

The Photo Rocket.
A curious photographic apparatus, in which a camera is raised by a rocket and lowered by a parachute, is being developed by a French inventor, M. Amédée Denoué. In its experimental form, the cylindrical camera has twelve lenses round its circumference with a sensitive plate in its center, and is provided with a shutter which opens and instantly closes as the apparatus commences to fall. The descent is caused by the opening of the attached parachute which is drawn back to the operator by a cord attached before the firing of the rocket. For securing bird's eye views, the photo rocket offers several important advantages over balloons, aeroplanes, and other comparative cheapness, ease of operating and freedom from risk in case of use for military reconnaissance.

Have You Catarrh?—There is one remedy you can try without danger of harm. Send to H. G. Coleman, Chemist, Kalamazoo, Mich., for trial package of his catarrh cure. His only mode of advertising is by giving it away. Postage 2c. Judge for yourself. Mention this paper.

He Got His Money Promptly.
Enfants (Ala.) Times, Oct. 26.

As stated in this paper at the time, Mr. J. M. Rhodes of Enfield, Ala., held ticket No. 46,755 in the October drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery, for which he paid one dollar. It proved to be a lucky ticket, for it drew the capital prize of \$900,000 and entitled Mr. Rhodes to one hundred thousand dollars, or \$15,000. If the ticket had been a whole one for which Mr. Rhodes had paid \$20, he would have received the whole \$900,000. On inquiry, Mr. Rhodes found that he held the right number and forwarded his ticket by express, for collection of his prize. It was promptly cashed in a bank at New Orleans, and the money was duly received by Mr. Rhodes in another day or two and it is now on deposit to his credit in the John N. McNaughton & Co. city. Mr. Rhodes is a most worthy young man of about twenty-one years and of moderate means but recently entered the mercantile business here in company with his brother-in-law, Mr. Ed. F. Long. He is a very capable and very gratifying, it did not daunt or unnerve him, but he took it in a quiet and business like way, and he will handle the money with care and good judgment, as it gives him a good start in business life. For three years his father, Mr. Chamney Rhodes, has been cashier of the John N. McNaughton & Co., in Enfield, and no man in Alabama is thought more of by his friends and those who know him.

Prosperous Northern Settlements in Tennessee, Mississippi, and Louisiana.

The passenger department of the Illinois Central railroad have issued a new pamphlet describing the following prosperous northern settlements in Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana: Jackson, Tenn.; Holly Springs, West Point, Jackson, Miss.; Yazoo City, Terry and Brookhaven, Mississippi; Kentwood, Roseland, Hammond, Crowley, Lake Arthur, Lake Arthur, Lake Charles and Vinton, Louisiana. Hundreds of northern families are now happily located at the above points, and the pamphlet will appear in interesting letters from northern men. It will also give the dates of two special land excursions south each month, from the principal points on the line of the Illinois Central to the States of Tennessee and Louisiana. This pamphlet, and also "Southern Home Seekers' Guide," should be read by every person contemplating a southern trip, either for pleasure, health, or a permanent home. Copies of each will be mailed free on application to the undersigned at Manchester, Iowa. J. F. Merry, General Western Passenger Agent.

The annual consumption of leather in this country is 3,000,000 pounds.

MOTHERS who have delicate children can see them daily improve and gain in flesh and strength by giving them that perfect food and medicine, Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites. Dr. W. A. Hulbert, of Salisbury, Ill., says: "I have used Scott's Emulsion in cases of Scrophulous and debility. In each case, my little patients take it with pleasure." Sold by all Druggists.

Sarah Bernhardt still carries her coffin around with her on her theatrical tours.

THROAT DISEASES commence with a Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" give immediate relief. Sold only in boxes. Price 25c.

Wood can be saved in veneers only one two-hundredths of an inch thick.

Solid Vestibule Trains.

Now run through, over the Great Rock Island Route, between Chicago and Colorado Springs, Denver and Pueblo. Similar Fast Vestibule Express Trains between Chicago and Council Bluffs (Omaha) and between Chicago and Kansas City and St. Joseph. These trains are equipped with new and elegant Day Coaches, Pullman Dining Cars, Dining Cars (east of the Missouri river) and Pullman Sleeping Cars, heated throughout by steam and having all the modern improvements. West of Kansas City and St. Joseph, splendid Dining Hotels are located at convenient stations. The completion of the Colorado extension of the Rock Island system affords the most direct, desirable and only line from Chicago through Kansas and Nebraska to Colorado Springs, Denver and Pueblo, giving choice of routes to and from Salt Lake City, Portland, Los Angeles, San Francisco and the Pacific Coast.

Tickets via this popular route are on sale at all railway coupon ticket offices in the United States and Canada, where time tables, folders, and other literature are furnished free. Address: E. A. Holbrook, G. T. & P. A., Chicago.

The emperor of Germany sleeps, as did his grandfather, on an iron clank bed.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she clung to Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Not a Fair Shake.

"Smith is a mighty mean man, I say," exclaimed Jenkins, warmly. "Why, what has Smith ever done to you?" asked Blenkins, calmly. "Bet me \$10 I couldn't hit a barn door with a revolver at five paces," said Jenkins, angrily. "Taunted me into taking him up. Got me to put up the money. Measured off the five paces in presence of a lot of witnesses. Gave me a revolver loaded—and then set the barn door up edgewise."—Somerville Journal.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County, S. S.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner in the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1888.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood, and cures all mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75 cents.

THANKSGIVING.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

There is a new song in my lips,
The music of life to-day,
The music of a quiet gladness
Upon its seaward way—
The monotone of such content
As to a mortal life is lent.

The song a tiny river sings
That through a meadow glides,
Half hidden by the waving grass,
Its level course divides;
And last of all the hills
That vex no long its infant rills.

Not yet its chant of victory
Re-echoes from the shore;
Not yet is all its duty done,
Its rush and labor o'er;
But ocean breathes every day,
And bright is life that glides away.

A little hymn of gratitude,
Like bird-songs from their nest,
My heart must fashion into speech,
And utter from its rest.
A tender voice of thankfulness
For love that loveth most to bless.

The slow speech of a weary child
That, wandering lost and lone,
Comes hither on its way at last
And nestles to its own.
Wrapped all at once in warmth and peace,
Where the storm and straying cease.

Ah! can it be, at last, at last,
The time of toil and tears,
Of bitter trouble o'erpast,
That hope again appears,
That after all this weary strife
I live to thank thee, Lord, for life!

To gather up the broken clue
And tread the path again
With quiet hope and thankfulness
I find so good a way.
To trust again with such a faith
As once was wounded unto death!

Lord, keep me closer at thy side
As life the sweeter grows,
Lead me in this narrow path,
That thou beneath the rose,
That, dear as home and love may be,
I find them still most dear with Thee.

Written especially for this paper.

AUNT JORIB.

MATTIE G. CAMPBELL.

She was a very disagreeable aunt. She came regularly every Thanksgiving, to make us a visit, and so surely as the year came round we knew that Aunt Jorib and chaos, on a small scale, might be expected, for she had a mania for arranging furniture and she was never in the house an hour before she had a new scheme going. One day she insisted that mother might make more room in the little old study by a rearrangement of the book shelves; the next, she would see them safely back in their old quarters. Once, she heeded mother into changing the place of the family medicines, and then there was confusion for one while; and once, never forgotten in the memory of our family, she insisted on making a mock-mine pie for dessert. Instead of the real article, she had never made one, but her native confidence, a thing that never, for a moment, deserted her, beguiled easy-going mother into thinking that, perhaps, after all, Aunt Jorib was in the right, that the health of the "dear children" was being slowly undermined during the "rearranging" of the pie, and it seemed a queer freak to spend the day traveling.

"You will miss your dinner," said mother. "You will have the more time to prepare for the wedding, if I go," said Aunt Jorib, grimly.

Helen's color faded and I saw Aunt Jorib look at her as if she rather enjoyed it. "When is it to be?" she said. "I have an invitation." What a happy air it will be all around the house, she said, and she actually laughed in Helen's face.

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They had evidently drawn near enough the open door to enable Aunt to recognize the familiar, I looked at her and saw the shabby room to see what she would be likely to condemn therein. I was rewarded by a vision of Tom's heels as he made his escape through the window at the imminent danger of breaking his neck.

"Well, if you persist in using this as a sitting-room, I hardly see the necessity of making a sewing-room of it, and an untidy one at that, Niece Judith."

This was her greeting, but, whatever else it may have been, it was not unexpected. I had known her too long to become vexed at her reproaches. They were taken as a matter of course and treated accordingly. I helped her to her room with her numerous boxes and bundles, helped her to dress for supper, and all with an air of affection which I had almost begun to believe in, myself.

Uncle had left her his entire property, much to the surprise of our family, for he—himself and Aunt—had not lived long. A very good man, and a very married life. She was a very rich woman and felt that money and power were synonymous terms. Perhaps they are; who knows? I was kind to her because mother wished it, and I am sure that mother was not actuated in her kindness by any other motive than the fact that Aunt was father's half-sister; besides, mother could not have been unkind anyway.

"What is the matter with Helen?" inquired Aunt, the next morning. I had come down early to breakfast, and she had found me there alone.

"She—she is not well," I stammered. "Not well? Helen not well? She was well the last time I saw her. Come, come, there must be some trouble. Out with it, child."

"There has been nothing remarked in the family about Helen or her appearance," this somewhat indignantly. "But I know that she is not happy and I do not wonder. She is unhappy, and I do not wonder."

"Ah-ha! That old 'criss'! See! I see! I hardly thought that of Helen. Well, well, I suppose you will be going one of these days. Where is the rich old fellow for you, Niece Judith? Has Helen got it all?"

"I—I it is not so—she is not—she does not want money; it is for the others." I was choking with indignation.

"What others?" "The others, I am sure, but there are more debts on the place, and Helen had the offer, and O dear! There was no help for it." The tears were blinding me, and I could not see very well, yet I thought I detected the slightest expression of interest in my aunt's face; but she said nothing, and I thought maybe I had been mistaken, after all.

I could see that Aunt Jorib watched Helen pretty closely, after that. Helen had always been a quiet, unobtrusive person, and it seemed to me that Aunt Jorib, somehow, suspicious of her, this time, now could anyone think Helen so good? I could not understand it.

"On Thanksgiving morning, Aunt Jorib declared that she must start for home, immediately. She had spent the greater part of each day, during the week, in the city; we were in a suburban town, and it was an easy matter to take the train to the city, and she had spent the day, and it seemed a queer freak to spend the day traveling.

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Aunt Jorib and the lawyer who inerrupted our last Thanksgiving dinner were familiar to me. I had to go to the wedding day. I had to go to the wedding day. I had to go to the wedding day.

Written especially for this paper.

DINAH'S "FANKSGIVIN'."

A Story of the South.

MATTIE G. CAMPBELL.

"Nice appl's, Missus; Yo' want to buy some?" "No to-day; I—"

"De berry nice" appl's yo' kan fin', Missus; I neber got no such appl's as dese yere Sweetin's sen e I kan member on'y on dat dere tree o mine. Sell 'em cheap, missus."

"Well, I will take a few; just empty them into this basket."

"I neber lak to do no beggin', but I 'pear lak yo' boun' to buy jes' a few, dis mawnin', see my li'l gran'child, wots been ailin'?"

"I have been ainkin' 'bout dis 'Fanksgiving', an ole Tom jes' a spilein' to please her. She jes' de sunshin'est chile when she feel good yo' eber did see, but half-cholin' niles, an' she ain't no li'l back dey no use fer try to mek her forget hit; she don't neber say much, missus, but hit nigh 'bout breaks ole Tom's heart to see her lay dere so quiet lak, wiv nufin' to say an' her po' li'l face all drawn out o' shape wiv de pain."

"I could see that the old man's thoughts were with her, but he recollected himself and drew his hand across his eyes with a shame-faced expression."

"Here is yo' li'l Uncle?" "De m'ny mile 'fom yo' missus, down on de line road—jes' de aige o' de town."

I remembered having seen a little hovel there, and wondered how a family could exist in such a tumble-down cabin, especially when the weather was so cold and bleak months to come.

"I think I shall send down for more of the Sweetin's in a few days, Uncle," I said, succumbing to one of those fits of philanthropy which, almost left me a victim to designing rams. "Can you spare me a few, missus, dere's mo' on dat tree dan yo' family cud u o all de fall. Yo' kan hab mo' dan yo' wants." And the old man went off with a beaming face.

Two days before Thanksgiving I remembered my promise.

I stopped the carriage a little way from the old one-story structure, and making my way through the cleanly-swept patch of grass, I detected the slightest expression of interest in my aunt's face; but she said nothing, and I thought maybe I had been mistaken, after all.

I could see that Aunt Jorib watched Helen pretty closely, after that. Helen had always been a quiet, unobtrusive person, and it seemed to me that Aunt Jorib, somehow, suspicious of her, this time, now could anyone think Helen so good? I could not understand it.

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Dark Days Ahead.

Stranger (to Arizona citizen)—What's wrong in this town? It's as quiet as a graveyard.

"A big calamity, pilgrim. Colonel Bilks is dead, and I don't see how we'll get along without him."

"Why? Was he necessary to the town?" "Necessary? Guess so, stranger. He was the only man in these parts that could make a hangman's knot."—Lincoln Journal.

"I am weary of living," moaned poor Mrs. Black. "For I'm fairly worn out with the ache in my back."

My nerves are a chain Of weakness and pain. And my poor head is aching as if it would crack."

"Now, don't be discouraged," cried good Mrs. White. "It is never so dark but there's promise of light in my back."

I can tell you, in brief, What will give you relief—Pierce's Favorite Prescription will soon set you right."

It is the only remedy for woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. See guarantee on bottle wrapper. Large bottles (100 doses) \$1. Six for \$5.

The latest manufacturing enterprise at Cheyenne, Wyo., is a whip factory.

Can a Man Swallow a Cannon-Ball? Well, that depends. He can if his throat is large enough and the cannon-ball not too large. The question really seems worthy of some consideration in view of the size of some of the pills that are prescribed for suffering humanity. Why not throw them "to the dogs," and take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pills? Small, sugar-coated, purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, in glass, and always fresh.

The bricklayer's assistant expects to have a bad winter.

Don't You Know That you cannot afford to neglect that catarrh? Don't you know that it may lead to consumption, to insanity, to death? Don't you know that it can be easily cured? Don't you know that while the thousand and one nostrums and Express remedies are utterly failed that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is a certain cure? It has stood the test of years, and there are hundreds of thousands of grateful men and women in all parts of the country who can testify to its efficacy. All druggists.

A Radical