Staunton Spectator.

R. S. TURK,
Editor and Proprietor.

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IN ADVANCE.

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Prompt attention given to all legal business entrusted to him, in State or Federal Courts.
Will devote entire time to his profession.
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Jan 18 '96-tf

CITY CONSTABLE'S OFFICE.—I have opened an office at No. 10 North New Street, and am prepared to give attention to any business placed in my hands. I can be found at my office any hour, when not engaged in outside work pertaining to the duties of the office.
JOHNA. NOON,
Constable for the City of Staunton Va.
july 11-tf

JAS. R. TAYLOR, Jr., & CO.,
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENTS,
will move to new offices in Masonic Temple, February 1st. Until then can be found at No. 29 E. Beverly Street.
Fire Insurance written at lowest rates.
Only first-class companies represented.
Loan on County and Town Real Estate.
dec 25-tf

VIRGINIA HOTEL RESTAURANT.
On First Floor—Entrance on New street.
Nice newly furnished rooms, private for ladies and gentlemen and connected with the ladies' Entrance and Front Restaurant Dining Room. Nice Oysters served in any style desired. The best service—Low charges.
nov 21-1y J. C. SCHEFFER, Prop'r.

BICKLE & HAMRICK
UNDERTAKING PARLOR
NOS. 11 AND 13 W. FREDERICK STREET
NEXT TO JESSER'S
We keep constantly on hand the finest stock of goods in our line ever seen in the city of Staunton. All the latest styles and novelties
Calls attended day and night.
FUNERAL OUTFITTED
in every detail and under careful personal attention.
BICKLE & HAMRICK
aug 4-tf Nos. and W. Frederick St.

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.
FOR GENTLEMEN AND YOUTHS
I would most respectfully invite the attention of my customers and friends, and the public generally, to my new fine stock of
FALL AND WINTER GOODS,
which will please all tastes. In variety and quality of goods my present stock has never been excelled by any which I have ever heretofore had. Now is the time to get tasteful and useful
SUITS IN THE LATEST STYLES.
Suits or Piece Articles of Clothing made up in the most approved styles, and
WARRANTED TO GIVE SATISFACTION.
Goods also sold to be made elsewhere if desired. All I ask is a call, knowing that any taste can be pleased
J. A. HUTCHESON
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EXCURSIONS TO WASHINGTON, D. C., via CHES. & OHIO RY.
The Chesapeake & Ohio Ry Co. will sell excursion tickets to Washington, D. C., on trains leaving Staunton 2:07 A. M., and 11:11 A. M., of February 20th, March 19th, April 23rd, and May 21st, at $5.75 round trip. Tickets have to be used going on date of sale; return any day within ten (10) days from date of sale. For further information, call on or address
JAMES KER, Jr., T. A., C. & O. Ry.,
feb 12-tf Staunton, Va.

NOTICE.
I WANT every man and woman in the United States interested in the Opium and Whisky habits to have one of my books on these diseases. Address B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga. Box 382, and one will be sent you free.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE
Best in the World! Get the Genuine! Sold Everywhere!
[1yr.]
oct 2-'95

EVERY FAMILY SHOULD KNOW THAT

PERRY DAVIS' VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER

is a very remarkable remedy, both for INTERNAL and EXTERNAL use, and wonderful in its quick action to relieve distress.

Pain-Killer is a sure cure for Sore Throat, Coughs, Chills, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cramps, Cholera, and all Bowel Complaints.

Pain-Killer IS THE BEST remedy known for Sea Sickness, Sick Headache, Pain in the Back or Side, Rheumatism and Neuralgia.

Pain-Killer is unquestionably the BEST LINIMENT MADE. It brings speedy and permanent relief in all cases of Bruises, Cuts, Sprains, Severe Burns, &c.

Pain-Killer is the well tried and trusted friend of the Mechanic, Farmer, Planter, Sailor, and in fact all classes wanting a medicine always at hand, and safe to use internally or externally with certainty of relief.

IS RECOMMENDED
By Physicians, by Missionaries, by Ministers, by Mechanics, by Nurses in Hospitals.
BY EVERYBODY.

Pain-Killer is a Medicine Chest in itself, and few vessels leave port without a supply of it.
☞ No family can afford to be without this invaluable remedy in the house. Its price brings it within the reach of all, and it will annually save many times its cost in doctors' bills.
Beware of imitations. Take none but the genuine "PERRY DAVIS."
dec 18

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Affords safe and reliable investment.
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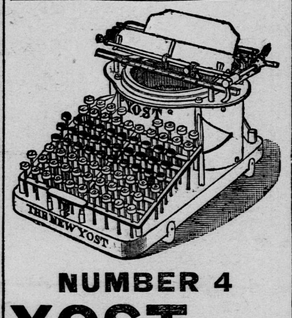

NUMBER 4
YOST.
A perfect typewriter does perfect work.
"The beautiful work of the Yost" is unequaled.
Send for Catalogue, and mention this paper.
LANG & COMPANY, General Agents,
1111 E. Main Street,
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A STRIKING PIECE
—OF—
Private Legislation!
The Schedule of Prices at
BOWLING, SPOTTS & CO.,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
STAUNTON, VA.
Without dread of competition they still offer to their friends a stock composed of every article incident to that branch of Merchandise.
jan 29-tf

ESTABLISHED 1871.
T. R. N. SPECK,
(Successor to Lynn & Co.)
—DEALER IN FIRST-CLASS—
Agricultural Implements,
Machinery, Steam Engines,
Saw Mills, Hay Presses, Clover Hullers, Plows, Wagons, Wheat Drills, &c.
The Celebrated Studebaker Wagons,
The Matchless Bickford & Huffman Grain Drill
The durable Champion Mowers and Binders,
The safe and easy riding Studebaker Buggies,
The successful Dedrick Hay Baler,
The old reliable "Up-to-Date" Aultman & Taylor Engines.
A full line of the latest improved implements in stock.
☞ Sole agent for the GENUINE OLIVER CHILLED PLOWS, not the "Oliver" Plow, as advertised by some dealers.
All goods sold by me warranted as represented.
T. R. N. SPECK,
P. O. Box 46. Staunton, Va.
jan 29-3mos

FERTILIZERS AND SEEDS.
Spring, 1896.
CHAMPION CORN GROWER.
BONE POTASH COMPOUND.
BEST DISSOL'D SOUTH CAROLINA BONE.
CHOICE CLOVER SEED.
CHOICE TIMOTHY SEED.
☞ For sale at lowest prices.
JAS. H. BLACKLEY.
Greenville avenue,
march 18-its Staunton, Va

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Oldest bureau for securing patents in America. Every patent taken out by us is brought before the public by a notice given free of charge in the
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Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the world. Splendidly illustrated. No intelligent man should be without it. Weekly, $3.00 a year; $1.50 six months. Address, MUNN & CO., PUBLISHERS, 361 Broadway, New York City.
jan 1-'96

ELECTRICITY AT SEA.

OUR GREAT STEAMSHIPS GUIDED BY A FINGER'S TOUCH.

Machinery Operated by the Magic Power. Rudder Guided by the Electric Current. All Signals Verify Themselves—The Plant on the St. Paul.

The real mysteries and the most interesting parts of a great ocean steamship of the present day are to be found in two parts of the ship which visitors are seldom able to get at.

"Here is the nerve center of the ship," said the officer as he stepped upon the bridge, "and here day and night stands an officer on watch, during every minute that she is under way, posted on the weather side and able with a touch and a glance to guide her, to move her backward or forward, and to know without asking whether each of his orders is being obeyed promptly by the men and mechanism toiling down in the hold.

"Here," he continued, moving to near the center of the bridge, "is the electric arrangement by which we transmit our orders to the engine room." The device upon which he laid his hand was of brass and was shaped like a drum, supported on its side on a brass standard. In place of the drumheads were plates of glass, and behind these were lettered dials, on which were marked the orders of the engineer. Handles came up through slots in the top of the drum, and these moved, indicating points around the face of the dials.

"One of these dials carries orders for the movements of the port engine," said the officer, "and one for the starboard engine. Move the handles forward of the center and the orders are for going ahead; move them the other way and they relate to the movements of the engines when reversed."

"But suppose the wires are broken or the electric current does not work—what then?" the reporter asked.

"You see the second set of indicators on the dials?" he replied. "When the engineer gets an order, he sets a similar dial in the engine room to the mark indicated, and that second indicator in our dial goes around and stops at the signal. Thus we know at a glance that he has not only got the order, but that he has got it correctly.

"We have, however another indicator here," and he touched a button which lighted up a translucent dial just under the coping of the bridge bulwark, "which tells us at every moment just what the engines are doing."

This dial was perhaps a foot long and narrow, with indicator point resting at the time at a zero mark at its center. On either side were graduated scales with numbers. "The numbers," the officer said, "represent the revolutions per minute which the screw is making, and when the point goes over one way the screw is working ahead, and when it goes over the other way it is going aback. There is the other indicator for the other screw. All the signal apparatus is in duplicate also."

Turning then, he pointed to an electric button in the front of the pilot house. "That blows the whistle," he said.

Then he pointed aft to where the whistle stands in front of the forward funnel and indicated two electro magnets, which, when the current goes through their wires, draw open the whistle valve and let the steam into its hoarse throat.

Within the pilot house he then showed another electric contrivance which, in connection with a clock movement, sounds the whistle automatically for ten seconds in every minute during fogs.

Beside that was a set of nine electric switches. "These," he said, "are for the ship's lights. Those are for the masthead lights, and the others for the port and starboard bow lights. There are three separate sets of wires to each light and two lamps in each. If a lamp goes out, this little bell rings and another lamp is switched into circuit at once."

Except for the carefully shaded electric lights in the pilothouse, this was all of that sort of apparatus there, but the steering wheel and its manner of operation were as interesting in another way.

Here, with hardly an effort, one man can control the great rudder of the ship with the certainty and ease with which he might that of the smallest sailboat. It is a simple thing. The wheel merely operates a pump, which in turn injects a column of glycerin through small brass pipes to a cylinder aft, where the rudder head comes up and the plunger in this cylinder opens and closes a steam valve.

Just back of the officers' quarters stands a ventilator, which connects with those quarters. Others, like it, but bigger, along the ship's upper deck connect with and supply air to all parts of the ship except the boiler rooms. These have their own plain shafts. In each of the ventilating shafts is an electric motor driving a fan. Instead of trusting for the entry of air to the wind blowing into the old fashioned wide open mouths of the ventilators these new ones force the air down just as it may be wanted by the electrically driven fans. Beneath the fans again are coils of steam pipe, and in cold weather the air is warmed by these before it enters the saloons, staterooms and other living parts of the ship.

"Down below," said the officer finally, "there are many more uses to which electricity is put on the ship, and then there are her engines—but that is a region where I am as unacquainted as you are. It takes long enough for one to get acquainted with the parts of such a big ship that one has to know about. I have been aboard the St. Paul ever since she has been running, and there are lots of things about her which I ought to know that I don't know yet, such as where to find anything in a hurry in her storerooms. She is a great ship, I can tell you."—New York Sun.

An Indication of Character.

"And shall I speak to your father?" asked the young man.

"Never mind about papa," said the young woman. "I'll fix him."

For the first time he noticed the width and squareness of her inferior maxillary.—Indianapolis Journal.

New Castle's Tin Mills.

It does not seem to be generally known that New Castle, Pa., has the largest tin plate mill in the world. Yet that is the fact. It has 22 mills. The nearest one to it is in Swansea, Wales, which has 18 mills.—Philadelphia Times.

The points of a crossbill's mandibles do not meet, but cross each other. This peculiarity is of great service to the bird in forcing open the pine burs, on the seeds of which it feeds.

A CUNNING COLLECTOR.

He Has Devised Means by Which He Is Able to Reach Elusive Debtors.

The regulations of the postoffice department forbid postmasters to furnish to inquirers the addresses of persons who have removed from the residences or places of business formerly occupied by them, the reason for this rule, as given in the official instructions, being as follows:

"The agents of the postoffice department are furnished with the names and addresses upon letters and other articles of mail matter for the sole purpose of enabling them to make delivery thereof to the persons intended. Such names and addresses are to be regarded as confidential, and this confidence must be respected."

Among those to whom this regulation furnishes a protection against undesirable intrusion are some who have followed the Arabian custom of silently stealing away after due folding of tents, but have omitted to settle with their grocers, butchers and milkmen. The anxious creditors, on seeking from the letter carrier or at the postoffice for aid in finding the delinquents, are confronted with this rule and retire from the search baffled. An ingenious man, however, whose business is that of a collector of such debts, has hit upon a method of smoking out these modest and retiring nomads, and has practiced it with success. His plan is to send each of them a circular bearing a heading which gives the impression that he is in the express business, and informing the recipient that he has a package for him which he is unable to deliver for lack of knowledge of his present address, to which it will be promptly dispatched on receipt of the necessary information.

This circular is directed to the former address of the man who is "wanted," and is then redirected and forwarded by the postman to that which has been confided to the postoffice. Inspired by wild hopes as to the possible value of the package, the debtor takes the wily author of the circular also into his confidence, sends him his new address and awaits the arrival of the mysterious bundle, only to find too late that men betray. He receives a call from his creditor's representative, with demand for an immediate settlement or threat of a lawsuit. Thus does the cunning pursuer of the oft flitting debtor bring to naught the august mandate of the government.—New York Tribune.

RAILROAD YARD TERRORS.

Even Trainmen Cannot Cross the Tracks at Night Without Fear.

"It's hard for the ordinary traveler to realize the terrors of the average railroad yard," said an old and experienced trainman at one of the big Jersey City terminals to a reporter. "The commuter who scans the yards daily as he is smoothly riding through them naturally enough fails to appreciate the mass of detail in the duties of the men who are employed to switch him safely into the station. Of course the routine work we do, fraught with responsibility and danger as it is, becomes mechanical enough to us in time, but there is one thing that I have never been able to do with coolness in all the years I have been employed here, and that is to cross this network of tracks at night. The experience of Thomas Bonker, the freight clerk at the Lehigh Valley station in Communipaw, is proof that I am not the only hardened railroader afflicted in that way. Bonker was run down by an engine because he got bewildered in the maze of tracks. I don't blame him. Why, it's enough to give a man heart disease to attempt to cross such an aggregation of rails, with a lot of headlights moving all around him and scores of bells and whistles ringing in his ears.

"Every time that I am compelled to make such a trip—and I only do so nowadays when I am compelled to—I get the lay of the land well in my mind and note which engines are moving and which are not, but it is of no use. By the time I'm in the middle of the yard my head is in a whirl, the headlights are dancing all around me, and I skip and dodge around frantically until I get safely on the other side. Usually most of the locomotives are standing still in the train shed, but it's hard to believe it when you are in front of them. Some commuters who work in Jersey City have a trick of walking into the station from the yard to save the trouble of going around by the regular way, but when I can I always warn them of the danger of doing so."—New York Sun.

A Variable Preference.

"What is your favorite color?" the young woman inquired.

"Under what circumstances?" Colonel Carter rejoined.

"Why—I should think one's favorite color would be the same at all times."

"Decidedly not, miss. Decidedly not. Now, if I happen to be admiring a sunset, my favorite color is red an yellow an something of that sort. But if it should happen that I am engaged in a friendly game with a select circle of puffect gentlemen, in which pokah chips appear, I have a very strong prejudice in favor of blue."—Washington Star.

In 1858 my father came on a visit to Antwerp with my mother and my youngest sister, Clara. Wherever my father took up his abode, even temporarily, a grand piano in the natural course of events would gravitate toward him and a select circle of art lovers would soon be grouped around it. Among the friends in the Antwerp circle were Van Lerius, Tadema, Baron Leys, Huysmans and Bource. My sister at that time was a bright and happy creature, not long out of her teens, full of hopes, alas! never to be realized, and of talents never to be matured. The large dark eyes—they seemed the gift of her godmother, the famous Malibran—reflected the artist's soul, and a grand soprano voice spoke its powerful language. Du Maurier and she were soon on a brother and sisterly footing, and they ever remained so.—Felix Moscheles in Century.

Cheap Reputation Easily Gained.

"My son," said the aged man, "as you are now about to enter the great world this little bit of advice may be of great use to you: Whenever you make a 10 cent purchase, slam a dollar down carelessly on the counter in payment. In this way you may acquire a reputation for being a whole souled fellow to whom money is as naught at a mighty small expense."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

So many great illustrious spirits have conversed with woe, have in her school been taught, as are enough to consecrate distress and make ambition even wish the frown beyond the smile of fortune.—Thomson.

A farm laborer in India is fortunate if he receives 10 cents a day for laboring from dawn until dark.

THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE.

Silence of Desolation Brooding Over Regions Once Thickly Peopled.

In the beginning of the thirteenth century the annual revenue of the Byzantine empire amounted to £130,000,000. Yet at that time not only was the eastern empire greatly impoverished by the ravages of the crusades, but the chief part of Asia Minor, with its flourishing cities, had been wrested from her by the arms of Islam. Today the revenue of the Ottoman empire is less than £18,000,000. The silence of desolation now broods over vast regions which were once thickly peopled, well cultivated, abounding in flourishing cities and rejoicing in an advanced civilization. Territories which formerly supported the capitals of ancient kingdoms—Pergamos, Sardis, Cyzicus, Prusium, Troy, Nicomedia and many more—have been reduced under Islam to cheerless solitudes, broken at intervals by Kurds or wandering Turcomans.

According to Ubicini, who spent 20 years in the civil administration of the porte, and wrote in defense of Turkey 40 years ago, the annual produce of corn in Asia Minor was then estimated at 25,000,000 Turkish kiles, which, he thinks, might be easily increased tenfold "if the great productiveness of the soil were turned to account. The same remark," he adds, "applies to all other productions which serve for local consumption or for exportation." But instead of increasing during the last 40 years there has been an accelerated decrease. The decay of every kind of manufacture has kept pace with the decline of agriculture. Diarbekir and Broussa, once so famous for their velvets, satins and silk stuffs, have been ruined. So have Aleppo and Bagdad. Turkey abounds also in mineral wealth. It possesses copper mines which yield 30 per cent of ore, while the best British mines yield only about 10 per cent. And there is coal in abundance within easy access.—Quarterly Review.

ODD WAYS OF MAKING MONEY.

Rabbit Bones as Scarfpins and Miniature Real Live Oaks.

In the backbone of a rabbit is a joint bearing a remarkable resemblance to a fox's head. Lightly painted brown, a couple of beads for eyes, a cheap pin affixed, and lo! a real sporting scarfpin is produced at a nominal cost.

At the time of calling in the French coins, which were freely passing in England for pennies, many dollars were made by ingenious individuals converting them into rings as souvenirs, this being done by cutting out the center, turning the rim inside out, leaving the inscription inside. Many of these rings are still to be seen among the poorer folk, worn as wedding rings.

Acorn gathering may be the means of putting a few shillings in the pockets of the country folk by picking them up for the farmers, but it did not seem the quickest way to a fortune by one thoughtful son of toil.

So he planted a piece of his ground with thousands of acorns, and when they were small plants he carefully removed daily such as he wanted, with the mold round, and moss wrapped each root and started his father to hawk them in the nearest towns, and a remarkably good idea it turned out.

The request of the old man to "buy a real British oak, mum," generally secured a purchaser, the ladies being charmed with the plant and the prospect of watching its growth into a sturdy tree.—Odds and Ends.

Moonshine Whisky.

Says a revenue agent: "There is a great popular misunderstanding about moonshine whisky. It is nothing but raw highwine—the crudest kind of whisky—and most of it is made right in the big cities. You take a barrel of molasses, some yeast and a still, such as many people use for distilling water, or even less than that, you can let the vapor pass through a glass pipe covered with cold water, and you can make all the moonshine you want. The foreigners in New York city make thousands of gallons of it for private use in this way. All whisky is white as water when first made. If kept in glass it remains white for years, as you see in the case of Irish and Scotch whisky. Put into wood it will in time darken, owing to the rotting of the oils. Moonshine is usually white because not kept long enough to darken, or, if kept, being usually stored in bottles or jugs."—New York Tribune.

Hailstorms In the Orange Free State.

The Orange Free State is very nearly as large as England, and just as large as the state of New York. It lies from 4,000 to 5,000 feet above the sea and is mostly level, with some low ranges of hills. The surface is bare of wood, except in a few sheltered spots along the streams, but is well covered with herbage. The air is pure and bracing, much like that of Colorado or Wyoming. There are, happily, no blizzards, but violent thunderstorms are not uncommon, and the hailstones—I have seen them bigger than pigeon's eggs—which fall during such storms sometimes kill the smaller animals and even men.—Professor James Bryce, M. P., in Century.

"What's In a Name?"

A sculptor of more humor than talent recently induced a prominent New York woman to allow him to make a bust of her. When it was nearing completion, he remarked during one of her sittings:

"I am afraid this is not going to look very much like you, but never mind, we will call it 'Ruth' or 'St. Cecelia' and send it somewhere to take a prize."—New York Journal.

No Danger.

Jorkins—I am going to have my bank bills disinfected before I handle them.

Mrs. Jorkins—For what reason?

Jorkins—To remove the danger of contagion to my family.

Mrs. Jorkins—I never heard of your family being exposed.—Detroit Free Press.

A Hair of the Dog.

"The hair of the dog will cure the bite" is a popular statement of the fundamental principle of homeopathy, similia similibus curantur. In the middle ages a common superstition prevailed that when a man was bitten by any animal certain hairs from the creature doing the mischief were necessary in the incantations and charms practiced in order to work a cure.

The Successful Man.

"There is a type of the modern successful man."

"What has he done?"

"Married an heiress."—Chicago Post.

Terror itself, when once grown transcendental, becomes a kind of courage, as frost sufficiently intense, according to the poet Milton, will burn.—Carlyle.

A LESSON IN GERMAN.

The Teuton's Civilizing Influence as Seen Through English Spectacles.

At the very moment that the press of the fatherland was hurling imprecations against Great Britain in the name of humanity and civilization and holding us up to universal infamy as a nation of "brutal shopkeepers, devoid of culture and noble ideals," at that very moment one of the Kulturträger sent out to civilize Africa was being tried in Potsdam for bringing the German name into disrepute there. Wehlan—this is the administrator's name—who is only one of many, had been sent out as vice chancellor of Cameron, had occasionally represented the governor, and during the Bakoko rising had acted as chief of the police force. His administration was systematized cruelty of a kind which a few instances will illustrate. Augustus Bell, "a nigger," was accused of having stolen a watch. He denied the charge, and Vice Chancellor Wehlan condemned him to receive 60 strokes of a hippopotamus hide whip to compel him to confess. When this sentence was executed, the man's body was a jelly. Dr. Valentin said that "a raw hacked beefsteak was nothing in comparison." A cook who humanely gave a few cigars to a man charged with larceny received 20 lashes of the same instrument of torture.

The government interpreter, Eteeki, stole some money and spirits, and to punish him the German vice chancellor and assessor, Wehlan, kicked him so long and so cruelly that the engineer of the German steamer Nachtigall had to turn away unable any longer to look upon the sight. Then Wehlan ordered 15 lashes to be administered to the wounded man, and finally gave instructions to have a rope tied round his waist so that he could be plunged into the water. One of three prisoners whom he had in custody was helped by a cook to escape. Wehlan ordered the cook to be seized and killed with the two prisoners—beaten to death, "no weapons to be used." They were kicked and thumped until half dead, when their necks were struck and their heads battered in. The corpses were horribly disfigured. During the Bakoko insurrection villages were burned to the ground and the throats of helpless old women cut. Prisoners, when taken, which was not always, were delivered up to the soldiers to be scalped alive. "A cut was made in the lower jaw with a knife, the fellow seized by the teeth, and the whole scalp drawn over the face and head." Two German gospel missionaries testified that these were the most efficacious means of improving the niggers!—Fortnightly Review.

SAFETY OF RAILROAD TRAVEL.

Statistics Show That a Man May Travel 181 Years Before Being Killed.

In The Ladies' Home Journal John Gilmer Speed writes entertainingly and instructively on the construction and operation of railroads under the caption "Running a Train at Night." He preferably asserts that the most remarkable achievements of modern civilization probably are those which affect traveling, making it at once quick, comfortable and secure. We cross states and continents at the rate of 30 miles an hour with greater security against accident than our grandfathers enjoyed in their stagecoaches, and we have, even when on the cars, comforts unknown in the palaces of kings when our grandfathers' grandfathers were young.

During the year (from interstate commerce commission's report for year ending July 1, 1894) one passenger was killed for every 1,985,153 passengers carried, and one was injured for every 188,822 carried. This surely is as safe as living ordinary humdrum lives in large cities. The report further shows that a man's chances against injury were such that he would have to travel 4,406,659 miles before getting hurt and go 47,588,966 miles before being killed. At the rate of 30 miles an hour a man could travel, if nature permitted, on American railways for 181 years, without leaving the cars, before being killed, or with the same amount of security against accident he could go round the earth 1,903 times before meeting his death by accident and 176 times before getting hurt.

DU MAURIER AT ANTWERP.

His Early Art Studies Interrupted by the Failure of His Eyesight.

Du Maurier was soon installed in the painting class and made a vigorous start. I particularly recollect a lifesize, full length painting of an old woman and a boy, a pen and ink drawing of which is in my father's album, that showed talent enough and to spare, but his artistic aspirations were soon to meet with a serious check. His eyesight began to give him trouble, and before long put a stop to his studies in atelier or academy. He was not to become a painter, as he had fondly hoped, but, as we now know, was to work out his destiny in another direction.

In those days we called all that caricaturing, and caricature he certainly did, mainly of me and himself. From the first he imagined he saw a marked contrast between us. His nose was supposed to be turned up and mine down, whereas really neither his nor mine much deviates from the ordinary run of noses. My lower lip certainly does project, but his does not particularly recede. But the imaginary contrast inspired him in the earliest days of our acquaintance and started him on the warpath of pen and ink. He drew us in all conceivable and in some inconceivable situations. "Moscheles and I," he says on one page, "if we were artistically beautiful." Then again, "if we were of the fair sex or soldiers or, by way of showing our versatility, if we were horses." In that page he seems to have focused the essence of our characteristics while appearing only to delineate our human and equine possibilities.—Felix Moscheles in Century.

BOOMING GREAT AMERICA.

A Swiss Journal Celebrates the Nation's Variegated Immensity.

One of the most amusing descriptions of America is that which recently appeared in The Nachrichten, Basle, Switzerland. It runs as follows:

"America is a country in comparison to which Europe is a small peninsula. The United States is an empire by whose side the powers of Europe appear as petty states. America is the land of unmeasured capacity and dimensions, the land of dollars and electricity, the land where the plains are wider, the rivers greater, the waterfalls higher, the bridges longer, the express trains faster, the catastrophes more horrible, than in all Europe; the country where the buildings are taller, the rascals more numerous, the poor poorer, the millionaires richer, the thieves bolder, the murderers less bothered and educated people more rare than anywhere else. It is the land in which the teeth are more false, the corsets tighter, disease more dangerous, corruption more common, insanity more systematic, the summer hotter, the winter more chilly, fire warmer and ice colder, time more costly, than in sleepy old Europe. The land where old men are younger and youths older, the niggers blacker and the whites yellower than elsewhere, the land of immeasurable natural resources and of the most prodigious avarice. In short, America is the land of the greatest contrasts, the craziest presumption, the most reckless hunt after the dollar. It is the land of everything colossal and unapproachable—the last of course form the American point of view."

Necessarily Slow.

An 8-year-old San Rafael boy was being lectured on obedience.

"I told you that you could play with the Wilson boys till 5 o'clock," said his mother. "Here it is 7 and you are just home. Why didn't you come when I told you?"

"I did, mamma."

"Don't tell me a falsehood. Why didn't you come home at 5 o'clock?"

"I started home at 5."

"Then you stopped to play on the way?"

"No, mamma; sure, I didn't."

"Do you expect me to believe that it took you two hours to walk half a mile? I think I shall have to punish you for telling me falsehoods."

"Honestly, I started home at 5 o'clock and came straight home."

The mother led the boy into the kitchen and took down a whip. He turned pale and tears welled up into his eyes.

"Now, sir, will you tell me the truth?"

"Ye-es, mamma; Charlie Wilson gave me a mud turtle—and I was afraid—to carry it—so I led it home."—San Francisco Post.

Do Diamonds Breed?

One of the queerest of the old time superstitions was the one that is responsible for the notion that pearls and diamonds "breed" like animals do. Rues says: "As for what I know concerning the reputed story that precious stones are divided into sexes, male and female, just as are plants and animals, and that they breed like the latter do, I relate the following, which came under my own knowledge: A certain princess of Luxembourg had two diamonds, the colors of which betokened that they were male and female. The princess laughed at the notion until one day she was startled by finding a tiny speck of a diamond in her casket. She put the two large diamonds and the little one away together, and they had a whole family in a reasonable course of time." A similar tale is also told by Boethius.—St. Louis Republic.

A Plain Truth.

Two friends, who met for the first time in some years, were indulging in reminiscences of early friends and acquaintances when one asked, "Where does Mrs. Blank live now?" Before the other could reply her little daughter of 7 years looked up from her play and answered earnestly: "She does not live. She boards!"—New York Journal.

Limited Output.

"I tell you, I am in the habit of saying just what I think."

"Dear me! Is that all?"—Indianapolis Journal.

A Great Wheel Salesman.

Recently several drummers happened to meet on a train en route to Indianapolis, and they began, as usual, to tell of their business. It happened that there were some bicycle salesmen among them.

"I struck a great streak of luck last week," said one of them. "I sold three orders, and it amounted to 900 wheels."

Being the first man to boast of his business, he was easily outdone by the next, and the third saw the others and went some better. He sold one firm 1,000 wheels, and two other orders amounted to 800.

"You people are not in it," said a small man, who had not taken part in the conversation. "I sold one firm 9,000 wheels, and they are all to be given away for advertising purposes."

"What's that! Sold 9,000 wheels to be given away! What wheel do you sell?" chimed in the other three in chorus.

"The 9,000 wheels I sold were contained in 1,000 Waterbury watches which a clothing store is going to give away," said the small man, handing each of the three men nine wheels for their own use and accepting their offer to get off at the next stop and "have something."—Indianapolis Journal.

One Object of Life Insurance.

The subject of the conversation had taken several routes, and finally the topic of insurance was reached by the guests, the hostess and host at the dinner table.

"Papa has his life insured," spoke up the little girl, the pet of the household.

"Is that so?" asked one of the visitors, showing interest in the evidence of precocity. Everybody present looked at the child, and the father and mother gazed fondly and proudly.

"Yes'm; for $15,000."

"What has he done that for?"

"So mamma can buy a new husband when he's dead."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Honesty.

Let honesty be as the breath of thy soul and never forget to have a penny when all thy expenses are enumerated and paid; then shall thou reach the point of happiness, and independence shall be thy shield and buckler, thy helmet and crown; then shall thy soul walk upright, nor stoop to the silken wretch because he hath riches, nor pocket an abuse because the hand which offers it wears a ring set with diamonds.—Franklin.

Filial Affection.

Mamma—Now you cannot say, John, that baby does not love you. What do you think she has pleaded with me to ask you for?

Papa—What, dear?

Mamma—Well, she wants a lock of your hair.

Baby—Yes, papa, do let me have it. My wooking horse has lost its tail.—London Fun.

A Friendly Comment.

Gladys—I cannot understand why all men seem to take so much to Cora.

Phyllis—It's simply a case of Mary's little lamb.

Gladys—How do you mean?

Phyllis—Well, when the children asked, "What makes the lamb love Mary so?" they were told, "Why, Mary loves the lamb, you know." That's the principle on which the men like Cora.—New York Journal.

The man with a weight on his leg can't hope to win in the race. A man with a weight on his health can't expect to compete in life and business with those who are not handicapped. A man who spends two-thirds of his time in business, and one-third of his time being sick, cannot be expected to accomplish more than two-thirds as much as the man who attends to business all the time. If his brain is heavy, and his blood sluggish, because of constipation, he will not succeed in doing anything very well. Constipation is the cause of nine-tenths of all sickness. It isn't considered sickness by most people, but it is just the same. It is serious sickness, because it causes almost all of the ill-health of mankind. Symptoms of it are sallowness, listlessness, poor appetite, bad taste in the mouth, dizziness, biliousness, and lassitude. Constipation can be cured easily and certainly by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They are perfectly simple—perfectly safe. They are not at all violent in their action, and yet they are more certain than many medicines which are so strong that they put the system all out of order. The great advantage of the "Pleasant Pellets" is that they cure permanently. You don't have to keep on taking them. You don't acquire a "pellet habit." Take them regularly for a while, and you are cured permanently. After that, take them only when you find yourself suffering from indigestion. There are many medicines offered for the same purpose on which druggists make a bigger profit. For this reason, some druggists would rather sell the other things. If your own health is of more importance to you than the druggist's prosperity, you will insist on having what you ask for.

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