Wonders of Tasmania.

A wonderful natural curiosity has lately been discovered in Tasmania and described before the Royal Society. Near Southport, in Tasmania, there is a large cave with an entrance through limestone formation. A considerable stream of water flows along the chambers of the cave. The first chamber reached by the explorers showed some fine stalactites pendant from the roof, and stalagmites covered the floor with thousands of miniature steeples. All this is quite common in great caves, but now comes the marvel. The lights carried by the explorers were suddenly extinguished by a whiff of wind, and simultaneously the ceiling and sides of the cave seemed to be studded with diamonds. This marvelous effect, as afterward appeared, resulted from the presence of millions of glow-worms, hanging to the side and the roof of the cavern. On passing into chambers farther from the entrance the explorers found similar but much grander sights, the numbers of the glow-worms increasing with the greater quantities of stalactites and stalagmites. About three fourths of a mile of cave length was explored, but it is supposed that the extreme length is from three to four miles, and that Tasmania, therefore, has probably the most wonderful cave thus far discovered.

Safety in the Midst of Danger.

This would seem a contradiction—is so, in fact, to the eye. But experience has proved its possibility. Take the case of the individual who dwells in a malarious region. A robust constitution is no certain defense against the dreaded chills. What is? Recorded testimony, covering a period little short of half a century, proves that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is precisely this. This sentiment does not limit the field where the medicine has proved its efficacy. In South America, the Isthmus of Panama, Mexico, everywhere in fact where miasma-born disease takes on its most obstinate and formidable types, the Bitters is a recognized specific in illimitable demand, and prescribed by physicians of repute. Potent, too, is it in disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, and against that destroyer, la grippe. It improves appetite and sleep, neutralizes rheumatism and kidney complaints.

THE "Grand Old Man" of Great Britain grows shorter in stature but grander in character as he grows older. Doctors are familiar with the physiological fact that the very old shorten in physical stature, and Mr. Gladstone is said to be not so tall by two inches now as he was when in his prime.

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.

Turkeys in Mexico.

Wild turkeys are plentiful in the southern Mexican states. As many as half a dozen varieties can be seen in a short hunting trip.

BLOOD VESSELS ARE SOMETIMES BURST by whooping cough. HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND AND TAR relieves it.
PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS Cure in one Minute.

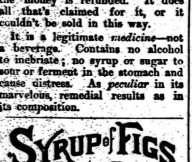
LOVE is like soup—the first spoonful is too hot, the last is always too cold.

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.

Turn to the right medicine, if you're a weak or ailing woman. It's Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. If you're overworked or "run-down," it builds you up; if you're afflicted with any of the distressing derangements and disorders peculiar to your sex, it relieves and cures. It improves digestion, invigorates the system, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, melancholy and nervousness, produces refreshing sleep, and restores flesh and strength. In the cure of all functional disturbances, weaknesses, and irregularities, it's *guaranteed* to give satisfaction, or the money is refunded. It does all that's claimed for it, or it couldn't be sold in this way.

It is a legitimate *medicine*—not a beverage. Contains no alcohol to inebriate; no syrup or sugar to sour or ferment in the stomach and cause distress. As *peculiar* in its marvelous, remedial results as in its composition.

SYRUP OF FIGS



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●
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. Samples free. Address "ANAKESIS," [illegible]

A FEW THOUGHTS.

Faith is that snow-white dove descending
Down from the realms of celestial light.
Pure in soul, on the Cross depending,
Guiding mankind through this life aright.

Hope is that star which nerves the weary—
That lone bright jewel which in luster shines,
Lighting the path when all life seems dreary,
Cheering the feeble when their strength declines.

Charity is that saint who soothes the dying,
Whose ears are opened to the orphan's wail;
Who hears the voice of the homeless crying,
Who feeds the hungry and protects the frail.

Peace is that calm, meek, tender glory
That fills men's souls with a pride for life,
Dear to the Youth, and to Age when hoary,
Dear to all things free from war and strife.

Joy is that fragrant air from flowers
Which bloom along life's happy stream,
Cheering the heart in its youthful hours,
Lulling men's cares like a merry dream.

Truth is that grand majestic splendor!
That light which lives in the highest souls,
F[illegible]ing just [illegible] tender,
And gives to character what strength it holds.
—Great Divide.

NEW COOKING STOVE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Mrs. Job Bangs was possessed of a spirit—an evil spirit, Mr. Bangs said; but then men are so prone to indulge in extravagant expressions that it is not well to place too much dependence in what they say.

Mrs. Bangs' greatest ambition was to possess a peculiar kind of cooking stove—the counterpart of which presided, in black and glossy self-satisfaction, over the cleanly kitchen hearth of Mrs. Judge Marlow's grand establishment.

"Queen of the World" was the title in which the interesting stove rejoiced.

The queen herself was possessed of as many dampers, grates, heaters, flues, ovens and nondescript pokeholes as a twenty-horse-power engine; and scientific old Watt himself would have been puzzled in comprehending the use of her "heat refractors" and "steam generators."

But Mrs. Marlow fancied the stove—and, surely, Mrs. Judge Marlow ought to know about a stove—and the consequence was poor Bangs could never retire to bed without having "that stove, dear Job," dinged in his ears.

There is a period to human endurance, and the time at length came when Bangs could hold out no longer, but consented to make his wife the happiest of her sex forthwith. And three days afterward the deed was accomplished; a magnificent Queen of the World, which cost $45, was installed on Mrs. Bangs' hearth, and the delighted lady would not have changed places with the President's wife.

The man who set up the stove asked Mrs. Bangs if she knew how to manage it. She laughed in his face. Know how to manage a stove? Of course she did! Why shouldn't she? And before her lofty mien of injured dignity the stove man shrank away abashed.

It was in July, pleasantly hot, and dinner was to be prepared for the six hired men who made Mr. Bangs' farm blossom like the rose.

Mrs. Bangs cogitated on the subject of dinner for a few moments, and finally decided on boiled potatoes, stewed cabbage, fried pork and hominy pudding, with hot coffee, etc.

"Come, Bangs, love," she said cheerfully, "make a fire while I clap on the kettles and see to things, and you shall soon have a dinner worth eating."

Bangs flew to do her bidding, but after opening and shutting several doors, with the kindlings in his hands, he was still undecided, and called his wife out of the meal closet.

"See here, Sarah, can you tell me where to build the fire?"

"Why, in the place for it, to be sure," replied she.

"Yes, deary, I've no doubt of that," remarked the perplexed Bangs; "but according to my idee, it would take a college larnt man to find out which the place is!"

"Why, the one where the grate is, of course," said Mrs. Bangs.

"Well, there are just seven holes with grates in 'em, and three things that look like strainers; according to my idee, I can't tell to'ther from which."

"Stand round, Job; I'll soon find out. Why, Bangs, it's strange that you can't see into nothing; this is the place—rite here in front. In with the kindlings, and be spry about it; it's a'most 'leven o'clock now."

So Bangs put in the kindlings—a generous quantity of shavings, some pitchwood and a hemlock knot—applied a match and stood by to watch the result. The fire sputtered and hissed; a glorious smoke arose and poured out of every nook and cranny of the queen. Poor Bangs' eyes were rapidly changing to pools of watery tears, and his sense of vision fled completely.

"Good gracious!" screamed Mrs. Bangs. "Job, you've set the house afire."

"No, I haint," stammered Job, wiping his eyes on his coat sleeve. "According to my idee, it's that confounded stove."

"Mercy on us! Where's the damper?—where's the draft?—where's the air slide? Job, Job, where are you, that you don't do something? The new whitewash will be ruined in this smoke!"

Mrs. Bangs stood with her apron over her head, and Bangs managed to get up to a window, at which he obtained some relief. In a few moments the kindlings had burned out and the smoke subsided. There was no draft but the fire had been made in the wrong place, and now Job set about systematically to find the right one, by trying a handful of shaving in each cavity of the complicated queen.

Fortune favored him, as she always does the brave, and finally Job could have shouted "Eureka," if he had thought of it. The fire burned splendidly! The numerous grates glowed; the water in the kettles sizzled; Mrs. Bangs was radient, and the "spider" of pork and lard boiled charmingly.

But suddenly, just as Mrs. Bangs was congratulating herself in being the most favored woman in the universe, the stove gave a lurch, its three legs quivered and trembled, the forward one dropped out, the immaculate Queen of the World tottered on her throne! For a second only, then over she went, kettles and stewpans. The pot was in the fire, and the fire took royal advantage of it. The blaze steamed up the chimney, igniting the soot and sending a column of flame ten feet out of the top of the chimney.

The observant neighbors screamed "fire" at the height of their voices; the school children across the way took up the cry; Mrs. Bangs was ankle-deep in hot water and floating potatoes; the house dog lay prostrate under the ruins, howling with fright and pain, and Mr. Bangs had fled to the elevation of the kitchen table, from whence he was comfortably surveying the scene, being seated in the broad dish of hominy pudding which his wife had prepared for baking.

The cries of fire called out the engine company—ever prompt in danger—and stripping down Mr. Bang's fence, they hurried their machine through a fine field of corn and up to the house. Just as they arrived, covered with perspiration and out of breath, Mrs. Bangs made her exit from the kitchen, screaming and wringing her hands in the wildest agitation.

The zealous captain of the company was a little near-sighted, and supposing the lady's clothing to be on fire, he seized the end of the hose already filled, and let fly the whole stream of water over her person. The shock knocked her over instantly, and after a few somersaults she came to a halt in the rain-water cistern, from whence she was afterward fished out half drowned and considerably indignant.

The grand uproar aroused a high-spirited bull that was confined in an adjacent yard, the red uniforms of the firemen inspired his bullship with just wrath, and after a half dozen premonitory bellows, he gave a tremendous leap and cleared the barring.

Captain, privates and populace, astonished and terrified, fled before that elevated head and those smoking nostrils, fled ingloriously, leaving Bangs' chimney to burn out without help, all except Judge Marlow, who, being a dignified man, did not compromise his dignity until the last, when he went through his best paces, but in vain.

The bull singled him out from the others, caught him on his horns, and tossed him into the pig-pen, where the irate mother of ten promising porcine little ones nearly finished him. In fact, the Judge would never have come out of that hog's yard alive had not Mrs. Bangs, recovering from her temporary fright, gone to the rescue with the mop handle.

The bull, after scattering all intruders, turned his attention to the engine which was left behind, and never were the walls of a beleaguered city battered and charged more zealously than he charged that non-resident "masheen." Mr. Bangs came down from his perch as soon as the crowd had dispersed, and secured the quadruped, now pretty well blown, from his extraordinary exertions.

"The Queen of the World" was sold for old iron, and Mrs. Bangs cooks unmurmuringly over the little old contrivance of a stove that she has had for a dozen years.

Bangs says that, "according to his idee, these here new-fangled stoves ain't the thing; they're great cry and little wool."

Russia Retrograding.

Henry Labouchere says in London Truth: "I hear that it is expected at Berlin and at Vienna that the furious persecutions which are now disgracing the Government of Russia will assuredly lead to some frightful catastrophe before many months have passed. It is not only the Jews who are ruthlessly persecuted, but the Protestants and Roman Catholics also. The Czar is now positively execrated by the Finns, who were formerly his most loyal subjects, in consequence of the insane attempts to complete the Russification of Finland. Russia has gone back forty years in a few months. Persons of rank, of the liberal professions, and of both sexes, are being ferociously flogged all over the country. At Warsaw the other day a Catholic priest of exemplary character received sixty strokes with a birch-rod because he had endeavored to hold a service in open air after his church had been closed by the police. The Emperor has abolished all the privileges of the provincil councils, trial by jury is suspended for an indefinite period, and the schools and universities are ruled as if they were barracks or prisons. The political reaction which has gone on since the Emperor fell into the hands of his present advisers, who are as reckless as they are stupid and brutal, can only end either in a revolution or a military or palace coup d'etat. Alexander is either a maniac, like most of his family, or else he is so saturated with apprehension for his own personal safety or with religious fanaticism that he is practically insane."

Driving on Muddy Roads.

A writer in the Providence Telegram undertakes to show how a wagon may be kept comparatively clean when driving over a muddy road. According to him this result depends upon maintaining just the right speed, the golden mean, as it were.

If the horse is driven at a walk, say about three miles an hour, the mud which adheres to the rim of the wheel will be carried up by it as it revolves. As it gets to the top its weight will cause it to fall, spattering the spokes and the hub.

If the horse is going six or seven miles an hour, the rapid revolution of the wheels will send the mud flying, and all parts of the vehicle will receive a copious plastering.

But now, if a gait of four and a half or five miles an hour be taken, the mud carried up from the ground will neither drop nor be thrown off, and the consequence will be that with the exception or the rim of the wheels the carriage will come to the end of the journey comparatively clean.

Everything depends upon striking just the right gait and maintaining it.

To Avoid Rusting of Machinery.

A mechanic says that in order to keep machinery from rusting he takes one ounce of camphor and dissolves in a pound of melted lard, taking off the scum, and mixing in as much fine black lead as will give it color. The machinery is then cleaned and smeared with this mixture. After twenty-four hours the machinery is rubbed clean for months. The same artisan gives the following method of hardening tools: Forge the tool in shape, then melt in a dish sufficient Babbitt metal to cover the end of the tool as far as it is wished to harden it. Thrust the tool into the metal and let it cool. This method makes the tool much harder than cooling in oil or tempering by any other process.

A Strange Mineral.

A prospector in Montana has found a strange mineral that takes fire and consumes itself when exposed to the air. When taken from the ground it has much the appearance of iron ore and is quite as heavy. The first that was taken out was piled up near the shaft one evening and the next morning was found to be smoking. It continued to grow hotter until it arrived at almost a white heat, remaining in that condition several days, after which it gradually cooled off. It was then found to be but half its first weight, and resembled much the fragments of meteors that are found on the surface.

WOMAN conceals only what she does not know.

SOME HOME PICTURES.

Ways By Which Children Are Taught to Become Cowards and Liars.

"Tommy, you have disobeyed me, and I am going to punish you, so walk right into this dark closet!"

The voice was cold and stern, and the manner was equally unyielding. Tommy, crying and struggling with all his might, was pushed and dragged into the closet, which was certainly dark enough for all practical purposes, and the key was turned in the lock.

"Mamma, it's so dark! I'm afraid. Please let me out!" pleaded the abject Tommy. But he was not yet subdued. The mother, stealing noislessly up to the door, groaned in a most horrible manner, and rattled a piece of chain.

"Oh, mamma," shrieked the frightened child, "please let me out! I'll never be bad any more!"

Then the door was opened and the little prisoner came out, white-faced and wild-eyed.

This was Tommy's first lesson.

"Here, Tommy, dear; take this nice medicine the doctor left for you. Come, now, open your mouth, pet, and take your good medicine."

"I thought you said it was good!" shrieked Tommy, when he had gulped down the nauseous mixture.

"So it is, dear—good for sick boys!" was the calm reply, as the mother put away the spoon and bottle.

That was Tommy's second lesson.

Tommy had been standing at the gate for more than an hour, watching for his mother. The day was cold and the wind blew upon him mercilessly, but still he waited, his eager little face pressed against the bars of the gate. At last he saw her coming, away down the street, and then how he went rushing out to meet her, his cheeks glowing and his eyes shining.

"Give it to me, mamma! Oh, give it to me," he cried, holding up both hands.

"Give you what, Tommy?" asked the mother, pushing past him.

"Why, my candy, mamma! The candy you promised to get me."

"I forgot it, Tommy. You'll have to do without this evening."

"But, mamma, you promised it," cried Tommy, in the midst of copious tears, as though that was reason enough.

"But didn't you hear me say I forgot it?" asked the mother, as though that, also, were reason enough. And then Tommy was sent to bed supperless because he cried.

There were several lessons for Tommy in this—I really can not tell how many.

"Mary," said Tommy's father one day in a grieved voice, "how does it come that Tommy is growing to be such a coward? I wanted to send him up-stairs after my slippers last night, and nothing could induce him to go because it was dark. The idea of a boy being afraid of the dark! He's going to be a perfect milksop—and I was so anxious for him to be a fearless, manly boy.

And then the mother said she couldn't account for it any way in the world. She was sure there had never been any cowardice in her family. She had never dreamed of such a thing as being afraid in the dark when she was a child, and it was a mystery to her how Tommy got such notions into his head.

"Mary," said Tommy's father again, a few days later, "twice lately I have caught Tommy in a deliberate lie, and I have suspected him of lying half a dozen times in as many days. Now, lying is one thing I can't positively stand. I have tried so hard to teach the boy to be perfectly frank and honest and to tell the truth at whatever risk."

And Tommy's mother said that she really couldn't understand it, that Tommy's training had been of the most careful kind; but she thought Tommy must have learned to tell falsehoods from that last servant-girl. As for herself, she had never told a lie in her life.

Whereupon Tommy was called up and was lectured and talked to and talked at until his brain was in a whirl. He did not say anything in his own defense. He might have said a great deal, but he was no orator, and besides he did not understand the whole situation himself. Even if he did understand it all it would not have been very polite, would it, for Tommy to say that his first lessons in cowardice, and meanness, and selfishness, and falsehood, and deceit, were taught him by his mother?

The above is merely a little series of pictures, says a writer in the St. Louis Globe Democrat. They were not taken with a kodak, but the camera was a very good one and has taken a vast number of such pictures. Have you ever seen anything like them?

A Terrible Experience.

Rev. D. J. Burrell, the pastor of Westminister Church, recently took a long railroad journey, and, as luck would have it, was the occupant of a sleeping car together with the members of a comic opera company. One evening, as a preclude to his sermon, he told his congreation of the horrors of his trip in graphic language, which must have made the good sisters and brethren gasp for breath at the thought of their beloved pastor being all alone in a car in which the giddy actors and actresses whiled away the time by singing the popular songs of the day, and gave neither him nor theirselves time for pious meditation. "Lord Bacon," said Mr. Burrell, "in his essay on 'Friendship,' says that a 'crowd is not company.' This was most forcibly brought home to me a short time since, when I was forced to make a journey to San Francisco in company with a comic opera company. Closer quarters cannot well be imagined than those of a Pullman car, and I was only non-professional there. At first there was a little restraint evident, but that soon wore off and they were their own sweet selves. There are men who find sermons in stones, but I defy them to find any good in these. There were twelve men and as many alleged ladies. All night, when wakeful man should have been occupied with solemn meditation, the air resounded with the indelicate songs of 'Girofle Girofla,' still more indelicate stories told by both sexes, the rattle of glasses and the popping of corks, and from the smoking-room was heard the rattle of ivory chips and demands 'two' or 'three' as the case might be. Here, one would say, was a glorious opportunity to deliver a homily. Not so. It was a glorious opportunity for keeping quiet. To cast a homily before them would be to cast pearls before swine. Could a more horrible doom be devised for these artists than to be suddenly transported to the midst of bright spirits singing Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord, God Almighty! Still, there are those who think there is but one place to which all will finally come. They would feel as much out of place in Heaven as would the members of our presbytery drinking beer, playing poker and singing 'Girofle Girofla.' And is there any less danger of contamination by going to see these people on the stage? No, there is even more, for on the stage there is an opportunity for an even more shameless display of indelicacy. I do not mean to say that there are no good people on the stage. Far from it; for I know some of them myself whose lives are as pure as those of any member of this congregation. But these very people are the first to denounce the widespread impurity of their professional brothers and sisters."—St. Paul Globe.

The Ocean No Longer Trackless.

We speak of the ocean as "trackless." It is so no longer. If two vessels sail from New York for Calcutta, they will, if intelligently navigated, follow so nearly the same course, that their paths, if plotted on a chart, will hardly diverge by fifty miles at any point. The same is true of every other route. Let us consider the case of a vessel bound to New York from Liverpool. Her captain might, if prepared for a constant battle againsts adverse winds and currents and winter gales, select a route not very different from that followed by ocean steamers between those ports. Otherwise he would follow the southern route laid down by the Sailing Directors; and after beating to the westward a few hundred miles to make sure of clearing the coast of Spain, would shape a course to the southward, passing as far west of Modeira, as the westerly wind of these latitudes will permit. Between Madeira and the Canaries, but a few hundred miles to the westward of both, he would fan his way across the baffling "Calms of Cancer," and pick up the northeast Trades. With these astern and freshening every mile, he would sweep down to the South and West, and when well over toward the West Indies, haul up to the northward Bermuda. Here he would have to work again across the Calms of Cancer, and then, with the uncertain, but probably westerly winds of our Atlanta coast, and with the Gulf Stream in his favor, he would stand on and make his port, having sailed forty-five hundred miles between two ports, less than 3,000 miles apart, but with winds and current almost uniformly favorable, and with fine and bracing weather.—Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine.

Some Curious Sponges.

"Some of the most beautiful things that live in the ocean are the sponges of the great depths, which have often very curious and interesting forms," said a naturalist to a Washington Star reporter. "Not least remarkable are the so-called 'sea-nests,' which are in the form of spheres or sometimes egg-shaped. The outer coat of one of these specimens is a complicated network over which a delicate membrane is spread. An ornamental frill adorns the upper part while the lower portion throws out a maze of glossy filaments like fine white hairs. These hairs penetrate the semi-fluid mud in every direction, thus holding the sponge in its place, while a continuous current of water is drawn by waving 'cilia' through all parts of the mass, passing out by a hole at the top. In this manner the animal absorbs whatever food may be afloat.

"Another singular sponge is the 'glass rope,' which sends down into the mud a coiled wisp of filaments as thick as a knitting needle. The latter opens out into a brush, fixing the creature in place after the manner of a screw pile. Still another remarkable sponge is found in deep water off the Loffodon Islands. It spreads out into a thin circular cake, surrounded by a fringe of what looks like a fringe of white floss silk. Yet another curiosity is the 'eupectella' sponge of the Phillippines, which lives imbedded to its lid in the mud and supported by a lovely frill."

An Obstinate Dog.

A Massachusetts gentleman has a large dog, a cross between an English mastiff and a St. Bernard, which is very fond of killing cats. Indeed, it is practically impossible to keep a cat at the stable, so fond is Karl of destroying them. He has been whipped and chained up, but though in general he is well behaved, he cannot in this respect be brought to reason.

Whenever Karl kills a cat, which happens every week or two, the groom is in the habit of digging a grave, and then making the dog bring the body of poor puss to the spot. Karl takes the body of his victim to the place, which has now become quite a populous cemetery, and while the grave is being dug he lies beside it, licking the cat all over as if preparing her for burial.

When the grave is ready, he invariably gives puss a vigorous nip on the spine, as if to make sure that she is really finished, and then taking her up by the back of the neck, he gravely drops her into the hole prepared for her.

When all this is over, he follows the groom to the stable to be whipped. He knows what is coming, and evidently accepts it as a necessary part of the process of killing a cat; but it does not in the least prevent him from disposing of the next pussy which is brought to the stables.

Spanish Royalty's Body Guard.

One of the most curious customs in connection with the Court of Spain is the provisions which are made for the safety of the sovereign at night. The slumbers of the little King, and, indeed, the entire palace, are watched throughout the night by the Monteros de Espinosa, a body of men, who for 400 years, have enjoyed the exclusive privilege of guarding their royal master or mistress from sunset to sunrise. They are bound by tradition to be natives of the town of Espinosa and to have served with honor in the army. It is they who lock the palace-gates, with much ceremony and solemnity at midnight, and who open them again at 7 o'clock in the morning. Their fidelity to the person of the sovereign is as traditional as their strange and ancient privilege.

Continental Currency.

Along in the latter part of the last century the Continental money issued to the extent of $240,000,000 had been sinking out of sight. Just before the final collapse a desperate effort was made to hold up the currency, but notwithstanding all that the government, aided by the leading men of that period, could do, a dozen eggs sold for $5,000 in Continental paper money, and a silk hat of the period, which would be worth about $7, cost $140,000 in Continental currency. The word was burned into the language, and then, as now, the utter worthlessness of a thing was conveyed by the expression, "It is not worth a continental."

THERE's no disgrace in being poor The thing is to keep quiet and not let your neighbors know anything about it.

HIS TRUTHFUL RECORD.

An Afflicted Boy's Diary of a Voyage Across the Briny Sea.

A boy of 12, who went from New York to England with his father on a short trip, was asked by his mother to keep a diary of all he saw and heard while gone. Below is given an extract relating the incidents while on shipboard, as reported in the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette:

June 1—Left New York at noon and am having a glorious old time. Have been all over the ship and have got acquainted with the captain and mate But I like to sit on deck best, and I'm going to sit there most of the time. It's grand to be away out on the ocean out of sight of land. They've splendid things to eat at the table, and I'm having such a good time I wouldn't care if we'd be a month reaching Liverpool. I'm glad I could come ... s glorious.

June 2—Sick.

June 3—Sicker.

June 4—Awful sick.

June 5—Still sick, and I don't know as I'll ever live to get home, and I don't care if I don't.

June 6—Some better; ate a cracker.

June 7—Pa helped me up on deck, but I ain't well yet.

June 8—Maybe we'll get to Queenstown to-morrow. I wish we were there now. I'm going to bed.

June 9—We can see the Irish coast. I wish I could walk home or else stay abroad forever. I've had a terrible time.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY,

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of 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. 1886.

{ SEAL. } A. W. GLEASON, *Notary Public.*

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

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

☞ Sold by druggists. 75c.

Electric Mail Distributor.

One of the most ingenious letter distributors especially adapted for apartment houses and large buildings, where each floor is occupied by a different tenant, has been patented by a Swiss inventor. At the lower floor of the house there is placed a little elevator with a receptacle in which the postman places the parcels for each tenant. When a letter or package is placed in this elevator an electric circuit is closed, opening the cock of a water reservoir at the top of the building filling a cylinder, which acts as a counterpoise and raises the elevator.

At each floor there is a simple mechanism, which causes the parcel for that place to be deposited in a box, and an electric bell rings to warn the person to whom the mail matter is addressed that there is something in the box. These fixed boxes are locked, so that in the absence of the owners the mail is safely held. When the elevator reaches the top of the building the cylinder is automatically emptied of its water and the elevator returns to the ground floor.

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.

Derelict Vessels.

Competent maratime authorities estimate that there are more than $2,000,000 worth of derelict vessels and cargoes floating about in the Atlantic, and a considerable part of the loss falls upon Maine people. Some of these vessels have unsinkable cargoes, and unless blown up or burned by government cruisers, or towed into port by wrecking tugs, will long continue to be dangerous obstacles on ocean highways. Many wrecking tugs are now cruising for the derelicts nearest the Maine coast, and some of the abandoned craft will probably be towed in. The least of them would be a rich find for the wreckers.

A COUGH, COLD OR SORE THROAT should not be neglected. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES are a simple remedy, and give prompt relief. 25 cts. a box.

One of Maine's Queer Hermits.

Among the many hermits in Maine, Jo[illegible] of Key's Corner, in Wakefield, is the queerest. He lives in a tumble-down hut, through the roof of which rain and snow, sunlight and starlight have easy access. He cooks his own food, makes his own bed, and does all the work about his "estate," including the care of an emaciated horse. He believes in witches, and every night, despite his 70 years, he mounts guard with a shotgun to shoot any hobgoblins that may issue from the hedges.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.

Kemp's Balsam will stop the Cough at once. Go to your Druggist to-day and get a *free* sample bottle. Large bottles 50 cts. and $1.

A California Mummy.

The mummified body of a man has been found in Selma, Fresno County, Cal. It is in a perfect state of preservation, being thoroughly dried and as hard as a board, without the least sign of odor. The flesh is as hard as sole leather and as black as the mummies of the ancients. The body is evidently [illegible] of a Mexican

FRAGMENTS.

THE perfect love-letter is written with a fine disregard for future possibilities.

THE advent of old age makes a potential vitriol-thrower of many a fading belle.

EVEN a good woman is more humiliated at realizing that she loves a fool than that she loves a knave.

RESULTS are always more impressive when we have not witnessed the processes by which they were attained.

SOME souls are like coffins; their confines are too cramped and narrow to hold anything but cold and rigid creeds.

THE qualities we most admire in others are those in which we are secretly conscious of being ourselves defective.

The Use of Ely's Cream Balm, a sure cure for Catarrh and Cold in the head, is attended with no pain, inconvenience or dread, which can be said of no other remedy.

I feel it my duty to say a few words in regard to Ely's Cream Balm, and I do so entirely without solicitation. I have used it half a year, and have found it to be most admirable. I have suffered from Catarrh of the worst kind ever since I was a little boy, and I never hoped for cure, but Cream Balm seems to do even that. Many of my acquaintances have used it with excellent results.—Oscar Ostrum, 45 Warren Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Apply Balm into each nostril. It is Quickly Absorbed. Gives Relief at once. Price 50 cents at Druggists or by mail.
ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

The Siberian Exile's Labors.

We labor here as beasts of burden, writes a Russian exile from Siberia. For two persons to drag a loaded barge along with towing ropes for forty miles is regarded here as the merest trifle, and as there are no sails here, hauling and rowing are the only means of navigation. Then there is the autumn fishing, standing knee-deep in the water and floating ice, and pulling at a frozen rope that cuts your hands till the blood comes; then mowing in the deep swamp mud at the mercy of the mosquito, often without any food or any drink but the water from the bog pools; then again the hewing of trees in winter, and in summer the towing of rafts forty miles or more; and so on, indefinitely.

A Remedy for the Grippe Cough.

A remedy recommended for patients afflicted with the grippe is Kemp's Balsam, which is especially adapted to diseases of the throat and lungs. Do not wait for the first symptoms of the disease before securing the remedy, but get a bottle and keep it on hand for use the moment it is needed. If neglected the grippe has a tendency to bring on pneumonia.

JOAQUIN MILLER, the "poet of the Sierras," has three children—George Golden, Harold, and Maud. Of these George is a rancher, Harold is accused of being a stage robber, and Maud, now the wife of London McCormick, is an actress.

A DEEP-SEATED COUGH cruelly tries the Lungs and wastes the general strength. A prudent resort for the afflicted is to use Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, a remedy for all troubled with Asthma, Bronchitis, or any Pulmonary affection.

THE noted Australian lyre-bird is threatened with total extinction in New South Wales, thanks to the American demand for its tail-feathers to adorn feminine headgear. In a single fortnight one agent alone imported 1,000 lyre-birds' tails to the United States.

BEECHAM'S PILLS cost only 25 cents a box. They are proverbially known throughout the world to be "worth a guinea a box."

By next April the railway to Jerusalem will probably be opened, as the work is advancing rapidly, notwithstanding the delay caused by torrential rains.

Like Magic

Is the relief given in many severe cases of dyspeptic troubles by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Possessing the best known stomach tonics as well as the best alterative remedies, this excellent medicine gives the stomach the strength required to retain and digest nourishing food, creates

A Good Appetite

and gently but effectively assists to natural motion the whole machinery of the body. Most gratifying reports come from people who have taken

Hood's Sarsaparilla

for dyspepsia, indigestion, and similar troubles.

HOOD'S PILLS—For the liver and bowels, act easily yet promptly and efficiently. Price 25c.

THE GREAT SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE.

COUGH CURE

This GREAT COUGH CURE, this successful CONSUMPTION CURE is sold by druggists on a positive guarantee, a test that no other Cure can stand successfully. If you have a COUGH, HOARSENESS or LA GRIPPE, it will cure you promptly. If your child has the CROUP or WHOOPING COUGH, use it quickly and relief is sure. If you fear CONSUMPTION, don't wait until your case is hopeless, but take this Cure at once and receive immediate help. Price 50c and $1.00. Ask your druggist for SHILOH'S CURE. If your lungs are sore or back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plasters.

"August Flower"

Mr. Lorenzo F. Sleeper is very well known to the citizens of Appleton, Me., and neighborhood. He says: "Eight years ago I was taken "sick, and suffered as no one but a "dyspeptic can. I then began taking August Flower. At that time "I was a great sufferer. Every-"thing I ate distressed me so that I "had to throw it up. Then in a "few moments that horrid distress "would come on and I would have "to eat and suffer "again. I took a "little of your medicine, and felt much "better, and after "taking a little more "August Flower my "Dyspepsia disappeared, and since that time I "have never had the first sign of it. "I can eat anything without the "least fear of distress. I wish all "that are afflicted with that terrible "disease or the troubles caused by "it would try August Flower, as I "am satisfied there is no medicine "equal to it."

For that Horrid Stomach Feeling.

DO YOU COUGH DON'T DELAY TAKE KEMP'S BALSAM THE BEST COUGH CURE

It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a 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.

IVORY SOAP

99 44/100 Pure.

THE BEST FOR EVERY PURPOSE.

RELIEVES all Stomach Distress.
REMOVES Nausea, Sense of Fullness, Congestion, Pain.
REVIVES Failing ENERGY.
RESTORES Normal Circulation, and Warms to Toe Tips.

DR. HARTER MEDICINE CO., St. Louis, Mo.
MENTION THIS PAPER when writing to advertisers.

LIES vs. FACTS

No man wishes to buy a pig in a bag, and no one places confidence in the advertisements of Scale makers which SOUND improbable. "Something for nothing" can never be had, and when you see Scales advertised so indefinitely as to leave a BIG percentage for the imagination; investigate carefully.

Some people are fair-minded, and to them we refer the Scale question. Actions SPEAK louder than words, and when you find a genuine article made of good material FOR a fair price is it not better that the facts in the case should be looked into by fair-minded men for THEMSELVES before buying any kind of a Scale?

Full information regarding patterns, patents, costs, etc., in one book, sent free by
JONES OF BINGHAMTON,
Binghamton, N. Y.

SIR HENRY THOMPSON, the most noted physician of England, says that more than half of all diseases come from errors in diet.

Send for Free Sample of Garfield Tea to 319 West 45th Street, New York City.

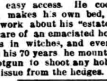
GARFIELD TEA Overcomes results of bad eating; cures Sick Headache; restores Complexion; cures Constipation.

FAT FOLKS REDUCED

Mrs. Alice Maple, Oregon, Mo., writes: "My weight was 320 pounds, now it is 195, a reduction of 125 lbs." For circulars address, with 6c., Dr. O. W. F. SNYDER, McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, Ill.

PENSIONS—Due all SOLDIERS! ½ disabled. $2 fee for increase. 25 years experience. Write for Laws. A. W. McCORMICK & SONS, WASHINGTON, D. C. & CINCINNATI, O.

PILES INSTANT RELIEF. Cure in 15 days. Never returns. No purge. No Salve. No suppository. REMEDY MAILED FREE. Address J. H. REEVES, Box 2290, New York City, N.Y.



"PROMPT AND PERMANENT!"

THE PECULIAR EFFECTS OF ST. JACOBS OIL Are Its Prompt and Permanent Cures.

RHEUMATISM.—Jan. 17, 1883, GEORGE C. OSGOOD & CO., Druggists, Lowell, Mass., wrote: "MR. LEWIS DENNIS, 136 Moody St., desires to say that ORRIN ROBINSON, a boy of Graniteville, Mass., came to his house in 1881, walking on crutches; his leg was bent at the knee for two months. Mr. Dennis gave him St. Jacobs Oil to rub it. In six days he had no use for his crutches and went home cured without them."

Lowell, Mass., July 9, '87: "The cripple boy ORRIN ROBINSON, cured by St. Jacobs Oil in 1881, has remained cured. The young man has been and is now at work every day at manual labor." DR. GEORGE C. OSGOOD.

LAMEBACK.—Aberdeen, S. Dak., Sept. 26, 1888: "Suffered several years with chronic stitch in the back: was given up by doctors. Two bottles of St. Jacobs Oil cured me."
HERMAN SCHWAYGEL.

SEEDS NORTHERN GROWN, BEST FOR ALL SOILS & CLIMES. 60,000-BUS. POTATOES CHEAP [illegible] JOHN A. SALZER LA CROSSE WIS

PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC TRADE MARK

St. Vitus Dance Cured! VIII.
SAN ANDREAS, Cal., February, 1890.
My boy, 13 years old, was so affected by St. Vitus Dance that he could not go to school for two years. Two bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic restored his health, and he is now attending school again.
MICHAEL O'CONNEL.

Recommends It to Many.
SEYMOUR, Ind., Oct. 1, 1890.
My daughter became epileptic about five years ago through a fright. All physicians' treatment availed nothing, until I used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, which at once dispelled the attacks. It is the best remedy I ever used, and I have recommended it to many of such as are suffering from this dread disease.
MARTHA ZICKLER.

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.

YOU WANT TO MAKE MONEY

You are a good agent?
You can sell our Simplified Account File to everybody who keeps accounts. It will pay both the agent and the purchaser. Send for circulars to
J. B. VanDoren & Co.,
606 East State street, Fremont, Ohio.

BORE WELLS with our famous Well Machinery. The only perfect self-cleaning and [illegible] tools in use. LOOMIS & NYMAN, TIFFIN, OHIO.

THE "OHIO" WELL DRILL
Catalogue FREE.

PENN MUTUAL LIFE You can here get more life insurance, of a better quality, on easier terms, at less cost than elsewhere.
Address
921-3-5 Chestnut St., Philad'a.

GRIND YOUR OWN Bone, Meal, Oyster Shells, Graham Flour and Corn, in the $5 HAND MILL (F. Wilson's Patent). 100 per cent. more made in keeping Poultry. Also POWER MILLS and FARM FEED MILLS. Circulars and testimonials sent on application. WILSON BROS., EASTON, PA.

CUTS FOR ALL PURPOSES BY A CHEAP METHOD DRANT ENG. CO 67 WASHINGTON ST CHICAGO

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D.C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

PATENTS Quickly obtained. No att'y's fee until patent is allowed. Advice & Book free. GLOBE PATENT AGC'Y Wash., D.C.

PATENTS! 50-page book free. W. T. FITZGERALD, WASHINGTON, D. C.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

S. C. N. U. - - - - 3--92

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

Consumptives and people who have weak lungs or Asthma should use Piso's Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It has not injured one. It is not bad to take. It is the best cough syrup. Sold everywhere. 25c.