

MY LITTLE SWEETHEART,
My little sweetheart of long ago!
So much to think and wish about,
And the long, long way that we used to go,
Oh, how I wish when the day was fair,
The minutes of our days were slow,
And the world before me was all our own.

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so-called funnel form, which in this case was a much flattened one. It seemed but a few minutes later when Vlasta roused abruptly in dazed bewilderment. A distant shout, one of alarm and warning, seemed echoing in her ear. How dark it had grown! And there were Albert and his little brother before her door, exclaiming and gesticulating wildly. At the same moment there came a rush of furious wind, bringing the sound of a low, menacing roar, while the mass of dusky green cloud seemed to quit the horizon and start swiftly on an earthward path.

Vlasta guessed instantly the peril that threatened, and sprang up with a terrified cry. "My father, mother, quick! The cyclone! The cyclone!" Then followed wild confusion, screaming children running to their parents, frantic exclamations, bustle and hurry.

"Whither should I fly for refuge in that hour of terror? It was the good mother that solved the problem with prompt presence of mind. "The heathens, children! Let us run to the henhouse!" she cried, and she crowded her stout self and her best feather bed, brought from the fatherland, valiantly through the narrow doorway, followed by her husband and carrying his pipe and armchair, and by the others, with whatever they managed to catch up, all racing through the thick whirling dust to the designated place of refuge.

In fact, it was the most suitable one within their reach, being really a low "dog-out" in the side of a small hill, the front or open side facing south and filled in with a wall, containing only a small, rough door and a tiny window, four or five small panes were thickly coated with dust.

In they rushed pell mell, causing wild discomfort to the usual occupants of this abode, which few fluttering and cackling wildly from their rude nests and perches. The father was in the act of closing the door after the last one was in, when it was pushed violently open from without, and Albert and his mother, lacking such a shelter of their own, flung themselves among them.

Then the door, like that of the ark, was shut and braced by the father's stout shoulder. And now to soon, for the air was thick with flying debris. There were twelve of them—more souls than the ark carried, and crowded into a much smaller space, but that mattered little at such a time.

The four screamed, the children wailed, the big mother and little mother rocked and prayed in each other's arms, and the father bemoaned his fate. It was for Vlasta, that the ark had otherwise denied, and the uproar and danger were all dominated by the joy that Albert was again beside her, so close that she could almost feel his deep, hurried breathing.

It was but a moment, and then, with a deafening roar, a rush of gas, a choking breath of sulphur, the storm centre was upon them. Vlasta remembered not how it happened, but when she was able to realize anything her arms were around Albert's neck and he was holding her to him and murmuring words of endearment, which she felt rather than heard. "My love, my little one"—though she was as tall as he—"do not fear. I will keep thee safe—I, this one beloved."

Vlasta's pet white pellet fluttered on their shoulders like the white-winged dove of peace. The storm went swiftly on its resistless way, leaving desolation behind. The houses were in ruins; their little possessions torn to pieces or scattered far and wide, even a large part of the growing crops rooted up or ground into the soil.

But their lives were spared, and they are hardy and courageous. Sud houses can soon rise again, and other crops grow green on sunlit plains, and before long in the new home there will be "sounds of revelry by night" and another merry wedding dance.

Only those can sing in the dark who have a light in the heart. The best way of avenging thyself is not to be like the wrong-doer. We should treat our friends as we do ourselves; for a friend is another self.

Love should give wings to the feet of service, and strength to the arms of labor. Simplicity is one of the first laws of greatness, and another like unto it is humility. He who always complains of the clouds receives little of life's sunshine and deserves less. Defeat is one of the hardest things to bear, even in trifles; but we have to be defeated in order to succeed. There are few things impossible in themselves, and the application necessary to make them succeed is more often wanting than the means. Severely carried to the highest pitch, breaks the mind, and then, in the place of a disorderly young fellow, you have a low spirited, moped creature. An ounce of essence is worth a gallon of fluid. A wise say may be more valuable than a whole book, and a plain truth is better than an argument.

My Mother Had Consumption

"My mother was troubled with consumption for many years. At last she was given up to die. A neighbor told her not to give up but try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. She did so and was speedily cured, and is now in the enjoyment of good health." D. P. Jolly, Feb. 2, 1899. Avoca, N. Y.

Cures Hard Coughs

No matter how hard your cough is or how long you have had it, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the best thing you could possibly take. But it's too risky to wait until you have consumption, for sometimes it's impossible to cure this disease. If you are coughing today, don't wait until tomorrow, but get a bottle of Cherry Pectoral at once and be relieved. It strengthens weak lungs.

CHOICE Vegetables will always find a ready market—but only that farmer can raise them who has studied the great secret how to obtain both quality and quantity by the judicious use of well-balanced fertilizers. No fertilizer for Vegetables can produce a large yield unless it contains at least 8% Potash. Send for our books, which furnish full information. We send them free of charge.

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

"First Volkraad of the Transvaal." The first parliament house of the Boers was under the banyan tree, under which the rulers of the Transvaal gathered in the early days of the republic to discuss questions affecting the country, and the tree has thus become known as the "first Volkraad of the Transvaal." The Boers call the spot "Wonderboom." It is a few miles outside of Pretoria, at the entrance to a cleft in the mountain.

THE CURSE OF WAR. Mrs. Henpeck—if it hadn't been for the country, I might have been a very happy wife. Mr. Henpeck (savagely)—What a curse war is!

Wanted Two traveling salesmen in each Southern State, \$50 and expenses. Experience not absolutely necessary. For particulars address P. O. Box 10, Tobacco Works Co., Bedford City, Va.

Comparisons. "Our wedding trip is all too short. She said, with a muffled sigh, 'Well, maybe so,' he groaned, 'but it's not half so short as this!'"

There is no more Catholic in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly falling to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven that it is a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. It cures in a few days. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Vitality lost, debilitated or exhausted cured by Dr. Kline's Invigorating Tonic. Price \$1 trial bottle for 7 weeks treatment. Dr. Kline, 1431 Arch St., Philadelphia. Founded 1871.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY. Lieutenant Manly has calculated that if an inch of rain fell over a fifth part of the surface of the Atlantic, it would mean an addition to its volume of 360 million tons of water, and that if the same amount of water evaporated from the ocean, it would leave 16 million tons of sea-salt.

According to the state geologist of Indiana, the natural gas supply of that state is decreasing in pressure, and its quantity is limited. In five years all the pipe lines have been extended towards the heart of the field, and the centre is now reduced to an area of less than 150 square miles. In this centre the pressure has diminished from 224 pounds in 1895 to 181 pounds in 1898, and the average rock pressure of the entire field has been reduced from 191 pounds in November, 1897, to 173 pounds in November, 1898. The average pressure at which salt water overcomes gas is stated at between 130 and 150 pounds to the square inch, and this necessitates the abandonment of the well.

A strange complaint which has lately been prostrating large numbers of Parisians has been attributed by medical men to a rather peculiar cause. This is the presence in their patients' morning rolls of salts of lead, deposited on the floors and walls of the ovens in which they have been baked. According to the medical theory, the extensive use of old timber in places in France is directly responsible for this condition of affairs. As a result, the Paris council of hygiene has issued an edict forbidding the employment by bakers of wood from old houses, disused railway sleepers or wooden paving blocks for their furnaces. Such timber is usually impregnated with sulphate of copper or arsenite, and poisonous vapors are liable to rise from it when heated.

Last spring a plan was proposed at the Harvard college observatory for the construction of a telescope of unusual length for photographing the stars and planets. Anonymous donors have now furnished the means by which this experiment may be made, and it is expected to be completed in a matter of twelve inches and a length of a hundred feet or more will soon be ready for trial at Cambridge. The exhibit of the Harvard observatory at the Paris exposition will represent the work of the United States in astronomy. Among the collection of photographs of heavenly bodies will be the stellar charts and photographs of stellar spectra produced with the aid of the great photographic telescope now in South America.

There also will be an exhibit of glass photography illuminated by electricity. Another mechanical prodigy has been added by the Boston Elevated Railroad company to its magnificent equipment. This is a new steel shaft—reported to be the largest ever cast—to form part of a new vertical cross-compound engine, which is being put in place in the company's central power station, an engine of four thousand horse power, at ordinary speed. The shaft is twenty-eight feet in length, over all, thirty-eight inches diameter in the centre and weighs in its finished state about seventy-five thousand pounds. As a rough casting it was much heavier, of course, a hole fifteen inches in diameter having to be bored in the centre. In the journals, which are each fifty inches in length, leaving a length of some twenty feet between the centres, the diameter is thirty inches. The vast proportions characterizing all the other features of this undertaking will be further understood when it is stated that the fly wheel casting weighs seventy-five tons.

MINIMUM and MAXIMUM of Sleep for Man. "The old rule of eight hours' sleep is sheer nonsense," said a New Orleans physician, chatting after office hours. "Nature regulates something and man's the regulated by any formula. The body takes what it needs, be it much or little, and the necessary amount varies with the individual. In a general way I would say that four hours is the minimum and ten hours the maximum for people in fair health. Either more or less is a pretty sure sign that something is out of gear—usually something in the brain. I have two patients who sleep only four hours and keep in tolerably good condition. But one middle-aged man, and neither of them works very hard. They are simply so constituted that nature can repair its losses in four hours of unconsciousness. In many other people nearly three times as long is required; the nerve cells work more slowly—why, nobody knows. The queerest case that ever came under my personal observation was that of a bookkeeper of this city, who used to sleep two or three hours a night through the week and on Sunday would catch up in a twenty-four hour nap. That is not exaggeration, but an actual fact well known to all his intimates. He seemed to be able to store away nervous energy as a camel stores water. His general health during the twelve or fifteen years I knew him was excellent, but he finally died of an attack of pneumonia."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Habit of Wearing Spectacles. "It is a singular and grotesque fact," said an eye specialist of this city, "that a great many uneducated people get into the spectacle habit without any need whatever for wearing glasses. Take, for instance, a man whose eyes become a little inflamed from exposure to the sun or some other cause. His sight is all right, and what he really needs is a soothing lotion of some sort to allay the irritation of the membrane. Very frequently, however, he will imagine that he requires a pair of spectacles, and will buy them at the cheapest place he can find, without the slightest regard to the suitability of the lenses. In nine cases out of ten it is almost impossible for him to see through the things, but he will wear them as much as he can, believing that his eyes are being benefited.

Another Reason for His Dilemma. Rev. Anna Howard Shaw of Washington, D. C., is a very eloquent speaker as well as an able theologian. On one occasion she occupied a pulpit temporarily, and had in the congregation a clergyman who was strongly opposed to women divines. At the end of the service, which he had seemed to enjoy, he was asked if he had changed his opinions. He replied slowly: "Not to a great extent. Before I heard her I thought we men were incapable of filling a pulpit as acceptably, now, however, I believe that they are too capable altogether for the good of our incubents."—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

STRANGELY ILLUMINATED. The World Effect of Phosphorescence on a Ship in Bering Sea. "I have often heard of the wonderful phosphorescence of Southern seas," remarked a traveler from the North, "and I have seen some pretty fair samples in the Atlantic between New York and English ports, but I did not know it prevailed to any extent in Northern waters until during the past summer.

"In August last I was on board the revenue cutter McCulloch, in the Bering sea, about 63 degrees north latitude, bound north, when one night about 10 o'clock I happened to go on deck, and I was almost frightened by the sight of the sea. The wind was blowing sharp enough to raise the white caps, and the whole sea looked as if it were lighted from its depths by a million arc lights, throwing their white rays upward and under the flying foam. The hollows of the waves were dark, dark, but every crest that broke showered and sparkled as if it were filled with lights of broken white light that fell away, and left a broad pathway of silvery foam as far back as the eye could reach.

"But about this hour was the most striking display. Here it was as if the ship were ploughing through the sea of white light, and as the water was thrown back from her prow it fell in glittering piles of light upon the dark surface beyond, and was driven far down below, lighting the depths as if all the electricity of the ocean were shooting its sparkles through the waves and turning itself into innumerable incandescents that flashed a second and then shut out forever. I stood on the forecastle deck looking down into the brilliant white turmoil of the waters until I began to feel as if we were afloat upon some silver sea, and a really uncanny feeling took possession of me. The white ship was lighted by the phosphorescence of the waters, so that as high up as the deck there was a pale, weird white, that made one feel as if the 'Flying Dutchman' were abroad upon the sea and passed by us. The masts towered in ashy gray before the decks, and every rope and line stood out distinctly in the light, but cast no shadows. It was all as ghostly as if we had gone up against the real thing, and it was a positive relief to get back into the ward room, where there was something more human. I don't know how long it lasted, but when I went to bed at 11 o'clock I could still see the silver shining through the air port in my stateroom."

An Expensive Meal for a Horse. Jacob W. Whitehead, a storekeeper of New Paris, Ind., is short \$95 in currency and his horse has risen in value. Mr. Whitehead went home late and climbed the stairs of the barn to throw down hay to the family nag. In his pocket he had a pocketbook containing five ten dollar bills, one five and ten cents. This dropped from his pocket as he bent over to pick up the hay. Mr. Whitehead did not miss the money till the morning after. He then searched the barn, and found a few fragments of the pocketbook, together with tiny bits of the bills. The faithful animal had devoured the hay and valiantly tackled the pocketbook and contents, leaving nothing with which Mr. Whitehead could make proof of his loss at the treasury.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

New Pass in Rocky Mountains. After numerous breathtaking escapes and many thrilling adventures, a party of explorers from the United States Geological Survey, led by Mr. Hayden, have just returned from a trip to the Rocky Mountains. They have discovered a new pass through the mountains, which they have named the Hayden Pass. The pass is about 10,000 feet high, and is the shortest route between the two valleys. The pass is very narrow, and is only passable in summer. The discovery of this pass will be of great importance to the people of the region.

Lamb and Oysters on Trees. The Dominican, Du Tertre, asserts in his book that he saw at Guadeloupe oysters growing on the branches of trees, by their roots bending down the branches to the sea, and they are refreshed twice a day by the flux and reflux of it." Bishop Fleetwood tells of a tree in Cimbabon whose leaves turn into birds and animals as soon as they fall to the earth. Piffet says he kept one of these leaves eight days in a jar, and that it took to walking as soon as he touched it, and it lived only on the air.

The Wonderful Tartarian shrub or lamb tree is vouched for by more than one. It is about three feet in height, and the top grows the lamb. It is and on the top grows the lamb. It is covered with the most beautiful green, the lamb pulp is like lobster flesh, and blood flows when it is wounded. As long as the lamb is surrounded by plentiful pasture it thrives, but as soon as the grass becomes dry it withers away. Another plant that bore lambs in a pod is recorded, but these differed from the others in having horns. A traveler says that he ate of the flesh and drank of the blood of them.

Sir John Maundeville also tells of trees of the sun and the moon which grew in the island of the moon, and that were eaten by King Alexander and wrapped him of his death. He reported that "the folk that kept the trees and ate of the fruit and of the bawme that groweth there, liven wel 400 year or 500 year, be vertue of the frute and the bawme."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Building on Sand. Freddie—What is circumstantial evidence? Cobwigger—As a general thing it is the theory of an expert which is proved to be entirely wrong when the truth comes out.—Judge.

It Cures All Skin Eruptions. Tetterine is the name. Sold at drug stores for 50c. a box, or prepaid direct from J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga. John H. Pahlon of Lexington, Miss., writes: "Enclosed find \$1.00 for 2 boxes of Tetterine. My father's head was cured by it, and I take pleasure in recommending it."

A Dreadful Possibility. A young Washington girl committed suicide recently because she feared she would not pass an examination in Latin. "She case is literally tragic. But why we think what would happen if the young people in the modern high schools should begin to take their failures in spelling so seriously, we shudder. The next generation of voters would be decimated.

"La Creole" Will Restore those Gray Hairs "La Creole" Hair Restorer is a Perfect Dressing and Restorer. Price \$1.00.

SYRUP

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1 Match Box, 25c	25 Clock, 8-day, Calendar, Thermometer, Barometer, etc., 50c
2 Knives, one blade, good steel, 25c	26 Gun case, leather, better make, 50c
3 Gun case, leather, best quality, 50c	27 Revolver, automatic, double action, 50c
4 Child's Set, Knife, Fork and Spoon 25c	28 Revolver, single action, 50c
5 Salt and Pepper Set, one each, quarter plate on white metal, 50c	29 Tool Set, not playing ball, real tools, 50c
6 Baker's hollow ground, fine English steel, 50c	30 Very handsome, 50c
7 Butter Shell, triple plate, best quality, 50c	31 Remington Rifle No. 4, 22 or 28 cal., 50c
8 Stamp Book, sterling silver, full proofed, 100c	32 Watch, sterling silver, full proofed, 100c
9 Salt and Pepper Set, one each, quarter plate on white metal, 50c	33 Revolver, Colt's, 8-caliber, blued, 50c
10 Butter Shell, triple plate, best quality, 50c	34 Gunter (Washburn), rosewood, 100c
11 Net Set, Cracker and 5 Picks, silver plated, 50c	35 Land, 50c
12 Case Rifle, "Association," best quality, 100c	36 Remington double-barrel, hammer, 100c
13 50 Grain Rogers' Teaspoons, best quality, 50c	37 Winchester Repeating Shot Gun, 12 gauge, 100c
14 Bladed goods, 50c	38 15 gauge, 100c
15 Sugar Shell, triple plate, best quality, 50c	39 Remington, very handsome, hammer, 100c
16 Stamp Book, sterling silver, full proofed, 100c	40 Shot Gun, 10 or 12 gauge, 100c
17 Salt and Pepper Set, one each, quarter plate on white metal, 50c	41 Bicycle, standard make, ladies or boys, 50c
18 Butter Shell, triple plate, best quality, 50c	42 Shot Gun, Remington, double barrel, hammer, 100c
19 Net Set, Cracker and 5 Picks, silver plated, 50c	43 Regina Music Box, 15 1/2 inch Disk, 100c
20 Case Rifle, "Association," best quality, 100c	

THE ABOVE OFFER EXPIRES NOVEMBER 30th, 1900.

Special Notice! Plain "Star" Tin Tags that is, Star Tin tags with no small stars printed on under side of tag, are not good for presents. But will be paid for in CASH on the basis of twenty cents per hundred, if returned to us in original boxes. Address: C. A. J. DROPSY, 200 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

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