

It seems hard to realize that the lightest whisper must continue its rounds of existence throughout all eternity, yet on the belief that such is the fact is based all modern physics and very many of the useful adjuncts of modern civilization. It is now realized that force, like matter, is indestructible, and that where matter is we must look for force or energy in close relation to it.

In London there are at least 60,000 homeless people.

## "August Flower"

My wife suffered with indigestion and dyspepsia for years. Life became a burden to her. Physicians failed to give relief. After reading one of your books, I purchased a bottle of August Flower. It worked like a charm. My wife received immediate relief after taking the first dose. She was completely cured—now weighs 165 pounds, and can eat anything she desires without any deleterious results as was formerly the case. C. H. Dear, Prop'r Washington House, Washington, Va.



### 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.

### The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

## KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS., has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Read the Label. Send for Book.

**TOWER'S**  
The Best  
Waterproof  
Coat  
in the  
WORLD!  
**SLICKER**

The FISH BRAND SLICKER is warranted waterproof, and will keep you dry in the heaviest storm. The FISH BRAND SLICKER is a perfect riding coat, and covers the entire saddle. Beware of imitations. Don't buy a coat if it is not the Fish Brand. Illustrated Catalogue free. A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

**\$10 A Day Free!**

Enclose in a letter containing your full name and address, the outside wrapper of a bottle of Smith's Blue Beans (either size). If your letter is the first one opened in the first morning mail of any day except Sunday, \$5 will be sent you at once. If the ad. is sent you on 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th or 10th, ask for the SMALL size. Full list mailed to all who send postage for (5c.). Address J. F. Smith & Co., No. 555 Greenwich St., New York.

**"Not a Grip in a barrel of them!"**

First Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

**CATARRH**

Sold by Druggists or sent by mail. No. 2, T. H. H. Warren, Pa.

## THE WAY of the WORLD.



### CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

The letters were not read. They were too sacred even for the ear of a friend as true and devoted as Charles Manning.

The college life experienced by Louis was often the subject of conversation and Charles was deeply interested in the studies in which Louis had engaged, and was delighted when listening to anything pertaining to either the text books or the college life. He was fascinated with the essay Louis had read at his graduation. Time and time again Louis had recited it at Charles' request.

Various questions were discussed and Charles was constantly seeking information upon any subject with which Louis was familiar.

That Charles Manning was keen, bright, intelligent, and intensely apt, was apparent to all who were intimate with him. He possessed a remarkable memory, and he stored his mind with every event Louis had recounted. Not satisfied with relying upon his memory he kept a diary, and at night all the conversations and incidents of the day were recorded. Nothing was overlooked.

So the time came when Charles knew as much of the lives of Louis and Mary as they did themselves.

### CHAPTER VIII. SHIPWRECKED.

"A little more breeze to-day," said Capt. Bodfish, one morning after the vessel had been becalmed for nearly a week. "The air gives signs of a coming storm, and when it does come may the good Lord keep and preserve us."

Even as the captain spoke a trace of a dark cloud was dimly visible away to the west. To the captain's experienced eye the tufts of uncarded wool, so slowly moving along in the direction of the vessel, so near the blue sky and yet so close to the green ocean, meant that the calm had ended and that a storm was beginning.

The rapidly given orders of the captain were quickly obeyed and the gale crew made the preparations possible for the good ship to receive the gale and ride through it. The winds came as though they had used the days of calm to gather force from all the ocean and all the sky, and in their madness they seemed to see on all the broad expanse of surging waves but one frail ship to wrestle with, and that one they wrecked as if it had been made of paper and manned by little children.

Every mast and every spar, and every stitch of canvas, and every soul on board, save five, were swept into the sea. The life boats were torn to pieces as though made of cloth.

When the storm ceased and the sun appeared, all that was left of the Lucky Star was a hull, dismantled, dismantled, rudderless, and water-soaked. The captain and the two clerks, Louis and Charles, had lashed themselves to a capstan which protruded a few inches above the shattered deck, and when the storm was over they were still lashed there and still living.

Two deck hands had tied themselves to one of the ponderous anchors which hung over the ship's side, and they, too, were saved—five souls in all—five human beings on a wreck, and, as far as they knew, without food or water, or even hope of rescue from a grave-tide sea; and, in fact, with nothing but life left them. What was that worth?

On being released, after the storm had somewhat abated, the men counseled together as to what was best to be done. It was evident that the hull would go to pieces should there come another storm or should the wind continue blowing for any great length of time as it was blowing then.

Even while the conversation was going on, the ship swayed and to and fro as if making a desperate effort to keep its place on the water.

Suddenly it broke apart and all that was left of the ship went down beneath the waves, except a portion of its prow, to which the shipwrecked band clung as their last hope of rescue.

When the hull parted, boxes, barrels, packages of various sorts, and pieces of the wreck, came to the surface, and, as they floated by, the men boldly risked their lives to secure some of the debris. Providence helped them, and before nightfall they had stowed on their frail craft two barrels of water, a tierce of rice and a cask of brandy. The prow they were on was a compartment by itself, and again, providentially, the severed end was not stove in or damaged, and to all appearances, was water tight and might float until a storm should wreck it.

There was no fire nor any way to provide one. The rice, soaked in water, was their food. The water was used sparingly. The brandy was dealt out as medicine. For days and nights the craft floated.

One day they sighted land, and when they were close enough they saw rocks upon which their strange craft must surely drift—and they had no means of controlling it—and they would be lost with sight of land.

Instead, however, of floating directly upon the rocks, as was expected, there came a wind from beyond the cliffs and surged the craft along the shore and away from the rocks, until rounding a point, the cliffs abruptly ended, and then the breeze from the sea drove the boat ashore and beached it where the water was but a few feet deep.

The little band was rescued. They were rescued from the dangers of the deep, but who among them knew but there might be greater perils to encounter on the land than they had escaped from on the sea. Thanking God for their deliverance from death by drowning, they again consulted as to their future movements. Around them they saw evidences of a region being inhabited, but whether by civilized people or savages, by friends or foes, was a subject of the gravest apprehension.

The following morning they set about on a tour inland.

Before starting on their uncertain journey they gathered withes, which they broke from slender trees and bushes, and twisting them into a rope made fast their boat to a trunk of an old tree. They took with them what was left of the cask of brandy, and a supply of wine which they carried in a basket made of leaves, and most gleefully they turned their backs upon the ocean.

Their progress was slow because they were weak, and their limbs, from long inaction, refused to do the work expected of them. Before nightfall they not only became satisfied that they were in the neighborhood of a habitation, but they observed various evidences of civilization.

Trees cut smooth and clean, as with a sharp instrument, were lying on the ground. A trail was struck during the afternoon, and this was fresh, and made by camels, and that the camels were being led was evident from the tops of bushes being eaten off only near the trail.

In the morning, after a night's sleep on the ground, the little band resumed their march. Hardly were they under way when a human being appeared in their path, with outstretched arms, disputed their right to advance. Soon other natives came to their companions' assistance, and a conference was held by the semi-dusky inhabitants of the new-found land.

One of their number stepped a few feet in front of the group and motioned the castaways to approach.

The meeting was a friendly one, evinced by the natives falling on the ground, and bowing their heads in the dust.

After the story of the shipwreck had been told by signs, the leader, in very bad broken English, gave the newcomers to understand that yonder, some miles distant, was a large village to which they would be welcome. The Americans were at once mounted on camels, and the caravan moved quite rapidly towards the designated village, reaching there in the early afternoon.

Truly a strange and marvelous combination of fortunate circumstances.

In the wilds of an unknown continent, this shipwrecked crew find a race of beings, who, while they are not superior in intelligence, in manners and customs to the Indian or African. The little raiment that clothes them is of European make, indicating that they are in communication with European merchants and European civilization.

It is ascertained that some leagues distant is a river, that a trading point has been established there, and once a year a ship from a distant foreign land comes there and exchanges its wares for the goods the natives have to sell. There are a number of villages tributary to this trading station, and while the inhabitants spend their time chiefly in idleness and idleness, they all manage to accumulate something to trade for the merchandise the ship brings.

The Americans embraced the first opportunity to join a caravan on its way to this trading port. Reaching there they find a large village whose inhabitants have nothing to do but receive the articles brought by the caravans to trade for the ship's goods.

### CHAPTER IX. ANOTHER MYSTERY.

The Americans made themselves quite useful to the natives while waiting the arrival of the ship. They planned a system of water supply, by which water was brought from the village from a tank beyond the cliff. The water for ages had been brought in rude buckets, but the inhabitants joined in with zest to dig the trenches, remove the pulp from the logs that were to be used as water pipes, and in an intelligent manner carried out the plans which Captain Bodfish designed.

Louis and Charles were not as inseparable as formerly. While by no means unfriendly, they were less in each other's company. Louis spent much of his time with the natives, and with one or more of them would make long journeys into the edges of the jungle. The natives took a greater liking to him than to either of the others. He alone was shown where the diamonds were to be found, and, under a pledge of secrecy as to the locality, was permitted to search for them. He secured many valuable ones, which he intended, at the proper time, to divide with his companions. Charles interested himself in the herbs and roots the natives were gathering. Making constant inquiries as to the use and power and effect of those that were considered the most valuable.

He watched the natives dive in the deep water for the sponge, and he became familiar with the process of cleaning and curing them for the market. He was ever on the alert to learn something that he might turn to advantage afterwards. He often helped the natives distill the herbs and prepare the drugs for packing.

He was the first to learn to converse with the natives, though this knowledge was more a matter of signs than of words. In the great wilderness and waste, and among those strange people, as on the Lucky Star, Charles Manning was an apt scholar, quick to grasp the thing that engaged his attention, and whatever he learned or sought to learn, was to add him in carrying out the chief object of his life.

But who beside himself knew again of what that object and purpose was? The time was near at hand when the expected vessel might leave in sight. The Americans were full of glee over the promised event.

When the rejoicing was at its height, and they were congratulating each other over the prospect of once again joining their kindred and friends at their dear old homes, Louis was taken sick.

With each passing hour he grew weaker.

Of all the knowledge of disease and its cure possessed by the natives the young man had the benefit. Charles was by his side constantly, and claimed the privilege of taking sole care of his friend, and he nursed and watched over him with all the tenderness of a sister or a mother.

One more attendant almost forced herself on the sick youth. She was a young maiden, a brunette of wonderful beauty. She claimed to be the great physician's daughter, and from her father she had learned the cure of diseases peculiar to the climate and the people, and she knew the uses of the herbs that grew on the hillside.

She had a complete knowledge of the effects on the system of the various poisonous roots which the natives gathered for the market.

She knew the antidote to each, and where to find it, and how to administer it in case of peril.

What interest, if any, more than a womanly affection for one in distress, this maiden may have had in Louis was known only to herself, and possibly to Louis himself. Be that as it may, the lad continued to grow worse. The herbs that were so marvelous in their cures failed to bring relief.

The ship came in.

Louis was bolstered up in his cot, and through the open door saw the ship at anchor only a few rods distant. His heart was now beating strong and fast. The blood filled his veins almost to bursting. The thought of seeing his mother and the other loved ones so dear to his heart, possessed all his feelings, was the full measure of all his hopes, and filled to the brim his cup of happiness.

For the moment, he forgot he was sick. Forgot that there might be far less distance between him and his God than between him and his betrothed.

The ship had sailed from a port in Holland and the captain cheerfully consented to take the Americans on board, and, if opportunity offered, to transfer them to a ship bound for an American port.

The ship physician at once went ashore and visited the sick youth, that he might minister to his needs, and help convey him on board the vessel. He found Louis sinking rapidly and unconscious. The reaction had set in and he had not the vitality to resist it.

The physician attempted to rally him with stimulants but that proved unsuccessful, and when the last boat was preparing to make the trip to the ship the doctor pronounced Louis Patterson dead. Living when all hope was gone and only sea and sky and the remnants of a dismantled bark to leave on. Dead when hope had returned and a ship, with sails and masts and rudder, and men to man it, was ready to take him to his home!

It was then Capt. Bodfish rose to his full stature of a noble manhood, and knowing what he had to contend with, and looking the doctor, who still had hold of Henry's hand, square in the eye said:

"Doctor, as God lives, that body must go on that ship."

The doctor comprehended the full meaning of that command. It was made by one used to having his orders obeyed. The captain turned his head and gazed devoutly upon the beautiful face of the lad who seemed to be calmly sleeping. The physician was in deep study and evidently a great conflict was going on in his mind. Charles, kneeling by the side of the cot, had bowed his head, as though overcome by anguish. Several natives who had been intimate with Louis, stood in the background, eager witnesses of the sad scene.

The doctor, letting go the dead boy's hand, and returning Capt. Bodfish's gaze, at last replied in almost unintelligible English:

"Sire, that can never be."

Capt. Bodfish knew too well what that meant. He had made too many ocean voyages and understood too well the superstition of sailors as regards a dead body on ship board to make any further appeal. Helpless and powerless he was compelled to submit.

Hastily the arrangements were made for the burial of poor Louis' body by the natives. Several of the more intelligent among them imposed on the dead a Christian burial and mark the spot with a fitting memorial stone.

Then came the speedy preparations for the departure of the captain, Charles, and the two men. Tears trickled down the face of the honest, kind-hearted captain as he took a last look at his young friend, while Charles could find only words to tell the extent of his sorrow.

### [TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### The Bell-Ringer's Last Peal.

A Vienna journal relates the rather singular circumstance under which a bell-ringer of one of the city churches met with his death whilst engaged in his customary avocations.

Recently the tolling-bell testified to the fact that a funeral was about to take place. The knell sounded with its wonted solemnity during a certain time, but just as the procession of mourners was approaching the sacred edifice, the bell, instead of uttering its sounds with the decorous precision the circumstances exacted, emitted a fantastic and irregular peal, entirely out of keeping with the occasion.

Little by little, the sounds decreased both in rapidity and vigor, and ultimately after a few, so to say, convulsive vibrations, the bell was silent altogether.

A man was despatched to the bell-ringer to find the cause of this apparently eccentric conduct, who, upon reaching the spot learnt the clue to the enigma. The bell rope, which towards its end was knotted into sundry loops to facilitate the ringing, had caught the unfortunate man by the neck, and carried him some distance from the ground.

His struggles to free himself had occasioned the irregular pealing and spasmodic vibration, and presumably, when the bell had clasped into silence, the poor ringer, who had rung his own death-knell, had ceased to breathe.

When a man comes to ask you for your opinion, he really asks for your confirmation of his own.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

# Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

A new smokeless powder, named plastonit, has been tested with great success at Brest. It proved the best of smokeless powders for the small caliber Manti-hier rifle, and especially with the smooth bore sporting guns. The smoke is hardly perceptible, the noise of explosion slight and there is absolutely no recoil.

Thomas Hornbeck, of St. Croix, Ind., has on his farm a litter of seven pigs, four of which have six legs each, and one has feet like a dog.

#### Fyhou Eggs.

Perhaps about as curious a thing as Dr. Knox ever had in the line of curiosities, says the Danbury (Conn.) News, is his African python snake, Eve, as she lies coiled about a half-bushel of eggs laid a few days ago. It is an event that ophiologists will be interested in.

The discovery was made one morning. For some time Adam and Eve, two big African pythons, have been domiciled in the big snake cage in the doctor's back office. The bottom of the cage is covered by a deep layer of dirt and gravel. Both these snakes have been in Dr. Knox's possession a year, and have sometimes been on exhibition.

One evening Dr. Knox passed the cage several times, going to and from his front office. Every time he passed the cage the python snake hissed at him. He paid no attention to the snake, and was more amused than otherwise at the incident. Later in the evening he looked up his office and drove over to Brewster, where his family is now stopping. When the doctor opened his office the next day the first thing he remembered doing was to examine his snake collection. He looked in the cage and saw what he supposed were several new potatoes lying under the python snake, Eve. He opened the cage to remove them. Going close to the snake, it hissed at him. This made him pause. Then he took a second look and was surprised to see about one hundred snake eggs under her.

Two of the eggs are on the writer's desk as samples. They vary in size and are rather heavy. They are soft to the touch, oval in form, and ashy gray color. The smaller of the eggs is the size and shape of a duck's. The larger one is no thicker, but about six inches long. They were slightly speckled. It is said that the shell will become hard.

Perhaps a snake laying eggs in captivity is not unusual, but the only case called to the writer's attention was when a python did a similar thing at the Paris zoological garden in 1844. This serpent laid three dozen eggs. She brooded on her eggs and hatched young ones. She deposited her eggs on the 5th of May, and the first young one made its appearance on the 2nd of July.

Whether Dr. Knox's collection of pythons will be augmented or not by the eggs is a matter to be seen.

#### Nebraska State Teachers' Association.

The teachers of Nebraska will have the privilege at the next meeting of the state association, at Lincoln at the holidays, of hearing an address from Dr. G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University, Worcester, Mass.

Dr. Hall is recognized, both in America and in Europe, as one of the soundest and most advanced educational leaders of the times, and Nebraska teachers are fortunate in this opportunity to hear him. He was among the most sought after of the speakers at the Educational Congress just closed in Chicago. Dr. Hall recently traveled extensively in Europe, studying educational conditions and methods there. The teachers should be present two thousand strong to hear him.

There are few of the teachers who cannot, if they wish, attend this meeting. The expense is not great, and a little planning, if necessary, will bring it about. \$1.00 for membership fee, \$2.50 for hotel bill, (not more than \$5.00 if the best hotel in the city is patronized), with railway fare, (probably one and one-third fare for the round trip), will cover all necessary expenses.

The thing is to decide now that you will go, and arrange accordingly.

#### Just the House She Wanted.

A story is told of a New York woman who became afflicted with the mania for change and finally succeeded in persuading her husband to sell their house and to try a new neighborhood. He reluctantly placed it in the hands of a real estate agent, and one morning shortly afterward his wife came into his room in a state of great excitement with a newspaper in her hand. "I have found the very thing that will suit us!" she exclaimed. "Do go at once and see about it before some one else gets ahead of us!" The poor man, thus adjured, hurried through his bath and dressing, swallowed a few mouthfuls of breakfast and arrived in a breathless state at a house agency mentioned—only to find that the attractive advertisement referred to his own house.—San Francisco Argonaut.

#### Over 1,000,000 of kangaroo skins are annually used in the United States for boot-making.

A bewitched apple, with a blood-red drop inside, grows on several trees in Norwich, Conn. It is called the "Mike apple," after a farmer named Mink, who, over two hundred years ago, was supposed to have killed a peddler and buried the body under one of his apple trees.

In some of the hotels of Lucknow and Cawnpore, much frequented by foreign travelers, there are signs which read thus: "Please Do Not Strike the Servants."

#### Romish Church Officials.

The origin of the title of cardinal goes back to the early ages of the church. Certain bishops of dioceses near Rome, the priests of the principal churches, the chief deacons of the fourteen districts in which Rome was divided, formed the pope's council and assisted in the great functions and ceremonies of the Christian ritual. There are still fourteen cardinal deacons, but the number of the other orders of the "sacred college" has varied at different periods till it was settled by Sixtus V. at seventy for the whole college, "as Moses chose seventy elders of the people."

#### Value of Work Requiring Little Thought.

The man who throws their whole heart and life into their ordinary occupation are apt to have a poorer reserve of vividness and insight for their human relations than those who feed their souls on life's various visions while they occupy their fingers with a useful and fruitful but unexciting toil. And even if the work they do be hardly of a kind in which they can take pride, may not that be all the better for them? After all, we are in many respects only parts of a great whole, and to feel that we are only parts of a great whole is very good as promoting humility, and because it does not stimulate our vanity and excite ourself approval.—London Spectator.

CONDUCTOR E. D. LOOMIS, Detroit, Mich., says: "The effect of Hall's Catarrh Cure is wonderful." Write him about it. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

#### Lincoln's Laughter.

He had a great laugh—a high, musical tenor—and when he had listened to or told a story which particularly pleased him he would walk up and down the room, with one hand on the small of his back and the other rubbing his hair in all directions, and make things ring with laughter.

Lincoln has great fame as a story teller, and yet the truth isn't half told. First and last, he told thousands and thousands of stories. He was a well-spring of anecdotes. Yet, under all his humor and all his laughter he was tender, sensitive, romantic, oftentimes sad. He appeared hard and practical, and yet no man ever lived who needed and craved sympathy more than Lincoln. He was strongly social in his nature and liked people rather than places. Like all men of the highest courage, fearing nobody, he hated none. He would oppose a man to the death, but would never hate him.—Senator Voorhees in Kansas City Times.

If you are troubled with malaria take Beecham's Pills. A positive specific, nothing like it. 25 cents a box.

Mistress—How is it one never hears a sound in the kitchen when your sweet-heart is with you on an evening? Servant Girl—Please, ma'am, the poor fellow is so bashful yet; for the present he does nothing but eat.

The first iron steamship was built in Great Britain in 1843.

## The Testimonials

We publish are not purchased, nor written up in our office, nor from our employes. They are facts, proving that

**HOOD'S CURES**

"For over twenty years I have suffered with neuralgia, rheumatism and dyspepsia. Many times I could not turn in bed. Hood's Sarsaparilla has done me a vast amount of good. I am 73 years old and enjoy good health, which I attribute to Hood's Sarsaparilla." Mrs. E. M. Ross, W. Kendall, N. Y. Be sure to get HOOD'S.

Hood's Pills cure sick headache. 25c.

**LEWIS' 98% LYE**

Powdered and Perfumed. (PATENTED.)

The strongest and purest Lye made. Unlike other Lyes, it being a fine powder and packed in a can with "removal" is the only one that is always ready for use. Will make the best perfume that can be made in 10 minutes without boiling. It is the best for cleaning, scouring, whitening, bleaching, disinfecting, etc., etc. Beware of cheap imitations. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. per can. Lewis & Clark, St. Louis, Mo.

**DEAFNESS AND HEAD RINGS**

Deafness is a common ailment, and is often the result of colds, or of the use of bad medicine. It is cured by the use of Lewis' 98% Lye. It is the best medicine for deafness, and is sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. per can. Lewis & Clark, St. Louis, Mo.

**WANTED MEN TO TRAVEL**

For the purpose of selling our goods, we want men to travel. They should be energetic, and have good references. Write to us for full particulars. Lewis & Clark, St. Louis, Mo.