

...to home happiness a solid
over small stepping stones. So
small sometimes are the causes of our
unhappiness that we wonder the conse-
quences can be so great. One great
palliative is the determination by
every member of the family not to
dwell on the circumstances, whatever
they may be, which are alike sad to
all. If it be poverty let it be cheer-
fully and silently borne; if it be the
ill temper of grandpa try to make a
joke of it. If it be something infin-
itely worse and also hopeless accept it
bravely; do not talk of it. Try in the
family circle to ignore it. Accept every
little envying circumstance. Let in
all the sun and air. Work on cheerily
and hopefully, knowing that there is
the ray of sunshine somewhere that
has only to be looked for to be found.

Granted.
"My client desires a stay," said the
lawyer, reaching for some papers.
"The court is glad to find your client
amenable to the situation," replied
gravely the gentleman on the bench;
"the stay will be for ten years."—
Philadelphia Ledger.

The system of passports for foreign
travel was originated at the time of the
Crusaders.

DO YOU GET UP WITH A LAME BACK?

Kidney Trouble Makes You Miserable.

Almost everybody who reads the news-
papers is sure to know of the wonderful
cures made by Dr.
Kilmer's Swamp-
Root, the great kid-
ney, liver and blad-
der remedy.

It is the great medi-
cal triumph of the
nineteenth century;
discovered after years
of scientific research
by Dr. Kilmer, the
eminent kidney and
bladder specialist, and is wonderfully
successful in promptly curing lumbago,
uric acid, catarrh of the bladder and
Bright's Disease, which is the worst
form of kidney trouble.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is not recom-
mended for anything but you have
kidney, liver or bladder trouble it will be
found just the remedy you need. It has
been tested in so many ways, in hospital
work and in private practice, and has
proved so successful in every case that a
special arrangement has been made by
which all readers of this paper, who have
not already tried it, may have a sample
bottle sent free by mail, also a book tell-
ing more about Swamp-Root, and how to
find out if you have kidney or bladder trou-
ble. When writing mention reading this
generous offer in this paper and send your
address to Dr. Kilmer
& Co., Binghamton,
N. Y. The regular
dollar-cent and one-
dollar size bottles are
sold by all good druggists. Don't make
any mistake, but remember the name,
Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root,
and every bottle, Binghamton, N. Y., on
every bottle.

Facts About the Ocean.

If a box six feet deep was filled with
sea water, which was then allowed to
evaporate, there would be two inches
of salt left in the bottom of the box.
Taking the average depth of the ocean
to be three miles, there would be a layer
of salt 440 feet thick covering the bot-
tom, in case the water should evap-
orate. In many places, especially in
the far north, the water freezes from
the bottom upward.

Waves are deceptive things. To look
at them one would gather the impres-
sion that the whole water traveled.
This, however, is not so. The water
stays in the same place, but the motion
goes on. In great storms waves are
sometimes forty feet high and their
crests travel fifty miles an hour. The
base of a wave (the distance from val-
ley to valley) is usually considered as
being fifteen times the height of the
wave. Therefore, a wave twenty-five
feet high would have a base extending
375 feet.

The force of waves breaking on the
shore is seventeen tons to the square
foot.—Sunday Magazine.

A John Bull and an Irish Bull.
A notice at a small depot near Man-
chester reads:
"Passengers are requested to cross
over the railway by the subway."
This reminds us of the oft-quoted
notice put up at the ford of an Irish
river:
"When this board is under water
the river is impassable."—Judge.

FOUND A WAY

To Be Clear of the Coffee Troubles.
"Husband and myself both had the
coffee habit and finally his stomach and
kidneys got in such a bad condition
that he was compelled to give up a
good position that he had held for
years. He was too sick to work. His
skin was yellow, and I hardly think
there was an organ in his body that
was not affected.

"I told him I felt sure his sickness
was due to coffee and after some dis-
cussion he decided to give it up.
"It was a struggle, because of the
powerful habit. One day we heard
about Postum and concluded to try it
and then it was easy to leave off coffee.
"His fearful headaches grew less fre-
quently, his complexion began to clear,
kidneys grew better until at last he
was a new man altogether, as a result
of leaving off coffee and taking up
Postum. Then I began to drink it too.
"Although I was never as bad off as
my husband, I was always very nervous
and never at any time very strong,
only weighing 95 lbs. before I began to
use Postum. Now I weigh 115 lbs.
and can do as much work as anyone my
size, I think.

"Many do not use Postum because
they have not taken the trouble to
make it right. I have successfully fooled
a great many persons who would remark
it at my table. They would remark,
"You must buy a high grade of coffee."
One young man who clerked in a gro-
cery store was very enthusiastic about
any coffee. When I told him what it
was, he said, "Why, I've sold Postum
for four years, but I had no idea it
was like this. Think I'll drink Postum
hereafter."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle
Creek, Mich. 1897. The Road to Well-
ville, in pigs. "There's a Reason."

THE SPI

BY J. FENIMORE COOPER
A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION

CHAPTER XXIV.

When Miss Peyton and her niece first
learned the escape of Captain Wharton,
it was with difficulty they could credit
their senses. They both relied so implicitly
on the success of Dunwoodie's exertions,
that they thought the act, on the part
of their relative, extremely imprudent;
but it was now too late to mend it.
While listening to the conversation of
the officers, both of which were in the in-
creased danger of Henry's situation, if
recaptured, and they trembled to think of
the great exertions that would be made to
accomplish this object. Miss Peyton con-
soled herself, and endeavored to cheer her
niece, with the probability that the fugi-
tives would pursue their course with un-
flinching diligence, so that they might
reach the Neutral Ground before the horse
pursuit could carry down the tidings of their
flight. The absence of Dunwoodie excited
to her all-important, and the artless
lady was anxiously devising some project
that might detain her kinsman and thus
give her nephew the longest possible time.
But very different were the reflections of
Frances. She felt certain that, instead
of being to the rescue below, her brother
would be taken to some mysterious
hiding place to pass the night.

Frances and her aunt held a long and
animated discussion by themselves, when
the good spinster reluctantly yielded to
the representation of her niece, and fold-
ing her in her arms, she kissed her cold
cheek, and fervently blessing her, allowed
her to depart on an errand of fraternal
love.

The night had set in dark and chilling
as Frances moved through the little gar-
den that lay behind the farm house which
had been her brother's prison, and took
her way to the foot of the mountain.
Young, active and impelled by her gener-
ous motives, she moved up the hill with
elastic step, and very soon emerged from
the cover of the woods into an open space
of more level ground, that had evidently
been cleared of its timber for the pur-
pose of cultivation.

The white tents of the militia were
stretched in regular lines immediately be-
neath her. The light was shining in the
window of her aunt, who, Frances easily
perceived, was reclining on a sofa, and
with the anxiety she might be sup-
posed to feel for her niece. Lanterns were
playing about in the stable yard, where
she knew the horses of the dragoons were
kept, and believing them to be preparing
for their night march, she renewed her
toil.

Our heroine had to ascend more than a
quarter of a mile farther, although she
had already conquered two-thirds of the
height of the mountain. But she was
now without a path or any guide to di-
rect her in her course. Fortunately, the
hill was conical, like most of the moun-
tains in that range, and by advancing up-
ward, she was certain of at length reach-
ing the pinnacle. Nearly an hour did she
struggle with the numerous difficulties
that she was obliged to overcome, with
having been repeatedly exhausted by her
efforts and, in several instances, in
great danger from falls, she succeeded in
gaining the small piece of table land on
the summit.

Faint with her exertions, which had
been unusually severe for so slight a
frame, she sank on a rock to recover her
strength and fortitude. A few moments
sufficed for this purpose. All of the
neighboring hills were distinctly visible
by the aid of the moon, and Frances was
able, where she stood, to trace the route
of the highway from the plains into the
mountains.

The chilling air sighed through the leaf-
less branches of the gnarled and crooked
oaks, as, with a step so light as a hawk
to rattle the dry leaves on which she
trod, Frances moved forward to that part
of the hill where she expected to find
some secluded habitation; but nothing
could she discern that in the least resem-
bled a dwelling of any sort. In vain she
examined every recess of the rocks, or
inquisitively explored every part of the
summit, she thought could hold the
fugitive. No hut, nor any vestige of a
human being, could she trace. The idea
of her solitude struck on the terrified
mind of the affrighted girl, and approach-
ing to the edge of a shelving rock, she
bent forward to gaze on the signs of life
in the vale, when a ray of light dazzled
her eyes, and a warm air diffused
itself over her whole frame. Recovering
from her surprise, Frances looked on the
ledge beneath her, and at once perceived
that she stood directly over the object of
her search. A hole through its roof for-
warded a passage to the smoke, which, as
it blew aside, showed her a clear and
cheerful fire crackling and snapping on
a range of logs. The approach
to the front of the hut was by a wind-
ing path around the point of the rock on
which she stood, and by this she advanced
to its door.

Three sides of this singular edifice, if
such it could be called, were composed of
logs laid alternately on each other, to a
little more than the height of a man; and
the fourth was formed by the rock
against which it leaned. The roof to its
eaves, the fissures between the logs, and
was stuffed with clay, which in many
places had fallen out, and dried leaves
were made use of as a substitute to keep
out the wind. A single window of four
panes of glass was in front, but a board
carefully closed it, in such a manner as
to let no light from the fire within. Af-
ter pausing some time to view this sin-
gularly constructed hiding place, for such
Frances well knew it to be, she applied
her eye to a crevice to examine the in-
side. The blazing fire of dry wood made
the interior light enough to read by. In
one corner lay a bed of straw, with a pair
of blankets thrown carelessly over it.
Against the walls and rock were suspended,
from pegs forced into the crevices,
various garments, and such as were ap-
parently fitted for all ages and conditions,
and for either sex. British and American
uniforms hung peacefully by the side of
each other; and on the peg that supported
a gown of striped cotton, such as was the
usual country wear, was also suspended a
well powdered wig; in short, the attire
was numerous, and as various as if a
whole parish were to be equipped from
this one wardrobe.

In the angle against the rock was an
open cupboard, that held a plate or two,
a mug, and the remains of some broken
meat. Before the fire was a table made
of rough boards. A book that by its size
and shape, appeared to be a Bible, was
lying on the table, unopened. But it was
the occupant of the hut in whom Frances
was chiefly interested. This was a man,
sitting on the stool, with his head lean-
ing on his hand, deeply occupied in ex-
amining some open papers. On the table
lay a pair of curiously and richly mount-

ed horseman's pistols; and the handle of
a sheathed rapier, of exquisite workman-
ship, protruded from between the legs
of the gentleman, one of whose hands
carelessly rested on its guard. The tall
stature of this unexpected tenant of the
hut, and his form, much more athletic
than that of either Harvey or her brother,
told Frances that it was neither of those
she sought.

She stood, earnestly looking through
the crevice as the stranger moved his
hand from before his eyes, and raised his
face, apparently in deep musing; Fran-
ces instantly recognized the benevolent
and strongly marked, but composed,
features of Harper.

All that Dunwoodie had said of his
power and disposition; all that he had
himself promised her brother, and all the
confidence that had been created by his
dignified and paternal manner, rushed
across the mind of Frances, who threw
open the door of the hut, and falling at
his feet, clasped his knees with her arms,
as she cried:

"Save him—save him—save my brother;
remember your promise, and save him!"

Harper had risen as the door opened,
and there was a slight movement on his
hand toward his pistols; but it was cool,
and instantly checked. He raised the
hood of the cardinal, which had fallen
over his features, and exclaimed, with
some uneasiness:

"Miss Wharton! But you cannot be
alone?"

"There is none here but my God and
you; and by his sacred name, I conjure
you to remember your promise, and save
my brother!"

Harper gently raised her from her
knees and placed her on the stool, begging
her at the same time to be composed, and
to acquaint him with the nature of her
errand. This Frances instantly did.

"Miss Wharton," said Harper, "that I
bear no mean part in the unhappy strug-
gle between England and America, it
might now be useless to deny. You owe
your brother's escape, this night, to my
knowledge of his innocence, and the remem-
brance of my word. Major Dunwoodie
is mistaken when he says that I might
openly have procured his pardon. I
now, indeed, can control his fate, and I
pledge to you a word which has some in-
fluence with Washington, that means shall
be taken to prevent his recapture. But
from you, also, I exact a promise that

his companion had passed through the
door, continued conversing on the latter's
situation for several minutes, when the
former urged the necessity of expedition
on his part, in order to precede Dun-
woodie, from whose sense of duty they
knew he had no excuse. The captain
took out his pocketbook and wrote a few
lines with his pencil; then folding the
paper, he handed it to his sister.

"Frances," he said, "you have this
night proved yourself to be an incompar-
able woman. As you love me, give that
unopened to Dunwoodie, and remember
that two hours may save my life."
"I will—I will; but why delay? Why
not fly, and improve these precious mo-
ments?"

"Your sister says well, Captain Har-
ton," exclaimed Harvey, who had re-
entered unseen; "we must go at once. Here
is food to eat, as we travel."

"But who is to see this fair creature to
safety?" cried the captain. "I can never
desert my sister in such a place as this."
"Leave me! leave me!" said Frances;
"I can descend as I came up. Do not
doubt me; you know not my courage nor
my strength."

"Captain Wharton," said Birch, throw-
ing open the door, "you can trifle with
your own lives, if you have many to
spare. I have but one, and must nurse it.
Do I go alone, or not?"

"Go, go, dear Henry," said Frances, em-
bracing him; "go; remember our father;
remember Sarah." She waited not for
his answer, but gently forced him through
the door and closed it with her own hands.

Immediately after the noise of their de-
parture had ceased, Harper reappeared.
He took the arm of Frances in silence,
and led her from the hut. The way seem-
ed familiar to him; for ascending to the
ledge above them, he led his companion
across the table land tenderly, pointing
out the little difficulties in their route,
and cautioning her against injury.

Harper finally turned, and, taking the
hand of Frances, spoke as follows:

"You have this night saved your brother,
Miss Wharton. It would not be prop-
er for me to explain why there are
limits to my ability to serve him; but if
you can detain the horse for two hours, he
is assuredly safe. After what you have
already done, I can believe you equal to
any duty. God has denied to me children,
young lady; but if it had been his blessed
will that my marriage should not have
been childless, such a treasure as yourself
would I have asked for his mercy. But
you are my child; all who dwell in this
broad land are my children, and my care;
and take the blessing of one who hopes
yet to meet you in happier days."

Wondering who this unknown but power-
ful friend of her brother could be,
Frances allowed herself to be led, and
due precautions in approaching the dwell-
ing, regained her residence undiscovered
and in safety.

(To be continued.)

FOLDING PARASOLS.

**Like-wise Folding Umbrellas—Old
Fashioned Revival New Feature.**

When men and women now 50
years old and girls parasols were
made with blinged handles, says the
New York Sun. Later came a time
when those parasols went entirely out
of use, supplanted by more modern
parasols with solid sticks. Now folding
handle parasols have come in again,
and there are now to be found also—
these were never heard of in old times—
folding-handle umbrellas.

The handle of the old-fashioned fold-
ing parasol was secured and held in
position when set straight by means
of a sliding band, and unless this band
fitted very nicely and snugly the handle
was likely to wobble more or less. The
modern folding-handle umbrella or para-
sol has joints so made that when the
umbrella is set up complete for use the
joints are invisible and the whole han-
dle is as rigid as a solid stick.

Instead of being held together when
straightened out in place by a sliding
band, the sections of the handle of a
modern folding umbrella are screwed
together.

The tip of the folding umbrella can
also be folded. A twenty-six-inch fold-
ing umbrella, with handle and tip fold-
ed, can be laid diagonally inside a
twenty-four-inch suitcase. Big, mod-
ern, long-stick parasols are now made
with handles jointed so that they can
be carried in trunks.

But while in this modern revival of
folding handle parasols and this pres-
ent day production of folding handle
umbrellas the jointed handles are
largely of this new form of construc-
tion, there is now made and sold a
smaller folding handled parasol called
a parasolite in which the old-fash-
ioned sliding band to cover the joint is
retained. This little parasol has also
a joint in its stick near the top, so that
its top when opened can be turned
down against the stick, in which form
it might in some circumstances be
conveniently useful as a protection against
the sun, one of the uses of the parasol-
ette being found in driving. Closed,
and with its handle folded, the parasol-
ette is scarcely more bulky or cum-
bersome than a good-sized folded fan,
and so it can be conveniently carried.

There are now made for those who
desire them umbrella cases of sole
leather, the umbrella case, which is
among the newer of the many, and var-
ious forms in which luggage equipment
is nowadays to be found, being a slender
and tapering but stout leather
holder of size sufficient to contain a
folding handle umbrella with the han-
dle folded.

Professional Advice.

Physician—You'll have to be careful
this summer and not overexert your-
self.

Patient—Then you think I ought to
take a vacation, eh?

Physician—Certainly not. Didn't I
just tell you not to overexert yourself!

The Limit.

Biggs—The Dops are very exclu-
sive, I understand.

Diggs—Yes, indeed. Why, they even
have wire screens on their doors and
windows so their flies can't get out
and associate with the flies of their
neighbors.

A Man Story.

The Big Fish (boastfully)—Yes, sir,
he was at least ten feet long and must
have weighed 500 pounds if he weighed
an ounce, but the line broke and I got
away from him.—Pack.

Somewhat Different.

Blox—I hear you have been visiting
friends in the country.

Knock—You have got it wrong. I was
visiting relatives.

THE LANG ROAD.

Nobody cares for the lang road, it leads me to home.—MacLaren.

A lad trudges slowly toward home:
Comes thro' field and thro' fen,
From the little red schoolhouse down in the glen.
The day has been weary—has this first day at school,
With its meaningless book and its bothersome rule.
He's been buffeted sore, and the dear dirty face
Wears a wee-begone look and tears' recent trace.
How woe come in a throng!
Oh, the way still is long!
But he hears with glad heart-leap his mother's dear song:

Oh, it's home, home, sweet home! It's owse guid to be there,
An' sae, chief, tho' the road may be weary we gang,
Nobody need care,
An' nae heart need despair,
"Gin the road leads to home, wha cares gin it's lang!"

A pilgrim is pressing toward home!
And the way—the way!
Has been loveless and long; but the pilgrim to-day,
Tho' the burden of years weighs him heavily now,
And the snow of life's winter lies thick on his brow,
Wears the beauty of youth, youth immortal, youth blest,
For he's entering home—he is entering rest.
All unheeded life's pains,
And forgotten its gains,
And an angel-song floats out in rapturous strains:

Like a balm to its mither come to sweet hame an' lieht,
Noo naething mair ever frae hame mak' ye to gang,
An' then out o' the nicht
In the hame lan' sae bricht,
"Gin the road leads to home, wha cares gin it's lang!"

—Woman's Home Companion.

Little Jule

Jule came around the house wheel-
ing the baby in the buggy. She stopped
when she saw the Sick Gentleman sit-
ting on the porch and blushed a little,
feeling that he might have heard her
singing.

Just then the Sick Gentleman sighed.
It happened to be the third sigh that
Jule had heard from him lately. She
stole a glance at his pale, tired face.

"Is it the cough this time, sir?"
she asked. "Can I do anything for you?"

The Sick Gentleman looked amused.
Jule being about as big as a minute,
"You?" said he. "What could you
do, you little scrap of a thing?"

Jule twisted her fingers in the lock
of her hair that would curl over her
forehead, no matter how short her hair
was kept clipped, and looked discon-
certed. "I could try, you know," she
said.

"Well," said the Sick Gentleman,
"suppose you do. I am lonesome, if
you must know, and think I might have
stayed where I was for all the good
Florida is doing me."

"Dear me," said Jule, "if it's lone-
some, I can do that. Baby here, and

"I can say and talk to you awhile,
and she sat down on the step and be-
gan to pull the buggy to and fro, "for
really, you know, it isn't right for you
to feel that way."

"No," said the Sick Gentleman.
"No," said Jule, "that is not the
way to get better."

"But if I don't want to get bet-
ter?" suggested the other, to see, per-
haps, what she might say.

"Dear me," said Jule, "but every-
body ought to want to. Think how
bad you would make your family feel."

"But if there be no family?"
"No mother?"
The Sick Gentleman shook his head.
"Nor father, nor—"
"Anybody."

"Dear me," said Jule again, "then
you are an orphan every way you look
at it."

The Sick Gentleman laughed.
"So an I, you know," said Jule, re-
garding him gravely.

"You?"
"It was Jule's turn to nod.
"Of course, I can't say I've nobody.
There was Mrs. Tansome—"
"Yes," encouragingly.

"She took me when my mother and
father died, and kept me until I was
nearly grown."
"Grown?" repeated the Sick Gentle-
man.

"Most seven, you know," explained
Jule, picking up the baby's orange for
the fourth time. "Then Mrs. Tansome
died and they tried to get me into the
orphan asylum, but there wasn't any
down in this part of Florida, and the
doctor's wife, she let me stay with
her till I was nine. Then she moved
away."

"And then?"
"Mrs. Wayne, here, took me to play
with baby, because the boarders kept
her so busy. Of course, I can't say
I've nobody, for baby, she seems like
she is almost mine."

Ignorant.
"Women," remarked the young man
with the sorry look, "are delusions and
snarls."
"So?" queried the innocent bystander.
"Yes, verily," rejoined the y. m. "Not
many moons ago I cut out cigars and
lived on free lunch two weeks in order
to blow myself on an opera and a sup-
per for a young woman. After supper
I asked her to marry me, and what
kind of an answer do you suppose she
handed me?"
"Give it up," rejoined the l. b.
"She said she was very sorry," con-
tinued the y. m., "but I was entirely
too extravagant to make a good hus-
band."

VIRGINIA MERCHANT RID OF A VERY BIG GRAVEL STONE

Another Remarkable Cure of Serious Kidney Trouble.

C. L. Wood, a prominent merchant
of Ferris, Norfolk Co., Va., was suf-
fering some months ago with frequent
attacks of hard pain in the back, kidneys
and bladder and the kidney secretions
were irregularly scanty or profuse.
Medical treatment failed to cure him.
"At last," says Mr.
Wood, "I began using
Doan's Kidney Pills,
and before one box was gone I went
through four days of intense pain, finally
passing a stone one-half by five-six-
teenths of an inch in diameter. I
haven't had a sign of kidney trouble
since."

Sold by all dealers, 50 cents a box.
Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Aguinado Leading Staple Life.

Aguinado, the famous Filipino chief-
tain, is now engaged in the work of a
shipbuilder. He has a shipyard on the
Neimlos river, at Cavite Veno, a village
near Cavite; is thoroughly reconciled
to American rule and has taken the
oath of allegiance. He is now about 38
years old, first came into fame in 1896
when he led the revolt of his country-
men against Spanish rule. Thereafter
he was constantly active as an insur-
gent until America conquered Spain,
whereupon he took up arms against the
conquerors and caused this country far
more trouble than Montezuma caused
Devey until he was finally captured by
Funston. Aguinado, it is said, had been
a close student of the life of Napo-
leon and was credited with an ambi-
tion to be a military leader such as
was the "Little Corsican."

The Peruna Almanac in 8,000,000 Home.

The Peruna Lucky Day Almanac has
become a fixture in over eight million
homes. It can be obtained from all
druggists free. Be sure to inquire early.
The 1908 Almanac is already pub-
lished, and the supply will soon be ex-
hausted. Do not put it off. Speak for
one to-day.

Hard to Satisfy.

"Physicians," remarked the thought-
ful thinker, "are hard to satisfy."
"How's that?" queried the party at
whom the remark had been aimed.
"If their patients get well," explained
the t. t., "they lose them, and if they
die they also lose them."
Whereupon the party of the second
part dashed around the corner.

ALMOST A SOLID SORE.

Skin Disease from Birth—Fortune Spent on Her Without Benefit— Cured Her with Catarrh.

"I have a cousin in Hockingham Co.
who once had a skin disease from her
birth until she was six years of age.
Her father had spent a fortune on her
to get her cured and none of the treat-
ments did her any good. Old Dr. —
suggested that he try the Cuticura
remedies, which he did. When he com-
menced to use it the child was almost
a solid scab. He had used it about two
months and the child was well. I
could hardly believe she was the same
child. Her skin was as soft as a baby's
without a scar on it. I have not seen
her in seventeen years, but I have
heard from her and the last time I
heard she was well. Mrs. W. P. Ingie,
Burlington, N. C., June 16, 1905."

Something Practical.

Just in the outskirts of Seasideville
team of horses, driven by an old farmer,
was dragging a split log over the road.
"What's all this?" asked the man in
the automobile.
"Sorry, sir," answered the old farmer.
"but you'll have to turn out. This is the
good roads movement."

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach
the diseased portion of the ear. There is
only one way to cure deafness, and that is
by constitutional remedies. Deafness is
caused by the inflammation of the mucous
lining of the Eustachian tube. When
this tube is inflamed you have a running
sound of imperfect hearing, and when it is
entirely closed, deafness is the result, and
unless the inflammation can be taken out
and this tube restored to its normal con-
dition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine
cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh,
which is nothing but an inflamed condition
of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any
case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that
cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
Send for circulars, free.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
F. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Not the Same.

Miss Passy—You seem to think it's
pretty well settled that I'd marry him
if he proposed.
Mr. Poppey—Yes.
Miss Passy—The idea! So you think
a girl is ready to say "yes" to any man
who asks her?
Mr. Poppey—No, I don't say that a
"girl" is.—Philadelphia Press.

Only One "RHOMO QUININE"

This is LAXATIVE RHOMO QUININE. See
for the signature of E. W. GILVIE. Used
the world over to cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

World's Coal Consumption.

The total consumption of coal in the
world is considerably over fifty thou-
sand tons an hour. Of this great
great quantity about twelve thousand
five hundred tons is required to heat
the boilers of stationary, marine and
railroad engines. The production of
pig iron consumes over five thousand
tons an hour. The average hourly con-
sumption of coal in households is con-
sidered to be about ten thousand tons.

A Rap at Harvard.

"They don't sing 'Fair Harvard' any
more."
"What do they sing?"
"Spare Harvard."—Yale Record.

...to home happiness a solid
over small stepping stones. So
small sometimes are the causes of our
unhappiness that we wonder the conse-
quences can be so great. One great
palliative is the determination by
every member of the family not to
dwell on the circumstances, whatever
they may be, which