

Chill is having an ironclad built which is to be the most powerful in South American waters.

In Belgium a person arrested for drunkenness is compelled to sweep the public streets for two hours after he gets sober. What spotless thoroughfare America might present by adopting this plan.

It has been discovered that the 30th of April, 1889, by falling on Sunday will embarrass the managers of the bicentennial of the Inauguration of Washington. "But it would be foolish, observes the New York Tribune, to devote any sympathy to those managers seeing that if the Millerites are correct, the world is going to come to an end—certainly this time—early next fall or 'the fall after next.'"

A new party has been found in South Dakota, known as the sing e tax party. It was organized at Huron and a central committee was appointed. It is the purpose of this party to open the campaign in the new State or South Dakota with the ultimate view of incorporating the single tax principles into the State constitution. The advocates of the new theory maintain that all public revenues should ultimately be raised by a single tax on the value of the bare land.

Take it all in all, this year in Europe will be an important one in naval and military developments. It will be especially important to American naval authorities, for on the showings made by many of the vessels in the British navy there will be established a standard for those American-built ships which were copies after British designs. On account of the importance of the results to be obtained, it is not at all unlikely that the United States government will detail a number of officers to observe the operations.

Good, patient, plodding, dyspeptic King Humbert, of Italy, never before in his life had such a time of it as young Emperor William has given him during his recent visit to Berlin. Such a carnival of dinners, drinks, late hours, and cruelly early risings as the honest Savoyard has been put through it will take him all summer to recover from. He is a sallow, unhealthy little man, accustomed to careful diet, regular hours, and more office work than exercise, and this bout with the lusty heir of all the Hohenzollerns' thews and muscles ought to make his physicians nervous.

The Chicago Herald states that the American girl, in the gratification of her matrimonial ambition, is invading every race. England and the continent have been the favorite scenes of her exploits in the search for a title, but Miss Wetherell has just captured an oriental monarch, and there is a tendency to extend the field of her conquests. It is an insatiable desire, this, for a title and there are doubtless American girls who would willingly marry a titled African Hottentot, an Australian bushman, a cannibal prince of the Fiji Islands, or even a ferocious king of Dahomey.

Colonel Forsyth, one of the leading raisin producers of the United States, has just returned from a careful inspection of all the raisin-growing districts of the Continent, and says that American raisins, in addition to supplying the American market, are destined soon to take a large share of the London business. He says the phylloxera is constantly diminishing the best crops of Spain in an increasing degree, and that even if they should now get a remedy for it, which is not probable, it will be five years before the Malaga district can recover its former position. A heavy consignment of California raisins has been disposed of in London this season, being the first shipment of the kind on record.

Any one who has watched the growth of this country during the last ten years cannot fail to have observed the progress made by its women. This progress is now no uncertainty, subject for observation and curious speculation. It has assumed the proportions of a recognized factor in the administration of all affairs. The efforts of women are tributary to the growth of every profession and have even begun to swell the discoveries of science. The curious thing about it all is that this broadening of their energies has in no way unsexed them or unfitted them for home life, as the fogies of 25 years ago predicted it would do. They are still the same loving wives, mothers and sisters. But they have proved their ability in many ways. What will they do next?

A Panic at a Mock Bull Fight.
At a performance recently given in the circus at Kattowitz, in Upper Silesia, three trained Spanish bulls were led into the ring to go through certain tricks. The applause and shouts of the public excited the creatures to such an extent that they broke loose, and leapt over the barriers among the terrified audience. A panic ensued. Many persons were gored by the animals, whose madness was increased by the shrieks and the stampede that was taking place. Other persons were knocked down and crushed in their efforts to escape. Finally some courageous spectators succeeded in literally "grasping the bulls by the horns," and aided by the circus employes, overpowered them and led them to their stalls.

Swallows.
The swallows fly high, the swallows fly low,
And summer winds come, and summer days go;
They are building nests 'neath the cottage eaves;
They dream not of autumn or fading leaves.
The soft showers are falling, the west winds blow,
The swallows fly high, the swallows fly low.
But summer is passing, and golden sheaves
Are whispering of winter and withered leaves;
The woodlands are ringing the whole day long;
The swallows are singing their farwells song;
They sing of a land where they long to be,
Of endless summers far over the sea.
O sunshine! O swallows! Sweet summer time,
Ye sing to my heart of youth's golden prime—
And distance and death, and long years between,
Recede with their joys and their sorrows keen;
And tender eyes lingeringly rest on me—
Loved eyes that on earth I shall no more see.
For spring brings the swallows to last year's nest,
And wood-wren hearts wander home to rest.
No home like the old sunshine and dew;
No faces so dear and no heart so true!
Whenever, wherever my feet may roam,
My heart turns with love to my childhood's home.
—Chambers' Journal.

HUNTING OUTLAWS.

For the first three years of my connection with a western detective agency I was known to the employes of the agency, when known at all, as "the outlaw man." Not that I had ever been an outlaw myself, but because I was assigned to the duty of hunting down outlaws and no one else. It is a line of work still in existence with several agencies, but it is one in which few men care to engage, no matter what the salary. It is all right when you are hunting the outlaw, but vastly different when he turns and hunts you. Had I fully understood what would be required of me, I would not have engaged in the work for any salary the agency could have named, but, once engaged, pride and circumstance kept me bound to the work until imperatively obliged to relinquish it.

For two years previous to my start, a man known as Bill Gibbs had been outlawed in Arkansas. He was a robber and murderer, had a price set upon his head, and had taken refuge in the Boston Mountains, and from his lair defied all authority of law. He was a terror to a large district, and the plan to get rid of him was discussed and arranged like an ordinary business transaction.

"What sum in cash will your agency take to hunt down and kill Bill Gibbs?" was the query.

"We will do it for ——— dollars."

"All right; go ahead."

When the preliminaries had been arranged with the committee, I was called in for orders.

"You will proceed to Huntsville, Arkansas, and from thence locate Gibbs. Do not attempt to take him prisoner. The whole state wants him killed. Take your time and make your own plans, but do not return until you have disposed of him."

Inside of five days I was in Huntsville, but I tramped over the country between that town and the base of the range for a week before I secured any definite information regarding Gibbs. Every farmer knew him and almost every one paid him tribute, but such was the fear of his vengeance that only an occasional person dared admit having seen him. The outlaw was entirely alone, and he had been left unmolested so long that the advantage would be on my side. He was described to me as a man of 40, very powerful and vindictive, and of a natural bloodthirsty disposition. When he came down out of the mountains he was sure to do some fiendish thing, although unprovoked, and among people ready to befriend him. I found colored men who had had an ear slashed off by him and half a dozen white men who had been shot at or otherwise intimidated. It was over two weeks before I got any information of direct value.

I then stumbled upon a colored squatter to the southeast of Huntsville and near the foothills, who panned out at a lively rate. I encountered him on a trail in the woods, and had him covered with my rifle before he knew of my presence. By threatening and coaxing and bribing I induced him to yield up the information I was after. He was then miles from his cabin and on his way to Huntsville to procure supplies for Gibbs. He had a bundle of coon and fox skins, which he was to exchange for coffee, crackers, powder and lead. He had been a compulsory agent for a year, and such was his fear of the outlaw that when I brought the muzzle of my cocked rifle down to within a foot of his breast and threatened to fire he wailed out:

"You kin dun kill me, mar's white man, but I'ze afraid of Mar's Gibbs 'jist do same!"

Gibbs was to wait at the colored man's cabin until the owner's return. I ordered him to go forward and say nothing to any living soul about meeting me, and when he had disappeared I started for the cabin. I had no idea that the outlaw would remain in the hut or close to it. While he probably trusted the colored man as much as he trusted any human being, his outlaw life would render him suspicious of everybody, and he would take no chances.

I reasoned that he would quit the cabin as soon as he had obtained a bite to eat, and that he would go into hiding at some point from which he could command a view. Therefore, when within a mile of the spot, I made a circuit to the right and came out a mile or more to the south of the little clearing. I found that a ravine led down from the mountain in the direction of the cabin, and after an hour's search up and down I discovered evidences that some one had traversed it but recently. Weeds were broken down, stones displaced, and at a certain moist spot I found plain footprints. The outlaw had come down from his lair by this gloomy trail, and he would doubtless return by it.

I met the colored man about 9 o'clock in the morning. He would have time to do his trading and return by 4 or 5 in the afternoon. Gibbs might go off on an expedition after receiving his supplies, but the chances were that he would at once return to his lair. I followed the ravine back to a point where it narrowed to a width of six or eight feet, and where the path was in semi-darkness even at high noon, and there I prepared my trap. Had I met him face to face I could have shot him, but I could not lie in ambush and do it, outlaw though he was. It was too much like murder. Inside of an hour I had my rifle set as a spring gun, to be discharged as the man's legs pressed a small cord running across the path, and then I retired to a thick clump of pines about forty rods away, and went into camp to await results. If my action seems cold-blooded let the reader condemn. I had in my pocket a list of five men whom Gibbs had killed in cold blood, and the names of a dozen whom he had slashed and maimed out of pure malignity.

While I was arranging the gun, two land-looters were approaching the cabin. They were strangers to the neighborhood and unarmed. Gibbs was just leaving the cabin to go into hiding, and although the men neither displayed weapons, nor called upon him to halt, he fired upon them with a revolver, wounding one in the shoulder and the other in the side. He then started up the ravine and I had not been ten minutes in hiding before I heard the spring gun discharged. I waited a few minutes and then carefully approached the spot, and it was to find Gibbs dead across the string. He had been instantly killed by the bullet. When we came to get the body out to have it identified we found the facial expression to be as savage as that of an enraged tiger. He had been living the life of a wild beast until he resembled one.

My second adventure with an outlaw lasted much longer. A half breed Choctaw named John Flint, who was a resident of Doaksville, Indian Territory, and who had killed several men in the year after the close of the war, was run out of the neighborhood by a vigilance committee, and he to ok up his lair in the mountain spur to the south, and swore that he would never be taken alive nor make friends with a human being. He was represented as a quick shot, a fighter to the death, and a man of such a vigilance that he could not be surprised. He was outlawed and a price set upon his head, but it was hoped he might be taken alive and hanged. Our agency was offered \$1,000 more to capture him alive than to furnish proofs of his death, but it was at the same time admitted that over a dozen men had spent weeks in vain in trying to either kill or capture him. Three of the number had been killed while pursuing the enterprise. The outlook for me was therefore very dubious, but I determined to see what could be done.

As is the case with every outlaw, Flint had his friends and admirers in the country about him. I reached Doaksville to learn that he was around with a Winchester and two revolvers, and that people for twenty miles around were intimidated by him. He levied toll on the farmers with a high hand, obliging one to furnish meat, another flour, a third cartridges, and such was the terror his presence inspired that no one dared betray him, though all yearned to hear of his death or capture. He was put on his guard against me on my arrival, and he sent me word that if I did not at once leave the country he would have my life. When I finally got ready to begin my hunt for him he was hunting me as well. When I had secured such particulars as I desired, I bundled up what necessity demanded and cut loose from civilization. That is, I headed for the mountain, determined to pursue the man day and night until I had run him down. It was no use to plan to catch him about any of the farm houses, as he knew that I was after him, and he would, as a measure of prudence, forsake his old haunts for the time being. It seemed to me the best way to hunt for his lair and have it out with him on his own ground.

For the first three days I got neither track nor trace of Flint. It was like hunting for a needle in a haystack, as the mountain was thickly covered with verdure, and split up with many ravines and gulches. Nobody had ever found his hiding place, but from some remarks dropped once when he had liquor in him it was supposed to be a cave in the rocks, and to be approached only with the greatest difficulty. If I met him abroad it would be entirely by accident, so I carefully avoided crossing any bar places where he might espy me from his lookout. About mid-forenoon on the

fourth day I came across a snare set for rabbits by some human hands. An investigation proved that it had been in use for some time, and had held several victims, although empty at this time. This must be the work of the outlaw, since his presence on the mountain had driven all hunters away. Two hours later and a mile away I discovered a snare from which a partridge had lately been taken. I felt then that I was in the neighborhood of the outlaw's den, but I had to move slowly and exercise the greatest vigilance. I built my fires in ravines and with the least possible smoke, and whenever night came down I crept under the pines and rolled myself in a blanket. On the fifth and sixth days I did not cover over two miles of ground, and most of that distance was covered on hands and knees.

On the evening of the sixth day I had to descend the mountain to renew my provisions at a farm house, and what was my chagrin to learn from a colored man that Flint had visited the place for the same purpose only the night before. He gave me the directions taken by the outlaw, but when I reached the foot of the mountain I could go no further in the darkness and had to camp down. I was astir at daylight and at once made my way to the crest of the big hill, believing that Flint, having supplied himself with provisions, would be quiet for two or three days. Whether he did or not I hunted for him another week without finding further trace than a third snare he had set for game. On the thirteenth day my hunt came to an end in a singular manner.

I was following up a dry ravine, so full of bushes and loose rocks that I had to creep most of the time, and I was resting under some very thick bushes when I heard a movement on the bank above. It might have been caused by a deer or bear, but I felt pretty certain that it was a man. He was on the bank of the ravine directly over my head, and after a minute or two I heard the squeal of a rabbit. It was Flint, then, and he was taking the game from a snare. We could not see each other, but he had the advantage of being above me. The bank was too steep to climb, and I was just turning to creep back to a spot where I could ascend when there was a sort of crash above me, a suppressed shout of alarm, and next instant earth, rocks and bushes were falling all about me. I sprang up, and as I did so the spread-eagle form of a man struck the bushes at my right and broke through them with a great crash. I made a leap to get out of the way, but the body had scarcely come to a stop before I was at hand. It was the outlaw, as I saw at a glance. The fall had stunned him. While he still clutched the rabbit in his right hand his left arm was broken. I lost no time in securing and disarming him, and when he roused up, five minutes later, he had no show. He took it out in cursing, however, and of all the blood-curdling oaths I ever heard a man use he capped the climax. I got him about noon, and before night I had him down the mountain and delivered up to legal authority. He resisted me vigorously for the first hour, declaring that he would die before he would accompany me, but after I had used a stout switch on him several times and given him to understand that he would be dragged if he refused to walk, he was more tractable. He was turned over to the United States authorities, arraigned on six or seven charges of murder, but convicted and hung on the first. I was not present when he was swung off, but in his speech from the scaffold he cursed me high and low and left it as his dying request that his friends would not rest until they had taken my life.

The Indian Plough.
There is one institution in India which the hand of the reformer has so far spared. Whether the native plough, in its present form, has been handed down from generation to generation for 4000 years may, perhaps, be open to question. A Calcutta paper makes that claim on behalf of the venerable instrument, to which it assigns equal longevity with the Vedas and the Darshanas. Whatever may have been the exact date of its creation, it is unquestionably a very "ancient monument." One only has to look at it to recognize an antiquity in every feature. But it possesses more material claims on the affections of the ryots. It is very cheap, can be repaired by the owner and does its work with reasonable efficiency. True, the furrows it makes look like scratches to the European agriculturist. But the soil of India seems to prefer being scratched; a very little earth and a great deal of water are all that the sun requires to work upon for the production of beautiful droops. During recent years a number of special ploughs of European design and manufacture have entered the field against the ancient appliance. But it holds its own stoutly against these pushing rivals, and we predict that long after their very names are forgotten it will be helping tens of millions to earn a living. After all, the ryot is wise in his conservatism. We do not suppose that he considers his plough quite an ideal implement, but it better suits his requirements, economical and physical, than any other that he has seen, and so he sticks to it as a faithful, if somewhat decrepit, old friend. He might go farther and fare worse; it will be time enough to adopt European ploughs when they have proved their superiority by reducing lazarus crops.

CONSCIENCE MONEY.

How People Make Amends for Cheating Uncle Sam.

Sums from Four Thousand Dollars to Ten Cents Returned.

Not long ago a remittance of \$20 was received at the Treasury from Cleveland as a contribution to the "conscience fund." The other day, says a Washington correspondent of the Cleveland Leader, I had a talk with the chief clerk of the division of public moneys in the Treasury Department about it. The money so received is not kept in a separate fund, but is turned into the Treasury the same as money that comes in from other sources of revenue. The amount received each year appears in the annual reports. It varies a good deal. One year it may be \$500 and the next \$5000. It is usually made up of small sums, though not infrequently single remittances run up into the hundreds and now and then into the thousands.

It will be understood that these amounts will be sent by persons who have, purposely or otherwise, defrauded the Government, and are induced by the smittings of conscience to make restitution. In 49 cases out of 50 the money is sent in such a way as not to afford the slightest possible clue to the identity of the sender. The fact that Uncle Sam has the money seems to be a sufficient sedative to the perturbed conscience, without that "open confession" which is said to be "good for the soul." Sometimes brief explanatory notes are sent, stating for what the money is due the Government, but a signature of any kind is extremely rare. Some merely say, "This money belongs to the United States," or words of similar purport. In many cases there is not a scratch of pen or pencil, the money being simply enclosed in an envelope, perhaps folded in a sheet of blank paper. All such are presumed to be cases of "conscience," and are so treated. It is, of course, impossible to give any receipts for the money. Now and then one will write, "Please acknowledge receipt in the newspapers." This is the reason why care is usually taken to have the receipt of "conscience money" mentioned in the Associated Press despatches. The senders are likely to be watching for such items, and when they see that the money is in the Treasury they no doubt feel that they are in better shape for the final reckoning in the hereafter.

"The only cases," said the clerk, "which have anybody's name connected with them are those similar to one we had a year or two ago. A Catholic priest in Boston wrote that one of his parishioners, on his deathbed, confessed to him that he had wronged the Government out of \$50. He could not die in peace without making restitution, but desired that his name be withheld. The priest endorsed the amount, with interest for nine years at 8 per cent., \$56 in all.

The priest, of course, signed his own name, and we acknowledged by letter the receipt of the money. We have had a number of instances of that kind, in which conscience seemed to be quickened by serious illness or the confessional.

"The most common reasons given for remitting, when the senders make any explanation at all, are that the money is due for internal revenue taxes or customs duties evaded, or for petty frauds to avoid the payment of postage. I remember one case of a wealthy lady who, after spending some time abroad, returned to this country, bringing with her a valuable article of wearing apparel. I think it was for her personal use and not strictly dutiable, but her conscience troubled her about it. She went back to England, and while there told one of our consuls, requesting him to ascertain what would be the amount of duty. He did so, and she promptly remitted it to us. She sent with it a nice little note explaining the matter. It was full of contrition, and expressed the hope that Uncle Sam would forgive her. But she hadn't the courage to sign her name to it.

"A single enclosure of \$4,000 is the largest amount I remember to have been received from one person. It was a little singular that for this large sum there was absolutely nothing to show whence it came except the postmark on the envelope. Even that may have been misleading, as it is quite possible that the repentant sinner sent it away from home to be mailed. He was evidently very careful to conceal his identity, as the money was in four \$1,000 bills. Upon the paper wrapped around the money was written: 'Please place this to the credit of Conscience,' and that was all. A draft, you know, would have furnished a clue that might easily have been followed up, if we had chosen to pursue the matter. I do not remember ever receiving 'conscience money' in any other form than currency. They are all too smart to send drafts or money orders.

"Remember one remittance as small as ten cents, and that was a funny case, too. The money was enclosed in quite a long letter, unsigned, in which the writer said that when a boy he received a letter from a friend, the three-cent postage stamp on which had escaped cancellation. More in a spirit of mischief than anything else, he detached the stamp and used it on his answer to

the letter, thus making it do double duty, and cheating the Government out of three cents. He wrote that although it seemed like a trifling matter it had always troubled him—on the principle, I suppose, that 'it is a sin to steal a pin, even though it may be greater to steal a 'tater.' It had been nearly twenty years since the offence was committed, and the writer said he presumed the interest would increase the debt to seven or eight cents. He enclosed ten so as to be sure there would be enough."

Government Bond Paper.

W. M. Crane, who lives at Dalton, Mass., is a young man of perhaps thirty, who succeeded by the death of his father a large fortune and an important paper manufacturing industry. The Crane bond paper has been known for years as the only paper on which the Government could print its bank notes and bonds without fear of having the paper duplicated in counterfeit issues. Great care is exercised in preventing any of this paper from getting into the hands of improper persons. Talking with Mr. Crane about its manufacture he said:

"All the distinctive paper made in our mills is under the special supervision of Treasury agents, and is as carefully guarded as the Treasury itself. Not a scrap of it is ever lost, mislaid or stolen. Besides furnishing the Treasury we also supply the paper from which postal notes are made. There has been a steady and within the last year a rapid increase in the quantity of paper needed for these useful adjuncts of the postal system, testifying more accurately than any statistics their popularity and increased use. The paper on which greenbacks, banknotes and gold and silver certificates are printed has to be made for a long time before it is really fit for use. It is like timber in that respect. Six months ought to elapse at least after it leaves the mill before it should be used, and a year is better still."

I asked Mr. Crane how long his concern had supplied the Government and he said: "We have made paper for the Treasury for ten years now, and had a contract once years before that, but our record is eclipsed by the papermakers for the Bank of England. One family has made all their paper for over 200 years. It is far inferior in quality to the paper which the United States Government uses, and if the Bank of England reissued its notes, instead of retiring them as soon as they return to the bank, they would soon be reduced to rags."—New York Graphic.

A Dog's Queer Fancy for Eels.

Alonzo Stevens, the colored man at Gifford's who supplies fishermen with shrimp, is one of the most enthusiastic experts with the rod along the Stetson Island coast. What he doesn't know about the habits of each particular fish isn't worth knowing. He says that the fishermen should pull the sand crabs and sea spiders into their boats, then take them ashore and kill them if they ever expect to get rid of them. It will take a long time to get entirely rid of them, but it can be accomplished, according to Stevens. When time hangs heavily on his hands Alonzo bobs for eels.

He has the trick of catching and throwing them on the big float faster than two men can pick them up. When assistance is not at hand, however, many of the eels get back into the water again. To prevent this he trained Carlo, the big St. Bernard dog owned by James C. Collins, to catch the eels and bite them through the back, thus preventing them from getting away. Recently the dog made a rush for a big fellow which Stevens threw on the float, but he slipped and dog and eel fell into the water. The eel waded itself around Carlo's neck and nearly choked him. Since then Carlo has had no use for the fishy eel, and you can't get him to touch one of them.—New York Sun.

Ancient Boycotting.

In the seventh year of Henry III the archbishop of Canterbury and the bishop of Lincoln enjoined the faithful not to sell victuals to the Jews nor have any communication with them, whereupon the king ordered the sheriffs and mayors to issue counter injunctions and to imprison anyone who refused to supply the necessities of life. Thirteen years later the bishop of London followed the course adopted by the Episcopal brethren, and the king thereupon issued a writ to the mayor and sheriffs of London to stop the evil.

In the reign of Edward I the archbishop of Canterbury threatened to excommunicate every one in the province of Canterbury who should have any intercourse with the archbishop of York or supply him or his servants with the necessities of life. He was subsequently obliged by the king and parliament to revoke his threats.

Introduced in Style.

Mrs. Livermore humorously tells this about herself: She went to a town in Maine to deliver a lecture. A young minister, who felt greatly his importance in having to introduce so large a light, announced her in these words: "Ladies and gentlemen, you have all heard of the illustrious man across the way, so beloved by his people, and who is known by the sobriquet of the 'grand old man.' I have now the pleasure of introducing to you a lady beloved in Boston, and known there as the 'grand old woman!'"—Leviator (Ma) Journal.

A PEACH-GROWING corporation is a Connecticut idea. Its immense orchards at Meriden and Berlin will come into bearing this year, and a yield of forty thousand baskets is expected.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC exhibition is now in progress at the Crystal Palace, London, in which, according to the London papers, a preponderance of the actual or comparative novelties consists of American inventions on sale by English firms.

The United States monitor Miantonomah is to have two large American-made guns with an estimated range of ten miles. Uncle Samuel is becoming as pretentious as the other fellows regarding the caliber and carrying qualities of his "pops."

The new German Minister of War, General von Verly du Vernois, has a decidedly French name, looks like General Grant, and in his aspirations, aims, and designs is said to be the counterpart of General Boulanger. He is a great military writer, and by his writings has effected as important changes in the German army as Boulanger by his actual practice did in the French. The world may yet see this man of theory and the man of action pitted against each other. It would be an interesting spectacle.

Less than ten years ago a young man named Cecil Rhodes went to South Africa to seek his fortune. He had speculative talent and a few hundred dollars in his pocket, and after studying the Cape railways and the Kimberley diamond mines he began to buy and sell railroad stocks, mining shares, and anything else in which he thought there was money to be made. His enterprises grew with the growth of his capital, and three or four years ago he began to be known as a very rising man of affairs. He is now called the Diamond King, is a millionaire, and almost every week his name is seen in the English newspapers as that of a prominent factor in South Africa matters. One of his latest specialties is to secure gold mining concessions on very cheap terms from independent native chiefs, and as everything he has touched has turned to money he is likely to make a few thousand per cent. on these investments. This young man is only about 30 years old, and his career seems to show that a man with a large money-making faculty is bound to thrive almost anywhere.

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