The Goethe Anniversary.

If Goethe were living he would now be 150 years old, which fact German authors and book printers have just anniversarized. An interesting detail is that Goethe's life was one of uninterrupted prosperity, and that in 1826 Motta of Stuttgart paid $60,000 for his copyrights. That would not be a large sum nowadays for men much less important than Goethe to receive; neither is it a small sum to pay for copyrights upon books some of which have been in print over fifty years.

The Barber Talked.

Smithy (coming out of the barber shop)—"That shave made me think I had made a mistake and got into a dentist's chair." Jonesy—"Why? Did it hurt so?" Smithy—"No; but I had to take gas, you know."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"Our landlady likes to have theatrical people come to stay with us." "Why?" "She says the rest of us stare at them so hard that we forget to eat."—Detroit Free Press.

SLOT GAS METERS.

The Penny Machines Have Proved a Success in England.

The penny-in-the-slot gas meter introduced from Liverpool by the South Metropolitan Gas company three or four years ago has been an astonishing success, at any rate, so far as the attainment of a wide popularity may be considered to constitute success, though it is understood that the Gas Light and Coke company does not find it pay. On the other side of the water it pays very well, and they have nearly 90,000 customers and are adding to them at the rate of 300 or 400 a week. These are all penny customers, and they bring into the company's exchequer somewhere about £200,000 a year, so that this development has done much to neutralize any injury the electric light may have inflicted. So satisfied is the company with the result of its new departure that it is now getting out "shilling in the slot" and "half-crown in the slot" meters for customers a cut or two above the penny people. One great advantage the company has in this system is, of course, that there is no trouble and no difficulty in getting in money. "No penny, no gas," is the principle, and it will be the same with the shillings and half-crowns, though these at present are only in the experimental stage.—London News.

England's Armored Trains.

The magnificent armored trains used by England in her war with the Boers will transport her troops, protect bridges and telegraphic communications in about the same way that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters drives dyspepsia from the human stomach and then mounts guard that it does not return. The Bitters has won in every case of indigestion, biliousness, liver and kidney trouble for the past fifty years. It is invaluable at all times.

Flowery speakers do not always get the boquets.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reducing inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

A policeman doesn't seem to be so important after all when you get to know him.

VITALITY low, debilitated or exhausted cured by Dr. Kline's Invigorating Tonic. FREE $1 trial bottle for 2 weeks' treatment. Dr. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia. Founded 1871.

There isn't enough meat on some arguments to make an intellectual bite.

After six years' suffering I was cured by Piso's Cure.—MARY THOMPSON, 29 1-2 Ohio Ave., Allegheny, Pa., March 19, 1894.

No woman can look intelligent and talk to a baby simultaneously

The football player may come early, but not to avoid the rush.

Dyeing is as simple as washing when you use PUTNAM FADELESS DYES. Sold by all druggists.

Even after marriage a fireman loves to talk of his old flames.

It is quite natural for a full man to appear occupied.

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.

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Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The man who never tracks mud into the house is usually meddlesome in the kitchen.

"Proof of the Pudding Is in the Eating."

It is not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story. Thousands of people give the proof by telling of remarkable cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla of Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Dyspepsia, Catarrh, Rheumatism, and all other blood diseases and debility.

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FIRST AUTOMOBILES.

CURIOUS EXAMPLES ON FILE IN THE PATENT OFFICE.

The First Wagon Ever Propelled Successfully by the Use of Machinery Dates From the 16th Century—The Steam Man and the Electric White Horse.

"We will be able to construct machines which will propel ships with greater speed than a whole garrison of rowers, and which will need only one pilot to guide them; we will be able to propel carriages with incredible speed without the assistance of any animal, and we will be able to make machines which by means of wings will enable us to fly in the air like birds."

These were the words of that far-seeing philosopher of the fourteenth century, Roger Bacon. An autobainist who visits the patent office in Washington will fully believe that this prophecy, which in Bacon's time was considered the imaginations of a flighty mind, and which has since been fully realized in the case of the steamship, is about to be fulfilled in the locomotion of the road vehicles.

To make researches in the patent office for the purpose of examining the various patents relating to the horseless carriage, an autobainist must have unlimited time, as there are many hundreds of patented parts that would take a lifetime to examine thoroughly, so it is only in this our ability at present to deal with the question in a historical and a general manner.

Among the numerous drawings of horseless vehicles was a cut of the first wagon ever propelled successfully by the use of machinery. It was constructed in the sixteenth century by Johann Haustach of Nuremburg, who was described as a "manufacturer of chariots going by spring, and making two thousand paces an hour." The vehicle itself was large and clumsy, being elaborately adorned with gilt and rough carving. It resembled a heavy circus cart of the present day. The motive power was derived from the potential energy of a coiled spring. As the wa on was without any steering apparatus, it could only be run on a straightaway course, and as many accidents resulted from this deficiency, the civil authorities forbid the running of the wagon on the public roads. Another means of horseless locomotion which I found in this office, and which came into use about the same time as the spring-propelled carriage, was the wind-propelled vehicles of the Dutch. These carriages, or I should say wagons, for they closely resembled the heavy road wagons of the American farmer, were propelled by means of two square sails. The sails proved a success on level lands and in going before the wind, but there was trouble when the wind was against them, and the only way out of the difficulty was to resort to the horse again.

The first steam-propelled vehicle was experimented with by a Jesuit missionary among the Chinese, one Father Verbrest. The time given for this experiment was in the thirteenth century. The vehicle was propelled by a jet of steam, for it appears that Father Verbrest set up a jet and vaned wheel in a vehicle of light construction. The jet wheel was affixed to a vertical shaft gearing attached to one of the axles.

Thus one is able to trace the growth of the horseless vehicle from the period in which the power of steam was discovered to the present day of electric and gasoline motors. Upon investigation I found that the first patent was granted to a Mr. B. Langdon of New York, on Feb. 22, 1817. The motive power was supplied by the means of steam, and I afterward learned that the whole affair proved a complete failure.

About the earliest patent granted for a complete carriage propelled by a gasoline motor was granted to J. S...on of Chicago. He applied for his patent as early as 1879, but let it lay in the patent office until 1894.

The first record of a complete electric motor carriage that I could find was a patent granted to M. W. Deway of New York, on Dec. 1, 1891. According to Mr. Mitchell, the chief clerk of the bureau having the records of the horseless vehicle patents, there are at the outside not more than 250 complete patents for horseless carriages. The employes having experience in the patent office say that the minds of the inventors all run in the same channel, according to the craze or the fad of the day, and that now the inventors all over the world are daily sending to them for information concerning every means of locomotion without the means of the horse.

Everything in this world has its ridiculous side, and many patents have been granted for ingenious but prefectly useless arrangements for locomotion. These patents are spoken of by the patent office officials a curios of the horseless vehicle.

The first of these curiosities that came under my notice was that of the steam man. This curious steam locomotive is about eight feet high and resembles an armed knight of the olden times. He has articulated limbs, which move in imitation of the human legs. In his mouth there is a pipe, through which steam is constantly emitted while his hands, which hang down along his sides, are the shafts of a carriage, which serve to steady the figure upon its feet. The body of the man contains the boiler, the heat being generated by a fire located about where the stomach of a human being is situated. The name of the inventor of this ingenious device could not be found, although I tried many means through which one might hope to reveal to the public the name of one so worthy of publication in the comic journals of the present day.

The next of these curios was horrible enough to frighten the doomed ghost of Hamlet's father, had he ever come in contact with it during his nocturnal escapades. Imagine coming down the street a huge white horse, emitting fire from his eyes and nostrils, and forefeet attached to the pedals of what appeared to be a bicycle. In the body of the horse is an electric motor which generates the power that moves the mechanical devices attached to the forelegs. The two legs, which are made to articulate, just as the legs of a person riding a bicycle, are attached to the pedals of a small unicycle. The rest of the body is stationary, and the whole horse is attached to a carriage. At one time the inventors attempted to run this frightful object through the streets of New York city, and the result was that a large number of horses, probably thinking that Mephistopheles or the horse Hades returned to earth, took to running away from his Satanic majesty. And thus ended the career of the electric horse.—The Autobain.

BOERS, SPANIARDS AND KAFFIRS.

The Transvaal People Have the Bad Habit of Procrastinating.

Robert T. Martin of San Francisco was assistant superintendent of one of the Rand mines in 1896, and spent a year in the Transvaal. In speaking of the Boers he said recently:

"The first thing that strikes you on entering the Transvaal, as soon as you cross the border on the Netherlands railroad, is the intense antagonism and animosity the Boers show toward anything English. I happened to be in a compartment in which three or four Englishmen were my fellow travelers, one of whom was a member of the Cape Town Parliament. The next section to ours was occupied by a number of Boers, who were returning from a fair which had been held at Port Elizabeth, South Africa. The Boers began to sing patriotic songs extolling their fatherland, the Transvaal, and deriding the English.

"For some reason I chanced to go out into the passageway running past the compartments, where I overheard a heated discussion which was going on between the Dutchmen as to what was the color of the English flag.

"This discussion waxed fierce, but came to a sudden climax, when one old Boer of gigantic frame rose suddenly to his feet and raising his hand shouted with great vehemence: 'You ask what is the color of the English flag? I will tell you, for I have seen it three times—once at Majuba Hill, again at Laing's Nek, and the third and last time when we captured Dr. Jameson and his raiders at Dornkorp. On each of these occasions I saw the English flag plainly and near at hand, and its color was always white.'

"The yell of delight that followed this statement was simply deafening. Each of the other Boers in turn shook the old man by the hand, and then they all fell to singing, what I later found to be their favorite song, the burden of which was that they (the Boers) would sweep the English into the sea.

"As you can imagine the incident made a deep impression on my mind, and I have felt ever since that day that a to the death fight between the two nations was inevitable, the only question being as to when it would come. It has come now, and if the dispatches read true the end is already in sight; but of this I must confess to doubts. But be that as it may, whether it comes now or six months later, there can be but one end to this war, and that end the complete disappearance of the Boers as an independent power in South Africa.

"This will be for the good of the world, for the Boers are as unprogressive as the Kaffirs, and both Boer and Kaffir, in their desire to put off until tomorrow that which should be done today, bear a striking resemblance to our antagonists of last year.

"The favorite Spanish word is 'Manana,' which means 'tomorrow,' as every one knows. You ask a Spaniard to do anything, and he will answer, 'Manana.' You ask a Boer and he will reply, 'Malkanbeche' (although I can't guarantee this spelling), which means 'Wait awhile.' Ask a Kaffir and he will answer, 'Ikorah—bass,' which means 'No, boss.' There is a rather complete analogy between the three, but of them the Kaffir is the most honest, as he tells you in the first place he won't do it, while Boer and Spaniard infer that they may do it later whereas they never intend to at all."—Tribune.

ARMORED TRAINS.

They Are Generally Improvised With Steel Plates or Sandbags.

Many dispatches from the Transvaal refer to the armored trains which are being used to transport troops and passengers through the district in which military operations are going on, and inquiry naturally arises as to what constitutes a train of that kind.

It is nothing more than a train of ordinary freight cars which have been strengthened on the inside with sheets of metal and pierced with holes, through which the rifles and small field pieces may be used on an attacking party. A flat car or gondola, with a heavy piece or two of artillery, may be a part of such a train, and in some instances enough of the closed cars may be taken away to allow a Maxim gun to be placed in position.

An army officer, in speaking of these trains, said: "They are always improvised and fitted up with the material nearest at hand. This may be railroad iron, sheets of steel or sandbags, and sometimes nothing more than heavy lumber. We used armored trains in Porto Rico and in the Philippines, and the trains about which we read as being used in the Transvaal are probably in most respects like those improvised portable strongholds. There are some cars, like the new steel cars, which have advantages as means of transportation in a country made dangerous by an enemy, but almost any kind of cars may be turned into the class known as "armored" at short notice, and the armoring will depend on the mechanical skill of the officer in command."

Officiated at 11,000 Weddings.

A minister recently died in Australia who had officiated at 11,000 weddings. Think of it! Think of 11,000 organ voluntaries, and 11,000 mislaid rings, and 11,000 trembling bridegrooms! Think of 11,000 wedding notices in which the bride's dress may have been credited to the maid of honor, and all the wedding presents been horribly mixed. Think of 11,000 funny attempts to mar the happiness of 22,000 innocent people by idiotic horse play! Think of 11,000 showers of rice, and 11,000 flights of slippers! And last of all, think of 11,000 fees for the parson!—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

In a recent report to his government the French Consul at Manila declares that the Filipinos did not make the least progress in their agricultural methods during the three centuries of Spanish rule.

THE BOER ARMY SYSTEM.

UNIQUE MILITARY ORGANIZATION OF THE TRANSVAAL.

Burghers' Forces Practically a Huge Guerrilla Mob—How They Are Concentrated—Never Drilled—Marksmanship the Only Thing They Pay Attention to.

The army and military system of the Boers is without parallel in civilized countries. They may be compared with the American army and system of warfare of the early part of the Revolution. The burghers have no military school, no standing army. They indulge in no expensive experiments to keep pace with the up-to-date ideas in armament; in fact, they have nothing, apparently, to warrant the conclusion that they know aught of the science of war or are capable of presenting a national system of defence or offence. Yet in a remarkably short time they have shown the world that they have both knowledge of, and capacity for, military service, and their effectiveness has been demonstrated most forcibly.

Practically every man in the Boer army was following some peaceful pursuit six months ago. Yet he was just as capable a soldier then and as much a part of the national defence as he is now. The Boers do not believe in supporting an army in time of peace. Nature has provided the country with natural defences that could not be duplicated by man.

It was the savage, primarily, who made the Boer a natural soldier, and the wild beasts with which his country abounded enabled him to maintain his skill with firearms. His free, open-air life has preserved his physique and inherent prudence and discretion have led him to perfect a military system suitable to the natural conditions under which he exists. From the time when he is able to handle a gun until old age impairs his faculties, the Boer is in constant practice with the rifle. His weapon changes as distinct steps are taken in the evolution of guns. His ancestors took the matchlock and flintlock to Africa from Europe, and it has been replaced as occasion required, or as advantage was apparent, until today his rifle is of the best. Simultaneously with learning to shoot, the Boer youth takes his place with men of all ages at the practice meetings, which are held at stated intervals and which correspond to the "training days" of American colonial times.

The Transvaal republic is divided into military districts. The commanding officer of each is called a veld cornet (field cornet), whose troops may vary in number from less than a company to a battalion, or even a regiment, of American formation. Usually, however, the commando, as the bodies are called, number about 125 men. When the cornet decides on a date for a drill notice is sent to the burghers, who assemble with their families at the appointed place and the affair is made the occasion for a holiday. Every man in the district capable of bearing arms is included in the commando. An old Boer with eight or ten sons, and perhaps several grandsons, is not an uncommon representation from one family. Each one has his own gun and equipments, and all have horses. Like the minute men of 1776, they pay no attention to uniforms, but a certain similarity of dress gives them a uniform appearance. The men are drilled in a simple fashion, the evolutions being crude, but applicable to the defence of the boundaries. Competitive rifle practice is, of course, the most important part of the drill, and the skill exhibited challenges the admiration of marksmen. Ninety-five per cent. of the Boers capable of bearing arms could pass the sharpshooter's test at Creedmoor with ease.

It has been said that the Boer does not shoot as well today as he did at Majuba Hill, but those who know him best assert that his skill has not diminished. The losses of British officers at Glencoe and Ladysmith seem to bear out the latter statement. An officer is a shining mark to the Boer, for one of his military theories is that the loss of officers demoralizes the privates.

Among the Boers themselves officers are remarkably few as compared with the modern army standard. The cornet, who leads a company, or perhaps, a regiment, is the first approach to an American or British commissoned officer. But the cornet is dressed and equipped like the remainder of the burghers and uses his rifle with as much effect. Heads of families direct or advise the younger men, but there is not the elaborate system of officers that exists in the army of other civilized nations.

As the system for action is based on defense rather than aggression, only general orders are given. Each man is supposed to look out for himself and his horse, and to fire at will after the word has been given. He can be relied on to fire rapidly and accurately. His target is the waistband of the man among the enemy whose body offers the best shot; officers, of course, are always preferred. He knows how to follow up his advantage if the enemy wavers or retreats and how to beat a stubborn retreat himself, if necessary.

While the Boer is extremely courageous and will stand a hot fire with any soldier, he has two vitally weak points which will count heavily against him when the British troops are ready for decisive engagements. He has never been trained to withstand a bayonet charge and has no system of discipline, which is an absolutely essential factor in controlling large bodies of men in action in open country. The Boers, like the American Indians, have never been able to face cold steel. While they can abort the success of a bayonet charge by breaking and scattering and afterward reuniting, they must inevitably lose ground and men. That is recognized by their leaders and those who are familiar with their military system, but nothing has ever been done toward correcting the defect. The result of the lack of thorough discipline is obvious and will be a prominent factor in the overthrow which even their sympathizers admit awaits them.

Another defect in the Boer military system that would prove fatal to American or European armies is the crudeness of sanitation in camp. Here again, however, the burger's natural method of living enables him to surmount with ease what would be a gigantic problem to his present adversaries.

The Boer forces can be mobilized more quickly than those of any country in the world. The simplicity of the system and of the individual accoutrement account for that. All the men are mounted, and when the commando, or order, to mobilize is sent out, each man has all that is needed at hand, and with a simple and efficient commissary service, remarkable speed is made on marches. When the desired point is reached, the commandos, or units, of formation are merged into divisions commanded by generals, who, with the commander-in-chief, plan the moves that follow.

AMUSING OUR SULTAN.

Subsidized Potentate of Sulu Mystified by Electricity.

If the present war continues there will be no lack of material for opera bouffe plots for years to come. When that magnificent old grandee, the Governor of Guam, after the firing upon his little domain by the American cruisers, sent his compliments and regrets through a much uniformed subaltern that he was unable to return the very courteous salute owing to the fact that he was out of powder it was seized upon by libretto writers as "good stuff." While not as subtle in its humor, the conquest of the Sultan of Sulu is equally available for literary purposes.

The Charleston, it seems, was sent to take possession of the Sulu Islands, but the commander of that ship, preferring peaceable means to warlike measures, sent a cordial invitation to the ruler of the group asking him to come aboard for tiffin. The royal personage readily accepted, and on his arrival alongside the ship was saluted with seventeen guns, which so flattered his self-esteem that he stepped on deck swelling with pride and puffed up with importance. With much empressement the distinguished guest was conducted to the captain's cabin and seated where the breeze of an electric fan fell full upon him. Wonderingly he peered around to see where the mysterious breeze came from, and finally his interpreter asked the cause for the refreshing wind when the air was quite still outside. The fan was brought and placed in front of the Sultan. Delighted beyond measure, he watched its revolving and questioned the officers about this wonderful machine which could create breezes that should come only from heaven. "Would it stop sometime, or would it go on forever?"

"Blow on it," he was instructed, "the machine is entirely under your control and will do your bidding."

The Sultan blew his royal breath, when lo! the fan stopped. Aghast at his power, he asked the officers eagerly what should be done to start it again. "Blow once more," he was told, and at his breath its whirring began. Carried away by this new experience His Royal Highness played with the toy until the engineer, concealed from view, must have become weary with turning the current on and off at the whim of the astonished padishah.

Before he had tired of the fan the electric lights were shown to him, and he was permitted to turn them on and off by blowing against the glass bulbs. Already, it is said, he began to think it would be a good idea to swear allegiance to the government of a country whence such things emanated, but his subjugation was completed by the phonograph and the chink and sight of more Mexican dollars than he had ever seen before. The box containing the imprisoned human soul was brought out. It spoke to him, it sang for him, but it was a trick, a joke; it was in a strange language; he would see. His interpreter was instructed to talk to it. Here was a wonder indeed; the thing talked back. It repeated the exact words of his secretary, in the same tone of voice even. Would they give this wonderful box and some of the Mexican dollars, of which they seemed to have so many, if he would sign the treaty? The conquest was complete, if bloodless, and when the seventeen guns boomed over the water as he left the ship his chest could hardly contain his swelling heart.

Great Things From Little.

A great many of the scientific discoveries most important to the world's progress have been the results of accidents. Here are a few of them:

Glass, for instance, was first discovered when two sailors making a fire of seaweed on sand saw after the fire was extinguished rough pieces of a transparent substance. The soda in the seaweed had combined with the sand under the action of the fire and produced glass.

Gunpowder, that makes firecrackers and war possible, was first known when some monks carrying on chemical experiments set fire to a mixture of charcoal, sulphur and saltpetre, which exploded.

Lithographs, the colored signs that herald the coming circus and tragedian, were made possible by a man making a memorandum on a flat stone and noticing that a paper spread over it afterward retained the impression of the memorandum.

And, of course, you all remember Sir Isaac Newton, who discovered the great law of gravitation by having an apple fall on his head.

Man With a Musical Heart.

There is a man in Washington who is puzzling the medical profession because of the peculiar formation of his heart. He is known as "the man with the musical heart." He is a Russian, but he goes by the name of James Lewis in this country. His real name is Joseph Millkowski. For the last few years he has been traveling in America, having visited Germany, France and Great Britain. He carries with him a paper signed by over 15,000 physicians, whom he claims have examined him and pronounced his case without a parallel. During his stay in this city he has been examined by a clinic of students and a number of eminent physician besides. His heart as measured by the X-ray is 9 by 11 inches, and his chest expansion 6 1-2 inches. The heart beats have a decided musical sound, something like the scratching of an unvibrating string.

The Boy Who Didn't Count.

Mrs. Tindler—Why, Johnny, what is the matter with you? You've been fighting! And I told you to count ten when you were angry. Johnny—I did but Tommy Tinker played roots on me He didn't count his ten until after he'd plunked me in the eye.—Boston Transcript.

"Doesn't it make you sad when you think of the poor?" "Why, no, not particularly. It makes me mad, though, when I think of the rich."—

PRAYER IN A HORSE CASE.

It Was Diplomatic and Cogent, but It Lacked Efficacy.

A ten-minute prayer in a Pennsylvania court in a horse case created quite a sensation recently. Robert F. Thomas had brought suit to recover the part payment he had made on a horse. He bought the animal from Peter German of Heidelberg Township for $80; paid $50 on him, and the balance, $30, was to be paid in sixty days. The horse was guaranteed sound. Later Thomas returned the horse and wanted his $50, saying the horse was not as represented; that the animal "knuckled." German denied this and refused to give back the money. Thomas then brought suit. The case came up before Judge Albright. Thomas took the stand, took the oath, and before answering the first question as to where he lived, turned to the learned judge and asked whether he could offer prayer. "Certainly," said Judge Albright, with a quiet nod, and while on the witness stand Thomas prayed aloud. "O Lord, Thou who rulest over all and art willing that all shall have justice, we appeal to Thee, in this our trouble, to lend ear and give Thy presence. Guide us and all of us to tell the truth to this honorable court and to this jury that I bought that dark bay horse from German for $80; that German said he was solid and sound; that I paid $50 on him; that the horse was not solid and sound, as represented, and that by right and justice this court and jury should compel German to give me my money back and receive his horse back again, as the horse is now just as I bought him. O Lord, we hold no grudge against German, and we don't want him to have any enmity against us; but we want our money back because we are entitled to it. Thou hast said that brethren should dwell together in unity, and it is our desire to do so, but we can't do it if German doesn't take his horse back and return my $50. Soften his heart toward us; forgive our enemies; give me a safe deliverance in this trial, and bless this good democratic judge who has just been indorsed by the solid republican party of Lehigh county." Thomas went on in his prayer for ten minutes, and at its conclusion the trial gravely proceeded. The jury patiently listened to all the evidence. The parties were farmers near Slatington, but German deals in horses. The jury brought in a verdict for the defendant, and apparently Thomas' prayer had not been answered as he desired. German, the defendant, having shown that the horse was not "knuckled," but was big-boned and sound, as represented—Green Bag.

Metrological Reform.

In his presidential address before the Society for the Promotion of Engineering Education, Dr. Mendenhall advocated the adoption of the metric system of weights and measures. He said that there is a certain class of objectors who see something sacred in the yard and the pound because they are relics of antiquity, and something inherently wicked in the meter and the kilogram because they originated with the French during the revolution at the close of the last century. He quoted the words of Charles Sumner in the senate, uttered more than thirty years ago: "A system of weights and measures born of philosophy rather than chance is what we now seek. To this end old systems must be abandoned."

RHEUMATISM—CATARRH, ARE BLOOD DISEASES—CURED BY B. B. B.

Bottle Free to Sufferers.

B. B. B.—Botanic Blood Balm—always roots out and drives from the bones, joints, mucous membrane, and entire system the specific poison in the blood that causes Rheumatism and Catarrh, and thus makes a permanent cure. Don't give up hope but try B. B. B.—Botanic Blood Balm. Large bottles $1, six bottles (full treatment) $5 at drug stores. TRIAL BOTTLE FREE on request, and prepaid. Address Blood Balm Co., 4 Mitchell Street, Atlanta, Ga.

Jack Wyld—That young Simperly seems such a fragile fellow I should hesitate to touch him, for fear he would break. Tom Fax (who has had experience)—He wouldn't hesitate about touching you, if he was broke.—Puck.

Itching, Burning Eczema.

Was troubled with a painful skin eruption, and after all other remedies failed, the father writes: "Send me four more boxes of Tetterine for my little daughter. It does her more good than anything we ever tried. Yours, etc., Jas. S. Porter, Lynchburg, S.C." At druggists 50c. box, or postpaid by J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga.

In order not to be an exception to the rule, Guibollard ran down his mother-in-law. "Briefly, what have you against her?" asked his friend, impatiently. "Her daughter." was the laconic reply. —L'Illustre de Poche.

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