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A certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Old Chronic Sores, Fever Sores, Eczema, Itch, Prairie Scratches, Sore Nipples and Piles. It is cooling and soothing. Hundreds of cases have been cured by it after all other treatment had failed. It is put up in 25 and 50 cent boxes.

Photographing a Bubble.

After running horses, jumping athletes, flying cannon balls, flashes of lightning and the shifting spectral lines of revolving double stars have been successfully photographed the airy soap bubble has furnished a stumbling block that the scientific photographer has had great difficulty in surmounting. Lord Rayleigh, in a lecture before the Royal institution of London, said that for some time it had been his ambition to photograph a soap bubble in the act of breaking.

He anticipated great difficulty because he knew the time occupied in the disappearance of a breaking bubble must be but a small fraction of a second.

Whoever has watched a brilliant soap bubble burst knows how instantaneously it vanishes. Lord Rayleigh thought it might take one-twentieth of a second, but by repeated experiments he found that the time occupied in the disappearance of the iridescent film was not more than one three-hundredth of a second.

To catch and picture a vanishing film between the instant of its breaking and that of its complete extinction proved a most difficult undertaking, but it was accomplished.

Some persons may think that it would be equally difficult to photograph a lightning flash, but it must be recollected that lightning makes an intensely vivid impression, while the soft reflection of a soap bubble is evanescent, even in the bright glare of an electric spark.

From printing the image of the flying edge of a broken bubble in the three-hundredth of a second to disclosing the existence of great nebulæ in the heavens by the cumulative effect of several hours of continuous exposure, the modern photographic plate is performing many wonders in behalf of science, and proving itself one of the most powerful means at man's disposal to unlock the secrets of nature.—Youth's Companion.

How Pomades Are Made.

The transforming of flowers, once grown and picked, into marketable perfumes and pomades is not an affair requiring great skill. You can do the thing yourself on a small scale if you have a garden. Take a frame like a window sash, holding a single pane of glass; wash the glass carefully and cover both sides of it with a thin layer of grease made of two parts of lard and one of tallow. Pick off the petals of a lot of roses and violets, throwing the rest of the flowers away, and lay them over the greased. Have a dozen such frames thus prepared and stack them up by laying them evenly on top of one another.

Thus you will have a series of closed chambers, each containing a layer of flower petals between a floor and a ceiling of grease. Fat or oil of any kind has a strong affinity for perfumes, and so the grease absorbs the smell of the violets or roses. Put in fresh petals every day, and at the end of two or three months the grease will be intensely impregnated with the odor of the flowers.

Scrape it off the glass and then put it in alcohol. The latter has an affinity for the perfume even stronger than that which the grease possesses, so it will quickly absorb it from the grease, and upon pouring the alcohol off into another vessel you will have exquisite eau de cologne.—Washington Star.

Three Curious Bells.

There is a curious legend connected with the bells of Messingham church. It is said that a long, long time ago a traveler was passing through Messingham when he noticed three men sitting on a stile in the churchyard and saying, "Come to church, Thompson, come to church, Brown," and so on. Being very much surprised, he asked what it meant, and was told that, having no bells, they called folks to church in this way. The traveler remarked that it was a pity so fine a church should be without bells, and at the same time asked the men if they could make three for the church, promising to pay for them himself.

They undertook to do this. They were respectively a tinker, a carpenter and a shoemaker. When next the traveler passed that way he found the three men ringing three bells, which said, "Ting, tong, pluff," being made respectively of tin, wood and leather!—London Tit-Bits.

Two Foreign Languages Necessary.

A professional man ought to know at least two foreign languages. If he has a decided penchant for lingual studies—and a strong bent of mind usually indicates special capacity—it may be worth while for him to extend his list to Italian and Spanish, even to go outside of these; but French and German he ought to possess as part of the very means of his contact with modern life. These languages will admit him to everything that is valuable in the newest thought of the time, since it may be truly said that a production which does not speedily see the light, either originally or by translation, in English, French or German is either not worth special attention or can be calmly waited for.—Interview in Boston Herald.

Rainy Day Costumes for Boston Women.

The Woman's Dress Reform club in Boston numbers some 200 members, comprising teachers, doctors, writers and other professional workers. The first rainy day all the members are pledged to appear in a stormy weather costume, consisting of a kilted skirt in waterproof cloth reaching a little way below the knees and revealing gaiters of waterproof cloth or riding boots. A reefer coat will cover the upper part of the figure and a tarpaulin hat completes the costume.—New York Sun.

The Chinese lay down bamboo rods for young oysters to cling to, and give them no special attention. When a fair number are mature, they pick up the rods and carry large and small to market, without separating them from the rods.

The day of the ignoramus is over forever! There is no longer any room for him in civilized lands, except in the kinds of work that no one likes to do, and even from them he is sure to be driven at last.

TWO TYPES OF BAD MEN

THE REAL THING IS IMITATED BY THE PLATED ARTICLE

Sometimes It Is Hard to Tell Them Apart, Though, and in Experimenting One Is Liable to Run Up Against the Wrong Kind—Two Striking Examples.

"Bad men in the west break into two classes," said a gentleman, late of Silver City, "the sure enough and the imitation bad man. One is a killer and the other simply blusters. The two sorts look alike, talk alike, garb themselves in big hats, bell guns on their hips, swear and guzzle and follow each other's suit from first to last. For which reasons it is hard to tell the real thing from the counterfeit. The only sure way of distinguishing the true, solid silver bad man from the plated fellow is to test them as fast as presented.

"Russian Bill, who, in the early eighties was a rustler in the valley of San Simon in Arizona, and a singularly industrious horse and cattle stealer of that shameless region, was an imitation bad man. He was a great talker, and—bear him tell it—had filled more graves than an epidemic. It is doubtful, however, if he ever drew human blood, and the other rustlers similarly regarded him as a man of no courage. It turned out a case of the magpie and the peacocks with the Russian though, for one evening the impulsive denizens of Shakespeare, A. T., took Bill's word for it and incontinentally hung him de bene esse.

"The Russian had company, though, for they stretched another gentleman, time and free the same, yclept Sandy King. There was no discount, however, on King. One could have taken a brace and bit and bored clear through him and struck nothing but clean strain game. King and Russian Bill were together on the occasion of their apprehension and taking off, and were decided specimens of the two types of bad men.

THE NAME OF BILL.

"Bill, as a name, has been the property of a good many of the fighters of the west. Frequently some affix or prefix went with it to keep the blood bedewed Bills from getting all mixed up. There have been a Curly Bill, a Wild Bill, a Navajo Bill, a Buffalo Bill, a Poker Bill, a Cheyenne Bill, a French Bill, an Antelope Bill, a Russian Bill, a Brancho Bill, a Canadian Bill, a Monte Bill, a Butcher Knife Bill and Bill Bonney, or Billy the Kid, that I have known of.

"Cheyenne Bill was and is one of the false killers referred to, and always trying to run a bluff upon some tenderfoot and scare him to death. Raton, N. M.—pronounced Ratoon—does not, as a community, rise early of a Sunday morning, and as I once, back in 1881, came out of the hotel in the still and early hours of that holy day, I heard a voice over on the next street raised to a point between a threat and a command. My attention was at once attracted, and getting out where I could see I found Cheyenne Bill in slow but threatening pursuit of a reluctant tenderfoot who had come in on the train the night before. What the row was about I didn't know.

"'Stop what you be, or I'll pull on you!' commanded the vaporish Bill in a fierce tone, his hand on his six-shooter and following along after the stranger some two rods behind.

"To give the tenderfoot his due, while he kept walking away from Bill, he appeared more disgusted than scared, and while he said nothing and did not turn on his would be captor, nevertheless he received his orders to halt with becoming contempt, and kept straight on.

BILL AND THE TENDERFOOT.

"Except for my presence, Cheyenne and his victim had the town to themselves, Jack Hixenbaugh, the marshal, and the rest of the citizens being sensibly in bed. I had seen a Chinaman run Cheyenne around once over in Trinidad, and knew there was no more to be feared from him than from the last calf on the range, and shouting over to him I so informed the person from the east and advised him to go after the doughty Cheyenne and pull his head off. The tenderfoot had about made up his mind to do it anyhow, and my vote settled it. He turned and started for Bill, whereupon that person at once lost all his valor and fled briefly.

"The tenderfoot caught up with him, however, and eased his surcharged soul by three or four forceful and very meritorious kicks. This seemed to do both Bill and the shorthorn a world of good, and the former avoided the fifth by plunging up a stairway. The tenderfoot wanted to charge after Bill and kill him completely, but I urged a different view and pointed out the fact that Bill took his gun with him and that if he found himself cornered he might shoot.

"Curly Bill was another of the riotous and desperate sort. His range in 1881 and 1882 was southwestern New Mexico and eastern Arizona. No one knew where Curly Bill hailed from, but if there's truth in Scripture, where he was going was plain to all. He was reputed, when I saw him, to have killed nineteen men, and had the air of one who was looking hard for a chance to make it a score. Curly Bill has found his grave somewhere out in the arid wastes he patroled, as nothing has been heard of him for some time."—Kansas City Star.

Gave Himself Away.

One day in a chat with a friend he said to me: "Has it ever occurred to you that when old age deprives you of much of your present ability to earn a living you will be obliged to look to your friends for support, or else become a charge at some one of the charitable institutions?" I confess I am neither a money maker nor a money saver, but bet is dollars to doughnuts that the person who thus twitted me of my weakness simply echoed as he did so the general plan which he, in the cold blood of middle age, is counting on as his resource when he shall get too old to be indispensable.—Detroit Free Press.

A Strange Romance.

Plans have been laid for the presentation at the Douglas county jail in a few days of a drama of love and law, the like of which has never been attempted, with one exception, on the mimic stage or in real life. The climax of the play will be the marriage of a condemned murderer and self confessed thief and ex-convict to a woman who has clung to him through all his troubles and is willing to clasp his hand, red with the innocent blood of two helpless old people, and swear to love, honor and obey him until death, directed by the strong arm of the law, doth them part.

Ed Neal, who is to be executed, is to be married to a woman of the town known as Josephine Clarke. The story of their wooing is unequaled in the annals of love. Shortly after his arrest and return to this city, and after he was confined in the county jail, she appeared upon the scene. She talked with him through the bars and offered words of encouragement both to the accused and his attorneys. Long before the case was called for trial in the district court this woman not only rendered valuable assistance in the way of looking up testimony, but even went further, and out of her own earnings paid many of the bills incident to the trial.

When the case was called each day she was an interested spectator, occupying a front seat within the bar and as near the prisoner as possible. After each session of the court she followed him to the jail door, and after the man was locked in his cell she would stand under his window for hours at a time talking in a low tone of voice trying to cheer him. When he was convicted she made several efforts to effect his escape.—Omaha Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Death of a Buffalo Bill Indian.

Paul Eagle Star, one of Colonel Cody's Indians, has died at the Sheffield infirmary from an accident which befell him while the Wild West show was on a visit to that town. He and a number of other Indians were riding in the arena, when his horse swerved against a part of the boarding. Eagle Star sustained a compound fracture of his leg, one of the fractures being close to the ankle. For a time he made favorable progress, but lockjaw set in, and from this he died.

Mr. Crager, Colonel Cody's chief interpreter, sat up with him the whole of Sunday night, and he was visited also by Short Bull, one of the Indian chiefs. The deceased was a Brule Sioux Indian, twenty-five years of age, and was a prisoner of war, having taken part in the last Indian rising. He was married. His wife and children are living at the Rosebud agency, United States.—London News.

Fossil Footprints in Connecticut.

Several footprints of reptiles of various dimensions have lately been discovered about three miles from Holyoke, upon the rock in G. L. Bosworth's quarry near the shore of the Connecticut river, which have caused considerable excitement and elicited many inquiries.

These discoveries occur not infrequently, more than 12,000 such footprints having already been brought to light, and, in fact, it is well known throughout the scientific world that the new red sandstone of the Connecticut valley, which extends about 100 miles from north to south and averages about twenty miles in width from east to west, is one of the most prolific depositories of fossil prints. Slabs of this stone, having upon them the wonderful indentations, can be found in almost all the museums of this country and Europe.—Springfield Republican.

A Bit of Human Nature.

A grocer not far from my place of abode has been this year selling for eighty cents the same sized basket of peaches that he last year disposed of for five dollars. This is not at all singular considering the profusion of the fruit this year and the scarcity last.

"It's funny, though," as he told me, "that the people who took their high priced baskets without a word are now sending me complaint after complaint because they find a little poor fruit in the basket. Why, last year they were very bad."

It is odd until you come to think that everybody thinks out of this year's abundance his grocer ought to select him a perfect order.—New York Herald.

What Is a Home?

When the late Timothy Smith died he left a will in which he directed his executors to provide a "home" for his sister during her life. The executors do not construe the word "home" in the same sense as does the sister, and Lawyer Childs came before Judge Morton to ask that a suit to have the court say what the word means be set for a hearing. Mr. Childs said that the executors hold that the word "home" means simply "shelter," and consequently have given the sister an empty house, nothing more.—Boston Traveler.

Indians as Weather Prophets.

The Indians of the Colorado desert have an extraordinary way of fortelling the weather. They not only prognosticate for a few days, but for six months and sometimes a year. Last fall they told everybody that we should have a cool summer in the desert and that the fruit would be late. They were right. The fruit was very late this summer. They declare that next year will be an early summer, and that the fruit will ripen early. What they base their predictions upon is unknown.—Yankee Blade.

Saved by Austin Bidwell.

Austin Bidwell, the man who has already suffered eighteen years' penal servitude for participation in a fraud on the Bank of England in 1873, recently saved a fellow prisoner from drowning in the river at Chatham, where they were working. Mr. Matthews has accordingly decided to remit eighteen months of the twenty years, which, except in the case of murderers, usually constitutes a "life" sentence. Bidwell will therefore be liberated in about five months' time.—Pall Mall Gazette.

FOR DYSPEPSIA
Ayer's Sarsaparilla
Is an effective remedy, as has been conclusively proved in my case. I was a constant sufferer from dyspepsia for a long time and he most powerful remedies in every case, of which I took an apothecary's store of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, but I found no relief, at a cost of $25. Seeing my family must soon become a stranger believe it to be the best.—P. F. McNulty, Hackmatack, Lowell, Mass.

FOR DEBILITY
Ayer's Sarsaparilla,
Is a certain cure, when the complaint originates in impoverished blood. I was a great sufferer from a low condition of the blood and general debility, becoming at last so reduced that I was unfit for work. Nothing that I did for the complaint helped me so much as Ayer's Sarsaparilla, a few bottles of which restored me to health and strength. I take every opportunity to recommend this medicine in similar cases.—C. Evick, 14 E. Main st., Chillicothe, Ohio.

FOR ERUPTIONS
And all disorders originating in impurity of the blood, such as boils, carbuncles, pimples, blotches, salt-rheum, scald-head, scrofulous sores, and the like, take only
Ayer's Sarsaparilla
PREPARED BY
DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.
Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING
Epps Cocoa
BREAKFAST
"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by grocers, labelled thus:
JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists
London, England.

Dr. Grosvenor's
Bell-cap-sic
PLASTER.
Gives quick relief from pain.
Rheumatism, neuralgia, pleurisy and lumbago cured at once. Genuine for sale by all Druggists.

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HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair.
Promotes a luxuriant growth.
Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color.
Cures scalp diseases & hair falling.
50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

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Sufferers Should Use Piso's Cure for Consumption. Sold by druggists everywhere. Only 25 cts. in the U.S. 50 cts. in Canada. Of HISCOX & CO., N. Y.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.
THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

How to Succeed.

This is the great problem of life which few satisfactorily solve. Some fail because of ill health, others want of luck, but the majority from insufficient grit—want of nerve. They are nervous, irresolute, changeable, easily get the blues and "take the spirits down to keep the spirits up," thus wasting money, time, opportunity and nerve force. There is nothing like the Restorative Nervine, discovered by the great specialist, Dr. Miles, to cure all nervous diseases, as headache, the blues, nervous prostration, sleeplessness, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, fits and hysteria. Trial bottles and fine book of testimonials free at F. G. Fricke & Co.'s.

For many years Mr. B. F. Thompson, of Des Moines, Iowa, was severely afflicted with chronic diarrhoea. He says: "At times it was very severe; so much so, that I feared it would end my life. About seven years ago I chanced to procure a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It gave me prompt relief and I believe cured me permanently, as I now eat or drink without harm anything I please. I have also used it in my family with the best results. For sale by F. G. Frickie & Co.

Wonderful Success.

Two years ago the Haller Prop. Co. ordered their bottles by the box—now they buy by the carload. Among the popular and successful remedies they prepare is Haller's Sarsaparilla & Burdock which is the most wonderful blood purifier known. No druggist hesitates to recommend this remedy.

For sale by druggist.

Good Looks.

Good looks are more than skin deep, depending upon a healthy condition of all the vital organs. If the Liver be inactive you have a Bilious Look, if your stomach be affected you have a Dyspeptic Look and if your Kidneys be effected you will have a Pinched Look. Secure good health and you will have good looks. Electric Bitters is the great alterative and Tonic acts directly on those vital organs. Cures Pimples, Blotches, Boils and gives a good complexion. Sold at F. G. Fricke & Co's Drugstore. 50c per bottle.