pay every farmer a thousand-fold to get this catalogue before buying seeds.

If you will cut this out and send it with 10 cents postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will receive free, 10 grain and grass samples, including above and their mammoth catalogue. Catalogue alone, 5 cents postage. w.n.

The most easily digested meats are: Duck, Chicken, Turkey, Beef, Mutton, Lamb, Venison, Squirrel, Rabbit, Partridge, Prairie Chicken, Quail, Grouse, Pheasant, Wild Turkey, Canvas Back Duck.

A Fine Farm in Virginia.

Cheap excursion to Lynchburg, Va., Excursion tickets will be sold from points in the Northwest to Virginia and Carolina via the Big Four Route and Chesapeake & Ohio Ry. at one fare and a third for round trip, good thirty days returning. Following is description of one of many farms offered:

"Six hundred acres on C. & O. Ry. in New Kent County, Virginia. Four hundred acres of level land, balance in good growth pine, oak, poplar and cypress. Soil medium light loam with clay subsoil. Two hundred acres of choice meadow, balance of open land, productive and adapted to grow, in of all kinds common to this section capital trucking land. Good dwelling house, eight rooms, good barn and other outbuildings. Ten acres select peach, apple and pear orchard. Fine fishing and hunting. Immense beds of marl in place. Price $6,000; easy terms."

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Hood's Pills

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Piso's Cure for Consumption

Coe's Cough Balsam

Hanson's Magic Corn Salve

Dr. Miles' Nervine

Hindercorns

Parker's Ginger Tonic

Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

Doan's Kidney Pills

Piso's Cure for Consumption

**Parker's Ginger Tonic