KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

"August Flower"

"I am Post Master here and keep a Store. I have kept August Flower for sale for some time. I think it is a splendid medicine." E. A. Bond, P. M., Pavilion Centre, N. Y.

The stomach is the reservoir. If it fails, everything fails. The liver, the kidneys, the lungs, the heart, the head, the blood, the nerves all go wrong. If you feel wrong, look to the stomach first. Put that right at once by using August Flower. It assures a good appetite and a good digestion.

THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND NEW AND MY COMPLEXION IS BETTER.

My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys, and is a pleasant laxative. This drink is made from herbs, and is prepared for use as easily as tea. It is called

LANE'S MEDICINE

All druggists sell it at 50c. and $1 a package. If you cannot get it, send your address for a free sample. Lane's Family Medicine moves the bowels each day. Address

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For over two years my little girl's life was made miserable by a case of Catarrh. The discharge from the nose was large, constant and very offensive. Her eyes became inflamed, the lids swollen and very painful. After trying various remedies, I gave her S.S.S. The first bottle seemed to aggravate the disease, but the symptoms soon abated, and in a short time she was cured.

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Ask your dealer for them, or send 40c. in stamps for a box of 100; assorted sizes.

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Afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water.

A BIG BUCK.

I MET my friend Jack N. at a wedding in South Kentucky. It was a rollicking festivity, held at the house of a wealthy tobacco-planter, who was giving away his last and youngest daughter to a fresh, manly-looking young fellow, who was, as usual, a second, or third cousin; for your true Virginian never marries "out of the family," and every planter in South Kentucky was a Virginian, of course.

Amidst the merry crowd, I very soon made out the tall, lank figure of my friend Jack, whom I had not met for several years. Indeed it would be difficult to mistake him in any crowd, for he was as lean and as sharp as a rail-splinter, with his beak-like nose, and projecting chin. There was about him, too, the decided, haughty carriage of the high-blooded animal, and with his head thrown back in a hearty, fox-hunting guffaw, there was something indescribably keen, game, and dashing in his appearance.

As I expected, when I approached him I found him in the midst of a glowing description of his last run with his dogs, and closely surrounded by an eager audience of young men, for Jack was no great hand with the women.

"Spot" had just seized a big "tenprong" buck on the bound, by the throat, and brought him to his knees, when Jack caught my eye. The names of "Music," "Sound" and "Rattler" died away on this tongue in thick-coming utterance, as he stared at me for a moment of doubtful recognition.

"Hello! Charlie W.! by old Bell-Mouth!" (Jack always swore by his favorite slow-track dog, Bell-Mouth, who never gave tongue on a false trail.) "Why, my boy, how are you? Just in time—the bucks are just in the 'blue.' The dogs are as lean as I am, and as fierce as starved tigers for a chase!"

"I'm your man!—but lean as you are, Jack, why, you make them carry weight in a high wind, don't you? Glad to see you, by my faith! They say you've got the finest pack west of the Alleghanies, now!"

"West of the Alleghanies! Pshaw! man, nothing to equal them on top of the sod! Twenty-five, all told, with throats like the trump of resurrection! When they open in full blast they make the hills skip like young lambs—and the trees bend before the sound, like in a hurricane! I tell you, they make the Mississippi walk up stream, and the catfish stand straight up on their tails, out of the water, to listen to them."

"That'll do, Jack! When do you go back home?"

"Start in the morning—you'll be all ready? Won't let you off under three weeks. We have the cream of the hunting season now?"

"Won't promise for all that time—but I will be ready for you in the morning!"

"That's a good boy! bring nothing but your rifle—if you want birds, I have guns enough, and Ponto's nose is as keen as a brier!"

A two days' ride through the wild and picturesque "Barrens" brought us to the banks of the Mississippi river. Here we entered upon a long deep stretch of land, covered with the most tremendous forest I ever saw. It extended from Columbus, or the "Iron Banks" as they are called, up some thirty miles, nearly parallel with the present course of the Mississippi—though greatly elevated above the present bottom. From seven to ten miles in width, this singular tongue of land was without a single inhabitant, except the settlement of the N.'s, about a mile from Columbus—though composing some of the richest land of the state—from the fact of its being an old military reserve, and covered, as Jack said, "six deep with titles."—which had sufficed to keep at bay even the unscrupulous squatters—so that it was literally given over to the possession of wild animals, and constituted the greatest hunting-ground within hundreds of miles.

Here the N.'s—who were wealthy and aristocratic "Old Dominion" stock—had opened a large plantation, immediately upon the river bank, where it descended 300 feet perpendicularly to the water.

From the portico of the Mansion-house placed upon this lofty perch, you could command a clear view of the majestic river, to its junction with the Ohio, thirty miles above. This was no insignificant sight, you may rest assured, with sometimes twenty steamboats in view at a time.

Such a hullabaloo as greeted us when we alighted at the gate! The hounds had first discovered us, and to the shout of their master gave us a reverberating echo. Then the picaninnies came pouring in sooty legions out of the cabins of the extensive "quarter" which flanked the mansion in the back-ground—their black, shiny faces stretched in yells and grins exhibiting an ivory ecstasy of delight at the return of "Massa Jack"—while the hounds nearly tumbled us into the dirt, with their rude gambols. In a moment the whole plantation seemed alive, and Jack's favorite hunter Lara, which had the freedom of the yard, came prancing into the melee.

The ladies of the hospitable mansion met us at the door, and I was greeted with that gentle and high-bred frankness for which the true Virginia woman has always been noted—which has that indescribably motherly and sisterly something in it, which makes the stranger feel at once that he has found home.

After his mother and three lovely young sisters, Jack's next greeting was to his mulatto foster-mother, who stood with a loving and humble smile upon her good-looking face, in the back-ground, along with her son, Jack's foster-brother and body servant, Cato.

Then to supper.

Ah! that delicious supper! the fresh, juicy venison, the cakes of grated green corn, kneaded in its own sweet milk by some mysterious process, known only to Virginia women—and coffee was a redistillation of nectar, thickened with golden cream!

Then to bed.

Cato roused us, with the dawn; and we went out to see the dogs fed, preparatory to the morning hunt. It was, indeed, a magnificent pack, such as I had never seen before. Twelve of them were of the same family, and of great size and power, standing very high upon their legs, and marked with great uniformity with black spots upon a pure white ground.

"Spot," the sire and leader of this noble group, was of a pure white body, with a single black spot in the center of his forehead—from which he took his name. He was a most powerful animal, and able to cope with the largest buck, alone. He was a stag-hound, carefully crossed upon the short-legged and long-bodied fox-hound.

"Music"—the dam—was a fox-hound of the "true Spartan breed," with a voice like a distant alarm-bell; while the organ of old "Spot" was as sonorous as the boom of "old ocean" against hollow cliffs.

But, among them all, my eye instantly detected a magnificent creature—a black tan hound, that to me seemed absolutely perfect, as a specimen of canine symmetry. His coat was as fine as the most glossy silk; from his head, which was pointed like a serpent's, his fine, broad and thin ears, with their great swelling veins, depended more than an inch below the tip of his nose. His neck, like a young stag's; his chest, barrel-ribbed and deep as a panther's; his loins, as clean as a gray-hound's, with a broad, strong back; limbs that seemed to have been hammered by some wondrous skill out of fine steel; and such a voice! bugles, clarions, cymbals, bells, winds, waters, echoes, mingled, clashing, rolling, roaring, in one tide of rushing sound; altogether, they were nothing to that voice! "Nowhere, nor nothing!" as Jack exclaimed, "to the voice of 'Black Terror' and 'Smile,'" as he named a beautiful tan slut of smaller size, which stood beside this noble animal.

The history of this splendid couple was a singular one, as Jack gave it to me on the spot.

He was sitting in the portico one morning, looking out over the river, which was very much swollen and filled with drift-wood. He observed some strange, black objects, which seemed to be struggling with the current. He called to Cato for his spy-glass, and saw at once that they were two animals of some sort, which were trying hard to climb upon the drift-wood in the middle of the mighty stream.

Here was an adventure, at any rate; and, followed by Cato, Jack descended the steep bank of the river. When he reached the water, he found that his boat had been torn away by the current. Jack was staggered but for a moment, when the low plaintive howl of a hound reached him across the waters.

It was a terrible venture; but Jack's coat was off in a minute, and, looking round at Cato, he only heard him say, "Go in, Massa Jack, I'm here," when he plunged into the turbid current, followed by the brave boy. Jack said that, if it had been a man's voice, it could not have "hurt him" more than the sound of that hound's plaintive howl.

After having nearly lost their lives, they succeeded in bringing in two hounds, which were coupled together by a chain, to shore, some four miles below, by the help of the drift-wood,

HERE HE COMES! CRACK!

which they pushed before them. The poor animals were nearly exhausted, and had probably been in the water for many hours.

Jack vowed that a whole plantation couldn't buy them. They had probably fallen from some steamboat, and had got caught by their chain to the drift-wood, which had prevented them from swimming ashore.

The whole kennel was fed upon bread exclusively, during the hunting season, and were never permitted to touch any meat except what they themselves killed. This kept them in fine bottom and wind for running, and made them very savage.

A delicious breakfast is rapidly dispatched, the horn is sounded, and we are off for our stands in the deep forest.

Cato, who "drives," turns to the left, at the corner of the plantation, followed by the whole pack, while we follow a bridle-path leading straight ahead, into the depths of the forest.

In a half-a-mile I am stationed just on the verge of the "old bank," as it is called, of the river, with the deep forest, through which Cato is driving, on my left, and, on my right, after a sheer descent of twenty feet, a tremendous swamp, which was now dry, except where traversed by deep lagoons filled with quicksands. Jack rode on a half mile farther to his stand. My instructions were, not to let the hounds pass my stand, if I missed the deer, which would attempt to get by me into the almost impenetrable swamps, where, if the dogs followed him, they would be lost for the remainder of the day.

I had not long to wait; for I could just begin to hear my heart beat in the restored silence, and a neighboring squirrel had only just commenced barking at me, when a low and distant bay, followed by a faint whoop, showed that a trail had been struck. Gradually the sound gathered, as voice after voice joined in, until at last the thunder bass of old Spot boomed out, and old Music followed with a blast; and now the clashing clangor of Black Terror's tongue led off the bursting symphony, and the forest rang to reverberations which startled the heart into my very throat.

Peal on peal, and now a sudden silence—my blood is running like mill-tails through the swollen veins, and the arteries throb almost to bursting. Crash! there it goes again! Heavens! what music! How the leaves flutter, and the trees sway to my vision!

"Whoop!" in a smothered gasp. If I could only yell! Here they come; I wonder the forest isn't leveled before the mighty roll of sound! Ha! lost, again! No! it is only muffled as they go down some valley! Now they rise again! ye gods! if I could only give one yell! How it deafens! they must be right upon me! they will be running over me, deer, dogs and all! I am no Actaeon! Oh, hurricanes, and thunder-claps—hist! here he comes! and out bounded, within ten feet of me, a tremendous buck, with his mighty antlers, like forest trees, thrown back upon his rump. He has paused an instant.

Crack! away with one prodigious bound, he clears the twenty feet of bank, and is crashing through the swamp.

What a roar! here they are! bristles up, tongues out, Black Terror ten paces ahead. Spot next, then Music, and all the rest in a crowd, looking savage as harried wolves. You might as well talk of stopping the Mississippi—they have smelt the blood—what a terrific burst! Black Terror's leap is as long as the buck's! Old Spot roars again! They are out of sight! That's Jack's yell. Hark! his horse's feet, already! He is coming, furious, because I did not stop the buck!

And furious he was, sure enough! I began to exclaim at the top of my voice, before he came in sight, but it was of no use. He comes clattering up, and nearly rides me down.

"Why the deuce didn't you stop that deer! Are the dogs gone? Black Terror will never stop. Confusion, man! were you asleep?"

"He was as big as an elephant, Jack. Here's plenty of blood," said I, trying to appear cool, and pointing to the ground, with my gun, "he's done for!"

Jack sprang to his feet and examined the signs. "Oh, thunder! you have shot him too far back, and through the loins; he will take to the river—what a track! It must be the 'big buck.' I shall lose Black Terror! Come ahead, and let's cut him off before he gets there, if we kill our horses!" And away he dashed through the woods.

I followed as fast as possible, and such a ride as that was! Through vine-matted thickets, over dead trees, leaping at break-neck speed the wide lagoons,—away! away! we clattered, foaming through the dense swamp like wild men possessed of demons.

At length we burst upon open ground, and Jack gave a yell that would have waked the dead. "Too late! too late! the Big Buck by old Bell-Mouth! he'll take the river."

Jack's yell had slightly startled the buck, which was making for the river, along the bank of a wide lagoon. He turned sharp and attempted to leap the lagoon, he disappears—on we rush, at mad speed—but Jack knows what he is about, and his horse too—while my mare leaps. Plump, we land in the middle of the lagoon, followed by a roar of laughter from Jack.

"Next time, shoot farther forward, if you please, old boy!"

But it was no joking matter for me—we had landed in a quicksand. I looked around with an expression of terror at Jack, for I felt my mare sinking under me.

"Catch that limb above you," shouted he, and tie your bridle to it, or you will both go under.

There was no time for mincing matters. I let go my gun, which sunk out of my sight forever. Rising in my saddle, with a desperate effort I reached the stout limb of a bending cotton-wood tree, which I dragged down, and to which I managed to secure my bridle by a strong knot. I succeeded finally by the aid of the cotton-wood, in reaching the bank, and by this time, when I looked back, I found that my poor mare had sunk nearly up to her eyes.

I now looked round, and saw Jack, busy enough, between beating off the dogs and attempting to secure the buck, which had stuck fast also in the quicksand. He succeeded in throwing a rope about his horns, and when the "driver" came up, we dragged it out at our leisure, after having rescued my poor "Celeste," which from hanging so long by her head-stall, had grown quite black in the face.

The buck was a prodigious animal, and had several times before been chased by Jack, when it always took to the river, and had thus lost him several fine hounds.

Andalusian Bulls.

The bulls used for fighting purposes are a specially selected, specially-cared-for class. They are all pedigreed. Andalusia is especially the district of the bull. Here, at the age of one year the young bulls are separated from the heifers branded with the owner's mark, and turned out loose on the plains to graze with others of their own age. When a year older the young bulls are gathered together in order that their mettle and fighting qualities may be tested. One of them is separated from the herd and chased by a man on horseback, who, by the skillful use of a blunted lance, overthrows the escaping bull, whereupon another rider comes in front of the animal with a sharper lance to withstand the expected attack. If the bull, on regaining his feet, attacks the rider twice it is passed as a fighting animal; but if he turns tail and runs off, then it is set aside to be killed or to be used in agricultural work. And so with each animal, until the whole herd of 2-year-olds have been tested. Each bull that has stood the test successfully is then entered in the herd book, with a description of its appearance, receives a name—such as Espartero, Hamenco, and the like. This process of careful selection goes on from year to year until the bull is 5 years old, when, should its mettle still prove true, it is ready for the arena, and flaming posters appear on the walls of Madrid or Seville announcing that Espartero (or whatever his name is) will on such and such a date make his first and final appearance. A good "warrantable" 5-year-old bull for the fighting rings costs from £70 to £80.

Weighing the Earth.

The earth has not been put in a scale and balance against a known weight, but the mathematicians have calculated its weight. Professor Maskelyne first attacked this subject in 1772, when, by repeated experiments, he determined the attraction exerted at Mount Schihallion, in Perthshire, Scotland, on a plumb line, which it caused to deviate nearly seconds. Playfair, Cavendish, Hutton and other scientists then determined that the structure of this mountain made it have a density, as compared to the mean density of the earth, of five to nine. Then the comparative density of Schihallion to water was ascertained, and that of earth to water being known as about five and a half to one, it was not hard to calculate the rest, knowing the cubical contents of the earth. It has been stated as 5,842 trillions of tons of 2,240 pounds each, or a value in pounds avoirdupois represented by thirteen and twenty-four ciphers.

Called to Mind.

Apropos of the old story: "And now," said the preacher, turning the hour-glass which in those days was placed upon the ledge before him as a reminder to be merciful, "we will have another glass together," James Payn says this metaphor was singularly appropriate, for he was suffering from the intoxication of pulpit eloquence." And this Mr. Payn follows with a story of Robert Hall, who was asked what he thought of a certain preacher. "A remarkable man in his line, sir; soft preaching is his line; a remarkably good she preacher."—Argonaut.

A Wonderful Montana Cave.

Near Lewiston, Montana, a cave has been found in which the explorers traveled for a mile over frozen floors. Rooms, the like of which were never seen before, were discovered, glistening with ice and minerals. Having blazed their way for the distance stated, the party returned, their compass having become useless on account of the magnetic iron ore of which the walls of the cave were made. One of the party, as soon as he got back to town, filed a claim on the land, and, after further prospecting, thinks he will work it.

The Poor Fellow.

Mistress—Well Bridget, how is your husband?

Washerwoman—Shure, ad' he's all used up.

Mistress—Why, what ails him?

Washerwoman—Indade, thin, mum, last night he had sich bad dreams that he couldn't slape a wink all night, mum.—Life.

West Virginia's Wealth.

West Virginia has 16,000 square miles of coal fields, an area greater than the coal region of Great Britain, and produces annually 5,000,000 tons. West Virginia exports every year to China 300,000 pounds of ginseng.

Boy With an Ambition.

Dentist—Well, my little man, what can I do for you?

Small Boy—Please, sir, I want you to pull a front tooth so's I can spit like Jimmy Peters.—Judge.

THE FATALISTIC TURK.

How He Braves Death at the Holy City of His Faith.

The accounts given by the pilgrims of the way in which cholera attacked them are terrible in their grim fatalism, says the London Spectator. June 24, 1893, two days before the Courban Bairam, upward of 100,000 Mussulmans, Arabs, Turks and Indians had gathered on the sacred mount to hear the solemn address which is delivered to those who wish to become hadji. Many of these people were in the most wretched condition and some had not even a loaf of bread.

It was here that the disease appears to have struck them, like the blast of a poisoned wind. When next day the onward movement to the holy city began it was found that the ground was strewn like a battle field with the dead and dying, and so terribly virulent was the type of infection thus engendered that it was, says the account, impossible for any living creature to approach the place.

The authorities seem, however, to have realized that something must be done, and that the bodies could not be left to rot. Accordingly a Turkish regiment was sent to perform the work of burial and to remove any of the pilgrims who still lived. Never did troops in the heat of battle receive a command more fraught with peril. The risk, as it proved was literally greater than that of facing machine guns, and the moral effect was far more terrible. There are ten men who will face death by bullets to one who will face death by cholera. Yet these Turkish soldiers, with the fatalistic courage of their race, obeyed as they obeyed at Plevna.

The battalion, when it reached the mount, was 700 strong. After the work had been done 200 men only remained to go back to the coast. Five hundred of the soldiers had died of cholera. That is, nearly three-quarters of the regiment perished in the work of burial. No doubt English troops would have been upheld by many considerations—by religious feeling and by the instinct of mercy, and they would, moreover, have been well fed.

The Turkish troops probably felt the sense of pity very little, and their officers were almost certainly men with anything but a high sense of conduct. They acted merely from the most naked sense of the duty of not flinching at a command. It was an order given from afar and from above, and that and fate are to them all one.

FATAL TRAMP.

Death Crowns a Woman's Walk Across the Continent.

After a walk of 3,500 miles from San Francisco to Montreal, Mme. Leda Lavalle lies in a cot in the Notre Dame hospital, in the latter city, dying from the hardships suffered during her unprecedented tramp. She reached Montreal after having been several months on the road, and was picked up on the wharf in an unconscious condition. She was worn to a shadow and so weak that she could not raise her wasted arm from the coverlet of her bed in the hospital.

Twelve years ago she emigrated from Montreal to San Francisco with her husband, says the Cincinnati Enquirer. They had three children, and managed to eke out a bare living. A year ago her husband died, and then her three children were carried off by small-pox. Friendless and without money, she determined to return to Montreal, where she was born, if only to die there. With a horse and buggy she started out, depending on the charity of the people she met for food.

After traveling 700 miles her horse gave out and she had to sell it for $20. She then started bravely out on foot, tramping from town to town. She suffered greatly from hunger, cold and weakness. Sometimes for a day she would be without food. Her boots were worn out and she had to tie strips of her dress around her feet, but still she tramped on.

Once in a while a friendly man would give her a lift, and several times train hands permitted her to ride on freight trains. Some few little trinkets she had were sold to buy food, but generally she begged from door to door. Often she slept by the roadside when night came on and there was no farm house near.

She reached Detroit almost dead and rested several days in an institution there, after which she resumed her weary tramp. Next night she slept at Paquette's hotel, a few miles out of Montreal, but insisted upon starting again in the morning, saying she had a pilgrimage to perform.

"Le bon Dieu favors me," said she, wearily in the hospital, "since he permits me to die among my friends."

Mme. Lavelle is probably the only woman to have ever crossed the continent on foot under such peculiarly pathetic circumstances.

They Have the Right of It.

In Catalonia idleness is considered by everyone, high and low, a disgrace, and no mercantile undertaking or industrial pursuit socially disqualifies any individual. This inborn mercantile propensity is apparently an inheritance from their Phenician ancestors, who in ages past established themselves in the Mediterranean border of Spain and whose characteristic trading inclinations have prevailed to this day, and neither Celts nor Romans nor Goths nor Moors have ever annulled or even weakened them. The Semitic origin of the Catalan makes him a born merchant, and for this reason neither English, French, Germans nor even Jews of any nationality compete successfully in trade with this energetic, shrewd and enterprising race.

Candied Flowers.

Candied flowers of several sorts are among the most expensive delicacies of the modern confectioner, but the old fashion of using the candied petals of the orange blossom in tea seems to be almost forgotten. If a few of the candied petals be put into the tea before it is steeped they give it a flavor noticeably peculiar, but once esteemed very fine.

The Cat's Whiskers.

What are called the cat's whiskers are feelers, which enable the animal in its wild state to find or rather feel its way through woods and forests in its nocturnal expedition in search of prey. They are popularly termed "smellers," which is an error, for they bear no relation to the nasal organ.

Indiana's Firm Foundation.

Indiana produces 130,000,000 bushels of corn, 40,000,000 of wheat, 46,000,000 of oats and over 1,000,000 tons of timothy yearly. It has 10,900,000 fruit trees, bearing 36,000,000 bushels of apples and 4,000,000 of peaches.

Of Course He Saved Her Life.

Miss Pastelle—It's too bad; I love you and I've promised to marry you, and yet there isn't a bit of romance about it. You have never saved my life.

Adorer—I haven't eh? Don't you remember the time you first saw me?

"Yes; I was walking down the avenue and you passed me on your bicycle."

"Yes; and I rang the bell for you to get out of the way, didn't I?"—Puck.

Muscle and Vigor—A Difference.

Many muscular men succumb to fatigues borne with ease by persons far their inferiors in physical strength. Muscle does not imply vigor. In fact, it is not difficult of proof that athletes do not live as long nor enjoy as good health as the average individual who is vigorous—that is to say whose digestion and sleep are unimpaired, who have nerves at tranquil, and who has no organic tendency to disease. These requisites of vigor are conferred upon those habitually weak, no less than upon those debilitated through wasting disease, by a thorough, persistent course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the leading national tonic, indorsed and recommended by physicians of eminence. It will not endow you with the muscle of a Corbett, but it will infuse energy into your system, and renew the active and healthful performance of its functions. It averts and cures malarial, rheumatic and kidney complaints, and overcomes dyspepsia, constipation, liver trouble and nervousness.

Growing Flax for Its Fiber.

The German linen manufacturers have heretofore got their supplies of flax fiber from Russia, but there is now a growing demand for another source of supply. Hon. Frank H. Mason, United States consul general at Frankfort, advises American farmers to prepare flax fiber and send some to Germany for trial. To do this flax must be soon quite thickly, the thin seeding required in growing flax for seed producing a coarse fiber only fit to be used in the manufacture of the coarest kinds of cloth and for sacks and bags. Germany, in 1892, imported 60,691 tons of flax fiber, of which 55,451 tons, or eleven-twelfths of the whole, was from Russia. Flax is very largely grown in the west for its seed. Whether it will pay better to grow the flax for its fiber can only be determined by experiment.

A Cute Old Bachelor.

An old bachelor who just died in Paris in a house in the Boulevard Richard Lenoir, at the age of 87 years, hit upon an original idea of insuring proper attention from his servants in his declining years. Twelve years ago, says the London Daily News, he went to his lawyer and made a will, under which he left his two women servants an annuity of $120 each, to be increased by $20 for every year he should continue to live.

The will has just been proved and the legacies have been allowed at the rate of $410 a year each. The old man was in the habit of making great fun out of the motherly care with which he was looked after. "You may be quite sure," he would say, "that they will not let me die soon if they can help it." He seemed to have overlooked the fact that it was clearly not to the interest of the women that he should survive them.

Hair Dressing.

Harper's Bazar: Full waving tresses drawn back in a very simple knot that projects slightly at the crown make up the coiffure most affected at present. The hair is parted down the middle when becoming, that is, when it is very thickly set above a low and broad Greek forehead. Otherwise it is carried back and upward in a soft wave roll and the high forehead is softened by a fringe net not heavy enough to be called a bang, or by a single curl down the middle, with slighter curving tresses on the sides. A jeweled hairpin, or one of filigree gold or silver in small comb shape, or forming a tiny wreath, a wing, a pair of wings, or a fan is thrust in the coil at the back. The coronet front of the entire crown of jewels is worn by matrons. A cockade bow of light satin ribbon attached to a hairpin is very popular, either in wing shape or as a tiny chou with two pointed ends springing from it.

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.

Delicious, but Dangerous.

"Isn't that delicious?" uncle?" ecstatically cried the young girl. "Did you notice that lovely strain?"

"Yes," hoarsely muttered the old man as he anxiously watched the pianist swaying back and forth, "but if he makes ernuther strain like that I be durned if he don't break his back."—Atlanta Constitution.

Generosity Run Mad.

Carleton—He was quite a generous father-in-law who gave his son-in-law a check for $100,000.

Montauk—Yes, but he's been cast in the shade by a Brooklyn man, who gave his daughter's husband a house and agreed to pay the taxes on it.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Lane's Medicine Moves the Bowels Each Day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Cures constipation, headache, kidney and liver troubles and regulates the stomach and bowels.

Humming of Telegraph Wires.

Boston Journal of Commerce: You have all heard the humming of telegraph and teledhane wires as you passed the poles along the streets. No doubt you have concluded that it is caused by the action of the wind on the wires and given it no further thought.

But it is not true that the singing is caused by the wind, and if you are at all observing you will observe that often the humming is heard on cold winter mornings when the smoke from chimneys goes straight up until it is lost in the clouds and when the frost on the wires is as fuzzy and thick as a roll of chenille fringe.

The wind has nothing to do with the sound, and according to an Austrian scientist, the vibrations are due to the changes of atmospheric temperature, and especially through the action of cold, as a lowering of temperature induces a shortening of the wires extending over the whole of the conductor. A considerable amount of friction is produced on the supporting bells, thus winding sounds, both on the wires and the poles.

When this humming has been going on birds have mistaken the sound for insects inside the poles and have been seen to peck with their bills on the out side, as they do upon the apple and other trees. The story is told of a bear that mistook the humming as coming from a nest of bees, and clawed at the pole and tore away the stones at its base, in the hope of finding the much coveted honey.

Both Parties Pleased.

Portland Argus: Lawsuits are to be avoided by all honorable means. Nine times in ten the result is satisfactory to neither side.

A Portland lawyer says that not long ago a man came into his office thoroughly angry, as men usually are when they go on such errands. H had called upon a debtor and asked him politely for a bill of $2.50, and had been abused for his pains. Now he wanted the lawyer to collect it.

The lawyer demurred. The amount was too trifling. It would cost the whole of it to collect it.

"No matter," said the client. "I don't care if I don't get a cent, so long as that fellow has to pay it."

So the lawyer wrote the debtor a letter and in due time the latter appeared in high dudgeon. He didn't owe any $2.50 and he wouldn't pay it.

"Very well," said the lawyer, "then my instructions are to sue. But I hardly think it will pay you to stand a suit for so small a sum."

"Who'll get the money if I pay it?" asked the man.

The lawyer was obliged to confess that he should.

"Oh, well," said the debtor, "that's another matter. If Mr. —— isn't going to get it I am perfectly willing to pay it."

The debt was paid, the lawyer pocketed the amount, and, what is very unusual, all parties to the suit were perfectly satisfied.

The Cause of It.

"Cholly Lightpate seems to be a modest fellow. See how the blood rushes to his face when a young lady speaks to him."

"That isn't a sign of modesty. It's only an effort of nature to fill a vacuum.'—Chicago Tribune.'

The best remedy for rheumatism. Mr. John W. Gates, Petersburg, Va., writes: "I used Salvation Oil for Rheumatism and obtained great relief. It is the best remedy I have ever tried, and I shall always keep it in the house."

There are 6,335 women postmasters under the United States government.

France's oyster industry is the largest of its kind in Europe.

Marine is the oldest form of insurance.

A great cure for cough.—Mrs. A. K. Morris, 456 Canton St., Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "I took several bottles of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for a bad cough and was entirely cured."

True Love.

True hymeneal love is to be found in the family where the man never thinks that the woman spends too much money for bonbons, and where the woman never thinks the money her husband spends for cigars is money thrown away.—Boston Transcript.

BEECHAM'S PILLS stimulate the ptyalin in the saliva, remove depression, give appetite, and make the sick well.

A chronic grumbler can be set down as a person who loafs too much.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

The official reports show Royal Baking Powder superior to all others, yielding 160 cubic inches of leavening gas per ounce of powder, a strength greatly in excess of every other powder tested.

Who Goes in First at Dinner?

Who goes in first at dinner is a mooted question of vital importance to dinner givers. The ideal hostess will pair her guests as carefully as she will concoct a pudding. She is careful not to send two old friends together, nor yet two intimate enemies. Once at a dinner party in New Orleans a well known woman was sent out with her own brother-in-law. Dullness could not have gone but a step further. In sending people to the table the precedence should be given, where there is no especial guest, to age, to brains and beauty in the order named. Beauty never gets offended at being last, for wherever it is there floats the royal standard.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure is sold on a guarantee. It cures Incipient Consumption. It is the best Cough Cure. 25cts., 50cts. & $1.00.

Where the Voice is Overworked.

Physician—Your throat is in bad condition, my dear young lady, but I think I need impose only one deprivation upon you.

Miss Smelsy—What is it, doctor?

Physician—I must absolutely forbid you to attend performances of the opera.—Chicago Record.

For Coughs and Throat Disorders use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. "Have never changed my mind respecting them, except I think better of that which I began thinking well of."—Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. Sold only in boxes.

From the Boxes.

O'Kief—How did you enjoy yourself at the opera the other evening?

McKell—I didn't hear much of the music, but I learned the details of a few society scandals which were highly interesting.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Coe's Cough Balsam is the oldest and best. It will break up a Cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

Fight cubic feet of snow produce one cubic foot of water.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth, Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

The safe burglar is not inclined to be talkative, but he is a great bore.

Paquette & Co., of Council Bluffs, Iowa, manufactured one hundred tons of Yankee peanut candy during October, November and December.

Life appears to be too short to be spent in nursing animosities.

See Colchester Spading Boots adv. in other column.

Houses in New Zealand are all one-story and straw-thatched.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve." Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

Not even a canal horse would ever get ahead if he didn't have a pull.

A new gold field, 20 miles square, has been discovered near Hartzel, Col.

Go South Via the Wabash. Tourists' tickets now on sale to all points. Homeseekers' tickets at half fare on excursion dates, Dec. 12th, Jan. 9th, Feb. 13th, March 13th, April 10th and May 8th. For rates or folders giving full description of lands, climate, &c., call at Wabash Ticket office, No. 1502 Farnam Street, or write GEO. N. CLAYTON, N. W. P. Agt., Omaha, Neb.

An easy chair for a discontented man is not to be found in any market.

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A miner may be ever so well off, but he can't help getting in a hole occasionally.

A barber has no right to lather his wife.

IT FILLS THE BILL —a dose of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Sick Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels are promptly and permanently cured.

Glen Easton, Marshall Co., W. Va.

R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir—Two years ago I was pale and emaciated, food fermented in my stomach. A physician pronounced my case "Catarrh of the Stomach," but he could not help me. I lived a month