

TWIN RIVALS FOR OFFICE.

**They Are So Much Alike that People
Cannot Tell Them Apart**

The spring election campaign, in which several prominent names were announced, has just opened, says the New York Herald, is enlivened by unusual and unique features, which tend to make it decidedly more interesting than those of any recent years.

Probably the most interesting feature is the proposed election of Hempstead, where the twin brothers are opposing candidates for the office of justice of the peace.

The candidacy of the brothers Hawkins for the senatorship of the First district last fall, although it excited considerable interest through the three counties comprising the electoral district, was not, in comparison, the Hawkins brothers were scarcely known, except by name, to the large majority of their constituents, while "Jim" and "Tom" Seaman are personally acquainted with the elec-

The republican town convention.

which met on Saturday last in Hempstead village, nominated James M. Seaman for the office of justice of the peace, and on Monday, at the same place, the democrats made his brother Thomas B. their candidate.

One of the delegates to the latter convention said, "We're bound to have a Seaman for judge, anyhow, and it is a good thing in the family it will be all right whichever way it goes."

The brothers are twin sons of Judge James M. Seaman of Ridgewood and are so much alike in appearance that they are known as the Dromedars of Hempstead, and even intimate friends often mistake Jim for Tom, until the latter

akes off his hat and exposes a little
narrow spot of baldness on his head that

The brothers are partners in the well known law firm of J. M. & T. B. Seaman, and have built up a successful business. They are both making a lively canvass, but as the town is nominally republican by about four hundred majority Tom has an uphill row to hoe.

There have been some amusing incidents have occurred through one brother being mistaken for the other.

At Baldwin's the other night Tom visited the village hotel and met a crowd of villagers, all of whom were acquainted with the Seaman boys. Most of those present were republicans and they mistook Tom for Jim, the candidate of their

party. Before the mistake was discovered several eulogistic speeches had

Tom made rounds of cheers given. Tom was laughing all time and when the cheering had subsided he doffed his hat in recognition of the reception tendered him, when one of the crowd, who had pointed the large bald spot on Tom's head shouted:

"Easy, boys, that's not Jim, that's Tom."

There was a general laugh. Tom reacted and was given a hearty cheer on his own account.

Which of the dromedies will be elected will in a measure depend upon the result of the fight on the head of the ticket.

Mr. Martin V. Wood, republican, the present supervisor, is again in the field and

s opposed by Edward M. Townsend, longest-serving member, who was against him last

The election will take place on Tuesday next.

Nervous debility, poor memory, diffidence, sexual weakness, pimples cured by Dr. Mace's Nerve-Tonic. Samples free at Kahn & Co.'s 15th and Douglas.

A Dream Strangely Fulfilled.

In 1892 I lived in the Shennandoah valley, and was betrothed to a lieutenant in the southern army, writes a correspondent of the New York Evening World. On July 2 I expected him home, but owing to the irregularity of our modes of travel did not know at what time he

could arrive. I waited until 12 o'clock, and as he did not come I extinguished

he flung light and threw myself upon a couch.

I fell asleep, but awoke with a start and found the room dimly lighted and the lieutenant standing beside me, looking ghastly pale and his uniform stained with blood.

I jumped up and exclaimed: "O Tom! what is the matter?"

"I am dead," he answered. "Go tell your mother and hurry to the field. I was mortally wounded, and knew you would grieve less if you could find my body. So I crawled up the hill under a pine tree to die."

Then all was dark.

His mother and I went to the battle

old and under an old pine tree we found
in dead his uniform stained with

Ed. W. Potter, the postmaster at Elm Creek, Pa., says he has personal knowledge of several cases of rheumatism, in that vicinity, which have been permanently cured by Chamberlain's Pain Balm, after other remedies were used without benefit. He has said it at his drug store there for five years and says he has never known of a failure. "I have cautioned the people here that Chamberlain's Pain Balm will have nothing else instead."

A Big Game Preserve.

Much interest, says Forest and Stream, attaches to the new preserve recently donated by Austin Corbin, who has laid out one of the largest and most extensive for big game.

n New England. A tract of country

been secured forty miles north of Concord, amid the Croydon and Granham mountains in New Hampshire. The range covers many thousands of acres. Mr. Corbin has secured the territory, police it, and maintain it strictly as a private game preserve. The species of big game to be put out upon it will include buffalo, elk, antelope, moose, caribou, deer, white-tailed and black-tailed. While this is further northeast than the recorded native range of the buffalo, there is no reason why they should not do well in New Hampshire. The region is the native range of the moose, caribou and the black-tailed deer, and is situated north thereof. We can only surmise

ion, however, the success of the experi-

 **BETTER THAN GOLD.**
RESTORED HER HEALTH.

For 18 years I suffered from bile, erysipelas and other blood affections, taking during that time great quantities of different medicines without giving me any perceptible relief. Friends induced me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from the start, and after taking several bottles, restored my health as far as I could hope for at my age, which is now seventy-five years.

MRS. S. M. LUCAS, Bowling Green, Ky.
Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.
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