Miscellaneous Notes.

West Virginia coke is being sent to Mexico in direct competition with the English product

It is hard to tell just what a good brood sow is worth to the farmer who knows how to manage one.

Waved or serpentine braid of silk and mohair in hercules and more novel weaves is one of the new fancies.

SICK HEADACHE, chills, loss of appetite, and all nervous, trembling sensations quickly cured by Beecham's Pills, 25 cents a box.

Late plowing will kill the cutworm and many other insects. Cold does not injure insects in the ground. It is the exposure to cold, warmth and dampness that destroys them. Late plowing brings them to the surface and renders them liable to destruction.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

"August Flower"

Eight doctors treated me for Heart Disease and one for Rheumatism, but did me no good. I could not speak aloud. Everything that I took into the Stomrch distressed me. I could not sleep. I had taken all kinds of medicines. Through a neighbor I got one of your books. I procured a bottle of Green's August Flower and took it. I am to-day stout, hearty and strong and enjoy the best of health. August Flower saved my life and gave me my health. Mrs. Sarah J Cox, Defiance, O.

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Afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water.

THE THREE ROBBERS.

[A Riddle.]

They were three robbers, are,
And they robbed a red, red rose:
And they came from out the sky,
And they went where no man knows.

One came—a robber bold—
And a sable coat he wore,
And a belt of dusty gold,
And he robbed her treasure store;

One came when the day was gray,
And rent the curtain gray
Of mist that round her hung;
And he stole her pearls away.

One came when the day was dead,
And no one saw him pass;
And he caught her petals red
And threw them upon the grass.

Three robbers bold were they,
And they robbed a red, red rose:
And they came and went away,
And whither—no man knows.

—St. Nicholas.

They Wanted to Know.

James Ferguson, the Scotch astronomer, was very anxious, even as a little boy, to understand the mechanism of watches. His father refused to allow him to "play with" his watch, and so James waited until a stranger called at the house one day to ask his way.

"Will you be good enough to tell me what time it is?" asked the boy. The gentleman told him.

"Would you be willing that I should look at your watch?" continued Ferguson.

"Certainly," replied the gentleman.

The boy took the watch eagerly. After he had examined it for a moment his next question came:

"What makes that box go round?"

"A steel spring," replied the owner.

"How can a steel spring in a box turn it round so as to wind up all the chain?"

The gentleman explained the process.

"I don't see through it yet," answered young Ferguson.

"Well, now," said the traveler, who had become deeply interested in the boy, "take a long, thin piece of whalebone, hold one end of it fast between your thumb and forefinger and wind it around your finger. It will then attempt to unwind itself, and if you fix the other end of it to the inside of a small hoop and leave it to itself it will turn the hoop round and round and wind up a thread tied to the outside."

"I see it! I see it!" exclaimed Ferguson enthusiastically. "Thank you very, very much!"

It was not long before he made a wooden watch, which he enclosed in a case about the size of a teacup.

The boy was afterwards set at work to watch sheep at night. Here he had nothing to watch but the stars and his future eminence in astronomy was, in a way, founded upon that boyish out-of-door observation.

Blaise Pascal, who wrote a remarkable treatise on the laws of sound, was constantly observing the familiar occurrences about him, even as a boy. When he was only 10 years old he sat at the dinner table one day striking his plate with his knife and then listening to the sound.

"What are you doing with that plate, Blaise?" asked his sister.

"See!" he replied. "When I strike the plate with my knife it rings. Hark!"

Again he called forth the sound.

"When I grasp it with my hand so," he said, "the sound ceases. I wonder why it is?"

Thus had both boys begun to study, each according to his own bent, with no urging from older people.—Youth's Companion.

Riding a Camel.

Perhaps you "rode a camel" at the world's fair; if so, you will appreciate what Mrs. Amelia B. Edwards says about it:

The camel has its virtues, so much at least must be admitted, but they do not lie on the surface. My Buffon tells me, for instance, that he carries a water cistern in his stomach, which is meritorious. But the cistern ameliorates neither his gait nor his temper, which are abominable. Irreproachable as a beast of burden, he is open to many objections as a steed. It is not pleasant to ride a beast that not only objects to being ridden, but that cherishes a strong personal antipathy to the rider.

You know he hates you from the moment you walk around him, hesitating where and how to begin the ascent of his hump. He does not hesitate to tell you so in the roundest terms. He snarls if you but move in the saddle, and stares angrily around at you if you attempt to move him in any direction save that in which he himself intended to go. If you persist he tries to bite your feet. If biting you doesn't answer, he lies down.

Now, the lying down and getting up of a camel are performances designed expressly to inflict grievous bodily harm upon the rider. Thrown twice forward and twice backward, punched in his "wind" and damaged in his spine, the luckless novice receives four distinct shocks, each more sudden and unexpected than the last. For this execrable hunchback is fearfully and wonderfully made. He has a superfluous joint somewhere in his legs, and uses it to revenge himself upon mankind.

His paces, however, are more complicated than his joints and more trying than his temper. He has four—a short walk, like the rolling of a small boat in a chopping sea; a long walk, which dislocates every bone in your body; a trot that reduces you to a jelly; and a gallop that threatens death to the daring experimentalist.

The Prince of Turnips.

There were two brothers who were both soldiers, the one was rich the other poor. The poor man thought he would try to better himself, so, pulling off his red coet, he became a gardener, and dug his ground well, and sowed turnips.

When the seed came up there was one plant bigger than all the rest; and it kept getting larger, and seemed as if it never would cease growing, so that it might have been called the prince of turnips, for there never was such a one seen before, and never will be again. At last it was so big that it filled a cart, and two oxen could hardly draw it; and the gardener knew not what in the world to do with it, nor whether it would be a blessing or a curse to him.

One day he said to himself: "What shall I do with it? If I sell it, it will bring no more than another; and for eating little turnips are better than this. The best thing, perhaps, is to carry it and give it to the king as a mark of respect."

Then he yoked his oxen and drew the turnip to the court and gave it to the king. "What a wonderful thing!" said the king: "I have seen many strange things, but such a monster as this I never saw. Where did you get the seed? or is it only your good luck? If so, you are a true child of fortune."

"Oh no!" answered the gardener; "I am no child of fortune. I am a poor soldier who never could get enough to live upon; so I laid aside my red coat and set to work tilling the ground. I have a brother who is rich, and your majesty knows him well, and all the world knows him; but because I am poor everybody forgets me."

The king then took pity on him and said: "You shall be poor no longer. I will give you so much that you shall be even richer than your brother."

Then he gave him gold and land and flocks, and made him so rich that his brother's fortune could not at all be compared with his.

When the brother heard of all this, and how a turnip had made the gardener rich, he envied him sorely, and bethought himself how he could contrive to get the same good fortune for himself. However he determined to manage more cleverly than his brother, and got together a rich present of gold and fine horses for the king, and thought he must have a much larger gift in return; for if his brother had received so much for only a turnip, what must his present be worth.

The king took the gift very graciously, and said he knew not what to give in return more valuable and wonderful than the great turnip; so the soldier was forced to put it into a cart and drag it home with him.—Grimm's Fairy Tales.

Animals Can Count.

Not less interesting were similar experiments with horses. In the village of Pekoe the doctor found a peasant's horse, which was used for plowing and which had acquired the habit of counting the furrows and stopping to rest regularly at the twentieth. So confident was the plowman of the horse's calculation that at the end of the day he used to estimate the amount of work done, not by counting the furrows himself, but by simply remembering the number of times his horse had stopped to rest.

In another village the doctor found a horse that was able to count the mile-posts along the way, and that had been trained by its master to stop for feed whenever they had covered twenty-five versts. One day they tried the horse over a road where three false mill-posts had been put up between the real ones, and, sure enough the horse, deceived by this trick, stopped for his oats at the end of twenty-two versts instead of going the usual twenty-five.

The same horse was accustomed to being fed every day at the stroke of noon. The doctor observed that whenever the clock struck any hour the horse would stop and prick up his ears as if counting. If he heard twelve he would trot off contentedly to be fed, but if there were fewer strokes than twelve he would go on working resignedly. The experiment was made of striking twelve strokes at the wrong time whereupon the horse started for his oats, in spite of the fact that he had been fed only an hour before.

Easy Electrical Experiment.

Take a glass, expose it to the fire so that it shall be perfectly dry and place it upside down on a table. Afterward take a tray, perfectly dry, and place it upon the glass in such a way that it shall preserve its equilibrium. Finally take a sheet of paper slightly smaller than the tray, heat it and rub it rapidly with a brush and it will become quickly electrified. Then place it upon the tray.

An electrical machine will thus have been constructed without any expense. If the finger be brought near the tray a spark will appear. This spark will be so much the brighter and the series of sparks will be so much the longer in proportion as the glass and tray are drier.

If, while the sparks are being drawn from the tray, the room be darkened, these sparks will appear extremely brilliant.

Not Exactly.

"Tommy," said his teacher, on the first day of school, "have you forgotten all you know?" "Well," replied Tommy, doubtfully, "I don't exactly know all I've forgotten."—Harper's Young People.

All Day at the Desk.

Even in the strongest constitutions the stock of vitality is not inexhaustible. All day at the desk, without a due modicum of out of door exercise, is calculated to pump the inherent vigor out of a healthy man or woman with as much certainty as water is pumped out of a ship's hold by a donkey engine. Application to business is praiseworthy of course, but this may be overdone. Expand your lungs, stretch your limbs with vigorous exercise occasionally, and above all, if you find that overwork has made inroads upon health, try a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which stimulates digestion and regulates the bowels, liver and system generally. It is the king of tonics, and possesses qualities which, say physicians, commend it to the use of invalids in general. Beneficial in malarial, rheumatic, kidney and nervous complaints.

Keep the colts that are good enough to pay for their feed and let some rich man winter the others.

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 you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

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No one feels any better than the farmer who is able to follow a nice bunch of fat hogs to market this fall or winter.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

Women may have either cloaks, jackets or capes and remain in the fashion.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve."

Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

A Canadian has made a collection of the buttons of officers of every regiment and department of the British army.

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Is sold on a guarantee. It cures Incipient Consumption. It is the best Cough Cure. 25 cts., 50 cts. & $1.00.

Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment," executed in the Sistine chapel in 1541, produced a host of imitations, most of which were mere caricatures.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine.

Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Tender or Sore Feet, Chilblains, Piles, &c. C. G. Clark Co., New Haven, Ct.

The largest nugget of gold found in Mexico within the memory of white men was picked up by a Mexican at Planchas placers, Sonoro, in the spring of 1892. It weighed 14½ pounds.

For Bronchial, Asthmatic and Pulmonary Complaints "Brown's Bronchial Troches" have remarkable curative properties. Sold only in boxes.

Basques formed by small gathered or kilted flounces, square or leaf shaped tabs or loops of ribbon will make an old gown look almost as good as new.

See Colchester Spading Boots adv. in other column.

Couldn't Resist Them.

"What became of the Smith twins who went as missionaries?"

"They were so near alike that the cannibals ate them as philopeans."—Yale Record.

Neck ruffs continue in fashion.

MUSCAT AND ITS PALACE.

Where Criminals Are torn to Pieces and devoured by a Lion.

Outwardly the resemblance to Aden is kept up as you approach Muscat. The same canoes came alongside, which naked niggers propel with gayly colored paddels; the same long row of white houses line the shore, but unlike Aden, Muscat has fertile valleys in the hills behind. There is the valley called Paradise with its palms and gardens and refreshing shades, the result of irrigation, and wells worked by slaves and bullocks in the Indian fashion—namely, by a sloping path, so that when the bullock and nigger descend the bucket comes up, and when the bullock and nigger ascends the bucket goes down. Not far from Muscat is the green mountain, celebrated still for its vineyards and its wine. From here it is surmised that the Portuguese brought the parent stock of those fine vines which we call Muscatel.

You land on an uninteresting, dirty beach, with some old cannon of the Portugues period peeping out of their sandy graves. The coolest and best house in the place is occupied by the British resident and the British post and telegraph establishment. It is a point which gets what breeze it can from two seas just underneath the southern fourt. The second best house is the imam's palace, but before we go to see him let us say a word about that curious title imam and the present owner of it.

Originally the ruler of Oman was a sort of priest king. Imam literally meaning priest, for in olden days the men of Oman were called "outsiders" by their Mohammedan brethren because they recognized their own chief solely as the head of their own religion. This is why they called him their imam or priest and king, like Melchisedek, to whom, oddly enough, in the Koran is given the same title. Imam Saeed did not like this title at all. He preferred to have a name which would put him more on a footing with other sovereigns, so he called himself the sultan of Oman, which title his successors also assume. But somehow or another the people like the old title of imam best and stick to it.

Sultan Tourkee died a few years ago, and with his death came on again the usual succession trouble. He had always educated his second son, Faysul, to succeed him, his eldest son, Mohammed, being a mere negro by an African slave mother and totally without education, so that his claims to the throne were of no account. He causes no difficulty, but lives next door to his brother, Sultan Faysul, in the enjoyment of a pension of $600 a month.

The palace is entered by a formidable looking door decorated with large spiked bosses of brass. This opens into a small court in which is contained the most imposing sight of the place—namely, the lion in his cage to the left, into which Faysul introduces criminals of the deepest dye to be devoured by this lordly executioner.—Fortnightly Review.

The new pocket books for feminine use are large and commodious.

Don't Forget it is Royal BAKING POWDER

that makes the delicious biscuit, griddle cake and doughnut.

Early Treatment of Smallpox.

It was several years ago that Gallavardin drew the attention of French practitioners to the advantages of treating smallpox according to the plan originally suggested and carried out by John of Goddesden and Waters. The treatment in question consisted simply in keeping the patients absolutely away from all solar light and this solar darkness had to be from first to last complete and uninterrupted, otherwise no beneficial results could be looked for. The same authority has recently published the results of his experience with this method covering a period of some sixteen years, showing that if this plan be carried out the great advantage ensues of their being no period of suppuration, and, in consequence, the subsequent scarring is infinitesimal.

Harmony at Last.

Chicago Inter-Ocean:—Twigs—"How are Haggle and his wife now?"

Diggs—"Happy as you please."

"How did they fix up their trouble? Did he make the first move?"

"Yes: he died."

IT'S A MILLSTONE

About a young man's neck to be a sufferer from nervous exhaustion, nervous debility, impaired memory, low spirits, irritable temper, and the thousand and one derangements of mind and body that result from, unnatural, pernicious habits, contracted through ignorance. Such habits result in loss of manly power, wreck the constitution and sometimes produce softening of the brain, epilepsy, paralysis, and even dread insanity.

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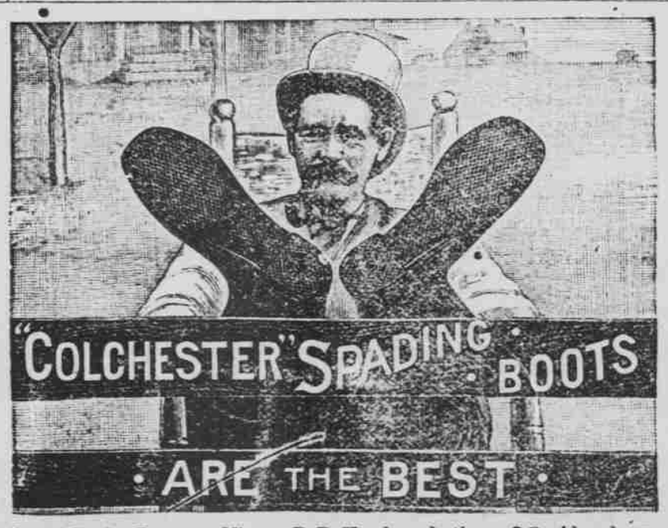

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