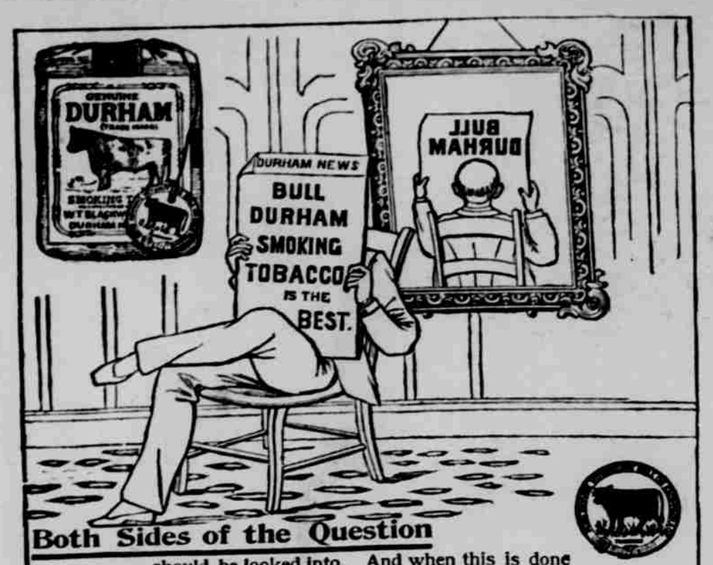

Both Sides of the Question

should be looked into. And when this is done the intelligent smoker uses BLACKWELL'S

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UNDER A MOVING TRAIN.

Sensations of a Man Who Thought His Last Hour Had Come.

To fall under a running railroad train, to lie on the rail and see death approaching one at the rate of fifteen miles or so an hour and only a few feet distant, is an experience not given to many to be able to relate. Yet this is what happened to a Chicago man.

"How did it happen? What were you thinking about?" he was asked the other day.

"Well," he replied, "I had no time to find out how it happened, but I do remember a good many things that I thought of while it was happening. Now it seems utterly impossible to me that such a flood of thoughts could flash through my brain and leave their individual and distinct impressions as did in the almost immeasurable short space of time that I lay on the rail in front of those wheels. It is said that just at the moment of one's death the whole doings of a lifetime are held up for review in less time than it takes to wink one's eye. I can readily believe it.

"In less than a second I thought of the many railroad accidents of which I had read. It flashed through my mind that I had often seen men credited with willful negligence or reckless intention in allowing themselves to be killed or maimed, and there I was on the track ready to furnish another illustration. Yes, sir; there I lay, flat on my back on the rail and saw the wheels of the after truck of the car come rolling along and only a few feet away. It almost seemed as if I felt them crushing and grinding my bones, yet I had, it seems, time to think also of how easily a fellow gets killed.

"I thought how foolish it was to accuse others of foolhardiness in getting run over when I myself was about to become a horrible example. I thought of how often I had 'let up lightly' engineers and conductors and helped to take the blame from them and put it on the fellow who got killed. But my greatest regret, in the time I had to think, was that I had so often adversely criticised the man who got run over.

"Strange as it may seem, however, these were not half my thoughts. I realized that I was yet alive, in the best of good health, every bone and limb sound, so to speak, and the next instant I would, I felt, be ground into pieces and my flesh and bones spattered over the railroad track. There was no power in the world to help me, so it seemed; not all that the engineers or conductors or brakemen could do would be of any avail. Then it flashed through my mind that I was on the brink of the other world and I had not even a chance to make one repentant prayer. I wondered what it would mean for me.

"While these ideas were running through my mind I must have made some sort of an effort to escape. I have no knowledge of how I did it, but I did roll off the rail outward. The wheel caught my heel, though at first it seemed as if my foot was cut off above the ankle and I was powerless to move it. I managed to get onto my right foot and balance myself on that for a second, to get my thoughts together as to what I shoud next do. It has taken me ten or fifteen minutes to tell this thing, but it did not, I should judge, from the rate the train was going, take anything like a second of time for it all to happen."—Chicago Tribune.

Took His Word for It.

At the battle of Seven Pines or Fair Oaks the Fifth New Jersey, in connection with the regiments of the Second brigade, and others, ably attested the universal confidence reposed in them by their commanders. Senator Wade, at Bull Run, said, "Give us a brigade of these Jerseymen and we'll beat the enemy still."

During the engagement of June 1 a Union soldier had his leg shot off by a ball from the enemy's artillery.

Captain Ramsey ordered one of his men (an Irishman from New Jersey) to assist the wounded man to the rear. Pat, while giving the necessary assistance, asked the man how and where he had been wounded.

"My leg was shattered by a cannon ball during the last attack," was the reply.

On the way to the hospital a fragment of shell took the already badly wounded man's head entirely off, unnoticed by Pat, who was carrying his comrade in his arms.

Upon arriving at the temporary hospital one of the surgeons, after looking at the man, said: "What did you bring this man here for?"

"Sure, Captain Ramsey tould me to," said Pat.

"Why, the man is dead; his head is completely shattered from his body," replied the doctor.

"His head, is it? Oh, the blaggard; shure and he tould me it was his leg, so he did."—New York Recorder.

How Chinamen Are Shaved.

The Chinese of San Francisco shave nearly every day. A queer little razor it is that they use, too. It is in no respect like our razor, except in the matter of the keenness of its edge. It is a wee bit of a blade, nicely curved into a semicircle. With this tool the Chinese barber scrapes the almost hirsuteless face of his customer and then shaves him around the ears and down the neck to the first bone of the spinal column. The rounded point of the razor is also inserted into the Celestial ear, and every ambitious hair that dares to show itself in the aricular lobe is clipped before it proceeds very far. The Chinaman, you know, is scrupulously cleanly about his ears. A growth of hair in them is considered a mark of low birth or of carelessness or ungenteel habits.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Artistic German Currency.

The German currency is rather artistic. The bills are printed in green and black. They run in denominations from five to 1,000 marks. Their later bills are printed on silk fibre paper.—Golden Days.

Walled Cities in India and China.

The first glimpse we get of an eastern walled city unfolds at once memories of our childhood days, which have perhaps never been awakened since, and the pictures of our childish books, which impressed themselves so vividly upon our minds, are reproduced in the bright colors of old, when we are brought face to face with the quaint battlements and the dark gateways, with the accessories of bright, burning sunshine and turbaned figures and processions of camels and the listless calm of the tropical land. Such old cities are still to be seen in India, still walled in the old fashion and still peopled by the figures of the Biblical picture book.

Closely akin to them are those walled towns standing on the canals of mid-China, passing through which, say at the close of day, when every tower and every roof stands out clearly cut against the brilliant western sky and we are challenged by a grotesque figure, armed with a spear and probably wearing armor, the illusion is complete, and for the moment we find it hard to realize that we are traveling at the end of the Nineteenth century.

Even in much changed Japan there are old cities which still retain their walls of the age of feudalism, and in the very heart of the capital the imperial palace is surrounded by the same quaint fortifications which in old troublous times made it an imperium in imperio, although the walls are crumbling and the gates are never shut, and the moats have been abandoned to the lotus and to carp of monstrous size and fabulous age.—Cor. Chicago Herald.

The Azores.

In 1580 the Azores came under the power of Spain, and in the history of the next twenty years their name is frequent as the favorite battleground of the English and Spanish fleets. The partiality was, indeed, mainly on the side of the former, and for a good reason. These islands lay right in the track of all vessels sailing to and from that enchanted region known then to all men as the Spanish Main. On the highest peak of Terceira, whence in clear weather the sea could be scanned for leagues around, were raised two columns, and by them a man watched night and day. When he saw any sails approaching from the west he set a flag upon the western column, one for each sail; if they came from the east a similar sign was set up on the eastern column.

Hither in those days came up out of the mysterious western seas the great argosies laden with gold and silver and jewels, with silks and spices and rare woods, wrung at the cost of thousands of harmless lives and cruelties unspeakable from the fair lands which lie between the waters of the Caribbean sea and the giant wall of the Andes. And hither, when England too began to turn her eyes to El Dorado, came the great war galleons of Spain and Portugal to meet these precious cargoes and convoy them safe into Lisbon or Cadiz before those terrible English sea wolves could get scent of the prize.—Macmillan's Magazine.

Important Advice.

A gentleman who believed that to an important extent clothes made the man, even when the man is a royal personage, visited the Comte de Chambord at Frohsdorf a few years ago. The Comte de Chambord was the grandson of Charles X, the last Bourbon king of France, and the French Royalists called him Henri V, and hoped, until his death, in 1883, to restore him to the throne. The marquis, of whom this story is told, was a Parisian, a man of fashion and an ardent Royalist. The Comte de Chambord was glad of an opportunity to talk over political affairs with a man who must know what was going on in Paris; so after a few minutes' chat he said: "Marquis, it is not often that I have a chance to talk with any one so well informed on the signs of the times in Paris as yourself. Now in case I return to Paris, what would you advise me to do?"

He waited for a bit of profound political philosophy. The marquis looked at "Henri the Fifth" and hesitated. Should he venture on a great liberty? But his advice had been asked; as a loyal subject he would give it frankly. "Sire—monseigneur," he stammered, "I think you had better give up your German tailor and have your trousers made in Paris." "My trousers!" "Yes, sire; pardon me, but your trousers are out of fashion."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Strange Effects of Extreme Cold.

Dr. Moss, of the English polar expedition of 1875–7, among many other things, tells of the strange effects of the extreme cold upon the candles they burned. The temperature was from 35 to 50 degs. below zero, and the doctor says he was considerably discouraged when upon looking at his candle he discovered that the flame "had all it could do to keep warm." It was so cold that the flame could not melt all of the tallow of the candle, but was forced to eat its way down, leaving a sort of skeleton candle standing. There was heat enough, however, to melt odd shaped holes in the thin walls of tallow, the result being a beautiful lacelike cylinder of white with a narrow tongue of yellow flame burning on the inside and sending out many streaks of light into the darkness.—St. Louis Republic.

An Unlucky Number.

"I should think Pope Leo XIII would be a very unhappy man?" said Judge Pennybunker. "I should think he would be troubled with dreadful forebodings?"

"Why so?" asked Colonel Yerger.

"Because he can never sit down to the table without being the thirteenth—Leo XIII," replied Judge Pennybunker.—Texas Siftings.

Materials for Glass.

For making the best mirrors the necessary silica is obtained from ordinary white quartz, while common window panes are produced from sea sand to a large extent.—Washington Star.

HOW THEY CARRY THEIR MONEY.

Reading the Character of People in the Pocketbooks They Use.

"I can tell you the business of six men out of every ten who come in here, and the social standing of all of them, from the way they carry their money," said a Broadway ticket seller for one of the sound steamboat lines to a reporter.

"Did you ever think how much of a person's individuality is expressed in his method of carrying his money? I see people every day get at their change and have made a study of it.

"That man," said the ticket seller, as an old gentleman who had purchased a pasteboard good for a trip to Boston went out, "is a retired banker. Did you notice that he carried his money in a long morocco pocketbook? That pocketbook is always carried in the inside pocket of his coat, on the right side. It contains a number of bright, clean bills, all neatly smoothed and laid out at full length and right side up. He never folds a bill, I will venture a cigar.

"The young broker or wholesale merchant carries his money in a small case made of seal or lizard skin. He folds the bills twice. His roll is never large, but he has enough on hand to meet any emergency.

"The clubmen invariably carry a roll of clean five dollar bills in their vest pocket, where they can be easily reached. Some carry only gold. James Brown Potter favors gold, and usually carries a few quarter eagles in a small silver case, into which the coins fit without rattling. Lispenard Stewart usually has a roll of new bills in his vest pocket.

"The man who comes in and fishes from a deep trousers pocket a lot of one, two and five dollar bills that have been twisted up like a gun wadding I always set down as a sporting 'gent.'

"The farmer on an excursion to 'Bosting' counts up the price of a ticket in quarters and halves from a tan colored leather pouch that is tied up with a string run through small slits near the top. The seafaring man on his way to his home on the Maine coast carries the proceeds of his last trip in a calfskin wallet. It has been handed down from his father, or perhaps his grandfather, for it is black and shiny with age. It has a long strap passed through a number of cross straps. The cross sections seldom have more in them than tobacco dust or a frayed tax receipt that shows that he owns a house. But in the center of the wallet is a place where bills may be laid out straight and covered with a calfskin flap from either side.

"The man who carries change in his coat pockets has been a car conductor at some time or other. The fellow who draws ten cent pieces from every pocket in his clothes is a peanut man or vender of small wares.

"The women, too, have a variety of ways to carry their money, though their lack of pockets limits their vagaries in that direction. The young woman with fluffy hair, who has the price of her ticket rolled tightly in her palm, has a mysterious storage place for money somewhere. When she is not spending it she puts it where no man will ever go after it, but the place is accessible to her slim fingers in a second."—New York Press.

Reply from the Pew.

"Joe" Jones, one of Sam's numerous brothers, has enlisted in the ministry. His first sermon was preached in a country church at Pine Log before a large congregation of farmers, backwoodsmen and crackers. Sam's methods were followed with considerable success, but when Joe branched off on his own hook he struck a snag. He caused his hearers to wince when, slapping the Bible nearly off the pulpit, he exclaimed:

"A man what will cuss a oath'll steal!"

There was a lively shifting among the pews and much cautious looking around and head shaking. Joe saw, and determined to push his point.

"Brethren and sisters," he repeated, "I want to say to you that a man what will cuss a oath'll steal! What have you got to say to that."

An aged cracker arose at the back of the church and, fastening his glittering gray eye on Joe, drawled through his nose:

"All I got ter say is it's er gol dern lie!"

Joe was so discouraged that he rested on his oars two weeks before making any more bold assertions.—New York Tribune.

Registration in Germany.

In Germany the exigencies of compulsory military service require that a man should be registered from the day of his birth to that of his death. The government must be able to lay hands upon him at any time. A man can accomplish no civil act without producing his papers of identity. He cannot set up in business, nor buy land, nor obtain a situation, nor marry, nor get out of any scrape with the judicial authorities, nor leave the country without satisfying the police as to who he is, where he was born, who were his parents, etc.—London Tit-Bits.

Throwing Men Overboard.

In ancient Scotland the barbarous custom existed which cost Jonah so much inconvenience. When a ship became unmanageable it was usual to cast lots for the purpose of discovering who was responsible for the trouble, and the man upon whom the lot fell was condemned. Instead of human beings dogs used sometimes to be thrown into the sea with their legs bound.—Washington Star.

Not Alone.

Very stout persons may sometimes be noticed glancing at other stout persons with a pleased expression that seems to say, "Well, I'm not as stout as that, any way;" or, "There is some one who is quite as stout as I am." Evidently it is a consoling thought.—Youth's Companion

Telling Diamonds by the Taste.

Diamonds and crystals can be distinguished from glass and paste by touching them with the tongue. The diamonds feel much colder.—New York Journal.

Every Month

many women suffer from Excessive or Scant Menstruation; they don't know who to confide in to get proper advice. Don't confide in anybody but try

Bradfield's Female Regulator

a Specific for PAINFUL, PROFUSE, SCANTY, SUPPRESSED and IRREGULAR MENSTRUATION.

Book to "WOMAN" mailed free. BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga. Sold by all Druggists.

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CHRISTIAN.—Corner Locust and Eighth Sts Services morning and evening. Elder A Galloway pastor. Sunday School 10 A. M.

EPISCOPAL.—St. Luke's Church, corner Third and Vine. Rev. H B. Burgess, pastor. Services: 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School at 2:30 P. M.

GERMAN METHODIST.—Corner Sixth St. and Granite. Rev. Hirt. Pastor. Services: 11 A. M., and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School 10:30 A. M.

PRESBYTERIAN.—Services in new church, corner Sixth and Granite sts. Rev. J. T. Baird, pastor. Sunday-school at 9:30; Preaching at 11 a. m, and 8 p. m. The Y. P. S. C. E of this church meets every Sabbath evening at 7:15 in the basement of the church. All are invited to attend these meetings.

FIRST METHODIST.—Sixth St., betwen Main and Pearl, Rev. L. F. Britt, D. D. pastor. Services: 11 A. M., 8:00 P. M. Sunday School 9:30 A. M. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening.

GERMAN PRESBYTERIAN.—Corner Main and Ninth. Rev. Witte, pastor. Services usual hours. Sunday School 9:30 A. M.

SWEEDISH CONGREGATIONAL.—Granite, between Fifth and Sixth.

COLORED BAPTIST.—Mt. Olive, Oak, between Tenth and Eleventh, Rev. A. Roswell, pastor. Services 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION—Rooms in Waterman block, Main street. Gospel meeting, for men only, every Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock. Rooms open week days from 8:30 a. m., to 9:30 p. m.

SOUTH PARK TABERNACLE.—Rev. J. M. Wood, Pastor. Services: Sunday School 10 a. m.; Preaching, 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Prayer meeting Tuesday night; choir practice Friday night. All are welcome.