Both Sides of the Question

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

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What Has Become of the Phonograph?

What has become of Edison's phonograph? This is one of the most mysterious disappearances of modern times. A few years ago it was announced that the famous American inventor had perfected this instrument, and some public experiments that were given seemed to support this view. A simple little apparatus, costing probably not more than a sovereign to make, was made to reproduce indefinitely any sound, even to a grand instrumental performance that had taken place in another hemisphere. Various were the speculations as to the manifold use of the new contrivance.

Friends at a distance were to hear each other's voices, messages could be left at people's houses which could not possibly be distorted in the process of passing through the mind of an untutored servant, business men could quietly talk into a little trumpetlike aperture and their clerks could hear their actual instructions at any subsequent period. Up to now, however, we have been doomed to disappointment. Where is a phonograph to be bought? I do not know, and none of my acquaintances seems better informed.

In France an article can be patented only on condition that it is bona fide and on sale to the public within a brief period—I believe twelve months. The time has surely come to consider the expediency of such a condition being exacted in England.—London Letter.

A Limit to His Patience.

Saturday afternoon, when vehicles were very thick on Washington street, an old gentleman in a yellow varnished straw hat with a wide curving brim and clothes that had a rustic flavor, and carrying an old black leather valise, sat on an electric car from South Boston, bound to the northern depots. As the car passed Jordan & Marsh's the conductor called out, "Next stop Summer and Winter!" The old gentleman turned around, looking very much surprised. "You don't say so!" he murmured timidly. The car went about two rods farther and came to a dead stop.

There was a jam of teams ahead that didn't seem likely to be broken for some time. People began to get out and go on afoot. The old gentleman sat still, but presently he grew uneasy. In a minute he grew uneasier still and consulted a large, open faced silver watch. He waited about a minute longer, and then he got up and began to climb down off the car.

"Look here!" he called out to the conductor, "I'm willin to stay with ye all summer mebby, but I'll be cussed if I'll set here all winter!"

And he went on down the street.—Boston Transcript.

The Yorkshire Penny Bank.

"Take care of the pennies and the pounds will take care of themselves" is an old maxim of great truth. Exemplification is afforded in the case of the Yorkshire Penny bank, whose trustees have just laid the foundation stone of magnificent new premises in Leeds. This institution has now in its custody 1,440,000,000 of pence—that is, just £6,000,000—of the savings of the people. In 1872 it had only £330,000. Meanwhile, that the managers have found the business of "taking care of the pence," a profitable one appears evident from the fact that their reserve fund has risen from £6,706 to £160,000.

The greater part of the money intrusted to the bank by its depositors is of course invested, and it is stated that the bank has now £1,250,000 out on mortgages and over £4,500,000 in negotiable securities, including £300,000 in consols.—London Tit-Bits.

A Curious Inquest.

There is to be seen just now at the South African general agency, at Cockspur street, Charing Cross, a curious collection of dried up or mummified baboons, taken from a cave near Cronstadt, in the Orange Free State. They have the skin on them still, and in two instances the female has a young baboon clasped in its "arms," as if attempting to save it from some sudden catastrophe. In the cave were also found two human skulls, a dog's head, a bird and the head of an antelope, all imbedded in the wall of the cave and all having the same appearance of great agony or fright.

Several experts have examined the remains with a view of ascertaining, if possible, the cause of death, the most probable theory being a sudden flood.—Cor. Birmingham (Eng.) Post.

A Deaf Woman on an Electric Car.

An elderly lady who lives near Atlanta, is deaf. A few weeks ago she rode on an electric car for the first time in her life, and when she returned home she declared that she could hear perfectly while on an electric car. One of the family went with her, boarded an electric car and found that the elderly lady could hear perfectly.

Nearly Two Thousand Lost Umbrellas.

Fresh evidence of the straying propensities of the umbrella is furnished by the recent annual sale of unclaimed goods at a London depot of the Great Eastern Railway company. No fewer than 1,897 umbrellas were disposed of, all of which had been found unattended in the company's carriages and waiting rooms.

The greatest summer danger comes, as has been said so many thousand times, from uncleanliness. If people would insist on breathing pure air and living in clean houses and neighborhoods the average length of human life would be increased by ten years.

An exhibition called the "Magic Maze of Mirrors" has sprung up in London. As the visitor enters the door he sees a crowd beckoning him from a hundred different angles—an effect produced by one stuffed image.

Joe Webb, the seventeen-year-old giant drum major of the Citizens' band, of Memphis, when dressed in full uniform is said to measure 8 feet 7½ inches to the top of his plume.

Work of the Christian Endeavor Societies.

Those who say there is nothing new under the sun would be sorely put to it to find the counterpart of the Young People's Societies of Christian Endeavor. When, before this year of grace, has the earth thrilled to the tread of 1,200,000 young people bound together with a single pledge—to do what? Pedal a bicycle or swing a tennis racquet? No; to read the Bible and pray every day, to take part regularly in prayer meeting, support their own churches and engage in active Christian enterprises. There's a new aspect of young America for you! Young America? I should rather say Young World.

If any one thinks that Christianity is senescent he has sufficient answer in this army of 1,200 full regiments. It is marching with the steady swing of veterans, and yet with the buoyancy of youth. Now and then an old Christian shrugs his shoulders, "After us, the deluge." True; a deluge of fresher vigor, keener wits, stronger faith. Look at the young people's religious societies of this decade and you will have no fear for the church of the Twentieth century.

To one who believes all this it is indeed astonishing that there are some who never heard of the Christian Endeavor movement, who do not know how, only eleven years ago last February, from the elements of a revival in a church in Maine, an earnest pastor and faithful people, was crystallized this new jewel of the church's scepter, the Christian Endeavor pledge. What was attractive about it? Where were the jokes, the uniforms, the cake and candy, the glitter and gayety that alone were supposed capable of drawing young people? If for nothing else, the world owes this movement its profound gratitude for proving the deep seriousness of the young. It used to be said, "Win them by persons." Now it is said, "Win them by principles."—Harper's Weekly.

A Horse at Home in the Tree Tops.

We have been told of many ludicrous scenes and incidents growing out of the great flood of June 4, and ambitious reporters have busted clouds and milldams, and almost ruined their imaginations in their frantic endeavors to gain notoriety and fame in reportorial journalism, but the incident we are about to relate is true and told without hope of reward. On the Sunday following the flood, after the waters had subsided, L. B. Preston, of Tryonville, discovered that he was minus two horses, and of course search was instituted for the lost.

Near the village is a large wild grapevine that winds affectionately around a tree of good proportions with quite a large spreading top, the vine, as is frequently the case, forming a sort of network among the branches; and there, over ten feet from the ground, in the protecting embraces of the tree top and vine was found one of the lost horses alive and safe. The animal was rescued from his lofty quarters, and is now notorious as a hero and flood relic. If any one can tell a bigger story and speak the truth, let him now take the floor or else forever after hold his tongue.—Centreville (Pa.) News.

Why the Birds Were Lost.

A pigeon flying experiment at Tours has ended in a most remarkable manner, proving the shocking fact that the useful birds, in addition to being excessively greedy, are also given to an overindulgence in strong drinks. Four hundred and twenty-nine pigeons were conveyed by train from Tours to La Bohalle and there let loose. To the astonishment of the various societies interested in the experiment, only forty returned home, and these were in a dazed condition, and quite incapable of finding their respective quarters.

An inquiry resulted in the discovery that at a roadside station a large consignment of black currants had been put into the same van as the birds. The inebriating qualities of the currant juice proved too much for the little travelers, and they were quickly in such a condition that only a small proportion were sober enough to find their way back to Tours.—Exchange.

A Strange Bird in the Pigeon's Nest.

Harry Francis, a boy of thirteen years, living on Pratt street, had a Leghorn hen's egg given him, which he put in charge of two male pigeons. The birds sat upon the egg until within two days of the time for it to hatch, when they deserted it. The boy placed it under another pigeon which was already sitting on two eggs, and Sunday a little brown chick burst its shell.

The foster parent fed the little stranger pigeon fashion, which method seemed to puzzle the chicken, making it amusing to watch them. The newcomer's language appears to be a mystery to the pigeons, but they treat the little fellow well.—Providence Journal.

A Good Deal in a Name.

At a benefit performance at Fiume the other day a farcical piece adapted from the French was performed with the title "Lord Mecknolenwordmaleckmenvillbostrickschedenmeedenolsonn." Our own Miles Peter Andrews once brought out a piece called "The Baron Kinkvervankots-dor-sprakengotchdern," but the Fiume production probably establishes a record for preposterous length.—London Globe.

An Improved King.

One of the annoyances in playing checkers is the occasional slipping off of the top checker whenever a piece is made a king. To avoid this a New York man has devised an extensible checker, consisting of a body and a shell surrounding it, and as soon as a piece becomes a king the extensible portion is easily thrust upward and remains in its place.—New York Letter.

An Odd Catch.

The other day two Rome boys were fishing in Armuchee creek and caught a fine yellow cat. When the fish was cut open they found within it a sight draft on the Atlanta National bank, duly signed and indorsed. The draft called for fifty dollars, and was sent protestable from Buffalo.—Rome (Ga.) Tribune.

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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CATHOLIC.—St. Paul's Church, ak, between Fifth and Sixth. Father Carney, Pastor. Services: Mass at 8 and 10:30 A. M. Sunday School at 2:30, with benediction.

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. Bailey, 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 uncertain 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. Boswell, 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. T. 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.