

German Syrup

JUDGE J. B. HILL, of the Superior Court, Walker county, Georgia, thinks enough of German Syrup to send us voluntarily a strong letter endorsing it. When men of rank and education thus use and recommend an article, what they say is worth the attention of the public. It is above suspicion. "I have used your German Syrup," he says, "for my Coughs and Colds on the throat and Lungs. I can recommend it for them as a first-class medicine." Take no substitute.

Old Time Methods of treating Colds and Coughs were based on the idea of suppression. We now know that "feeding a cold" is good doctrine.

Scott's Emulsion

of cod-liver oil with hypophosphites, a rich fat-food, cures the most stubborn cough when ordinary medicines have failed. Pleasant to take; easy to digest.

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or the best addition to one's own library is WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY. The new "The New" Webster's International Dictionary, 10 years ago, cost \$3.00. Now it costs \$3.00. A Grand Educator. A Great Reference. A Library in Itself. Invaluable in the household, and to the teacher, professional man, or self-educator. Sold by all bookstores. G. & C. Merriam Co., Publishers, Springfield, Mass. WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY. Do not buy cheap imitations. Send for free prospectus.

"COLCHESTER" SPADING BOOT.

BEST IN MARKET. BEST FIT. BEST IN WEARING QUALITY. The center or top sole, extends the whole length of the boot, protecting the foot in all kinds of work. ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THEM. They are made with the best of materials. COLCHESTER RUBBER CO.

DR. GUNN'S LIVER PILLS

A MILD PHYSIC. ONE PILL FOR A DOSE. A movement of the bowels each day is necessary for health. These pills supply what the system lacks to make it regular. They are made with the best of materials. They are made with the best of materials. They are made with the best of materials.

MEND YOUR OWN HARNESS

WITH THOMSON'S SLOTTED CLINCH RIVETS. No tools required. Only a hammer needed to drive and clinch them easily and quickly. They are made with the best of materials. They are made with the best of materials. They are made with the best of materials.

TRADE MARK

REMOVES CANCER. In 1868, my son, suffered very much from cancer of the mouth. By advice of physicians, an operation was performed, extending from the jaw back to the ear. He died in 1870. My wife, after several remedies in vain, I commenced to give her S. S. S. after seven bottles had been taken, the cancer disappeared. She has been well since, and I have every reason to believe that she is permanently cured. His case is due exclusively to S. S. S. J. R. MURPHY, Huntsville, Ala. Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases Mailed Free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

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TELEGRAMS DE MORTUIS

YELLOW ENVELOPES WHICH CAUSE ANXIETY.

Some Very Funny Mixtures of Grief and Mad English—How the Illiterate Struggle With Telegraphic Forms—How selfishness Betrays itself.

The amount of terror which an innocent telegram can excite in a private family unused to the sight of the easy-going, blue-coated messenger and his rough yellow envelopes is almost infinite and certainly indescribable. To the uncommercial mind, murder or sudden death are the only occurrences which justify a recourse to the electric fluid as a means of conveying information, and as a result every telegram is regarded as destructive to domestic happiness. The messenger boy whose appearance at the door causes the lady of the house to shriek: "A telegram! Somebody must be dead!" soon grows blasé under the experience, and nothing short of a reduction in his salary or the assassination of the president would cause his pulses to stir beyond their normal rate.

Yet, as a matter of fact, a large number of private telegrams do relate to the three great events in the human pilgrimage—birth, marriage and death. Of the three, death puts more into the coffers of the telegraph companies than the other two combined, says the Philadelphia Times. The old saying that "death comes quickly" has a more veridical foundation in the hundreds of death messages sent by wire every day. It is a standing jest in telegraph offices that more people die on Sunday than on any other day in the week; for in the absence of the usual volume of telegrams relating strictly to business affairs, those announcing deaths and funeral arrangements stand out with unusual prominence, and their frequency becomes apparent.

It may seem sacrilegious to say that many of the "death telegrams" sent over the wires have a grotesque side, yet it is so. The hard-worked operators who handle them cannot avoid seeing as they startingly announce many a grim go-round a telegraph office over the uncouth way in which sincere affliction has been announced. Sincere accounts for many of these gruesomely amusing announcements; the mental agitation accompanying the loss of relatives or friends accounts for more; but there is undoubtedly a certain percentage which are ridiculous in a ghastly fashion because of actual hard-heartedness on the part of the sender. To the last class, in all human probability, belongs the telegram sent by a daughter to announce with cheerful levity that "Mamma kicked 11:30 last night. We will try to make burial on Monday." But such instances, naturally, are rare.

It was illiteracy, together with a solemn sense that the occasion demanded something extra in the way of emotional expression that prompted a sorrowing man to struggle over a telegraph form for fifteen minutes and finally to hand to the receiving clerk a message which briefly read: "My wife is laing pointed at death." The operator to whose lot it fell to translate this into the Morse dots and dashes audibly hoped that she was pointed in the right direction, and the starting announcement went on to discharge its mission. From another afflicted benefactor went the cry: "My wife is very ill. Come now!" and the news that "Ma is very bad with amonia" must have carried sorrow with it in spite of its decidedly doubtful orthography and etymology. One of the commonest stumbling blocks in spelling with the unlettered is illustrated by the message which said simply: "Our little boy died—cholerau phantom!" and the difficulties of rhetorical construction are plainly marked in the telegram which read: "George is dying in haste, answer ferene trust in the hereafter was carried to an almost ludicrous extent by the mourners, who telegraphed to friends that "Grandpa Jence peacefully left for his heavenly home this morning," followed it up by the very practical remark that "Any suggestions about interment will be thankfully received." "Polly is dead—she ate matches," left the curious operator in doubt as to whether Polly was the infant daughter of the house or the beloved family parrot; but the dangers of phosphorus were set forth for all the world to see. "Funeral to-morrow; floral tribute will be very acceptable," reminds one involuntarily of Moses Skinner's ingenious plans for arranging a silver wedding so as to avoid duplication of presents; and the telegraphic instructions to "Give the dear one decent burial and send bill," is a judicious mixture of properly controlled feelings and truly Yankee thrift.

The eagerness with which the death of friends and relatives is often watched for is a surprising truth in which the telegraph operator is forced to believe from the abundance of the evidence spread before him. It seems almost as though half the corpses would perform the traditional act of turning in their graves if they knew in how many cases their funeral arrangements had been at least partially made before the breath had left their bodies. "Am going out of town to complete Sara's funeral arrangements; she is dying," is a very common sample of such preparations for death. "Mr. M. is not expected to be living at 4 o'clock; let us know what to do concerning burial," is another instance of gambling in such futures. "He can be buried with his parents when he dies" suggests a humane willingness to hold off the funeral until a bona fide corpse has been provided for it; but the accompanying instructions to hurry the certificates of death in order that the grave may be opened, convey the impression that the dying man had better be quick about it if he consults the convenience of his friends, or at least have the grace to duplicate the famous death-bed apology of Charles II.

A Satisfactory Explanation. Judge Lowry, of North Carolina, was a most learned judge who, while a practitioner of the law, was never

TELEGRAPHING ON THE FLY.

Difficulties of a Traveler That May Teach Others a Lesson.

Telegraphing while the train waits—did you ever try it? No? Well, you've missed something unique. I tried it once, successfully, too, but let me tell the story.

The narrator continues his yarn in the Boston Herald as follows: I was riding on a train from A. to D. When B. was reached it occurred to me to examine my time-table, and behold, the train was due at D. exactly on the minute when the office to which I was going would be closed for the day, and the station a good half mile away.

Telegraphing was my only recourse, but how? Well, I prepared my dispatch on a piece of paper, and patiently awaited the arrival at C. the last place to stop, and I knew there was a telegraph office there. The train was a little behind time, and I was correspondingly nervous. No sooner was the train stopped than I sprang forward, fairly bounding over the platform to where I supposed the telegraph office was, but to my surprise and chagrin the very spot where I expected to deposit my dispatch proved to be the express office. I was perspiring. "Further end of station," shouted the office boy to my inquiry. I looked in that direction. Up to that moment I had had control of the situation, because I was ahead of the train. Just one glance told me I must go far to the rear of the train. No time was to be lost. Away I went, casting anxious eyes to the rear car as I fairly flew past it.

I approached the office window, clutching my little telegram. I incontinently whistled the first two bars of "You Know" just to stir up the boy and let him know a customer was approaching on the fly, as it were, and sort of brace him up. Well, I stood before the little window, and sure's in my bones there were two young women there, one of whom appeared to be in charge, and the other the one who actually does the work of standing between the telegraph company and the outer world. The whistle above referred to didn't strike the tympani of the two operators pleasantly. They both actually frowned on me in silence. I felt myself actually withering, but there I was and I must proceed.

Casting an affectionate glance, not at the girls, but at the rear of the train, some distance ahead, to see that it was where I had left it, I ventured to remark: "How much ten words to D?" At the same time I handed in my little message.

It was received in dignified silence, and the counting process began—one, two, three, etc. I felt as if ages were passing and decades were being railroad telegraph poles. How nervous I got, and how the great beads of perspiration joined forces and became rivulets adown my face and neck, but yet the young woman slowly proceeded with the business in hand, and calmly took my money and calmly took the message. What a relief it bounced for the rear car, but what if the lady operators whom I had offended by that innocent whistle should be revengeful and delay my message?

"I was due in D— in twenty minutes. On arrival, it was the work of only a minute to take a cab and say 'hurry up.'"

Thanks to those young women, they were prompt, and I found the office open, and transacted my business.

Moral No. 1.—Don't telegraph while the train waits and expect the operator to be overflowing with comfort.

Moral No. 2.—Don't whistle "You Know" as you approach a telegraph office, whether you are in a hurry or otherwise.

His Trouser. W. R. Childwick tells the following story: "Once traveling through France I reached Grenoble, where I found out I was almost penniless. I managed to go up to Thonon, a few miles from Geneva, and on my way there I thought a great deal of how to reach Geneva. I passed the night at the Lion d'Or, and the next morning when I woke up I called for the garcon and asked him for my trousers. It is the custom in French hotels, you know, to put outside of your room your shoes and clothes, so that the following day you find everything clean. After some search he told me he could not find them. I insisted, and had the landlord called up. 'I am sorry,' he said, 'but no one can tell where your trousers are.' 'Well,' I said, 'I want a pair of trousers and a ticket to Geneva I had in my pocket.' The landlord searched over and over again, but no trousers. 'Well,' said I, 'I shall not go out of here without my trousers and my ticket. Send for the chief of police.' Two hours later the landlord entered my room, bringing a new pair of trousers and a ticket, apologizing for all that trouble." Mr. Childwick was asked where his trousers were, to which he replied: "I had none. I had pawned them to pay my fare to Thonon."—Argonaut.

Decidedly Unreasonable. Clara—Men are the most impatient creatures. Harry knows that I have an offer from Mr. Oldham, who is just rolling in wealth, yet Harry is just as unreasonable and babyish as I. The thought I caned for that old gray-head. Harry is so ugly about it that he won't do me the smallest favor.

Mother—What did you ask Harry to do? Clara—I merely asked him to wait and be my second husband.

Why She Left. Mrs. Portly Pompus—I can't have that man coming here to see you any more.

Miss Freshwater—Then I give notice that I leave on the 1st. I can get forty such mistresses as you, but young men who have black mustaches and take their girls to the theater are mighty scarce in New York.—Texas Sittings.

An Average Boy. Father—Little Johnny appears to be hard at work out in the yard. What is he doing? Mother—Don't know; but if he is working hard, it is play.

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SALVINI AND BOOTH.

What One Great Actor Thought of Another as Great.

The celebrated actor Edwin Booth was at this time in Baltimore, a city distant two hours from the capital. I had heard so much about this superior artist that I was anxious to see him, and on one of my off nights I went to Baltimore with my impresario's agent, says Tommaso Salvini in the Century. A box had been reserved for me without my knowledge, and was draped with the Italian colors. I regretted to be made so conspicuous, but I could not fail to appreciate the courteous and complimentary desire to do me honor shown by the American artist.

It was only natural that I should be most kindly influenced toward him, but without the courtesy which predisposed me in his favor he would equally have won my sympathy by his attractive and artistic lineaments, and his graceful and well-proportioned figure. The play was "Hamlet." This part brought him front rank, and justly; for in addition to the high artistic worth with which he adorned it, his elegant personality was admirably adapted to it. His long and wavy hair, his large and expressive eyes, his youthful and flexible movements, accorded perfectly with the ideal of the young prince of Denmark which now obtains everywhere. His splendid delivery, and the penetrating philosophy with which he informed his phrases, were his most remarkable qualities.

It was so fortunate as to see him also as Richelieu and Iago, and in all three of these parts, so diverse in their character, I found him absolutely admirable. I cannot say so much for his Macbeth, which I saw one night when passing through Philadelphia. The part seemed to me not adapted to his nature. Macbeth was an ambitious man, and Booth was not. Macbeth had barbarous and ferocious instincts, and Booth was agreeable, urbane, and courteous. Macbeth destroyed his enemies traitorously—did this even to gain possession of their goods—while Booth was noble, lofty-minded, and generous of his wealth. It is plain that however much art he might expend, his nature rebelled against his portrayal of that personage, and he could never hope to transform himself into the ambitious, venal and sanguinary Scottish king.

English as She Is Spoken. If an old woman "axes your parson," she is speaking as the most careful English scholars spoke for hundreds of years, down almost to the end of the sixteenth century. Thus in Wycliffe's New Testament—about 1380—we read: "What man of you is that if his some axe hym neede whether he wol take hym a stoon?" and Coverdale's translation of the gospel according to St. Matthew published in 1535, has "Ax and it shall be given you."

Toronto. Toronto was the name of an Indian village when Governor Simcoe made it the capital of Upper Canada in 1794 and named it York. There the seat of the provincial government remained until 1841, when Upper and Lower Canada (now Ontario and Quebec) formed a legislative union. When the confederation was formed in 1876, Toronto, the name by which York had been known since 1834, became the permanent seat of government for Ontario.

ODD WHIMS AND CUSTOMS. In China all arrangements for a wedding are made by a go-between, who also does the courting and makes the proposal.

A couple of hundred years ago English and German people, in order to secure the greatest publicity, were married in the church door.

A Senville, N. J., woman uses a "rooster" instead of an alarm clock. At night, before retiring, the woman prigs the rooster indoors and places it in her bedroom on the back of a chair, and at the break of day he crows lustily.

A former Delawarean, now living in Chicago, wears a necktie made of a rattlesnake's skin. He slew the reptile in Florida, just as it was about to spring from its coil and strike him. A taxidermist cured his skin in such a fashion that it should serve for a tie, and made up part of the rattles into a scarf pin. This the owner wears as an ornament to his remarkable tie.

SHORT TALKS. Old Lady—What's the matter now? Steamboat Captain—We've run on a sandbar. Old Lady—Well, why don't you go over it? What's your walking-beam for? I'd like to know.

Little Ethel—It's awful impolite to ask for things. Little Johnny—Conse it is what of it? Little Ethel—Nothing, only I'm getting hungry for some candy I've got in my pocket, and there isn't enough for two.

Fond Parent—Yes, Bobby, the angel of death passed over the houses and smote the first born of each Egyptian family. Bobby, after a moment's silence—Pop, what did the angel do when it was twins?

A little girl says she is not going to be an old maid, for, says she, "When a nice little grown-up boy comes to ask me to get married, I'll be so happy I won't wait to run downstairs to meet him; I'll just slide down the banisters." "It was so bad," she said to her husband, as they left the theater, "that that woman with the high hat should have spoiled the performance for you." "Yes, I had some satisfaction, though." "How?" "Watching the man who sat behind you, dear?"

"Now, dear," she said, as she stopped at the depot gate, "you will see that everything goes right about the house, won't you?" "Yes, indeed," he answered. "You will do everything just as if I were there?" "I will," he replied earnestly. "I'll discharge the servant girl every morning before I go down town."

"So, Mr. Hankinson, you are going on a tour of the world?" "Yes, Miss White," and you'll promise to write to me from every country you might visit?" "Promises! Ah, you know not how I value the privilege. And will you really care to hear from me?" "Yes, I am collecting the postage stamps of all countries."

If you wish the lightest, sweetest, finest cake, biscuit, bread and rolls, Royal Baking Powder is indispensable in their making.

CURSE OF OPIUM IN CHINA.

People Who Become Confirmed Smokers Live Ten Years on an Average. "Seven-tenths of the people of China are opium smokers, and 2,000,000 of them die annually from its effects," said a Chinese missionary, recently, who has spent twenty-two years of his life in the Flowery Kingdom. "This habit is rapidly growing," he went on. "It is confined to no class or sex, but men and women, officials and coolies, use it alike. As soon as opium smoking becomes a confirmed habit with a Chinese coolie he knows that he has about ten years to live. That seems to be the average. I consider it easier to reform a sot in the gutter, one of your lowest types of drunkards, than an opium smoker. Place them behind iron bars if you like, and after being imprisoned a short time they begin to beg and plead for opium. They rave like maniacs, and their sufferings are terrible to behold. They act like wild men. "The opium vice is ruining China. The people know it and the government knows it, but they take no action. In twenty-two years it has increased 50 per cent. Fertile fields that were once used in the cultivation of rice are now growing the opium weed. The provinces in Northern China where the terrible famine occurred a few years ago, and where thousands perished for want of food, had for years been given over to the production of opium instead of food grains. When food was short the people learned they could not live on opium, so they starved to death.

A parallel to the suffering during that famine is hardly equalled by any event in the history of the world. Human beings died in the streets of villages and on the roads. People turned cannibals. Some dug up roots and others were found on the roadside, where they had died biting the bark of the trees. The dead were not buried for the living had all they could do to take care of themselves.

"Now, to-day rice is one-third higher in price than it was a score of years ago, because the crop has fallen off. Opium shops are everywhere. You must be traveling along with your chair coolie, when the first thing you know he will put you down and leave you sitting in the streets while he goes to take a smoke."

Triad and Approved by the Billions. For over a third of a century a great specific has been on trial by a national jury of the millions. Although a verdict in its favor was rendered long since, it is still on trial. Never when it has been "weighed in the balance" has it been found wanting. The name of this medicine is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which more speedily than any other terminates those villainous sensations which attend disorder of the liver. It expels bile from the blood and secretions, remedies chronic constipation, and reinforces the organ of digestion and assimilation. Sick headache, yellowness of the skin and eyes, bitter tongue, and other indications that the liver is suffering, disappear with it. It is a most efficient safeguard against malaria, rheumatism, and kidney trouble, and fortifies a nervous and enfeebled invalid effectually.

"Don't you think Rev. Still's sermons are awfully narrow?" "I suppose they are, but, goodness, he makes up for it, I should think, in length."

How's This! We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by him. WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WARD, BROS., KANSAS & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

"Don't be down-hearted. Every rose must have its thorn, you know." "Yes, what I'm kicking about is that every thorn doesn't have its rose."

Something New. The "Santa Fe Route" has inaugurated a through daily free reclining chair car service between Denver, Colorado Springs and Ogden in both directions. Holders of second-class tickets to or from Utah or Pacific coast points reading via this line will be permitted to occupy these cars without extra charge.

"Is he honest, do you think?" "Honest! Why, that man just suffers tortures in resisting the impulse to return a borrowed umbrella."

Children are brought up on bottles, but men are brought down on them.

DESERVING CONFIDENCE.—There is no article which so richly deserves the entire confidence of the community as BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROUSERS. Those suffering from Asthmatic and Bronchial Diseases, Coughs, and Colds, should try them. Price 25 cents.

Teacher—Now, Robbie, take four slices of cake from six slices, and what will there be left? Robbie—A lickin' for me.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS, published at Denver, Colo., is the only daily Populist paper in the nation. Its cartoon, proposals to the BUREAU OF TRUSTS. Those suffering from Asthmatic and Bronchial Diseases, Coughs, and Colds, should try them. Price 25 cents.

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ST. JACOBS OIL

CURES PERMANENTLY Rheumatism.

"I hear you are going to be married." "That is now to me." "Some one surely told me you were engaged." "That's different."

THE MODERN MOTHER Has found that her little ones are improved more by the pleasant laxative, Syrup of Figs, when in need of the laxative effect of a gentle remedy than by any other, and that it is more acceptable to them. Children enjoy it and it benefits them. The true remedy, Syrup of Figs, is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

"Five minutes for dinner" yelled the railway porter. "Good," cried the conductor. "The last time it was 25."

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve." Warranted to cure, or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 1 cent.

It might reduce general expenses if the tolls of the bells could be collected.

See Colchester Spading Boots adv. in other column.

Time files and stays for adv. in them. The only fellow who can beat it is the musician.

A FAITHFUL SENTINEL

IN GUARDING ONE OF TRIPLE SAM'S PORTALS

Treasury Department, U. S. Immigration Service, Buffalo, N. Y.

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION: Dear Sirs—From early childhood I have suffered from a sluggish liver with all the disorders accompanying such a complaint. Doctors' prescriptions and patent medicines I