Oh!

A witness in Judge Low's department of the police court came near being sent to jail for contempt of court yesterday, for telling the truth. The witness was called and sworn.

"What is your name?" asked Prosecuting Attorney Madden.

"I. Denau," replied the witness.

"What's that?" demanded the judge.

"I. Denau," repeated the witness.

The judge and prosecuting attorney stared at each other in blank amazement.

"Look here, sir," roared the judge, when he had recovered his breath, "you will not be permitted to trifle with this court."

"Well—er—I only know what I have always been told was my name," explained the embarrassed witness. "Of course, I cannot swear to it, but if it is not my true name, I'd like to know it, your honor."

"That is all any man knows of his name," declared the judge. "What have you been told was your name?"

"I. Denau, sir."

"You don't know? Mr. Clerk, enter up an order——"

"I didn't say I didn't know," hastily explained the witness. "I said my name was I. Denau—Ignatz Denau, sir."

"Oh!" said the judge.

"Oh!" echoed the prosecuting attorney.—San Francisco Post.

False Witnesses.

There are knaves now and then met with who represent certain local bitters and poisonous stimuli as identical with or possessing properties akin to those of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. These scamps only succeed in foisting their trashy compounds upon people unacquainted with the genuine article, which is as much their opposite as day is to night. Ask and take no substitute for the grand remedy for malaria, dyspepsia, constipation, rheumatism and kidney trouble.

Thought is troublesome to him who lives without his own approbation.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Binghamton, N. Y.

A page digested is better than a volume hurriedly read.

In Olden Times

People overlooked the importance of permanently beneficial effects and were satisfied with transient action, but now that it is generally known that Syrup of Figs will permanently cure habitual constipation, well-informed people will not buy other laxatives, which act for a time, but finally injure the system.

Responsibility walks hand in hand with capacity and power.

Hog Raising Extraordinary.

Two acres mulberries fatten 85 hogs. These hogs were turned in the orchard in May and kept there till September eating nothing but mulberries and were perfectly fat when taken out. They were fed a little corn to harden the meat and then killed. Two acres of mulberry trees 6 to 8 ft. high cost $30.00—what are 85 fat hogs worth? For best kinds of mulberries write for new catalogue which is sent free. Address W. D. Beattie, Atlanta, Ga.

Piso's Cure cured me of a Throat and Lung trouble of three years' standing.—E. CADY, Huntington, Ind., Nov. 12, 1894.

Impaired Health is Not Easily Regained, yet Parker's Ginger Tonic has attained it in many cases. For every weakness and distress.

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

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle.

Gastric Dyspepsia

And constipation troubled me for over a year. I grew worse and could hardly perform my household duties. I had severe pains in my stomach, especially at night. I treated with our physician six months without avail. I resorted to Hood's Sarsaparilla, and having taken six bottles I am free from all distress in my stomach and am no longer troubled with dyspepsia." MRS. MARGARET KENNER, Indian Falls, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Only True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the public eye. $1; 6 for $5.

Hood's Pills easy to buy, easy to take, easy in effect. 25c.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S Medical Discovery,

DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS.,

Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

World's Fair! HIGHEST AWARD.

IMPERIAL GRANUM

Always WINS HOSTS of FRIENDS wherever its Superior Merits become known. It is the Safest FOOD for Convalescents!

Sold by DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE! John Carle & Sons, New York.

THE AERMOTOR CO. does half the world's windmill business, because it has reduced the cost of wind power to 1/6 what it was. It has many branch houses, and supplies its goods and repairs at your door. It can and does furnish a better article for less money than others. It makes Pumping and Geared, Steel, Galvanized-after-Completion Windmills, Tilting and Fixed Steel Towers, Steel Buzz Saw Frames, Steel Feed Cutters and Feed Grinders. On application it will name one of these articles that it will furnish until January 1st, at 1/3 the usual price. It also makes Tanks and Pumps of all kinds. Send for catalogue. Factory: 12th, Rockwell and Fillmore Streets, Chicago.

MARLIN REPEATER.

Model 1894.

Made in 25-20, 32-20, 38-40 and 44-40 Calibres. Only Solid Top and Side-ejecting Repeaters made. All other Calibres ready. The Marlin Fire Arms Co. Catalogue free. New Haven, Conn.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

WITH MABEL NUTTING.

Through the woods I stroll with Mabel,
In the golden autumn sunshine,
Do I go with Mabel nutting,
Where the chestnut branches spread.
Mabel laughs and Mabel frolics,
Mabel singeth like a dove;
And she doesn't fill her basket,
But she fills my heart with love.

Nuts are brown and plenty,
Skies are blue and white;
But Mabel is the picture
That captivates me quite.

Through the woods I stroll with Mabel,
To the winding homeward lane
With the promise in my bosom
That I've tried so long to gain.
Mabel laughs and Mabel frolics,
Mabel romperth and is coy;
Mabel hasn't filled her basket,
But she's filled my heart with joy.

Nuts are brown and plenty,
Skies are blue and white;
But Mabel is the picture
That captivates me quite.

—Joe Cone, in Detroit Free Press.

LOVE'S SACRIFICE.

A TALE OF CUBA.

RAT-TAT-TAT sounded in a dreary monotone from the drums, and slowly, in single file, the miserable prisoners came into view. Ragged, dirty, unkempt, footsore, panting from the blazing August sky, they were truly a pitiable sight, though they held up their heads defiantly, and smiled derisively at the insulting epithets and grimaces which the lower classes heaped upon them, especially in the vicinity of any officer's residence. The better class of the Havanese showed their sympathy in striking contrast to the jeers and gibes of the baser sort—the men by their sullen, indignant looks; the women by frequent sobs and tears and smothered exclamations of "Los desgraciados!" "Que lastima!" "Dios los ayude!"

The time was 1851, directly after the capture of Crittenden, Lopez's brave lieutenant, in his ill-starred expedition to Cuba. He and his Spartan remnant were these forlorn prisoners.

When they reach the Calle de la Lamparilla, one of the narrow streets of the old city, the guards suddenly halted the column and reverently bared their head. A funeral procession was approaching from the opposite direction, and the line was pushed close toward the houses jutting on the narrow footway, scarcely worthy the name of a sidewalk.

A youth among the foremost prisoners, who, evidently, had not the fortitude of his older companions, judging by his bowed head and deep dejection, now looked up with a wan smile of recognition as a pair of dark eyes brimming with tears gazed through a latticed window at the pitiful sight.

"Amalia," he whispered.

"Robercito! Is it indeed you. Oh, how terrible! I did not dream you were with them."

"Dearest cousin, save me," he replied in Spanish as fluent as her own. "We are all condemned to be shot in two days, perhaps sooner. I am too young to die."

"Would that I could, mio querido, but, alas! I am powerless as a lamb among wolves."

"Amalia, don't say that. You have friends, lovers, among the Spaniards. For the love of my mother—"

"Forward march!" rang on the air, and the weary column passed on to the dungeons of Morro Castle.

That night the Senorita Amalia de Vaidez was a dream of loveliness as she reclined listlessly among the cushions of a lounge in her handsome salon. Tall, exquisitely formed, with jetty tresses framing a softly rounded face, with "midnight eyes" so large, so liquid, so lustrous that her admirers exhausted the influence of their honeyed tongues in praising them; with a mouth whose twin carnations, perfect in repose, were still more enchanting when her smile disclosed the dazzling teeth within—it is no wonder she was considered to be the beauty of beauties in a capital famed for the grace and loveliness of its women.

The young Captain Antonio de Ramon, who presently entered, was so enraptured with her appearance that only the presence of the inevitable duenna restrained him from throwing himself at her feet in reality, as well as in the formal salutation with which Spanish gentlemen greet all ladies.

"Beso a V lo pies, senorita."

She responded in the same fashion, only kissing his hands (figuratively) instead of his feet. But she looked preoccupied, sad, despondent. He seated himself near her, while the duenna, her gentle Tia Maria, retired to a distant corner, and, opening a prayer book, was soon entirely (to all appearances, at least) absorbed in its perusal.

"Tell me, my soul," said he, "why are you so melancholy?"

A sigh was the only response.

"Ah, yes! I know your tender heart aches for the prisoners you must have seen to-day. Poor fellows! Theirs is a terrible fate. But, tell me, what is it you wished to ask me? Can there be a wish of yours I would not gratify at the risk of my life, if need be? I have your precious billet safe here," and he pointed to his heart. "You have but to command and I will obey."

At these words Amelie looked up, and a wave of color flowed over her fair face as she read the passionate devotion in his eyes. Used as she was to admiration—homage, rather, in the impetuous, tropical style—she had not before beheld such ardor as Antonio now vainly struggled to repress. He had long been one of her train of admirers, but though she secretly preferred him, she had never betrayed that preference by a single word. For her sake, though a brave and loyal Spanish officer, he had been led to sympathize with the patriots, and, in time, to acknowledge the justice of their grievances.

"Tis Mia," said Amalia, turning to her aunt, "I have mislaid my pearl bracelet upstairs. Will you kindly look for it?"

The duenna vanished as if she had expected the request. On the instant Amalia said to him:

"You have often sworn that you love me to distraction, is it not so, Antonito?"

What happiness it was for him to hear from her lips the diminutive "ito" added to his name, which, in itself, is a caress in words.

"My life, with all my heart and soul," he exclaimed, seeking to embrace her. But she drew back.

"No, I give myself only to him who proves his love."

"What can I do for you, beloved? Dispose of me as you will for life."

"It is life I ask. Sit here beside me, dearest, and I will tell you."

She then related the scene of the morning, her discovery that Roberto, who had passed the previous winter in Havana with his family, was now among the prisoners.

"He is the son of my favorite aunt—so young, barely sixteen. He came here to perfect himself in Spanish, and I inspired him with my own enthusiasm for the Cuban cause. He has returned, alas! to die, unless you will save him for my sake. Should he perish, I can never know another happy moment."

Antonio grew pale as he listened.

"You know that I would yield my life at your command willingly, but in this, even were it possible, my honor is involved. I cannot betray the flag I serve."

"Even when it sanctions butchery," she exclaimed, passionately. "Go! If Roberto dies, I will never see your face again—cold, cruel, so you are."

"Amalia, you cannot break my heart thus. Ask me anything else."

"You are prodigal of words, senor," she began, scornfully, but with a rapid change of manner and tone, rose and threw her arms round his neck.

"Antonito mio! I love you," she sobbed. "For you I would give up home, relatives, country. Grant me this one favor. Save that poor child, and I swear to become your wife in another month. You have said that if I would marry you you would resign your hateful commission in the army and seek a home in Mexico. I will follow you there and to the end of the earth."

The last words were sobbed on his fiercely-beating heart, as he tenderly embraced her with an anguished look that all his rapture could not disguise.

"You have won," he said, after a pause. "For you I will dare anything. They will die day after to-morrow. I have but a short time, and now must leave you, dearest. If I fail, you will forgive me, will you not? for I will not survive my disgrace."

"You will succeed, beloved. It is a righteous act. They will have enough victims. You shall never repent your sacrifice."

He smiled sadly.

"Ah, if this had only happened after my resignation."

A discreet cough was heard at the door, and Tia Maria, entering, said:

"I have searched everywhere for your bracelet, Amalita, but cannot find it."

"Oh, how stupid of me—here it is on the sofa."

Roberto lay on a pallet beside two other comrades, who, in the midst of their own misery, tried to cheer and fortify the boy, exhorting him to meet manfully a doom which they felt was even more terrible for him than for them. He had been one of the most enthusiastic volunteers; had fought well, but now the near prospect of death seemed to make a coward of him.

A soldier who spoke a little English entered the cell at this moment and roughly bade him rise and follow to the Captain's room. Roberto rose tremblingly.

"Courage, my boy," said a middle-aged man, "perhaps it is good news for you. If not,, beware lest he wring from you a word about Lopez's plans."

"Never fear," he replied, making an effort to control his agitation. "I hate to die"—here he gulped down a sob—"this way, but I'll not be a traitor. Goodby."

The guard interrupted further speech by pushing him into the corridor with his musket.

"Here is the prisoner, Captain."

"Very well; you may retire, Sergeant."

Antonio locked the door after him, and, in a low tone, briefly related to Roberto the plan he had formulated for the latter's escape.

"Each prisoner will receive three shots. By dint of extensive bribery and the co-operation of a surgeon, a secret friend of the Cuban cause. I have arranged that three blank cartridges shall be fired at you. You must be careful to simulate death as far as possible until the word 'Amalia' is whispered in your ear. Then you may breathe freely and open your eyes, for you will be temporarily safe. Further details will then have been arranged and told you. The least indiscretion on your part, the least bungling on that of those I have employed, though only two are in the secret, will ruin me as well as seal your fate."

Roberto thanked him fervently, and promised him implicit obedience.

"You must not return to your comrades."

"Poor fellows!" muttered Roberto.

"The light of hope is shining in your eyes, and might betray us. Look as downcast as when you entered, if possible. At any rate, do not let the guard have a direct look at you. Enter, Sergeant," he said, as he entered the door, "and conduct this prisoner to a solitary cell. He must have no communication with the other filibusters."

They passed out, and Antonio, groaning deeply, murmured:

"Oh, my love, what a sacrifice!"

The courtyard of the castle was thronged with soldiery as Crittenden and his unfortunate band were marched to their death-place, just as day was breaking over the beautiful bay. Surrounded by hostile soldiers, they still maintained a defiant air, even when the glittering line of bayonets faced them, and they knew all hope was over.

"Kneel, filibusteros!"

The command was not obeyed. Crittenden proudly refused, in the words that have passed into history:

"A Kentuckian kneels to none but God!"

A struggle ensued, in which some were forced to their knees; perhaps all might have been, had not the officer in charge, with a touch of humanity, begun giving the orders.

At the word "Fire!" so deadly was the volley that few survived it, and they but a few moments. Roberto, happily, had no need to simulate death. The shock and strain of the suspense had caused him to faint, and the surgeon, who hastened to his side, gave a deep sigh of relief as he perceived Roberto's rigid unconsciousness.

"Carry this body, and this, and this,"—pointing to several—"to the hospital."

"If they are not dead now they will soon be under his knife," laughed one of the assistants.

When Roberto revived he found himself in a carefully darkened room. With joy he heard the word "Amalia," in a friendly voice. In a day or two afterward, according to Antonio's previously concerted arrangements, he was smuggled, in the disguise of a waterman, to an American ship in the harbor and concealed in the hold all night. The next day he thanked God and his devoted cousin as he inhaled, with a glad sense of freedom, the soft winds of the Mexico Sea. He never returned to Cuba, though his future life was replete with stirring adventure.

The gay capital of Cuba was quite electrified a month later to learn of the resignation from the army of Captain Antonio, and his marriage immediately after, in spite of opposition on the part of her family, to the supremely beautiful Senorita Amalia de Valdez.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

In solitude, where we are least alone.—Byron.

How fast we learn in a day of sorrow.—H. Monar.

A beggar's rags may cover as much pride as an Alderman's gown.—Spurgeon.

The quarter of an hour before dinner is the worst suitors can choose.—Zimmerman.

The highest problem of any art is to cause by appearance the illusion of a higher reality.—Goethe.

Men are never so easily deceived as when they are endeavoring to deceive others.—Rochefoucauld.

We enjoy ourselves only in our work—in our doing; and our best doing is our best enjoyment.—Jacobi.

To be innocent is to be not guilty; but to be virtuous, is to overcome our evil feelings and intentions.—Penn.

There is nothing that a man can less afford to leave at home than his conscience or his good habits.—Packe.

How often events, by chance and unexpectedly, come to pass, which you had not dared to hope for.—Terence.

Every occasion will catch the sense of the vain man, and with that bridle and saddle you may ride him.—Sir P. Sidney.

The problem of restoring to the world original and eternal beauty is solved by the redemption of the soul.—Emerson.

General abstract truth is the most precious of all blessings; without it man is blind—it is the eye of reason.—Rousseau.

A good disposition is more valuable than gold; for the latter is the gift of fortune, but the former is the dower of nature.—Addison.

True bravery is shown by performing without witnesses what one might be capable of doing before all the world.—Rochefoucauld.

Modesty is bred in self-reverence. Fine manners are the mantle of fair minds. None are truly great without this ornament.—A. B. Alcott.

All deception in the course of life is indeed nothing else but a lie reduced to practice, and falsehood passing from words into things.—South.

It is the privilege of posterity to set matters right between those antagonists who, by their rivalry for greatness, divided a whole age.—Addison.

Aerial Travel.

It is evident that not one of these would-be flying machine men has ever seriously undertaken to solve the problem mentally. There is but one way of getting through the air by mechanical action, and that is by cleavage. There are really only two forms of cleavage, the one as represented by wing action as applied by insects and birds, the other a rotary action as represented by the screw of a steamer. To the application of the wing principle there is a limit set by natural law, just as in animal forms there is a limit set to either bipedal or quadrupedal construction.

There is, perhaps, no form of cleavage that represents the expenditure of force more economically than wing action as manifested in the flight of a wild goose. Here is an exceptionally large avoirdupois for the wing area, but the bird cannot carry any additional weight. In the birds of prey, the body is lighter in proportion to wing surface—a light, compact frame, but immense muscular action, capable of carrying for a short distance a load from eight to twelve pounds.

But the limit is soon found, and there is not a winged creature on the earth weighing fifty pounds that can mount into the air and cleave as a true flyer.

Why do not the ostrich, the great auk, the emu and other congeners of these bird tribes properly fly, since they are equipped with cleavers as are other birds of flight? Walkers, and swimmers, as well as flyers, are all, by natural law, limited within certain restrictions, and it is remarkable that these inventors have not learned this, as it is a fact of the utmost importance, and one which, in a careful analysis, must early disclose itself.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

An Expensive Dinner.

A trio were sitting on the postoffice guard rails last night telling stories. One of them related this: "I know of a fellow who had spent a very quiet life in the country and had never been to the city. Coming into a little money, he suddenly developed a desire to be a sport, and immediately departed for the city. It was his habit after arriving to lounge around the corners in the central part of the city, and he naturally heard the gilded youth talking about the amount of money they spent.

"'Say, I had a great dinner last night,' he heard one say, 'and it cost me twenty dollars.'

"Many other remarks like this he heard, and the rustic sport decided to get into the swim too. He made up his mind at once to get an expensive dinner, realizing that the most of the money spent by the boasters he had overhead had been for wine. Walking into a swell restaurant, he called the waitor over. 'Say, look here,' said he, 'I want an expensive dinner like the rest of the bloods. Bring me twenty dollars' worth of ham and eggs.'"—Philadelphia Call.

The Ambition of Our Boyhood.

"Few of us ever achieve the ambitions of our boyhood," said a well-known lawyer to a Star reporter. "Now, I have a friend who, when he was growing up, had a yearning desire to be a railroad engineer. When a mere baby, he liked no toy so well as a train of cars, and no game suited him at school like that of being an engine and have boys clinging to each other's coats for cars. It was his hobby by day and his dream by night, but he could not obtain a railroad position when he left school, and became a clerk, and, subsequently, a merchant, but he has never felt satisfied at not being able to follow his natural bent; so, realizing that it was too late in life to ever become an engineer, he wrote me a few days ago that he had bought a railroad, and could ride in an engine, if he wanted to."—Washington Star.

SONG OF THE AUTUMN SEA.

Sing ho! sing ho! for a skipper bold!
For the white-winged craft and her jolly crew!
For the whistling wind from the north, as cold
As an arctic blast!
Sing ho! once more for the fading shore!
For the cloudless sky and the ocean blue!
For the foaming wake! and the gurgling roar,
Where the boat has passed!
Sing ho! sing ho! for the weather rail!
For the sheet trimmed aft and the quiv'ring luffs!
Or the sudden flap of the wind lashed sail,
And the—"Hard-a-lee!"
Sing ho! at last for the swaying mast!
For the spinnaker set to the fresh'ning puffs!
For the waves that rise and the spray that's cast
On the rolling sea!

—Outing.

PITH AND POINT.

Jeweler—"An engagement ring? Certainly! Here is a five hundred dollar one." Customer—"What is the price of it?"—Puck.

"There is nothing now to mar our happiness," as Bass remarked when his wife's mother took her departure.—Boston Transcript.

"Pa, what is a trip hammer?" "It's the hammer, my son, that your ma leaves on the carpet when she hangs up a picture."—Detroit Free Press.

"What kept you out?" said the thin man to the fat man at the jammed entrance. "Corporation influence," was the stout response.—Philadelphia Call.

Cooked in His Own Sauce: Prisoner—"What, that man is going to defend me? Why, he couldn't bring an innocent person through!"—Fliegende Blaetter.

Bagley—"And how does your French chef suit?" Bradley—"Not at all! I'm afraid he's an impostor. Why, you can tell by the taste what his dishes are made of!"—Puck.

She—"No, George, I like you, but I can never be your wife." He (haughtily)—"Never mind. There are others." She—"I know there are, George; I accepted one of them this morning."—Chicago Record.

Mr. Spinks—"Well, Willie, has your sister made up her mind to go to the concert with me?" Willie—"Yep. She's made up her mind and she's makin' up her face now; she'll be down in a minute."—Great Divide.

Assistant—"Here is a complaint by a lady against the conductor of car 47." Manager—"What is the trouble?" Assistant—"She says he expressed a doubt whether her six children were all under five years old."—Puck.

"Doctor," said an old lady the other day to her family physician, "can you tell me how it is that some folks are born dumb?" "Why, hem, certainly," madam," replied the doctor. "It is owing to the fact that they come into the world without the faculty of speech!" "Dear me!" remarked the old lady; "now just see what it is to have a medical education! I've asked my husband more than a hundred times the same thing, and all that I could get out of him was, "Because they are."—Punch.

Some Queer Bones.

The Lakeview (Oregon) Examiner has this correspondence from Silver Lake:

I have lately returned from a fossil hunt on what I count the great Oregon desert, which has become famous to the scientific world on account of the many fossils of extinct animals that it contains—many of which have never even been classified. On my recent trip, in company with H. J. Rinehart, who was my associate and helper, we found some new and very interesting fossils that I had never observed before. One is a foot of the equine, not larger than a small Shetland pony, and from the appearance of the coffin joint the foot must have stood quite vertically. The other foot, or part of a foot, is hard to describe, being well sustained by a strong joint and deep grooves. We also found the toes of some animal that must belong to the ungalata or or ungalatesall. All told, we brought in quite a lot of bones of different animals, and among them a beast whose bones I had found before, but was never able to describe. The bones were broken, but enough were gathered to see that he was rather a singular beast, as the bones are short and very crooked.

These fossil beds were named by Professor Cope the eques, or equine, beds of Oregon, because the horse predominated in numbers. There were two varieties of this animal. One was very large and clumsy, while the other was small, and, from his organization, must have possessed great speed.

The Queen's Household.

The Queen's household is a large one, consisting of just under a thousand persons, for the maintenance of whom the Nation sets apart the sum of $2,000,000 every year. Most of the offices are sinecures or fixtures for life.

Some of the posts are entirely ornamental, and others have very little duty attached to them. Probably the only additions to the household since the time of Henry VIII, are two steam apparatus men.

Although there is no longer a royal barge, nor any pageantry on the Thames, there are still bargemaster and a watchman, with a salary each of $2000 a year.

There are four double deckers, whose sole duty is to lay the dinner cloth and see that the plates, dishes and cutlery are fairly set forth.

There is also a wax fitter, who sees the candles properly disposed, and a first and second lamplighter, who receive $500 a year.

Then there is the "keeper of the swans," who annually pockets $150 for looking after the sacred birds on the royal waters.

Lastly there is the "Queen's rat-catcher," who is especially attached to Buckingham Palace. His office is by no means a sinecure. His salary, $75, is provided outside the civil list. Every session the House of Commons, in committee of supply, considers this vote specially, and gravely agrees to the charge.—Pearson's Weekly.

Deepest Place in the Ocean.

The surveying ship Penguin has recently found a deeper place in the ocean than any previously known. The sounding was taken in the Pacific Ocean, off the coast of Japan. The contrivance for deep sea measuring was sunk to a depth of 4900 fathoms, or about six miles, when the wire broke. A previous attempt to reach the bottom at the same place was followed by a similar accident after reaching a depth of 4300 fathoms. The deepest cast obtained before this was 4655 fathoms.—New York Sun.

Hints for Housewives.

Persons not having scales and weights at hand may readily measure the article wanted to form any recipe without the trouble of weighing, allowance to be made for an extraordinary dryness or moisture of the articles weighed or measured. Wheat flour, 1 pound is 1 quart; Indian meal, 1 pound 22 ounces are 1 quart; butter when soft, 1 pound is 1 quart; loaf sugar when broken, 1 pound is 1 quart; white sugar, powdered, 1 pound 1 ounce are 1 quart; best brown sugar, 1 pound 2 ounces are 1 quart; ten eggs are 1 pound; 16 large tablespoonfuls are ½ pint; 8 large tablespoonfuls are 1 gill; 4 large tablespoonfuls are ½ gill; 2 gills are ½ pint; 2 pints are 1 quart; 4 quarts are 1 gallon; a common sized tumbler holds ½ pint; a common sized wine glass holds ½ gill; a teacup holds a gill; a large wine glass holds a gill; a large tablespoonful is ½ ounce.

Crusts and pieces of bread should be kept in a granite bucket, closely covered, in a dry, cool place.

Keep fresh lard in a granite vessel.

Keep yeast in wood or granite ironware.

Keep preserves and jellies in glass.

Keep salt in dry places.

Keep vinegar in wood, glass or granite ironware.

Lard for pastry should be used hard; it should be cut through flour; not rubbed.

Forgot She Was a Chicago Girl.

Boston Physician (called to the Vendome)—Well, Miss Jackson-Parke, it may be that you are going to be ill, but I think it is only a cold, and that we can drive it out by prompt measures. (To the chambermaid)—Bring a pail of hot water right away, for Miss Jackson-Parke to soak her feet.

Miss Jackson-Parke—And, doctor, will you telegraph to my father in Chicago and tell him how I am?

Boston Physician—Certainly, certainly. In Chicago. Hm! Certainly. (To chambermaid)—Bring two pails of hot water, please.—Somerville Journal.

A St. Louis plumber has fallen heir to the estate and title of the Earl of Antrim. The estate is worth $80,000,000, but if he has been a plumber any length of time he doesn't need them.

A MARVEL.

REMARKABLE AND ASTONISHING CURE OF AN EXTREME CASE OF ST. VITUS' DANCE.

How a Young Lady Regained the Use of Her Arms, Limbs and Speech in Three Weeks.

From the Standard-Union, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Too much hard study at school brought on St. Vitus' dance. Such was the common experience of Miss Glendora Rivers, daughter of Mrs. Amelia Rivers, of 69 Ryerson street, Brooklyn. The disease grew worse every month, until the young lady's entire right side became paralyzed; but, now that a marvelous and permanent cure has been wrought, it will be interesting to real her own version of the efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"For more than a year," said Miss Rivers, "doctors attended me without effecting the slightest change in my condition. If anything, I grew worse under their treatment, until February of this year, when my condition became critical.

"I had lost the complete use of my arms and limbs and speech. I could only swallow liquids, and these only as they fed me with a spoon, when they could get my mouth open. I wanted to sleep all the time. The stupor I laid in was something like a trance, and no doubt I would have died if they had not waked me up at intervals.

"The first week in March my mother, who is a sick nurse, was advised by a neighbor to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in my case. She got some of the pills—a box from Neilson's drug store, at the corner of Myrtle avenue and Hall street. Before I had taken one-half the contents of the box a remarkable change was noticed in my condition.

"Gradually I regained the use of my arms and limbs and speech, and by the time the pills were gone I was up and about the house almost well. But my mother thought it wise to get another box of the pills, and this she did, and here you see me stand before you with more strength and more ambition than I ever had.

"Some of our near neighbors attribute my regained body and health to some miraculous or supernatural agency; but my mother and most intimate friends know that the cure was effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"Three weeks from the day I swallowed the first dose of the pills I was as well as you see me to-day."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature.

They are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold by all druggists at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50.

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

The Island of Cuba.

Under the existing conditions of revolution in Cuba, and the probabilities that the approaching session of congress will recognize the insurgents as being entitled to all the rights of belligerents, a few statistics concerning the importance of Cuba, its population, and commercial relations with this country will not be inappropriate.

The island of Cuba comprises an area of about 46,000 square miles, about one-fourth smaller than the state of Florida, though the population is much more dense, Cuba having over 1,600,000 inhabitants, while Florida has about 450,000 at the present time. Of Cuba's population nearly two-thirds are white. The chief cities of the island are as follows: Havana, the capital, with a population of 200,000; Santiago de Cuba, 70,000; Puerto Principe, 46,000; Holguin, 35,000; Matanzas, 27,000; St. Jago, 27,000. The total revenues of the country from all sources are estimated at $25,000,000 per annum, while the expenditures reach $35,000,000, or a per capita debt of nearly $170, while the value of its landed estates is $220,000,000. In a good year the exports of Cuba reach $90,000,000 in value, comprising sugar, tobacco, cigars, molasses, cedar and hardwoods, iron ore and tropical fruits. Two thousand vessels with a tonnage of 2,500,000, trade with the island annually. In return the United States exports to Cuba merchandise and supplies of all descriptions to a value of $24,000,000 and over. Of the $90,000,000 exported annually by Cuba, about five-sixths of it comes to this country.

Diseases of Fowls.

CHOLERA—A good remedy is hyposulphate of soda. Dissolve as much of it in a pint of water as possible; then mix up some corn meal or wheat bran with the water, and feed to the sick fowls. Dissolve some in their drinking water also. Feed this till every trace of the disease disappears. If they are too sick to eat, force it down their throats.

ROUP.—Take sulphate of zinc; wet the finger, then dip it in the zinc and rub into the fowl's mouth; repeat twice, applying three times a day. Or inject a solution of copperas water into the nostrils and down the throat. The fowls should be kept in a warm, dry place.

SCALY LEGS.—This disease can be cured by applying a mixture of coal oil and sulphur, with a few drops of carbolic acid added; apply twice a week.

SORE HEAD.—Droopiness and loss of appetite are sure indications of lice. Examine the head and neck; if they are found, apply insect powder.

GAPES.—To every pint of meal add one teaspoonful of turpentine; see that every chick gets some.

DIARRHOEA.—Place the fowl in a warm, dry place, and give it a good dose of castor oil twice or three times a day.

CANKER.—Scrape off the scabs and apply blue vitriol; wash the head and mouth with a solution of alum and vinegar.

To prevent the laying of soft-shell eggs, feed wheat and oats and supply the hens with ground oyster shell and plenty of lime.—Southern Planter.

An Anglomaniac.

"This is about the time of the year," said Mrs. Watts to her neighbor, "that the fishing fever strikes my husband. If he can get out on the banks of some creek and catch two or three little mudcats in the course of an afternoon, he is perfectly happy." "So he is fond of fishing, then?" "Fond of fishing? Why, that man is a perfect anglomaniac."

Marine Disasters.

Dinwiddie—The dog pound officers report that they have drowned 2,426 animals since May 1.

Van Braam—That information comes under the head of Marine news.

Dinwiddie—How do you make that out?"

Van Braam—Foundered barks."—Pittsburg Chronicle and Telegraph.

A Little Sermon for Today.

Let us do right, and whether happiness come or unhappiness it is no very mighty matter. If it come, life will be sweet; if it do not come, life will be bitter—bitter, not sweet, and yet to be borne.

On such a theory alone is the government of this world intelligently just. The well-being of our souls depends only on what we are; and nobleness of character is nothing else but steady love of good and steady scorn of evil. The government of the world is a problem while the desire of selfish enjoyment survives; and when justice is not done according to such standard (which will not be till the day after doomsday, and not then), self-loving men will still ask why? and find no answer. Only to those who have the heart to say, "We can do without that; it is not what we ask or desire," is there no secret. Man will have what he deserves, and will find what is really best for him, exactly as he honestly seeks for it. Happiness may fly away, pleasure pall or cease to be obtainable, wealth decay, friends fail or prove unkind, and fame turn to infamy; but the power to serve God never fails, and the love of Him is never rejected.—Froudes' Works.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure to get the genuine. It is taken internally, and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

Strength to Spare.

The majority of people do not possess an adequate of power for the performance of their ordinary labor. They are always in a "run-down" condition, and so fall easily into consumption, grip, pneumonia, fevers and kidney disease. To obtain strength look to the stomach. Strength comes from well-digested food alone. Tonics and nervines don't give real permanent strength. But Tyner's Dyspepsia Remedy does. Its right use positively insures perfect digestion. For sale everywhere.

FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

It is More Than Wonderful

how patiently people suffer with corns. Get comfort by removing them with Hindercorns.

ATLANTA EXPOSITION DIRECTORY

A List of Reliable Business Houses where visitors to the Great Show will be properly treated and can purchase goods at lowest prices.

STILSON & COLLINS JEWELRY CO.,

55 Whitehall St., Atlanta, Ga.

Everything in the Jewelry and Silver Line at Factory Prices.

Bowman Brothers

FINE MILLINERY

78 WHITEHALL ST. ATLANTA, GA.

DON'T SCRATCH

TO AVOID THIS USE **TETTERINE**

The ONLY painless and harmless CURE for the worst type of Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, ugly rough patches on the face, crusted scalp, Ground itch, chafes, chaps, pimples. Poison from ivy or poison oak, in short ALL ITCHES. Send 50c. in stamps or cash to J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga., for one box, if your druggist don't keep it.

You will find it at CHAS. O. TYNER'S, Atlanta.

For Style, Wear and Comfort, Visit

Bloodworth Shoe Co.

14 Whitehall St.

Successful

growers of **fruits, berries,** and all kinds of **vegetables,** know that the largest yields and best quality are produced by the liberal use of fertilizers containing at least **10% of**

Actual Potash.

Without the liberal use of Potash on sandy soils, it is impossible to grow fruits, berries and vegetables of a quality that will command the best prices.

Our pamphlets are not advertising circulars booming special fertilizers, but are practical works, containing latest researches on the subject of fertilization, and are really helpful to farmers. They are sent free for the asking.

GERMAN KALI WORKS, 93 Nassau St., New York.

If in visiting

ATLANTA

you do not find in the Manufactures Building that large portion of the

EXPOSITION

DEVOTED TO

The EVERETT PIANO.

"PRE-EMINENT IN ARTISTIC TONE QUALITY."

Or anyway, if you think of buying a piano, write to either

THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
CHICAGO. NEW YORK. CINCINNATI.
OR
THE EVERETT PIANO CO.
BOSTON,

And you will get valuable information.

OSBORNE'S Business College AND School of Shorthand

AUGUSTA, GA.

No text books used. Actual business from day of entering. Business papers, college currency and goods used. Send for handsome illustrated catalogue. Board cheaper than in any Southern city.