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TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A CHOICE SELECTION OF INTERESTING ITEMS.

Comments and Criticisms Based Upon the Happenings of the Day—Historical and News Notes.

SOME conscientious vigilantes in California, after hanging an innocent man suspected of murder, politely sent a note of apology to the widow.

A POLICEMAN in Dubuque, Ia., captured a deer with a lasso, on his beat the other night, and attempted to take the animal to the station, but instead was given a lively turn around town, his prisoner finally escaping to the woods.

TO BRING down the mosquitoes that settle by day on the ceiling to wait for their victims at night, fasten the cover of a tin box on a lath, pour a little kerosene in the cover, hold it up close under the mosquito, and he will fall into it every time.

EACH trip of a first-class ocean steamer, say from Queenstown or Liverpool, costs about $20,000. This includes salaries, maintenance of crew, wear of machinery, etc., and a reasonable interest on the money spent in building the vessel.

ENGLISH doctors say that the harsh treatment the boys at Rugby give each other is prolific of malformations, catarrh bronchitis, rheumatism, and consumption. A cold water ducking in January is considered a fine joke on a nervous, pale-faced boy.

THE first offender whom Mayor Post, of Tampa, Fla., called upon Friday morning was the last man who appeared before him when he was Mayor of the town of Tampa five years ago. For the sake of "auld lang syne" his honor only assessed a fine of $1.

IT is estimated that there are over 8,000 families who live in shanty boats along the Ohio River, floating from town to town with the current, tying up where they will, and working for no one. The only thing they respect is a steamboat driving full at them in a dark night.

THE money difference between two Kentucky negroes who were settling up was only 7 cents, but they gazed at the principle of the thing and went at each other with vigor. The one who recovers from his wounds will probably get the change and no doubt feel greatly consoled.

A cow in the outskirts of Jersey City has adopted a young man, or at least tried to, and calls after him with every sign of motherly affection as long as he is in sight. Had Berry Wall ever gotten into a pasture with a motherly old cow she would never have let this cold world take him away again.

A NOVELTY in the washing machine line has just been invented. It is connected with a child's swing, and after the soiled garments, with the proper quantity of soap shavings, have been put in the tub a child is placed in the swing, which is set in motion and moves automatically and turns the washing machine.

A NEW JERSEY man made affidavit that he shook hands with George Washington. It was then discovered that he was not born until eleven years after Washington's death. He says there must be a mistake somewhere as to when the great man passed away, and that history is probably about thirty years out of true.

THE editor of the *Week*, a paper published in the Indian Territory, refused to insert a death notice free, and the man who brought it in pulled his gun and popped the editor over with the remark: "All right! I'll give you a chance to put one in for yourself for nothing!" He will, however, hang for it.

"BY George! Mary, but I have just dreamed that the store was on fire!" said a Cincinnati merchant as he awoke the other night; and half an hour later word came that his establishment had burned out. As the companies refuse to pay the insurance, it would probably have been better had he not dreamed.

A SICK woman of Huntingdon County, Indiana, expressed a strong craving for quail, but her husband said it was unlawful to kill the birds. Shortly afterward visitors came, and, while the invalid was expressing her intense longing, suddenly there was a sound of something in collision with the house, and, upon investigating, six lifeless quails were found.

WHEN the members of the Minnesota Legislature visited the State Prison the other day, the Younger boys, outlaws and murderers, stood in the private office all dressed up, and as each member filed past he was introduced in regular form, the same as at the President's reception. It was considered a great honor by the Solons.

A WRITER in a ladies' journal has a word of encouragement for girls who lament having red hair. The Catherines, who made Russia great, had red hair; so had Maria Theresa, who saved Austria and made it the empire that it is; so had Anne of Austria, who ruled France for so long; so had Elizabeth of England and Catherine Borgia, as well as Marie Antoinette, whose blonde tresses had in them a glint of gold.

SALMON generally attain a length of from three to four feet, and an average weight of twelve to thirty pounds, but these limits of size and weight are frequently exceeded. The heaviest Tay salmon recorded seventy pounds, and the biggest fish taken with a rod and line was a sixty-nine and a-half pounder, which fell to a former Earl of Home.

A STONE glowing at white heat fell from the clouds near the mouth of Pistol River, in Oregon. It resembled granite, weighed over 400 pounds, and imbedded itself several feet in the earth. Persons who saw it went to dig it out, but found it so hot that it could not be touched. After it had been cooled it was removed, and will soon be placed on exhibition.

THERE is never a season when there are less than three treasure-hunting expeditions on foot along some coast, and, outfitted from England, Spain, or the United States—the only three nations which seem to take stock in legends. Two are now in the South seas, one on the coast of Florida, and the fourth in the Caribbean Sea. If any treasure is ever found no one hears of it.

A CITIZEN of Silverton, Idaho, told the people that a snow-slide was booked for a certain night two weeks ago, but they couldn't see it. He sat up alone, therefore, and at 1 o'clock in the morning, while all others were asleep, a million tons of snow broke loose and took a slide of two and a half miles. He has something to brag of for the next ten years.

THE smell of paint may be taken away by closing up the room and setting in the center of it a pan of lighted charcoal, on which has been thrown some juniper berries. Leave this in the room for a day and a night, when the smell of the paint will be gone. Some persons prefer a pail of water in which a handful of hay is soaking. This is also effectual in removing the odor of tobacco smoke from a room.

A STOREKEEPER at Glenmoore, Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, recently had two dozen boxes of axle grease stolen from his place, and making an investigation traced the theft to some Hungarians employed in a neighboring quarry. He visited their huts one day, and was shocked to find a box of his axle grease on the table and the Hungarians eating it on their bread in the place of butter with great gusto.

AN aged widow of Westport, Conn., was stricken with paralysis two years ago. Her condition presents a case that is puzzling the physicians. Her left side is entirely useless and she has lost the power of speech. Her eyes never close, but she pays no attention to visitors, and only at a times to members of the family. For days at a time, after passing into a comatose state, she resembles very much a dead person.

THE first organized Oklahoma raid, it is said, was made at night on April 13, 1880, by thirteen men, two of whom as guides marked the trail by placing old buffalo skulls at prominent ridges, so that the route is known to this day as Hog's Back Trail. A location was selected on April 22. A city six miles square in area was surveyed and three houses built, and then on May 15 came Lieut. Pardee with twelve soldiers and twelve Indian scouts from Fort Reno and arrested the whole party.

CABLE dispatches recently published gave an incorrect explanation of the forwarding to Cuba of some 6,000 soldiers from Spain. It was stated that they were sent to Havana to re-enforce the army there with a view to suppressing revolutionary movements which might be in preparation. It appears that there is nothing unusual in the military operation mentioned above. Under the heading of "Re-enforcements for the Army" a Havana paper, the *Diario de la Marina*, says: "Much comment has been made in regard to the approaching arrival of a certain number of soldiers who are merely destined to fill up the usual ranks of the army. This is only a governmental measure, which is taken every year and which does not excite the attention of anybody. It is not a thing of an extraordinary character, and it is proper that all should be reminded of this."

A Great Medicine.

A patent-medicine man drove his team upon the public square of a country town, tossed a silver dollar into the crowd that quickly gathered, and loudly declared that he could cure every ill to be found in medical advertisements. "I have here, gentlemen," said he, holding up a small bottle, "something that will astonish you all. If there is a dull man in the crowd I will make him sharp; if there is a sick man I will make him well. Of course, you have all been fooled many a time, but if I deceive you I will patiently submit to the ungraceful performance of riding on a rail. Here you old gentleman, you look feeble. Come and take a swallow of this medicine, and if it don't make you feel better I will give you my wagon and team. Come, don't be afraid."

The man stepped up and took a swallow of the medicine. "Don't it make you feel better?" the medicine man asked.

"Hanged if I don't believe it do. Give me another drop."

"Step right up, gentlemen, and for $1 get a bottle of the wonderful elixir. Most wonderful discovery known to the world. Had its discovery been early enough, Andrew Jackson would be living to-day. Here, old gentleman, I warrant you that I can lighten your footsteps. Here, take a swallow."

The last man addressed was a well-known character in the town. He took a swallow, and, when asked if he did not feel improved, shook his head slowly and, turning to the crowd, said: "Boys, there ain't no foolishness about this stuff. Gimme a bottle."

Then there began a rush for the medicine. Men scuffled for places, and the vender saw with pleasure that some of his customers emptied their bottles and then came after more. Late that evening, when the town marshal found most of his neighbors drunk, he realized that the shrewd fellow had been selling whisky and orange juice. The fellow had gone.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

A Playwriter's Luck.

A man with his trousers in his bootops and a whip in his hand called at the box office of one of the detroit theaters the other day, and, after fumbling about in his pockets for awhile, brought out about a dozen sheets of foolscap pinned together and said:

"Here's a play my daughter writ an' composed all by herself. What are you paying this spring?"

"The price is way down," replied the courteous attendant.

"Too many in the market, I suppose?"

"That's it."

"Wall, this is a stepper of a play and no mistake. Four murders in it, and no end of love and banging around."

"I see, but I don't think we could use it."

"House gets afire, and the heorine puts it out with cider," continued the man. "Work in cider and fire and you are sure to hit everybody. I suggested the cider myself."

"Yes, but I told you, the price is way, way down."

"I expect so. How much'll ye give?"

"I am ashamed to make you an offer."

"Pooh! Don't be afraid of hurtin' my feelins! Jest go right ahead and say what ye'll give."

"Well, sir, plays are such a drug in the market that I couldn't offer you over—over twenty-five cents—really couldn't do it."

"Twenty-five?"

"Only twenty-five."

"Gimme the money—she's yours!" said the man, as he handed it in; and after swallowing the lump in his throat and turning about forty different colors, the official passed out the quarter and took in the play and sadly dropped it in the waste basket.—*Free Press.*

WHEN YEARS TELL.

Mr. Billy Florence's First Revelation That He Is Not So Young as He Used to Be.

"It is well enough for people to tell me that I am looking younger than ever, said William J. Florence, comedian, recently, "but I am not to be fooled with that kind of flattery. I am getting along in years—yes, I'm a spring chicken no longer."

"That's the way Billy talks nowadays," said Mr. Joseph Jefferson, "yet he is two years younger than I am."

"And you're no spring chicken, either," retorted Mr. Florence. "No, we've got to make up our minds, Joe, that descrepit age is stealing upon us. It isn't the pleasantest food for reflection, but it becomes a man who has lived threescore years."

"The first intimation I had that I was no longer young," continued Mr. Florence, "was last summer when I made an excursion up the Thames with a select party of London club-men. Lord Charles Fitzlush and Sir Alan Geoffrey Gosh induced me to go—in fact, a lot of the Garrick club boys got after me, and—well, what could I do or say?—of course I had to go along. The day after we returned—or, rather, the day we were brought back from that boat ride—Sir Alan came around to see me at Morley's. I was still abed; I contemplated staying there forever; I felt, oh! indescribably wretched. But Sir Alan was brisk as a lark. As he entered the room he stopped.

"'Excuse me,' said he, 'I thought this was Mr. Florence's room. I beg your pardon.'

"'Come in, Sir Alan,' said I.

"'Beg your pardon, but have I ever met you before?' asked Sir Alan.

"He was not joking; he was in dead earnest. What ailed him, I wondered.

"'Aha, good joke,' said I, trying to be merry in spite of the Omaha flavor in my mouth and a high-altitude pressure in my head. 'Aha, good joke; but come now, I say, old fellow, let's be serious.'

"'It is you, after all, isn't it?' exclaimed Sir Alan. 'Pon me honor, I'd never have known you but for your voice. You've changed so beastly much, old man, don't you know.'

"'Egad, have I?' says I, and for a fact I felt changed. Had never had those Omaha and high-altitude symptoms before. Crawled out of bed, tottered over to the mirror, and looked at myself. Then pinched myself to see if I was dreaming.

"'Send for a doctor,' says I, crawling back into bed and pulling the clothes up over my head. Sir Morrell Mackenzi came. 'Sir dock,' says I, 'what ails me? I never was so before I went boating on the Thames with those Garrick Club boys.' I showed him photographs of myself taken only a fortnight before; he sounded my lungs, listened to my heart, looked at my tongue, felt my pulse, and tested my breath with medicated papers.

"'As near as I can get at it,' said he at last, 'you are a victim of misplaced confidence. You have been training with the young bucks when you should have been ploughing around with the old stags. You must quit it. Otherwise it will do you up.'

"Well, now, that was the saddest day of my life; just think of shutling down on the boys after being one of them for sixty years! But Sir Morell told the truth. The Garrick Club boys were terribly mad about it; they said Sir Morell was a quack and they adopted resolutions declaring a lack of confidence in his professional skill. But my mind was made up. 'Billy,' says I to myself, 'you must let up. You've made a record; it is a long one and an honorable one. Now you must retire. Your life henceforth shall be reminiscent and its declining years shall be hallowed by the refulgent rays of retrospection.' To that resolution I have adhered steadily. People tell me that I am as young as ever, but, no—they cannot fool me—I know better."

"Just to illustrate the folly of all that talk," said Mr. Jefferson. "I'll tell you what I saw last night. When I returned to the hotel after the play I went up and found Billy and the President of the Philadelphia Catnip Club at supper. What do you suppose they had? Stewed terrapin and frapped champagne."

"That's all right enough," explained Mr. Florence. "Terrapin and champagne never hurt anybody; I have had 'em all my life. What I maintain is that people of my age should not and cannot indulge in extravagances of diet. The utmost simplicity must be the rule of their life. If Joe would only eat terrapin and drink champagne he wouldn't be grunting around with dyspepsia all the time. He lives on boiled mutton and graham bread, and the public calls him 'the revered veteran Joseph Jefferson.' I stick to terrapin, green turtle, canvasbacks, and the like, and every young chap in the land slaps me on the back, calls me Billy, and regards me as a contemporary. But I ain't; I'm getting old, not too old, but just old enough!"—*Chicago News.*

Do You Scan Your Bills?

The other day a gentleman of this city, who is well known for his wealth and social prominence, happened to take up the bill of a leading dry goods firm, as it was lying on his office table, and glanced over the items. This is a very rare proceeding on his part. He usually gave a check, and then filed the bill without examining it. This proceeding was not business-like, but he had perfect confidence in his wife, and also in the dry goods firm. But on this occasion he looked over the items, and he saw his wife was a devotee to black silk. He couldn't remember that his wife wore a great many silk dresses, and that seemed odd under the circumstances.

When he arrived home he jokingly said to his wife that she ought to be able to rent black silk dresses. Naturally the spouse asked him what he meant. He told her. She declared that she hadn't bought a black silk dress for a year, and asked to see the bill. Her husband handed it over, when she identified more than half of the items as incorrect; that is, she had never had those goods.

The husband went to the store and interviewed the head of the firm. That gentlemen referred the matter to the bookkeeper, who showed all the items charged properly on the books. Then the clerk who sold the goods was seen. She remembered the black silk sales perfectly. The goods were bought by a young lady who said she was requested to get them by the gentleman's wife. "Could she recognize the lady?" "Oh, certainly!" said the clerk.

The next day the gentleman again called. "Glad to see you," said the proprietor, "the lady is here. There she stands." The gentleman looked, and, lo and behold, the lady was an intimate friend of his wife and a lady whose parents are wealthy. Subsequent developments showed that this was a nice little game on her part. She ascertained who of her friends bought their goods by bill, which was paid by their parents. The scheme wouldn't have worked with ladies who had allowances of their own. With the most of them she only made occasional small charges, like gloves, cuffs, collars, or little lingerie, but where she found that bills were not closely inspected, she plunged in deeper. Among parties who know of the matter, the affair has caused a deep sensation. We hear it stated there is not the slightest probability the case will be brought to trial. The affair has been settled, and the lady will probably make an extended visit out of town.—*Portland (Me.) Press.*

Timber Wealth of West Virginia.

"You are making a great ado about the forests you are trying to save from the onslaughts of the lumbermen," said a prominent lumber operator of Western Pennsylvania to a reporter, as related by the *Mississippi Valley Lumberman*, "but if you could see some of the forests I saw three weeks ago in the Guyan river region in West Virginia, the Adirondack woods would look like picnic groves to you. I saw a raft of new pine logs start down the Guyan river, one of the first that ever went out of that wilderness, the smallest log of which was three feet in diameter and eighty feet long without a not. There were logs in that raft five feet through and 110 feet long. There are miles and miles of forest containing trees like these, where the sound of the woodsman's axe has never yet been heard. Besides that, you may ride all day through forests of oak, walnut, cherry, ash and poplar, just as unbroken as they were when the aborigines roamed in their depths, although they were not 100 miles from Wheeling. The few settlers who have had the hardihood to push into that mountain wilderness split up magnificent walnut, cherry, ash, and poplar logs for fence posts, rails and firewood. I saw a fence around a settler's cabin that in the log would have been worth $3,000 at least, if it had been in some one's lumber yard. The cabin was laid up with Walnut logs, each one of them not worth less than $100—provided that it had been possible to get them to market. It looked tough to see these mountaineers burning up a fortune in their fireplaces every month, but there was no help for it. I saw oak trees there eight feet in diameter and over 100 feet high. There is no way of getting that valuable timber out of that isolated and almost pathless region, but if the day ever comes when communication can be had between it and a market, those forests will be a source of untold wealth to somebody."

Lookin' After Pete.

Just at the top of a long hill, as we had stopped the horse to breathe, a farmer came up. He was at least 65 years old, being very gray and wrinkled, and he was so decrepid that he had to use a staff.

"Say, you, have you seen anything of my son Pete along here?" he called, as he stopped at the buggy wheel.

"We haven't met anybody on foot this morning. How old is he?"

"'Bout 42, and six feet high."

"Where was he going?"

"He's run away. Packed up his duds and slid out afore I got up this morning—the ongrateful rascal! I didn't believe that of Pete."

"Why, he was of age."

"Makes no difference." allus kept him at home, and allus mean to. He's bin gittin' board and lodgings right along, and last summer I let him sell a whole sheepskin to a peddler and keep the money. He's got to come back or I'll know the reason why!"

"You can't bring him back, can you?"

"Can I! Don't you figger that I can't! I think he took the next cross road and made a bee line for Spoonersville. I'm right on his track, and I'll follow him up. When I find him I'll take both hands hold of his collar—like this—and I'll rattle his jawbones—like this—and I'll lay him on his back and lamb thunder out of him for about fifteen minutes. Then I'll walk him home, and you orter be around and see them stumps grubbed out and them rail fences mended! Can't bring my son Pete back, eh? He's of aige, eh? Guess you are strangers in these parts, and never heard of ole Squar' Tyler!"

"Well, we wish you luck."

"Thanks, but I don't keer fur wishes. I'm sartin to find Pete, an' by the great white ox I'll continer to wallop him fur ten minutes after he hollers 'nuff! Good day."

Tidal Power.

It is proposed to construct large basins in France by which the power available from the rise and fall of the tides can be utilized. No excavation would be necessary. The method proposed is to have two basins separated by a bank rising above high water, within which turbines would be placed. The upper basin would be in communication with the sea during the higher one-third of the tidal range, rising, and the lower basin during the lower one-third of the tidal range, falling. The turbine proposed is of an improved model, designed to utilize a large flow with a moderate diameter. Illustrations are given of one designed to produce 300-horse power, with a minimum head of five feet three inches, at a speed of fifteen revolutions per minute, the vanes having thirteen feet internal diameter. The speed would be maintained constant by regulating sluices. It is proposed to establish power stations of this kind on both banks of the Seine near Honfieur and Havre respectively. On the left bank the surface available would be nearly 2,500 acres, and the tidal range varying between ten and twenty-six feet; 3,000 horse power could be realized at neap tides, and 9,000 horse power at springs. The cost of the special works necessary is estimated at £72,000, or £12 per mean horse power developed on the turbine shafts. It is estimated that the government would be well repaid if it charged customers $1 12s. per horse power, on turbine shaft, per annum. Steam power costs at Havre, on the average for small factories, about £24 per horse power per annum.—*London Engineer.*

A Nice Ethical Question.

The doctor troubles himself very little, I imagine, about the relative deserts of his two patients. Each is a "case" to be treated on its merits. But all the same there is a striking difference between the two uses to which the science of medicine is put. The physician prescribes equally for the hard-pressed, poor man who seeks strength in order that he may support his family, and for the self-indulgent free liver, who comes to be cured so that he may take up a fresh course of dissipation. I once heard a heated discussion between a doctor and a lawyer as to the relative dignity of their respective calling, in which the latter declared, as his profession one of the chief uses of which was to enable the man who had eaten and drank too much to eat and drink still more.—*Boston Post.*

Betrayed.

People who are sly should also be discreet. A lady who had a servant somewhat given to curiosity, inquired, upon returning from a visit one afternoon:

"Did the carrier leave any mail, Mary?"

"Nothing but a postal-card, ma'am."

"Whom is it from, Mary?"

"And did you think I'd be reading it, ma'am?" said the girl, with an injured air.

"Perhaps not; but any one who sends me messages on postal-cards is stupid and impertinent—that's all."

"You'll excuse me, ma'am," said the servant, loftily, "but that's a nice, purty way to be talkin' about your own mother!"

Found by Lightning.

The house and grounds of Joseph Lowe, of Bellefonte, O., have been struck by lightning eight times within the last three years, the last occasion being a week ago. There is believed to be mineral there, and a company will explore.

The Men Who Produce Wheat for the Next Generation Will Be the Rich Men.

Wheat is the wealth maker of the future. It has been too cheap to produce for twenty years. The other extreme is upon us. Consumption of wheat has overtaken its production. There are no more government acres to subdue for its production and the increase in population of the world increases its consumption over thirty million bushels per year. In the near future wheat will sell in the farmer's granaries at from two to three dollars per bushel.

It is gratifying to have this view sustained by such an eminent authority as Charles A. Pillsbury, of Minneapolis, who is at the head of the largest flour mills in this country, if not in the world. His position as one of the largest cash buyers of wheat in America makes it necessary that he should keep thoroughly informed as to all the conditions which are likely to affect the market price of wheat and flour. Probably no one in the United States has made a deeper study of all phases of the wheat question, or is better informed as to all the sources and statistics of its production, the relations of supply and demand and all the conditions of the market than he.

C. Wood Davis, in a recent elaborate article in the *Arena* declared that the consumption of wheat throughout the world had already overtaken production, and that at so early a date as 1895 the United States will have ceased to export wheat, and, in fact, would have to import it to supply its own deficiency. The St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, stimulated by the statement of Mr. Davis, caused Mr. Pillsbury to be interviewed, and the latter agreed with the *Arena* writer that the consumption had in fact overtaken the production and that there had been no increase of acreage of wheat to correspond with its increased consumption in ten years.

This will be gratifying news to those who have been producing wheat for the last decade at ruinously low prices. They ought to have a benefit, and all signs of the times are wrong if they are not going to.

He Was Not Much of Anything.

It is told that one day during the war a squad of confederates, wearing blue overcoats, rode up to a house in Tennessee and greeted the owner with, "Well, old man, what are you reb or Yank?" Puzzled by the blue coats and gray pants, and not knowing to which army his visitors belonged, Old Cautious answered: "Well, gentlemen, I'm nothin' and very little of that."

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

THE new line of British steamships between Hongkong and Vancouver will not carry the American mails to or from Asiatic and Pacific ports. There are American steamships that run from San Francisco to ports in China, in Japan and in Australia, and to the main ports in the various groups of Polynesian islands. These steamships make very fair time in their voyages, and they carry the American mails.

CONFIRMED.

The favorable impression produced on the first appearance of the agreeable liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs, a few years ago, has been more than confirmed by the pleasant experience of all who have used it, and the success of the proprietors and manufacturers, the California Fig Syrup Company.

STRAWBERRIES must certainly be luxuries in Austria. Frank Fowler, a Nebraskan, who is making a trip around the world, writes that himself and some American friends ordered some strawberries which were named on the bill of fare at an Austrian restaurant. By actual count there were eighteen berries, and when they came to settle for the lunch they were charged $4.50 for the box of strawberries.

THE children consent to be undressed and go to bed only on condition that mamma gives them each one more Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyers. They taste so good. Worms don't like them, though. By mail, 25 cents. John D. Park, Cincinnati, Ohio.

MRS. LILLIE DEVEREAUX BLAKE, the best looking of the noted women suffragists of America, is descended from Jonathon Edwards, and consequently one of the choicest relics she possesses is a yellow silk gown that was worn by Aaron Burr's mother, the great divine's daughter.

HALL'S CATARRH CURE is a liquid and is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Write for testimonials, free. Manufactured by F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

EVERY watch is a compass, if you only know how to use it. The process consists simply in pointing the hour hand to the sun. The exactly half way between the hour and the figure twelve is south, and the diametrically opposite is as truly north as if indicated by the magnetic needle.

"ONCE a use, and ever a custom," is a warning against bad habits and an encouragement to form good ones. Use a cake of SAPOLIO just once and you will form a good habit.

THE great Orloff diamond, which surrounds the Russian imperial sceptre, is the first in size and the third in value in the world. It once formed the eye of the idol in a temple near Seringham, India, and was stolen by a French adventurer. It weighs 185 karats, and is valued at $2,399,410 in United States currency.

BEECHAM'S PILLS act like magic on a Weak Stomach.

EX-KING MILAN, of Servia, is engaged to marry a French lady whose fortune is estimated at 5,000,000 francs.

No Opium in Piso's Cure for Consumption. Cures where other remedies fail. 25c.

THE capital required for the electrical industry of the United States is over $600,000,000.

Creates An Appetite

There is nothing for which we recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla with greater confidence than for loss of appetite, indigestion, sick headache and other troubles of dyspeptic nature. In the most natural way this medicine gently tones the stomach, assists digestion, and makes one feel "real hungry." Ladies in delicate health, or very dainty and particular at meals, after taking Hood's Sarsaparilla a few days, find themselves longing for and eating the plainest food with unexpected relish and satisfaction. Try it.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

The Soap that Cleans Most is Lenox.

The Result of Training.

"This, ladies and gentlemen, is the celebrated trick mule, Dot," said the clown as the beast was being led in the ring. "After many years of effort I am able to say I can make him do anything he wants to."

"I Could Move the World

If I had something to rest my lever on," said Archimedes. Large bodies move or are moved slowly. But it is no impossible or even difficult task to render those small bodies, the kidneys, active when they are not so. Don't try to do this with unmedicated alcoholic stimulants The experiment is unsafe. The sure, safe means is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which affords just the right amount of stimulus without overdoing the matter. Continued inactivity of either the kidneys or bladder, it should never be lost sight of, is attended with grave peril. Bright's disease, diabetes, and other ailments which affect the renal organs, have their origin in inaction of the kidneys. To overcome this is an easy matter at the outset. Not so later. Now is the appointed time in a case of this sort. Irregularity of the bowels, stomach and liver, rheumatism and malaria are remedied by the Bitters.

DR. R. J. GATLING, the inventor of the famous gun that bears his name, says that he also invented the first wheat drill in this country. That was in 1842, and the invention led the way for the succeeding wonderful advance in agricultural implements.

FITS—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa

An imitation of Nature —that's the result you want to reach. With Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, you have it. They cleanse and renovate the whole system *naturally*. That means that they do it thoroughly, but mildly. They're the smallest in size, but the most effective—sugar-coated, easiest to take. Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels are prevented, relieved, and cured. Purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, and gently laxative, or an active cathartic, according to size of dose. As a Liver Pill, they've been imitated, but never equaled.

SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE.

The success of this Great Cough Cure is without a parallel in the history of medicine. All druggists are authorized to sell it on a positive guarantee, a test that no other cure can successfully stand. That it may become known, the Proprietors, at an enormous expense, are placing a Sample Bottle Free into every home in the United States and Canada. If you have a Cough, Sore Throat, or Bronchitis, use it, for it will cure you. If your child has the Croup, or Whooping Cough, use it promptly, and relief is sure. If you dread that insidious disease Consumption, use it. Ask your Druggist for SHILOH'S CURE, Price 10 cts., 50 cts. and $1.00. If your Lungs are sore or Back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster, Price 25 cts.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

is booming all over the land, being everywhere considered

The Superior

remedy for scrofula and all forms of blood disease. Take no other

MEDICINE

Cures others, will cure you.

From the "Pacific Journal."

"A great invention has been made by Dr. Tutt of New York. He has produced

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which initates nature to perfection; it acts instantaneously and is perfectly harmless." Price, $1. Office, 39 & 41 Park Place, N. Y.

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"WOMAN, HER DISEASES AND THEIR TREATMENT." A valuable illustrated book of 72 pages sent free, on receipt of 10 cents, to cover cost of mailing, etc. Address P. O. Box 1064, Phila. Pa.

"August Flower"

Perhaps you do not believe these statements concerning Green's August Flower. Well, we can't make you. We can't force conviction into your head or medicine into your throat. We don't want to. The money is yours, and the misery is yours; and until you are willing to believe, and spend the one for the relief of the other, they will stay so. John H. Foster, 1122 Brown Street, Philadel, ia, says: "My wife is a little Scotch woman, thirty years of age and of a naturally delicate disposition. For five or six years past she has been suffering from Dyspepsia. She became so bad at last that she could not sit down to a meal but she had to vomit it as soon as she had eaten it. Two bottles of your August Flower have cured her, after many doctors failed. She can now eat anything, and enjoy it; and as for Dyspepsia, she does not know that she ever had it."

Doubting Thomas. Vomit Every Meal.

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