The Only One Ever Printed—Can You Find the Word?

There is a 3-inch display advertisement in this paper this week, which has no two words alike except one word. The same is true of each new one appearing each week from The Dr. Harter Medicine Co. This house places a "Crescent" on everything they make and publish. Look for it, send them the name of the word, and they will return you BOOK, BEAUTIFUL LITHOGRAPHS, OR SAMPLES FREE

A Good Example for Royalty.

The Queen Regent of the Netherlands and her daughter declined the offer of a public reception during their recent visit to Amsterdam. They requested the city officials to use the money collected for the reception in feeding the poor. Consequently more than 30,000 poverty-stricken creatures received presents of food and money and 45,000 school children were provided with a breakfast. Each child received also a photograph of the young Queen.

PROGRESS.

It is very important in this age of vast material progress that a remedy be pleasing to the taste and to the eye, easily taken, acceptable to the stomach and healthy in its nature and effects. Possessing these qualities, Syrup of Figs is the one perfect laxative and most gentle diuretic known.

American Tourists in Europe.

From April 1 to Oct. 1, 55,000 American residents crossed the Atlantic in the steamers plying between the ports of the United States and Europe, says an English paper. A rough calculation has been made that each passenger spends after his arrival about £80 (of course many spend much more), so that 55,000 tourists leave on this side of the Atlantic quite £22,000,000—a useful contribution to the funds of Europe.

A SORE THROAT OR COUGH, if suffered to progress, often results in an incurable throat or lung trouble. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" give instant relief.

Of all counterfeits there is none more contemptible than counterfeit humility.

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

It's a sign that you need help, when pimples, blotches, and eruptions begin to appear. Your blood needs looking after. You'll have graver matters than pimples to deal with, if you neglect it. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery prevents and cures all diseases and disorders caused by impure blood. It invigorates the liver, purifies the blood, and promotes all the bodily functions. For all forms of scrofulous, skin and scalp disease, and even Consumption (which is really lung-scrofula) in all its earlier stages, it is a certain remedy. It's the only one that's *guaranteed*, in every case, to benefit or cure, or the money is refunded. It's a matter of confidence in one's medicine.

It is the *cheapest* blood-purifier sold, through druggists, because you only pay for *the good* you get.

Can you ask more?

The "Discovery" acts equally well *all the year* round.

The Best Remedy III in this world, says J. Hofherr of Syracuse, N. Y., is Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, because my son who was partially paralyzed three years ago and attacked by fits, has not had any symptoms of them since he took one bottle of the remedy. I most heartily thank for it.

The Best Ever Used.

WHITEWATER, WIS., October, 1890.

When 17 years old my son was first attacked by epileptic fits, at intervals of one year, then four months, three months, two months, one month, then every three weeks, every nine days and later even twice a day. We used many remedies for fits, but all without benefit. Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic is the very best we ever used and he is again strong, his mind has again improved and is clearer.

G. H. SCHARPF.

FREE—A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.

Sold by Druggists at $1 per Bottle. 6 for $5. Large Size, $1.75. 6 Bottles for $9.

THIS IS THE ONLY SCALE

RELIABLE, ACCURATE, DURABLE. BEAMBOX-BRASS-BEAM-IRON-LEVERS. ADDRESS, JONES. HE PAYS THE FREIGHT. FOR TERMS. BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—"Civil Service Gazette."

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins by Grocers, labelled thus: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, LONDON, ENGLAND.

THE SMALLEST PILL IN THE WORLD!

TUTT'S TINY LIVER PILLS

have all the virtues of the larger ones; equally effective; purely vegetable. Exact size shown in this border.

PILES ANAKESIS gives instant relief, and is an INFALLIBLE CURE for PILES. Price $1; at druggists or by mail. Sample free. Address "ANAKESIS," Box 2314, New York City.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

THE BEAUTIFUL STEER.

Oh, the steer, the beautiful steer,
Kicking the flees from the point of its ear,
Flapping its tail in frolicsome glee,
Hopping about like a Snake River flea.
Bellowing!
Roaring!
Thundering along!
Filling the air with its steerical song,
Till the rumble from its lung-laden pits
Scares timid jack-rabbits and wolves into fits.
To me there is nothing on earth half so dear
As the long-horned, slim-bodied Texican steer.

How often I wish that I was a steer,
With a long shiny horn at the butt of each ear;
With a clear, fearless eye, and a tapering tail
That would snap like a whip in the maddening gale.
How I'd bellow
And roar!
And paw up the ground!
And lope over the hills with a thundering sound.
And snort like a terror and hump up my back
When I saw the wild cowboy pursuing my track;
And I'd laugh at his oaths as he fell in the rear.
Oh, I'd be a Jo-dandy if I was a steer.

I once roped a beautiful steer, but I fell.
Fell from my pony with ear-piercing yell!
Fell with the lariat fast to my wrist!
Fell to be dragged through the grass wet with mist.
Bumping!
Rolling!
Grunting I went!
A full mile a minute, or I don't want a cent.
The gravel and grass yanked the hide from my nose
And ruined a pair of forty-cent hose;
Aye, even my bustle was thrown out of gear
By the frolicsome freaks of that beautiful steer.
—Judge.

WENT MAD ON A WRECK.

"Sail ho!"

"Where away?"

"Two points off the weather-bow, sir."

"Can you make her out?"

"No, sir."

"Report to the captain, orderly," said the officer of the deck to the marine stationed at the cabin door, "that a sail has been reported from aloft two points off the weather-bow, but that the lookout cannot make her out yet."

Meantime a little group of officers had gathered aft, and the men on the forecastle had crowded close to the weather-rail, and all eagerly scanned the horizon, for a sail in that portion of the western ocean was no common thing to see.

It was a dull, threatening afternoon in June, and the sloop-of-war Croyden was bowling along close-hauled on the port tack, about two hundred miles to the westward of the Azores.

"Hail the lookout again," said the captain, "if he can make anything out of her now."

"It looks like a wreck, sir," came back the answer from the topsail yard.

Now we could plainly make her out as she swashed and wallowed in the waves. She had been bark rigged, but the foremost had been carried away close to the deck, while the bowsprit and headbooms held by a tangled mass of rigging, trailed from her bow. The upper masts of the main and mizzen were also gone, and the only remnant of a sail that could be seen were the main topsail yard-arms.

She was very deep in the water, and now and then, as she fetched a heavy lurch, a sea would plunge across her deck and gush and gurgle from the scuppers, and the only sign of life was the sea birds that, frightened from their perch upon the vessel's masts, circled round and round and with shrill cries uttered their displeasure.

The Croyden was hove to a short distance to leeward, and a boat at once dispatched to the deserted vessel. The officer in charge was ordered to make a thorough search, and to gain all the information possible concerning her, and if he should find that the ship had been abandoned, as seemed probable, he was to blow her up with the torpedoes furnished to the boat, as in her present condition she was a danger to navigation.

"Keep a good lookout for your recall," shouted the captain, as the boat shoved off, "for it looks as if we might have some bad weather before long."

It was a hard pull to reach the wreck, and a difficult matter to board her, but by careful management the boat was shot under the counter, and one of the crew, seizing a rope's end that hung over the side, quickly raised himself upon her deck, and then, throwing a line to those in the boat, she was soon secured, and one by one the men clambered over the stern.

A scene of desolation met our eyes. Forward, the forecastle house had been swept away, and one of the anchors, torn adrift from its lashings, had pounded an ugly hole in her bow. Aft, the waves had smashed in the cabin bulkhead and broken into fragments the cabin fittings, while overhead the splintered wreck of masts, held by rigging whitened by the spray, thrashed to and fro with every roll of the ship.

Across the stern in tarnished gilt letters was her name, "Henrietta." She was lumber laden, and that was why she was still afloat. But why and when was she abandoned? The only places we could search for any clew as to the mystery were under the topgallant forecastle and in the wreck of the cabin, for down below everything was awash. We could find nothing in the cabin to show that it had once been the abode of human beings but a thorn and water-soaked peajacket under a pile of debris in one corner. It was a gruesome thing to handle, this discarded garment of its absent owner. The pockets were searched, but the only thing they contained was a flat piece of wood a foot long, perhaps, and six or eight inches wide. But on this, scratched with some instrument, possibly a nail, were these words: "Sprung a leak in gale, May 10th. Pumps choked; waterlogged. Abandoned ship 15th, latitude 14.10 north, longitude 39.25 west; nine men, provisions for two weeks."

That was all. These words had been dug into the wood as the most lasting way in which could be preserved the record of their disaster and placed in the pocket of the coat, since this would most likely be one of the first things to attract the eye of search.

"Well," said the Lieutenant in charge of the boat, after we had all examined the writing, "there is nothing more for us to do but blow her up, so get the torpedoes ready."

"The recall is hoisted, sir!" cried the man who had been stationed to keep a lookout on the ship, and sure enough a blue flag with a white center streamed out from the mizzen-royal masthead of the Croyden.

"Very well! Look alive and man the boat!" shouted the Lieutenant, as glancing to windward he saw a heavy squall of wind and rain sweeping down upon us. If it had been a difficult matter to board the vessel it was much more difficult to abandon her, but one by one we managed to let ourselves down the line into the plunging boat beneath, but not without many a scratch and bruise. Quickly the men took their places on the thwarts and the bow oarsman stood by to cast off the line that held us.

"All in?" asked the Lieutenant.

"All in but Thomas, sir," replied the coxswain, glancing at the crew.

"Where is he—did anybody see Thomas?" inquired the Lieutenant, anxiously,

"Sing out for him one of you," and one of the men standing up in the boat put his hands to his mouth and shouted through them, "Thomas! Thomas!"

And as he did so a man came rushing aft from the forecastle house, but with such a look of terror on his blanched face that few of us recognized him as our shipmate.

"A skeleton! a skeleton!" he screamed, and then fell headlong on the deck.

"A skeleton," cried the Lieutenant. "Pull the boat in a little and I will see what it is."

The bow oarsman stooped to do so, but as he did so a heavier sea than usual tore under the vessel's stern. The line that held us, already worn and chafed, stranded under the added strain, and the blinding squall broke upon us and carried the boat far away to leeward.

Bravely the oarsman struggled to regain the ship, but the boat was too small and the seas were heavy, but the wind was now blowing furiously, and slowly at first, but soon faster and faster, we drifted away from her. We could see the unfortunate man, now running back and forth on the deck like some caged animal and now standing on the rail as if about to plunge into the sea.

"Jump, and we'll pick you up!" shouted the lieutenant. But the wind caught the words and bore them far away and he did not hear them, or if he did his courage failed him and he dared not do it, and soon the mist and rain closed in about the vessel and shut him from our sight.

It was a desperate pull to reach the ship, and when we caught the line thrown to us from the Croyden the boat was half filled with water. That night for us on board the ship was an anxious one. The squall that had caught us in the boat was but the beginning of a gale, and the Croyden was soon lying to under storm sails with barely steerage way. The memory of that poor fellow on the waterlogged bark with his ghastly shipmate was ever present, and few of us who had seen his terror-stricken countenance got much sleep that night. Happily towards morning the gale showed signs of abating, and before the break of day the sea, which had risen so suddenly, began to go down, and as soon as it was possible we lowered a boat.

The Croyden had drifted more to leeward than the wreck, but we could soon make her out on the horizon, and the well selected crew, with long and steady stroke, soon shortened the distance. As we drew nearer the form of Thomas could be seen, leaning against the rail.

"Thank Heaven! he's still alive!" exclaimed Mr. Horton, the officer in charge of the boat. When we came within hailing distance we shouted to him words of cherry greeting; but Thomas made no response until when within a few boats' length he sprang to the rail and, screaming to keep off, hurled pieces of wreckage which he had gathered about him at the advancing boat.

"He's mad!" we cried; "the night on board has made him mad."

We stopped pulling, and then backed water to keep clear of the missiles which the maniac never ceased throwing at us.

Ordering the crew to lay on their oars, Mr. Horton rose in the stern sheets and said:

"We've come to take you back to the ship, Thomas. Don't you know us? Don't you know me? I am Mr. Horton?"

"Know you!" shouted back the poor fellow, "of course I do. Haven't I been fighting to keep you off my ship for the last week? Ha! ha!" he laughed, "and I've done it, too. One boat's length nearer and I'll blow you out of the water!"

We hesitated, undecided what to do. Of course we might dash up and board the ship, but then there was danger that Thomas, in his present excited state, might throw himself into the sea and be drowned, and so it was deemed best to act with caution, and if possible to gain a foothold by stealth, and then to seize and put him in the boat. We pulled slowly around the ship, Mr. Horton by soothing words endeavoring to calm the maniac, who followed us as we circled about, and with many threats warned us to keep away.

When we reached the other side a horrible sight met our eyes. Propped up against the stumps of the mizzen rest was the skeleton which Thomas had dragged from beneath the forecastle, and the grinning jaws and sightless sockets were surmounted by his own ragged cap. Around the bones he had drawn the old peajacket found in the cabin and the long and whitened fingers hung limp below the sleeves.

And as the ship plunged and lurched the arms swung to and fro and rattled against the mast, while the shiny head bobbed and bobbed in hideous salutation.

"Horrors!" cried Mr. Horton; "I can't stand that. Give way, my lads, and board her!"

We shot the boat through the water and in an instant had gained the vessel's deck. The moment the boat touched the side Thomas fled and, grabbing the skeleton as he ran with a swiftness born of the terror that possessed him, mounted the rigging, and clutching the dangling bones with one hand and the shrouds with the other, gazed down upon us with fear-distended eyes. With fair words and promises we tried to tempt him down, but there he hung, a terror-stricken maniac. If we approached he would ascend still higher on his treacherous support, until at last, crouching on the extreme end of the swinging mast, he swept back and forth with the rolling ship.

Every moment we feared that his hold would loose, but he, apparently fearless of everything but us, gave heed to nothing but our movements down below. There seemed no escape for him now except by the sea, and while some of us manned the boat and stood ready to pick him up should he jump others climbed cautiously up either side of the mast to seize him.

He betrayed no sign that he observed the men as slowly they approached, and we hoped that his madness was leaving him and his own quiet nature returning, when just as one of his pursuers was about to stretch forth his hand and lay it on him he sprang to his feet. With a wild shriek he hugged the skeleton to his breast and hurled himself into the sea, and the bubbles that floated up from his fleeting breath as he and his ghastly comrade shot into the ocean's depth marked his grave for an instant and then were swept away by the hurrying waves.

Half an hour later the Henrietta was blown into a thousand fragments and shortly after the Croydon making all sail speedily left behind her the floating debris of the abandoned ship.—New York Advertiser.

Juvenile Autographic Fiends.

It is to be regretted that the juvenile custom of going West to "fight Injuns" has fallen into decadence. The boys now stay at home and collect autographs, which is a much more malignant occupation.

In the old, gentle days, when the autograph collector was a scholar in his way, he was courteous and endurable. Now that he is only a scholar in the public schools he is truculent, multitudinous and abominable.

Mr. Beecher used to say that when one thinks enough of you to write a letter asking for your autograph and to inclose a stamp for reply the least you can do is to gratify him. That was well enough when there were perhaps a hundred autograph collectors in the country. Now it is different. Autograph-hunting "breaks out" in a school like measles. All the boys and girls are attacked with it at once, but the Health Board never closes the school on that account and so the infection spreads without restraint.

The young beggars know nothing about you and care nothing. They are engaged in a competitive collection to see who can get the largest number of autographs. They learn from some library catalogue or similar work that you have written some books or made some speeches or painted some pictures. They get your address—spelling your name wrong if that is practicable—and send you courteous, fibbing requests for your autograph, assuring you that they are so in love with your work that the absence of your autograph from their otherwise complete collection is an occasion of grief and pining to them. You usually receive about eleven letters of this kind in a batch, all postmarked alike and all written in an unformed handwriting, indicating that the writers have been learning chirography from identical copies.

It means that the more alert youth of some school have just heard of you. If you do not answer you presently receive truculent reminders that "stamps" were sent for a reply, as if any human being might establish a valid claim to a written answer to an impertinent letter by inclosing stamps.

The thing was not so bad at first. When the stamps were simply inclosed busy authors threw the letter into the waste-basket and preserved the stamps. These sometimes made an appreciable addition to meagre literary incomes. But the boys have baffled that. They now send a stamped and addressed envelope, which "not enriches" the victim by a single mill.

"The custom of "going West to fight Injuns" was comparatively harmless. It ought to be revived.—New York World.

Electricity vs. Kerosene.

Some time ago we published a brief paper in which it was demonstrated that under favorable circumstances the electric light could compete not only with gas but with the kerosene lamp. The statement seemed at first sight an extraordinary end, but a little investigation showed that there were good and sufficient reasons for the observed fact, and this even at American prices for oil. Elsewhere the difference in cost may be yet more striking, and a fine example of a case perhaps exceptionally favorable to electricity may be found in the city of Madrid. An article in one of the Spanish papers recently contained a long review of the facts with details as to cost. It appears that in the city mentioned the cost of oil is as high as 20 cents per pint, while gas costs about $2.35 per thousand cubic feet. Figuring out the cost in Madrid of an oil lamp of say 10 c. p. burning five hours per day, it appears that the total expense amounts to about $1.06 per month. There are plenty of places both in this country and abroad where the electric light companies would be glad to furnish even a 16-c. p. light at that rate. Low candle power lamps, however, are comparatively little used in this country. By turning to the London experience we find that the 10-c p. electric lamp could be furnished at current rates at about 75 cents per month. In the ordinary practical use of kerosene lamps where a number are kept lighted throughout the evening, as was the case in the paper previously mentioned, the result would be even more in favor of electricity, particularly if supplied by meter, for economy can be practised with electric lightning better even than with gas. From this bit of foreign experience it becomes evident enough that there are many localities where the electric light could be introduced and prove a commercial success when compared with oil lamps even on the score of economy. At the prices ruling for petroleum oil and gas in Madrid there can be no question as to the outcome of the comparison.—Electric World

Petroleum Fuel for Steamships.

The use of petroleum fuel for generating steam in stationary boilers has become extensive, but its application in connection with locomotives and marine boilers has not advanced beyond the experimental stage. A paper read before the London Shipmasters' Society by Capt. W. V. Carmichael gives account of what is probably the most thorough testing of liquid fuel on an ocean steamship yet had. Commander of a vessel built originally for the use of such suel, the Kwo, he sailed her under a variety of conditions and found the results most satisfactory in all. He especially emphasizes the elements of ease of handling, constancy of steam pressure attained, and safety. The last point may occasion surprise, but it is explained by the fact that petroleum "residuum" is the form of fuel used, which is non-inflammable up to 350 degrees. Capt. Carmichael calls attention to the important part which the new fuel may play in naval affairs, showing how it would almost entirely do away with the difficulties of coaling at sea, and would lessen the necessity and value of coaling stations in all parts of the world. The Italian naval authorities have tried the new fuel on some of their smaller war ships during the year and report favorably on the experiments. South American railroads are probably more active than any others in using petroleum in their locomotives. One of the Argentine lines has all its engines fitted for burning petroleum, and it is reported that two of the Peruvian roads have decided to take the same step. They are doubtless led to do it, in large part, by the discovery and rapid development of oil deposits in Peru.—New York Post.

Chez Bostonians.

Miss Russellinia Waldo—How tired you are!

Miss Olivinia Lowell—Yes. Mater and I have been cleaning up our summer spectacles and getting out our fall ones.—Jewelers' Circular.

Profit-Sharing.

In England twenty firms adopted profit-sharing in 1890, bringing the total number in which profit-sharing, pure and simple, is practiced, up to forty-seven.

The South Metropolitan Gas Company of London is one of the largest firms to adopt it. In the winter the company employs 3,500 men, and 2,000 in the summer. The system was begun by a present from the company to every man who had been in its employ June 30, 1889, and would sign an agreement not to leave for three months. This gift varied with each man's term of previous service.

The amount was credited on the company's books to each workman, to draw 4 per cent. interest for five years. In June, 1890, about fifteen hundred men were entitled to share in the scheme, and the sum they received reached about $25,000.

Already a great improvement is seen in the men's work. They are more diligent, and see and suggest ways of saving expense.

In other English firms the results are equally good. In France, where the movement began, it continues to grow rapidly. Wherever it is fairly tried, whether through cash payments, credit in provident funds or presents from the company's stock, the outlook is nearly sure to be encouraging.

A system under which the humblest toiler, in just measure with the man of more brains or skill, sees his work recognized, and knows that, good or bad, it affects the total result, must be better than old methods.

A man's ambition cannot last long when its bounds, in wages and narrow opportunities, shut him and his family in on every side. If it can be quickened by profit-sharing or any other just plan, by all means let the plan be tried.—Youth's Companion.

Accuracy and Greatness.

The wonder of Prof. Agassiz's knowledge was the completeness of it. That is the secret of the power of all great naturalists. They see what escapes the observation of others, and are able to discover the meaning of slight differences that ordinary men have not noticed at all.

A young artist once called upon Audubon, the great student of birds, to show him drawings and paintings. Audubon, after examining the work, said:

"I like it very much, but it is deficient. You have painted the legs of this bird nicely, except in one respect. The scales are exact in shape and color, but you have not arranged them correctly as to number."

"I never thought of that," said the artist.

"Quite likely," said Audubon. "Now upon this upper ridge of the partridge's leg there are just so many scales. You have too many. Examine the legs of a thousand partridges, and you will find the scales the same in number."

The lesson shows how Audubon became great—by patient study of small things.

Horse Fun.

A Mansfield, Ohio, doctor is the owner of a horse which has a fondness for practical jokes. Recently the physician drove out into the country to answer a sick call. Arriving he tied the horse to a post, near which hung a rope attached to a large bell used as a dinner signal for employes on the place, and went inside. Shortly afterward the bell rang violently. The doctor and the man of the house both looked out, but could see nothing except the horse. They had hardly turned away, however, before the bell rang again, and again they looked, but could see nothing. This was repeated, and the doctor determined to solve the mystery, so at the third ring, instead of going into the house, he stepped out and hid in the yard. He kept his eye on the bell rope, and in about a minute was surprised to see his horse lift up his head, smile slyly and give the rope a good, hard tug. When the physician sprang out and confronted the horse, the animal instantly tried to put on a look of innocence, but was unsuccessful.

The New Silver Coins.

New halves and quarters will soon be ready for circulation. In the competition by artists about a year ago between 200 and 300 designs were submitted, but not one was available. The designs that have been submitted to Secretary Foster were suggested mainly by Director Leech, and the drawings are by Charles E. Barber, the designer in the mint at Philadelphia. The character of the devices is limited by law to this: On one side shall be an impression emblematic of liberty, with the inscription, "Liberty," and the year of the coinage, and on the reverse side shall be the figure or representation of an eagle, with the inscriptions, "United States of America" and "E Pluribus Unum," and a designation of the value of the coin. Most of the designs were on scales too minute for use, and a classic head will make the new coins artistic. The design is to be the same for the two coins, except the words designating the value.—New York Sun.

A Rock Foretells the Weather.

According to Roy Meninger, a traveler who has just returned from Mexico, their is a rock near the village of Chilpancigno in the Sierra Madra del Sur that possesses the virture of foretelling rain twenty-four hours before it falls. Mr. Meninger was incredulous until the rock gave an exhibition of its powers. It stands alone in a little valley of great fertility, and seems to protrude from the ground rather than rest upon its surface. It is about five feet in height by ten in length, and is of adull, grayish color, the surface being polished and cold to the touch. About a day before the rain comes the rock takes on a reddish hue, and its temperature rises to about 60 degrees Fahrenheit. The heat and color increase until rain is precipitated, when the rock cools and gradually resumes its original gray. In a thunder-storm the stone emits a pale blue light, and there is every indication that it is charged with electricity. Local mineralogists say the heat is from a volcanic source.

How to Make Good Teeth.

One cannot have very strong, white teeth unless plenty of bone-making food be taken up by the system. The best food for the teeth consists of all the cereals, pure, rich milk, brown bread, lean meat, vegetables and fresh fruit. All such things as candy, preserves, cake, pastry, and all other sweets are absolutely injurious to the teeth.

MISTRESS (benevolently to her maid in anticipation of a compliment)—What would you do if you could play the piano as well as I can? Maid—I should take lessons.

Why Boston Has Crooked Streets.

Two hundred and sixty-one years ago Boston first came into being. For years before there had been a few settlers on the Charles, and the cows had wandered over the peninsula in search of pasture and water, making for themselves paths through the bushes, which were subsequently developed into roads and then into the streets of the modern city. That is how it came about that the streets in the city proper are so crooked. Out in Roxbury, Dorchester, and the new districts the streets are broad and straight, but in the heart of the city a stranger will lose himself in going two blocks.

Peace on Earth

Is not the boon vouchsafed to the chronic, nervous invalid. Slight noises startle him, odd and unexpected sensations perplex him. He neither sleeps soundly nor eats heartily, he is almost invariably troubled with dyspepsia. What should he do? Begin and pursue systematically a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. With digestion fortified and food assimilated, strength returns, the nerves grow tranquil and the rest of life returns. A blessed consummation, indeed, and not only effectually but pleasantly wrought by the Bitters. Biliousness, malaria, rheumatism, kidney complaint are also prevented and cured by this sovereign regulating medicine. Try it at once if your nerves are out of order, and if their weakness is perpetuated by the existence of disease. A superb appetizer and promoter of sound repose.

A Rapid Orator.

Bishop Arnett, of Wilberforce, O., the senior Bishop of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, is the most rapid orator in the country, rattling off words at such a rate that the most expert stenographers are unable to follow him. At the Ecumenical Council at Washington the stenographers gave up their task in despair, and pulling out their stop-watches as they would at a horse race, held them on him to get his speed, which was found to be 300 words a minute, or about 3,000 words in a ten-minute speech.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle.

The First Armored Ship.

The first account we have of an armored ship is in 1530. It was one of the fleet of the Knights of St. John, entirely sheathed with lead, and is said to have successfully resisted all the shot of that day. At the siege of Gibraltar in 1782 the French and Spaniards employed light iron bomb-proofing over their decks. The first practical use of wrought-iron plates as a defense for the sides of vessels was by the French in the Crimean war in 1853, to be used against the Russian forts in the Baltic.

It Pays to Read the Papers.

Especially your county paper, for often through this medium business chances and opportunities are presented that might otherwise entirely escape your attention. For instance, B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va., have an advertisement in this paper that will prove of especial interest and value to a large number of people hereabouts.

Peculiar East Indian Customs.

Some of the peculiar customs of the East Indian coolies, called Lascars, are very amusing to Americans. For instance, they always eat their food in the open air, with their faces toward the west; and the greatest insult a white man or "Glaour" can offer them is to walk between them and the sun while they are eating, causing his shadow to fall on their food, which immediately becomes unclean.

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.

Mahogany Going to Waste.

It is said to be a whole day's task for two men to fell a mahogany tree. On account of the spurs which project from the base of the trunk, a scaffold has to be erected and the tree cut off above the spurs, leaving thus a stump of the very best wood from ten to fifteen feet high.

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

GOD needs people who can eat a cold dinner without growling, a great deal more than he needs louder talking in the class meeting.

Catarrh

Hood's Sarsaparilla, Being a Constitutional Remedy, Readily Reaches and Cures It.

"A sense of gratitude and a desire to benefit those afflicted prompts me to recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all who have catarrh. For many years I was troubled with catarrh and indigestion and general debility. I got so low I could not get around the house. I tried about everything I saw recommended for catarrh; but failing in every instance of being relieved, I became

Very Much Discouraged

At last I decided to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and began to get relief. I have now used, within two months, ten or twelve bottles, and I feel better than I have for years. I attribute my improvement wholly to the use of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

MRS. CHAS. RHINE, corner York and Pleasant Sts., Hanover, Penn.

Hood's Pills—For the liver and bowels, act easily yet promptly and efficiently. Price 25c.

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.

Common Soap

Rots Clothes and Chaps Hands.

IVORY SOAP

DOES NOT.

"All she lacks of beauty is a little plumpness."

This is a frequent thought, and a wholesome one.

All of a baby's beauty is due to fat, and nearly all of a woman's—we know it as curves and dimples.

What plumpness has to do with health is told in a little book on CAREFUL LIVING; sent free.

Would you rather be healthy or beautiful? "Both" is the proper answer.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 132 South 5th Avenue, New York.

Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do. $1.

Ely's Cream Balm QUICKLY CURES **COLD IN HEAD.** Price 50 Cents. Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

THE CURE FOR CATARRH COLD IN HEAD HAY FEVER ELY'S CREAM BALM 50c

Our improved Embroidering Machine makes Rugs with yarn or rags. Fine Embroidering with silk or zephyrs. Circulars and terms to Agents, free. Machine, colored pattern book, nineteen pattern, samples of work, cat., price lists, directions, etc., all by mail for $1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. E. ROSS & CO., Toledo, O.

MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS.

ST. JACOBS OIL, FOR HORSE AND CATTLE DISEASES.

CURES Cuts, Swellings, Bruises, Sprains, Gall, Strains, Lameness, Stiffness, Cracked Heels, Scratches, Contractions, Flesh Wounds, Stringhalt, Sore Throat, Distemper, Colic, Whitlows, Poll Evil, Fistula, Tumors, Splints, Ringbones, and Spavin in their early Stages. Directions with each bottle.

DISEASES OF HOGS. GENERAL DIRECTIONS.—Use freely in the hogswill. If they will not eat, drench with milk into which a small quantity of the Oil is put.

DISEASES OF POULTRY. GENERAL DIRECTIONS.—Saturate a pill of dough, or bread, with ST. JACOBS OIL and force it down the fowl's throat.

DONALD KENNEDY Of Roxbury, Mass., says

Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Horrid Old Sores, Deep Seated Ulcers of 40 years' standing, Inward Tumors, and every disease of the skin, except Thunder Humor, and Cancer that has taken root. Price $1.50. Sold by every Druggist in the U. S. and Canada.

DR. HARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS TRADE MARK

ACTUAL SIZE

DO NOT GRIPE NOR SICKEN. Sure cure for SICK HEADACHE, impaired digestion, constipation, torpid glands. They arouse vital organs, remove Pauses, diseases. Magical effect on Kidneys and bladder. Conquer bilious nervous disorders. Establish natural DAILY ACTION.

Beautify complexion by purifying blood. PURELY VEGETABLE. The dose is nicely adjusted to suit case, as one pill can never be too much. Each vial contains 42, carried in vest pocket, like lead pencil. Business man's great convenience. Taken easier than sugar. Sold everywhere. All genuine goods bear "Crescent." Send 2-cent stamp. You get 32 page book with sample.

DR. HARTER MEDICINE CO., St. Louis, Mo.

"German Syrup"

Here is an incident from the South—Mississippi, written in April, 1890, just after the Grippe had visited that country. "I am a farmer, one of those who have to rise early and work late. At the beginning of last Winter I was on a trip to the City of Vicksburg, Miss., where I got well drenched in a shower of rain. I went home and was soon after seized with a dry, hacking cough. This grew worse every day, until I had to seek relief. I consulted Dr. Dixon who has since died, and he told me to get a bottle of Boschee's German Syrup. Meantime my cough grew worse and worse and then the Grippe came along and I caught that also very severely. My condition then compelled me to do something. I got two bottles of German Syrup. I began using them, and before taking much of the second bottle, I was entirely clear of the Cough that had hung to me so long, the Grippe, and all its bad effects. I felt tip-top and have felt that way ever since." PETER J. BRIALS, Jr., Cayuga, Hines Co., Miss.

It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles, 50 cents and $1.00.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

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No Chemicals are used in its preparation. It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

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